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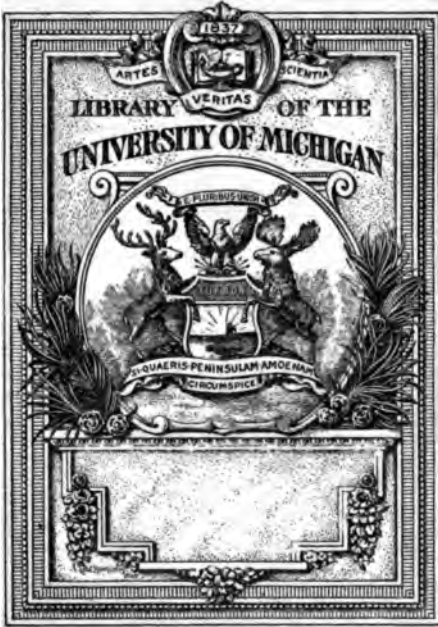
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No. 1.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

—
BY F. FANEMAN, JR.
—

DOWN THE ARKANSAS.

'They quitted not their armor bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard.
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.'

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

LAST summer the wild and lonely banks of the Upper Arkansas beheld for the first time the passage of an army. General Kearny on his march to Santa Fe, adopted this route in preference to the old trail of the Cimaron. When we came down, the main body of the troops had already passed on; Price's Missouri regiment, however, was still on the way, having left the frontier much later than the rest; and about this time we began to meet them moving along the trail, one or two companies at a time. No men ever embarked upon a military expedition with a greater love for the work before them than the Missourians; but if discipline and subordination be the criterion of merit, these soldiers were worthless indeed. Yet when their exploits have rung through all America it would be absurd to deny that they were excellent troops. Their victories were gained in the teeth of every established precedent of warfare; they were owing to a singular combination of military qualities in the men themselves. Without discipline or a spirit of subordination, they knew how to keep their ranks and act as one man. Doniphan's regiment marched through New Mexico more like a band of free companions than like the paid soldiers of a modern government. When General Taylor complimented Doniphan on his success at Sacramento and elsewhere,

the Colonel's reply very well illustrates the relations which subsisted between the officers and men of his command :

'I don't know any thing of the manœuvres. The boys kept coming to me, to let them charge ; and when I saw a good opportunity, I told them they might go. They were off like a shot, and that's all I know about it.'

The backwoods lawyer was better fitted to conciliate the good will than to command the obedience of his men. There were many serving under him, who both from character and education could better have held command than he.

At the battle of Sacramento his frontiersmen fought under every possible disadvantage. The Mexicans had chosen their own position ; they were drawn up across the valley that led to their native city of Chihuahua ; their whole front was covered by entrenchments and defended by batteries of heavy cannon ; they outnumbered the invaders five to one. An eagle flew over the Americans, and a deep murmur rose along their lines. The enemy's batteries opened ; long they remained under fire, but when at length the word was given, they shouted and ran forward. In one of the divisions when midway to the enemy a drunken officer ordered a halt ; the exasperated men hesitated to obey.

'Forward, boys, for God's sake!' cried a private from the ranks ; and the Americans rushed like tigers upon the enemy ; they bounded over the breastwork. Four hundred Mexicans were slain upon the spot and the rest fled, scattering over the plain like sheep. The standards, cannons and baggage were taken, and among the rest a wagon laden with cords, which the Mexicans, in the fulness of their confidence, had made ready for tying the American prisoners.

Doniphan's volunteers, who gained this victory, with others equally remarkable, passed up with the main army ; but Price's soldiers whom we now met, were men from the same neighborhood, precisely similar in character, manners and appearance. One forenoon as we were descending upon a very wide meadow, where we meant to rest for an hour or two, we saw a dark body of horsemen approaching at a distance. In order to find water, we were obliged to turn aside to the river bank, a full half mile from the trail. Here we put up a kind of awning, and spreading buffalo-ropes on the ground, Shaw and I sat down to smoke beneath it.

'We are going to catch it now,' said Shaw ; 'look at those fellows, there 'll be no peace for us here.'

And in good truth about half the volunteers had straggled away from the line of march, and were riding over the meadow toward us.

'How are you ?' said the first who came up, alighting from his horse and throwing himself upon the ground. The rest followed close, and a score of them soon gathered about us, some lying at full length and some sitting on horseback. They all belonged to a company raised in St. Louis. There were some ruffian faces among them, and some haggard with debauchery ; but on the whole they were extremely good looking men, superior beyond measure to the ordinary rank and file of an army. Except that they were booted to the

knees, they wore their belts and military trappings over the ordinary dress of citizens. Beside their swords and holster pistols, they carried slung from their saddles the excellent Springfield carbines, loading at the breech. They inquired the character of our party, and were anxious to know the prospect of killing buffalo, and the chance that their horses would stand the journey to Santa Fe. All this was well enough, but a moment after a worse visitation came upon us.

'How are you, strangers, whar are you going and whar are you from?' said a fellow, who came trotting up with an old straw hat on his head. He was dressed in the coarsest brown homespun cloth. His face was rather sallow from fever and ague, and his tall figure, though strong and sinewy, was quite thin, and had besides an angular look, which together with his boorish seat on horseback, gave him an appearance any thing but graceful. Plenty more of the same stamp were close behind him. Their company was raised in one of the frontier counties, and we soon had abundant evidence of their rustic breeding; dozens of them came crowding round, pushing between our first visitors and staring at us with unabashed faces.

'Are you the captain?' asked one fellow.

'What's your business out here?' asked another.

'Where do you live when you're at home?' said a third.

'I reckon you're traders,' surmised a fourth; and to crown the whole one of them came confidentially to my side and inquired in a low voice, 'What's your partner's name?'

As each new comer repeated the same questions, the nuisance became intolerable. Our military visitors were soon disgusted at the concise nature of our replies, and we could overhear them muttering curses against us, not loud but deep. While we sat smoking, not in the best imaginable humor, Tête Rouge's tongue was never idle. He never forgot his military character, and during the whole interview he was incessantly busy among his fellow soldiers. At length we placed him on the ground before us, and told him that he might play the part of spokesman for the whole. Tête Rouge was delighted, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing him talk and gabble at such a rate that the torrent of questions was in a great measure diverted from us. A little while after to our amazement, we saw a large cannon with four horses come lumbering up behind the crowd; and the driver who was perched on one of the animals, stretching his neck so as to look over the rest of the men, called out:

'Whar are you from and what's your business?'

The captain of one of the companies was among our visitors, drawn by the same curiosity that had attracted his men. Unless their bold, intelligent faces belied them, not a few in the crowd might with great advantage have changed places with their commander.

'Well, men,' said he, lazily rising from the ground where he had been lounging, 'its getting late, I reckon we had better be moving.'

'I sha' n't start yet any how,' said one fellow who was lying half asleep with his head resting on his arm.

'Do n't be in a hurry, captain,' added the lieutenant.

'Well, have it your own way, we'll wait awhile longer,' replied the obsequious commander.

At length however our visitors went straggling away as they had come, and we to our great relief, were left alone again.

No one can deny the intrepid bravery of these men, their intelligence and the bold frankness of their character, free from all that is mean and sordid. Yet for the moment the extreme roughness of their manners, half inclines one to forget their heroic qualities. Most of them seem without the least perception of delicacy or propriety, though among them individuals may be found in whose manners there is a plain courtesy, while their features bespeak a gallant spirit equal to any enterprise. The bravery of the Missourians is not exclusively their own; the whole American nation are as fearless as they; but in roughness of bearing and fierce impetuosity of spirit they may bear away the palm from almost any rival.

No one was more relieved than Delorier by the departure of the volunteers; for dinner was getting colder every moment. He spread a well-whitened buffalo-hide upon the grass, placed in the middle the juicy hump of a fat cow, ranged around it the tin plates and cups, and then acquainted us that all was ready. Tête Rouge, with his usual alacrity on such occasions, was the first to take his seat. In his former capacity of steamboat clerk he had learned to prefix the honorary *Mister* to every body's name, whether of high or low degree; so Jim Gurney was Mr. Gurney, Henry was Mr. Henry, and even Delorier, for the first time in his life, heard himself addressed as Mr. Delorier. This did not prevent his conceiving a violent enmity against Tête Rouge, who in his futile though praiseworthy attempts to make himself useful, used always to intermeddle with cooking the dinners. Delorier's disposition knew no medium between smiles and sunshine and a downright tornado of wrath; he said nothing to Tête Rouge, but his wrongs rankled in his breast. Tête Rouge, as I observed before, had taken his place at dinner; it was his happiest moment; he sat enveloped in the old buffalo coat, the sleeves turned up in preparation for the work and his short legs crossed on the grass before him; he had a cup of coffee by his side and his knife ready in his hand, and while he looked upon the fat hump ribs, his large eyes dilated with anticipation. Delorier sat just opposite to him, and the rest of us by this time had taken our seats.

'How is this, Delorier? You have n't given us bread enough.'

At this Delorier's placid face flew instantly into a paroxysm of contortions. He grinned with wrath, chattered, gesticulated and hurled forth a volley of incoherent words in broken English at the astonished Tête Rouge. It was just possible to make out that he was accusing him of having stolen and eaten four large cakes which had been laid by for dinner. Tête Rouge, utterly confounded at this sudden attack, stared at Delorier for a moment in dumb amazement, with mouth and eyes wide open. At last he found speech, and protested that the accusation was false; and that he could not conceive how he had offended Mr. Delorier, or provoked him to use such ungentlemanly expressions. The tempest of words raged with such fury that nothing

else could be heard. But Tête Rouge from his greater command of English had a manifest advantage over Delorier, who after sputtering and grimacing for awhile, found his words quite inadequate to the expression of his wrath. He jumped up and vanished, jerking out between his teeth one furious *sacre enfan de garce*, a Canadian title of honor, made doubly emphatic by being usually applied together with a cut of the whip to refractory mules and horses.

The next morning we saw an old buffalo-bull escorting his cow with two small calves over the prairie. Close behind came four or five large white wolves, sneaking stealthily through the long meadow-grass, and watching for the moment when one of the children should chance to lag behind his parents. The old bull kept well on his guard, and faced about now and then to keep the prowling ruffians at a distance.

As we approached our nooning place we saw five or six buffalo standing at the very summit of a tall bluff. Trotting forward to the spot where we meant to stop, I flung off my saddle and turned my horse loose. By making a circuit under cover of some rising ground, I reached the foot of the bluff unnoticed, and climbed up its steep side. Lying under the brow of the declivity, I prepared to fire at the buffalo, who stood on the flat surface above, not five yards distant. Perhaps I was too hasty, for the gleaming rifle-barrel levelled over the edge caught their notice; they turned and saw. Close as they were, it was impossible to kill them when in that position, and stepping upon the summit, I pursued them over the high arid table-land. It was extremely rugged and broken; a great sandy ravine was channelled through it, with smaller ravines entering it on each side, like tributary streams. The buffalo scattered, and I soon lost sight of most of them as they scuttled away through the sandy chasms; a bull and a cow alone kept in view. For a while they ran along the edge of the great ravine, appearing and disappearing as they dived into some chasm and again emerged from it. At last they stretched out upon the broad prairie; a boundless plain, nearly flat and almost devoid of verdure, for every short grass-blade was dried and shrivelled by the glaring sun. Now and then the old bull would face toward me; whenever he did so I fell to the ground and lay motionless. In this manner I chased them for about two miles, until at length I heard in front a deep hoarse bellowing. A moment after, a band of about a hundred bulls, before hidden by a slight swell of the plain, came at once into view. The fugitives ran toward them. Instead of mingling with the band, as I expected, they passed directly through, and continued their flight. At this I gave up the chase, and kneeling down, I crawled to within gunshot of the bulls, and with panting breath and trickling brow sat down on the ground to watch them; my presence did not disturb them in the least. They were not feeding, and indeed there was nothing to eat; but they seemed to have chosen that parched and scorching desert as the scene of their amusements. They were sporting together, after their clumsy fashion, under the burning sun. Some were rolling on the ground amid a cloud of dust; others, with a hoarse rumbling bel-

low, were butting their large heads together, while many stood motionless, as if quite inanimate. Except their monstrous growth of tangled grizzly mane, they had no hair; for their old coat had fallen off in the spring, and their new one had not as yet appeared. Sometimes an old bull would step forward and gaze at me with a grim and stupid countenance; then he would turn and butt his next neighbor; then he would lie down and roll over and over in the dirt, kicking his hoofs in the air. When satisfied with this amusement, he would jerk his head and shoulders upward, and resting on his forelegs, stare at me in this position, half blinded by his mane, and his face covered with dirt; then up he would spring upon all fours, and shake his dusty sides; turning half round, he would stand with his beard touching the ground, in an attitude of profound abstraction, as if reflecting on his puerile conduct. 'You are too ugly to live!' thought I; and aiming at the ugliest, I shot three of them in succession. The rest were not at all discomposed at this; they kept on bellowing and butting and rolling on the ground as before. Henry Chatillon always cautioned us to keep perfectly quiet in the presence of a wounded buffalo, for any movement is apt to excite him to make an attack; so I sat still upon the ground, loading and firing with as little motion as possible. While I was thus employed, a spectator made his appearance: a little antelope came running up with remarkable gentleness to within fifty yards, and there it stood, its slender neck arched, its small horns thrown back, and its large dark eyes gazing on me with a look of eager curiosity. By the side of the shaggy and brutish monsters before me it seemed like some lovely young girl wandering near a den of robbers or a set of bearded pirates. The buffalo looked uglier than ever. 'Here goes for another of you!' thought I, feeling in my pouch for a percussion-cap. Not a percussion-cap was there. My good rifle was useless as an old iron bar. One of the wounded bulls had not yet fallen, and I waited for some time, hoping every moment that his strength would fail him. He still stood firm, looking grimly at me, and from necessity disregarding Henry's advice, I rose and walked away. Many of the bulls turned and looked at me, but the wounded brute made no attack. I soon came upon a deep ravine which would give me shelter in case of emergency; so I turned round and threw a stone at the bulls. They received it with the utmost indifference. Feeling insulted at their refusal to be frightened, I swung my hat, shouted, and made a show of running toward them; at this they crowded together and galloped off, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field. As I moved toward the camp I saw the last survivor totter and fall dead. My speed in returning was wonderfully quickened by the reflection that the Pawnees were abroad, and that I was defenceless in case of meeting with an enemy. I saw no living thing, however, except two or three squalid old bulls scrambling among the sand-hills that flanked the great ravine. When I reached camp the party were nearly ready for the afternoon move.

We encamped that evening at a short distance from the river bank. About midnight, as we all lay asleep on the ground, the man

nearest to me, gently reaching out his hand, touched my shoulder, and cautioned me at the same time not to move. It was bright starlight. Opening my eyes and slightly turning, I saw a large white wolf moving stealthily around the embers of our fire, with his nose close to the ground. Disengaging my hand from the blanket, I drew the cover from my rifle, which lay close at my side; the motion alarmed the wolf, and with long leaps he bounded out of the camp. Jumping up, I fired after him, when he was about thirty yards distant; the melancholy hum of the bullet sounded far away through the night. At the sharp report, so suddenly breaking upon the stillness, all the men sprang up. 'You've killed him,' said one of them. 'No I have n't,' said I; 'there he goes, running along the river.' 'Then there's two of them. Do n't you see that one lying out yonder?' We went out to it, and instead of a dead white wolf, found the bleached skull of a buffalo. I had missed my mark, and what was worse, had grossly violated a standing law of the prairie. When in a dangerous part of the country, it is considered highly imprudent to fire a gun after encamping, lest the report should reach the ears of the Indians.

The horses were saddled in the morning, and the last man had lighted his pipe at the dying ashes of the fire. The beauty of the day enlivened us all. Even Ellis felt its influence and occasionally made a remark as we rode along, and Jim Gurney told endless stories of his cruisings in the United States' service. The buffalo were abundant, and at length a large band of them went running up the hills on the left.

'Do you see them buffalo?' said Ellis, 'now I'll bet any man I'll go and kill one with my yager.'

And leaving his horse to follow on with the party, he strode up the hill after them. Henry looked at us with his peculiar humorous expression, and proposed that we should follow Ellis to see how he would kill a fat cow. As soon as he was out of sight we rode up the hill after him and waited behind a little ridge till we heard the report of the unfailing yager. Mounting to the top, we saw Ellis clutching his favorite-weapon with both hands and staring after the buffalo, who one and all were galloping off at full speed. As we descended the hill we saw the party straggling along the trail below. When we joined them, another scene of amateur hunting awaited us. I forgot to say that when we met the volunteers, Tête Rouge had obtained a horse from one of them, in exchange for his mule, whom he feared and detested. This horse he christened James. James though not worth so much as the mule, was a large and strong animal. Tête Rouge was very proud of his new acquisition, and suddenly became ambitious to run a buffalo with him. At his request, I lent him my pistols, though not without great misgivings, since when Tête Rouge hunted buffalo the pursuer was in more danger than the pursued. He hung the holsters at his saddle-bow; and now as we passed along, a band of bulls left their grazing in the meadow, and galloped in a long file across the trail in front.

'Now's your chance, Tête, come, let's see you kill a bull.'

Thus urged, the hunter cried, 'get up!' and James, obedient to the signal, cantered deliberately forward at an abominably uneasy gait. Tête Rouge as we contemplated him from behind, made a most remarkable figure. He still wore the old buffalo coat; his blanket which was tied in a loose bundle behind his saddle, went jolting from one side to the other, and a large tin canteen half full of water which hung from his pommel was jerked about his leg in a manner which greatly embarrassed him.

'Let out your horse, man; lay on your whip!' we called out to him. The buffalo were getting farther off at every instant. James being ambitious to mend his pace, tugged hard at the rein, and one of his rider's boots escaped from the stirrup.

'Woh! I say, woh!' cried Tête Rouge, in great perturbation, and after much effort James' progress was arrested. The hunter came trotting back to the party, disgusted with buffalo-running, and he was received with overwhelming congratulations.

'Too good a chance to lose,' said Shaw, pointing to another band of bulls on the left. We lashed our horses and galloped upon them. Shaw killed one with each barrel of his gun. I separated another from the herd and shot him. The small bullet of the rifle pistol striking too far back, did not immediately take effect, and the bull ran on with unabated speed. Again and again I snapped the remaining pistol at him. I primed it afresh three or four times, and each time it missed fire, for the touch-hole was clogged up. Returning it to the holster, I began to load the empty pistol, still galloping by the side of the bull. By this time he was grown desperate. The foam flew from his jaws and his tongue lolled out. Before the pistol was loaded he sprang upon me, and followed up his attack with a furious rush. The only alternative was to run away or be killed. I took to flight and the bull bristling with fury, pursued me closely. The pistol was soon ready, and then looking back, I saw his head five or six yards behind my horse's tail. To fire at it would be useless, for a bullet flattens against the adamantine skull of a buffalo bull. Inclining my body to the left, I turned my horse in that direction as sharply as his speed would permit. The bull rushing blindly on with great force and weight, did not turn so quickly. As I looked back, his neck and shoulder were exposed to view; turning in the saddle, I shot a bullet through them obliquely into his vitals. He gave over the chase and soon fell to the ground. An English tourist represents a situation like this as one of imminent danger; this is a great mistake; the bull never pursues long, and the horse must be wretched indeed, that cannot keep out of his way for two or three minutes.

And now we were come to a part of the country where we were bound in common prudence to use every possible precaution. We mounted guard at night, each man standing in his turn; and no one ever slept without drawing his rifle close to his side or folding it with him in his blanket. One morning our vigilance was stimulated by our finding traces of a large Comanche encampment. Fortunately for us, however, it had been abandoned nearly a week. On the next evening we found the ashes of a recent fire, which gave us at the

time some uneasiness. At length we reached the Caches, a place of dangerous repute; and certainly it had a most dangerous appearance, consisting of sand-hills every where broken by ravines and deep chasms. Here we found the grave of Swan, killed at this place, probably by the Pawnees, two or three weeks before. His remains, more than once violated by the Indians and the wolves, were suffered at length to remain undisturbed in their wild burial-place. Swan, it was said, was a native of Northampton, in Massachusetts. That day more than one execration was discharged against the debauched and faithless tribe who were the authors of his death, and who even now might be following like blood-hounds on our trail.

About this time a change came over the spirit of Tête Rouge; his jovial mood disappeared, and he relapsed into rueful despondency. Whenever we encamped, his complaints began. Sometimes he had a pain in the head; sometimes a racking in the joints; sometimes an aching in the side, and sometimes a heart-burn. His troubles did not excite much emotion, since they rose chiefly no doubt from his own greediness, and since no one could tell which were real and which were imaginary. He would often moan dismally through the whole evening, and once in particular I remember that about midnight he sat bolt upright and gave a loud scream. 'What's the matter now?' demanded the unsympathizing guard. Tête Rouge, rocking to and fro, and pressing his hands against his sides, declared that he suffered excruciating torment. 'I wish,' said he, 'that I was in the bar-room of the 'St. Charles' only just for five minutes!'

For several days we met detached companies of Price's regiment. Horses would often break loose at night from their camps. One afternoon we picked up three of these stragglers quietly grazing along the river. It was nearly dark, and a cold, drizzling rain had set in; but we all turned out, and after an hour's chase nine horses were caught and brought in. One of them was equipped with saddle and bridle, pistols were hanging at the pommel of the saddle, a carbine was slung at its side, and a blanket rolled up behind it. In the morning, glorying in our valuable prize, we resumed our journey, and our cavalcade presented a much more imposing appearance than ever before. We kept on till the afternoon, when, far behind, three horsemen appeared on the horizon. Coming on at a hand-gallop, they soon overtook us, and claimed all the horses as belonging to themselves and others of their company. They were of course given up, very much to the mortification of Ellis and Jim Gurney.

Our own horses now showed signs of fatigue, and we resolved to give them half a day's rest. We stopped at noon at a grassy spot by the river. After dinner Shaw and Henry went out to hunt; and while the men lounged about the camp, I lay down to read in the shadow of the cart. Looking up, I saw a bull grazing alone on the prairie more than a mile distant. I was tired of reading, and taking my rifle, I walked toward him. As I came near, I crawled upon the ground until I approached to within a hundred yards; here I

sat down upon the grass and waited till he should turn himself into a proper position to receive his death-wound. He was a grim old veteran. His loves and his battles were over for that season, and now, gaunt and war-worn, he had withdrawn from the herd to graze by himself and recruit his exhausted strength. He was miserably emaciated; his mane was all in tatters; his hide was bare and rough as an elephant's, and covered with dried patches of the mud in which he had been wallowing. He showed all his ribs whenever he moved. He looked like some grizzly old ruffian grown gray in blood and violence, and scowling on all the world from his misanthropic seclusion. The old savage looked up when I first approached, and gave me one fierce stare; then he fell to grazing again with an air of contemptuous indifference. The moment after, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he threw up his head, faced quickly about, and to my amazement came at a rapid trot directly toward me. I was strongly impelled to get up and run, but this would have been very dangerous. Sitting quite still, I aimed, as he came on, at the thin part of the skull above the nose. After he had passed over about three-quarters of the distance between us, I was on the point of firing, when, to my great satisfaction, he stopped short. I had full opportunity of studying his countenance; his whole front was covered with a huge mass of coarse matted hair, which hung so low that nothing but his two fore-feet were visible beneath it; his short thick horns were blunted and split to the very roots in his various battles, and across his nose and forehead were two or three large white scars, which gave him a grim, and at the same time, a whimsical appearance. It seemed to me that he stood there motionless for a full quarter of an hour looking at me through the tangled locks of his mane. For my part, I remained as quiet as he, and looked quite as hard; I felt greatly inclined to come to terms with him. 'My friend,' thought I, 'if you'll let me off, I'll let you off.' At length he seemed to have abandoned any hostile design. Very slowly and deliberately he began to turn about; little by little his ugly brown side came into view, all beplastered with mud. It was a tempting sight. I forgot my prudent intentions, and fired my rifle; a pistol would have served at that distance. Round spun the old bull like a top, and away he galloped over the prairie. He ran some distance, and even ascended a considerable hill, before he lay down and died. After shooting another bull among the hills, I went back to camp.

At noon, on the fourteenth of September, a very large Santa Fe caravan came up. The plain was covered with the long files of their white-topped wagons, the close black carriages in which the traders travel and sleep, large droves of animals, and men on horse-back and on foot. They all stopped on the meadow near us. Our diminutive cart and handful of men made but an insignificant figure by the side of their wide and bustling camp. Tête Rouge went over to visit them, and soon came back with half a dozen biscuits in one hand and a bottle of brandy in the other. I inquired where he got them. 'Oh,' said Tête Rouge, 'I know some of the traders.

Dr. Dobbs is there besides.' I asked who Dr. Dobbs might be. 'One of our St. Louis doctors,' replied Tête Rouge. For two days past I had been severely attacked by the same disorder which had so greatly reduced my strength when at the mountains; at this time I was suffering not a little from the sudden pain and weakness which it occasioned. Tête Rouge, in answer to my inquiries, declared that Dr. Dobbs was a physician of the first standing. Without at all believing him, I resolved to consult this eminent practitioner. Walking over to the camp, I found him lying sound asleep under one of the wagons. He offered in his own person but an indifferent specimen of his skill, for it was five months since I had seen so cadaverous a face. His hat had fallen off, and his yellow hair was all in disorder; one of his arms supplied the place of a pillow; his pantaloons were wrinkled half way up to his knees, and he was covered with little bits of grass and straw, upon which he had rolled in his uneasy slumber. A Mexican stood near, and I made him a sign that he should touch the doctor. Up sprang the learned Dobbs, and sitting upright, he rubbed his eyes and looked about him in great bewilderment. I regretted the necessity of disturbing him, and said I had come to ask his professional advice.

'Your system, Sir, is in a disordered state,' said he, solemnly, after a short examination.

I inquired what might be the particular species of disorder.

'Evidently a morbid action of the liver,' replied the medical man; 'I will give you a prescription.'

Repairing to the back of one of the covered wagons, he scrambled in; for a moment I could see nothing of him but his boots. At length he produced a box which he had extracted from some dark recess within, and opening it, he presented me with a folded paper of some size. 'What is it?' said I. 'Calomel,' said the doctor.

Under the circumstances I would have taken almost any thing. There was not enough to do me much harm, and it might possibly do good; so at camp that night I took the poison instead of supper.

That camp is worthy of notice. The traders warned us not to follow the main trail along the river, 'unless,' as one of them observed, 'you want to have your throats cut!' The river at this place makes a bend; and a smaller trail, known as 'The Ridge-path,' leads directly across the prairie from point to point, a distance of sixty or seventy miles.

We followed this trail, and after travelling seven or eight miles, we came to a small stream, where we encamped. Our position was not chosen with much forethought or military skill. The water was in a deep hollow, with steep, high banks; on the grassy bottom of this hollow we picketed our horses, while we ourselves encamped upon the barren prairie just above. The opportunity was admirable either for driving off our horses or attacking us. After dark, as Tête Rouge was sitting at supper, we observed him pointing with a face of speechless horror over the shoulder of Henry, who was opposite to him. Aloof amid the darkness appeared a gigantic black apparition, solemnly swaying to and fro as it advanced steadily upon

us. Henry, half vexed and half amused, jumped up, spread out his arms, and shouted. The invader was an old buffalo-bull, who, with characteristic stupidity, was walking directly into camp. It cost some shouting and swinging of hats before we could bring him first to a halt and then to a rapid retreat.

That night the moon was full and bright; but as the black clouds chased rapidly over it, we were at one moment in light and at the next in darkness. As the evening advanced, a thunder-storm came up; it struck us with such violence that the tent would have been blown over if we had not interposed the cart to break the force of the wind. At length it subsided to a steady rain. My own situation was a pleasant one, having taken Dr. Dobbs' prescription long before there was any appearance of a storm. I now lay in the tent, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, and in great pain, from the combined effect of the disease and the remedy. I lay awake through nearly the whole night, listening to the dull patter of the rain upon the canvass above. The moisture, which filled the tent and trickled from every thing in it, did not add to the comfort of the situation. About twelve o'clock Shaw went out to stand guard amid the rain and pitch darkness. Monroe, the most vigilant as well as one of the bravest among us, was also on the alert. When about two hours had passed, Shaw came silently in, and touching Henry, called him in a low quick voice to come out. 'What is it?' I asked. 'Indians, I believe,' whispered Shaw; 'but lie still; I'll call you if there's a fight.'

He and Henry went out together. I took the cover from my rifle, put a fresh percussion-cap upon it, and then, being in much pain, lay down again. In about five minutes Shaw came in again. 'All right,' he said, as he lay down to sleep. Henry was now standing guard in his place. He told me in the morning the particulars of the alarm. Munroe's watchful eye discovered some dark objects down in the hollow, among the horses, like men creeping on all-fours. Lying flat on their faces, he and Shaw crawled to the edge of the bank, and were soon convinced that what they saw were Indians. Shaw silently withdrew to call Henry, and they all lay watching in the same position. Henry's eye is one of the best on the prairie. He detected after a while the true nature of the moving objects; they were nothing but wolves creeping among the horses.

It is very singular that when picketed near a camp horses seldom show any fear at such an intrusion. The wolves appear to have no other object than that of gnawing the trail-ropes of raw-hide by which the animals are secured. Several times in the course of the journey my horse's trail-robe was bitten in two by these nocturnal visitors.

EPIGRAM.

WHY 's a merciless man, with a memory bad,
Like one with whom a vice is a sin most besetting?
Because, if no better solution be had,
He is never for giving, but always for getting.

A POETICAL SUPERSRIPTION.

The following address, written on a very large envelope, inclosing a quarto printed sheet, was lately transmitted through the New-York post-office: and doubtless it has duly reached the well-known philanthropist for whom it was intended.

IN dear CANANDAIGUA, Queen of the West,
 A gentleman lives, and he's one of the best;
 Ay, one of a thousand, I vow and declare,
 For where is the man who with him will compare
 In acts of pure charity, generous and good?
 'Though always perform'd as if under a hood;
 And as I am rhyming, and in a right mood,
 His NAME chimes to all these, but chiefly With WOOD;
 Philanthropy guides and directs all his ways,
 Without ostentation, or puffing, or praise;
 He's just such an one as was PORE's Man of ROSE,
 Doing good to all men, without counting the loss.
 To all *men*, did I say? — that's a terrible slander!
 I humbly beg pardon; but keep down thy dander!
 The ladies — the darlings — the joy of our hearts —
 Affirm that his equal is not in those parts;
 The widow, the orphan, the aged and poor,
 Though ever so humble, find *him* at their door,
 Giving counsel and comfort — ay, frequently food —
 And when frost pinches hardest, they often see WOOD!
 'T were frivolous folly to name him more full,
 And, post-man, I know thou art not at all dull.
 Then there's auld ROB MORRIS,* who wins in yon den,
 He's the king of post-masters and blandest of men;
 He has three score o' black sheep, all at his command,
 To forward this jingle unto the right hand.
 You'll find him, I think, not far from the druggery,
 (But all CANANDAIGUA well know THE SNUGGERY! †)
 Mayhap at FRANK G 's, that handsome APOLLO,
 Whose figure and features beat other men's hollow,
 A God-like creation — I *must* so express it,
 No mortal e'er saw him who did not confess it.
 If you do n't find him there, why then the best thing,
 Go up to The Palace and call on THE KING, ‡
 Your monarch right royal, who keeps open house,
 Like a prince as he is; making just the right use
 Of his wealth and his riches. God bless him, say I!
 And thousands there are who will join in the cry.
 You'll never again see his equal — no, never!
 So generous, so noble, so courteous, so clever;
 I've oft had the honor to share in his bounty,
 While living in old ONTARIO COUNTRY,
 And met at his table the man of my heart,

* A VERY old Scottish song, entitled AULD ROB MORRIS, thus commences:

'THERE'S auld Rob MORRIS, who wins in yon glen,
 He's the king o' gods fellows, and wale o' auld men;
 He has three score o' black sheep, and three score too,
 And auld Rob MORRIS is the man ye maun see.'

† MR. W.'s house has for many years been called the Snuggery.

‡ THE HON. J. G is universally known as King of Canandaigua.

Who inspireth these lines so slick and so smart !
 They can 't be called poetry, barely whim-whams ;
 But D'ISRAELI once published a book called ' Flim-Flams.'
 (I dont mean the monkey oft pictured in PUNCH,
 But ISAAC his father, the best of the bunch.)
 This long superscription being now nearly ended,
 You 'll say with old SANCHO, ' Less said, soonest mended.' ——
 Now hark'ee, good post-man — I dont speak in thunder —
 But pry'thee be careful — do not make a blunder ;
 If you do ! — by the Powers that are Holy — I 'll pound thee,
 And fervently pray, may the devil confound thee !
 No month — and no day — no Domini Anno,
 And only half signed, ROBERTUS

Nota-bene : Remember, the postage is paid.

Post-scriptum : Do n't copy one word I have said.

A DISQUISITION UPON GRECIAN TEMPLES.

RECOGNITATED BY JAN VAN SCORNE, AN EMBROIDERER, ARCHITECT AND KNIGHT ADVENTURER : CONTAINING ALSO, AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE LAST KNOWN OFFICIAL APPEARANCE OF SANTA CLAUS

HOLLO there, knaves ! bring forth my best steed : I am for a Quixotic expedition ! Ha ! mounted, and in the stirrups ; now hand me my lance. So ho ; is the shaft well balanced, and the steel sharp ? Well then, away let us go in search of adventures.

Here let me pause for a moment, to observe that if I had lived in the age of chivalry, I should have been a most pestiferous member of society. I should have had my nose and my lance in every brawl, in every tournament, in every feud : I should have spent my fortune, (Heaven save the mark !) in chivalric games : I should have been another Sieur de Sandricourt. It is true that I am rather a slim fellow now, but that is the result of education : yet have I nevertheless the true spirit of the meddling Knight Errant.

What then, shall we tilt at to-day ? Windmills ? No ; they are vulgar, and so scarce that you shall hardly find one this side Martha's Vineyard. Grecian temples ? Ay ! Their name is legion, but what care I for odds !

How many are there in this country, who, like the celebrated Grecian scholar, Monsieur Rémonde, have built ' a house upon a Grecian model, that was uninhabitable ?' Millions ! which of the innumerable ones I behold, shall I attack first ? Here stand I in the road, and see around me, a church, a lawyer's office, a court-house, a squirrel-cage, a private dwelling, a pigeon-house ; all built on the plan of some unknown Grecian temple. To trouble the church, would bring the vestry or the elders upon me ; to ride down the lawyer's office would make me liable to an action for assault and battery ; to attack the house of justice might cause me to be arrested for contempt of

court, and moreover, the wooden pillars might take away my lance from me; to upset the squirrel cage would expose me to the anger of the ladies, or the children; to disturb yon spruce mansion might subject me, like Sir Launcelot Greaves, to a writ 'de lunatico inquiring;' to violate that pigeon-house, might cause me ill-luck.

What then shall I do? I will go home, and write about the matter.

On my way thither, I pass 'a butcher, a baker, and a candlestick-maker,' a pickle-merchant, and a cobbler, each dwelling in a Grecian temple; yonder, through the leafless trees, I catch a glimpse of a summer-house, and another building that shall be nameless, also Grecian; and as I near home, so help me Heaven, the apparition of a man in a white apron and cap, bearing in his hands a Grecian temple in confectionary, arises before me, and scares my horse almost out of his wits, insomuch that he nearly tramples under foot a lady and a small child.

Here then am I at home, sitting with pen in hand, wondering what will be the upshot of this article, and thinking how I shall begin the discussion I am about to enter into. I have it! An apostrophe shall do the business for me.

Oh! ghosts of architects of ancient Greece, what would you say, could ye arise and behold the caricatures of your exquisite works! Would ye laugh, or would ye weep? Would ye indignantly kick them over, or with a natural curiosity take a few of these parodies 'bock again' with you in the folds of your garments, to examine them with a microscope? Would ye —

But enough of this; and let me answer the question of a man at my elbow, who must, I should suppose, have been dwelling in the bowels of the earth for the last twenty years.

'What,' says he; 'what, is a Grecian temple?'

'The Englishman mentioned in 'The American in Paris,' I reply, 'describes them admirably:'

'You know, Sir, large white columns mingled with flights of steps, the whole being surmounted by long stone funnels. It seems too,' I continue, 'that our people make the same mistake, that the master-mason in the same story falls into, when in reply to the assertion that a certain building is not a Grecian temple, he replies: 'It has beautiful columns all the same.''

It is on this principle that an old Dutch-built, Dutch-shaped, Dutch-roofed, shingle-sided court-house, in a village not a thousand miles from New-York, has been embellished with a colonnade. What a combination! Dutch-Greek: Greek-Dutch! Upon my life, 't is worse than the doctrine of amalgamation.

There is some excuse, however, for this addition, in this fact, that you may travel through almost every county town in the United States, and by picking out the largest Grecian temple in the place, you will be tolerably sure to light upon the court-house. They have become almost convertible terms. A man whom I have at this very moment pictured in my mind's eye, came down a little fuddled to a county town in this state, and having a case to be tried, stopped with-

out hesitation at a large Grecian temple, which was however a private dwelling : being refused admittance, he turned away, exclaiming with virtuous indignation : ' Wa-a-l, if that beant the court-house, it oughter be ashamed of itself !' I agree with him.

For the engrafting of a mongrel Grecian portico on that old Dutch church of Sleepy-Hollow, which the pen of Irving hath rendered classic in the land, there is no such palliating circumstance. I have wondered when passing the court-house I wot of at night, that I have not heard such a discussion between the building and the columns as arose between the two 'Brigs of Ayr,' on the occasion immortalized by Burns. The publicity of the place undoubtedly prevents them from giving vent to their hostile feelings. No such consideration, however, affects the church, 'famous in goblin story,' to which I have alluded. Accordingly, as might have been expected, there have been complaints made of that square-pillared excrescence, and 'thereby hangs a tale' of which another personage is, or I am, as ye, O people, please to decide, the hero. If you will listen, I will repeat the story.

'Some few summers ago, I had spent an evening very pleasantly in the village of Sing-Sing : so pleasantly indeed, that I had not marked how time wore on, until on looking at my watch, I found that the hour had come, and gone again, when every respectable man, more especially in the country, should have been housed for the night. Having hastily taken leave of my host, I mounted my horse and set off for Tarrytown, where I was then staying.

'I soon passed the last house in the village, and casting my eyes upward to the heavens, I began to speculate upon the weather. It was one of those nights in the latter part of summer, when Autumn begins to jog her elbow, as if to put her in mind that the sceptre must soon pass into his hands. A dull, chill, north-easterly wind, was blowing up a storm : already the heavens were veiled with clouds of gray, which occasionally lightened up, as if to permit one to view for a moment the objects around him, and then closing again more heavily, obscured each scarcely distinguished form. No plash of some distant paddle, no hum of some far-off blower, no sparks of pine, no flame of anthracite, no flap of sails, no creaking of wood against wood, told of the presence of any moving thing upon the waters of the Hudson.

'Make what you will of it, it is a solemn feeling, that of being alone with nature, and it is astonishing to a man in broad daylight, in the midst of his fellow creatures, when he thinks what a comfort it was to have had some living thing as a companion. The feeling is not fear, it amounts not even to apprehension of danger, but it is a vague, dreary, sense of loneliness, as if one were the last and only human being left upon the face of the earth. It speaks to his heart of his own insignificance, but it raises him to the contemplation of the God Omnipotent.

'While moralizing thus, I began to feel that the wind was chilling me through and through, and wishing myself safely established in a comfortable bed at home, I roused my horse to a smart trot, and he, nothing loth, being in truth as anxious as myself to get home, bore

me gallantly onward. As we pressed on, it seemed as if we were every moment on the point of entering some dark and arched cavern, which receded ever as we advanced, yet was before us still. The pace we kept soon brought us in view of the expiring embers of a fire, which had been kindled by some gipsys, who had made their resting place for the night by the side of the road, an event, portentous in that part of the world, where gipsys never before were seen. The red light of the decaying fire lit up the canvass-covered wagon in which they travelled, the trunks and branches of one or two trees near at hand, a few yards of earth around, and then was powerless to penetrate the darkness further. It was a picturesque scene, but it was no night to stop to admire the romantic. On we sped. I caught a glimpse of a half-shaved face, peering from one corner of the wagon as I passed by, but a turn in the road soon concealed the whole scene from my backward view.

'My horse seemed frantic to reach home, and I let him choose his own speed.' As we neared the old Dutch church, visions of 'the headless horseman of Sleepy-Hollow' rose in my mind. I strove to shake them off, but 'the galloping Hessian' was of old a persevering fellow, and he did not belie his character. I confess, that by the time I caught sight of the building, magnified as it seemed to me, by reason of the uncertain light, to twice its real dimensions, I began to feel so nervous as to find difficulty in keeping my saddle.

'Approaching the church from the north, the road descends over a sandy hill, directly past it: thence to a bridge over a mill-stream: crossing which, after a gentle rise, it soon makes a short turn to the east, and can no longer be commanded from the elevation on which the church is situated, on account of an intervening hill. Until I was nearly opposite the church, the wind had swept along in one of those wild, uncertain gusts, which precede the north-easterly storm, preventing me from hearing any thing distinctly; but now, as it lulled for a moment, and sunk into a whisper, I thought:

But hold! Let me the rest rehearse
Of what that night occurred, in verse;
For things so strange demand at least
The tribute of a tyro's fist.
Then, ye Dutch muses — hail, all hail!
Aid me to tell my wondrous tale.

Scarce was the hill descended half,
When I heard an angry laugh;
And then an oath in good broad Dutch;
Again, a peal of curses, such
As should have killed a Christian beast,
Or brought him to his knees at least;
But mine was not a common horse,
And did not take a common course.
He was in fact, a true Dutch steed,
Not famed for fire, nor great for speed,
But heavy, plodding, dull and slow,
Ready to stop, but ne'er to go.
Who loved full well to fill his belly,
(Which empty, he was melancholy,)
And ever made 't a point to shy
A Grecian temple passing by,
(The only sign of spirit known,
T' have been by him to mortals shown,
Short of wind, and plethoric,
Having a run as boys' birch stick;

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A trotter good, toward his stable,
But leaving it to walk scarce able.
Strong of limb, and stout of heart,
He acted now no nervous part;
He pricked his ears, and gave a snort,
Planted his feet, and stopped dead short.

'Pretty adventure this!' I thought,
'To meet at night such fellows out.
Mortal or spirit, body or spook,
Meeting such here, can be no joke.'
Toward 'Castle Phillip' in my fright
I looked: but there I saw no light,
Because a hill there rose between,
And all the lights long quenched had been.

I thought to pass the church at speed,
And thereto spurred my faithless steed,
He took it as a sore affront,
But only winced, and gave a grunt,
And well I knew he was a beast,
That ne'er from purpose would desist,
Nor run when once resolved to stand,
If all the crackers in the land,
And all the nettles in that vale,
Were clapt at once beneath his tail;

So giving up the use of steel,
I made a whispered, soft, appeal :
'Come, pony, come; now stir thy stumps;
Keep me not here in doleful dumps.'
My courser would not move a peg,
But stiffer planted each fore-leg,
Then, by the side of locust grove,
And neither way would deign to move;
So, in default of dang'rous race,
I quiet kept my fearful place,
Content, since neither I could run
Backward or forward, fate to shun,
To see, and hear, and mark the end
Of what might hap from foe or friend.

There rose a gust that smelt of rain,
And then the voice began again :
'Fire and wrath, *donder* and *bizes*,
By all that's Dutch, but I will fix 'em !
That foul committee I will scourge,
And my plain congregation purge
Of all such wicked spirits as
Bring like catastrophes to pass.
Oh ! I will swing them in such sort
As that they long shall rue the sport
They found in clapping classic nose
Upon the direst of its foes !'

Here indignation seemed to choke
The voice that mill-pond echoes woke,
Excepting here and there an oath,
In Dutch and English, each and both,
Commingled in such horrid wise,
That rose my hair, and popped my eyes,
And pony shook about his knees
Like silver poplar in a breeze.
In short, swearing so deep and grave
I never heard, and it should have
Uncanonized the daintiest saint
That e'er — but no — in one event —
Excepting only, luckless patron lord
Of old Dutch church with Grecian porch aboard !

Now by this time I did suspect,
What soon I found to be the fact,
That this was nothing more nor less
Than the great Saint NICHOLAS :
For he of old was given to swearing,
To rollicking, frolicking, midnight airing,
To supper hot, and jolly rout,
And none so likely to belate out.

Eager I waited to catch a sight
Of this mysterious angry wight;
And the thick clouds they lifted soon.
As if to grant the wished-for boon.
I looked : with joy I saw from far
The jolliest saint in the calendar,
The patron of Dutchmen and of pipes,
Of toddies, sleighing, and of tripes,
Of cookies, presents, and all good things,
That New-Year's day to children brings.

How swelled my heart with bursting pride,
That I alone of all that sighed,
To see him from the times of old,
Worthy this honor had been hold !
Yet natheless, in his present mood,
And anger fierce, I held it good
Rather to watch each saintly freak,
Than on his meditations break.

How was he dressed ? How did he look ?
Sir, I that night no likeness took :
Suffice to say, the merest dunce
Would surc have known the saint at once :

And so it is in all such cases,
When saints vouchsafe to show their faces,
That he that's honored, straightway knows
Their saintships, dressed in any clothes.
Yet this I'll swear on Harlem stocks,
That NICHOLAS looked orthodox,
And that he wore on this occasion
Doublet and hose in ancient fashion ;
But you may go to MOOR or WEA,
If you would have a sketch more clear.

'T was not the usual time of year,
When the stout saint is wont t' appear ;
But of improvements he had heard,
And curiosity had stirred
Him up to take a hasty view
Of what they had contrived of new ;
And there he stood before the porch,
And railed away at that old church,
Stamping his feet, 'gritting his teeth,'
And getting most dreadfully out of breath.
And then he swore, as I have said,
In a style that would have scared the dead.
What wonder he should rave like mad,
Being the first view he had had !

'They call those 'Grecian columns,' eh ?
Good Lord ! what would a Grecian say !
Four-sided gutters upright set ;
Those hollow pipes will warp, I'll bet ;
I'll have them down ; they'll do some good,
Mending the bridges on the road.'
Why did they it ? How dared they so,
In spite of me, this horror do ?
I will eradicate the root
Of those on me such insult put !
Who knows but else 't will come to pass
That they shall stick in painted gess
Apostles garbed in fancy dress,
Lictors, vultures, and a mess
Of hieroglyphics, to confound
The neighborhood for ten miles round !'

He mounted the steps, he stamped about,
And his wrath escaped in a hellish shout,
As the contrivers of this addition
He doomed in grose to worst perdition.
I heard no name of those he scolded,
And if I had, I had not told it ;
But let the guilty soul be racked,
For what I say's a solemn fact.

Asthmatic he grew, his voice it fell,
And he was attacked with a coughing spell ;
But the fat saint still sputtered away,
And said what I think none ought to say ;
Grumbled and growled, and fiercely stamped,
Cursed and swore : '*Verflucht und verdamt*.
The detestable thing, it makes me sick.
Der galgen Schiwenkel — der teufel hole dich !'

A moment's silence then he kept,
(I thought perchance his anger slept.)
When his thigh he roundly slapt,
And then a peal of oaths outrapt,
Would lift a man from off his feet,
And which I care not to repeat ;
And then, from grief, or other cause,
His saintship made a mournful pause.

My foolish stupid brute, just here,
Whether in th' excess of fear
Or whether (as I do suspect,
Being descended in a line direct
From Brom Bones' far-famed horse,)
Th' opinions of the saint he wishes to endorse,

And chose this mode to express his pleasure
At the saint's anger without measure.
After essaying thrice the note,
And thrice in vain, from brazen throat,
Now neighed a neigh so loud and shrill,
That, echoing far from hill to hill,
With the unexpected cry,
The Saint awoke from musings high.

'Confound,' thought I, 'the blundering beast!
I'm in for a thrashing, at the least:
Who knows but what the Saint, enraged,
May bottle me up till his wrath's assuaged!'

The Saint had heard: his teeth were set,
His look I never shall forget,
As sweeping with his eye the road,
He cast on me a glance of blood.

Wrinkled his brow, and dark his cheek;
'Villain, your name!' he shouted, 'speak!'
As to the Saint I gave my name,
His face no longer looked the same:
The flush of anger straightway fled,
A pleasant smile there beamed instead:
'You well may thank your stars,' he said,
'That in your veins Dutch blood flows red;
For otherwise, by waffle great,
(An oath inflexible as Fate.)
I swear I would have changed you to —
I would, I would — I have it now —
To Grecian column, sure as gun;
Ay, worse than that — to wooden one!

'Hope to make a Grecian temple?
By the Lord, I'll make example
Of all contriving of this deed
And give to them their proper meed.
But mark me now, and tell the truth,
And seek not to deceive me, youth,
Answer me, sir; had you, or yours,
A hand in getting up this curse?
For it you had' — 'I swear,' I cried,
'The monstrous charge I can't abide;
Not guilty of this crime I plead.
In the behalf of all my blood;
As sinful man, I swear to you,
Good Saint Nicholas, it is true.'
'Call me not saint, nor call me good;
Hark in what strait you might have stood;
On all abettors hear my curse,
And if you can, imagine worse!

'An old Dutch church! A Grecian porch!
Will I not well their bowels scorch!
Not a poor drop of arrack punch,
Not one fat slice of reeking haunch,
Shall pass their throats, or wet their lips.
They fear me not, but for these sceptics,
I doom them all to be dyspeptics.
Their children I will leave in lurch,
Or in each stocking put a birch:
That Christmas more shall ne'er come round,
That ought that's good shall there be found;
The boys in empty socks shall look
In vain for toy or story book;
And to fill full the bitter cup,
In time forget to hang them up!
Ay, more: no cookie shall be baked
For them, until my wrath is slaked;
Until the extirpation of this wart,
Unworthy synd old of Dort:
From old proportions they shall dwindle,
Till each is thin as any spindle.

'To each of those that had a hand,
In this corruption of the land,

In sorrow half, and half in wrath,
This horrid sentence I bequeath:
No pipe of Delft, at setting sun,
When the day's mowing hath been done,
Shall give its scent to summer air,
Or hide in smoke, each thought of care;
Nor shall he watch, on Autumn days,
The vapor mingling with the haze,
While pleasant visions throng his brain,
(Flitting out and in again.)
Of golden crops, and barns well-filled,
Of meadows rich, and fields well tilled,
Of goose well stuffed, and Christmas pies;
No more, I say, such dreams shall rise,
But he shall think of stocks depressed,
And loans and bonds give him no rest;
Nor yet when Winter comes, in doors,
Because of carpets on the floors,
Shall the blest weed his joys increase,
And he be left to smoke in peace;
His daughters, fashionable girls
Shall be, with airs and yard-long curls,
With bonnets French, and waspish waists,
Such as a Christian saint detests,
And they shall always be provoking
Their precious Sire about his smoking;
'Father, 't is vulgar, and we hate
This horrid smell, early and late.'
And then when spring hath brought the earth
Once more unto another birth,
Still, still the same his fate shall be,
N'er the smoke of pipe to see.
Or watch the spirals curling high,
Wooing the ceiling or the sky.

Each breach of rule shall be reported,
And all his pleasures shall be thwarted;
And *all* shall live such diemal lives,
And *all* be cursed with shrewish wives.
This to their offspring shall endure
Long as their race shall still endure.'

This execration touched not me;
I felt for *others'* misery,
And trembled in my stirrups at
This dreadful doom, this awful fate;
And had I dared, had said a word
For those that he so much abhorred;
But fearing to excite anew
The hurricane that lately blew,
I chained my tongue, and held my peace,
Waiting till rage and storm should cease:
Nor waited long; for as he stood,
Softened his heart and changed his mood,
Sobbing as if his heart would break,
With hands upraised, once more he spake:
'Oh, how degenerate the nation!
How fallen is my congregation!'

At these his words I gently smiled,
And, trusting to his aspect mild,
I ventured to expostulate
And in extenuation state,
That this, I thought, was no doubt done
To shield them from the rain or sun,
'Better to roast,' the saint broke in,
'On earth to roast, than die in sin,
And try!' He ceased; his ear had caught
A stray blast from the south: 't was fraught
With sound of distant cart or coach,
To warn the saint of man's approach.

'Lo, ye!' he cried, 'another sign
That all is past for me and mine!
Time was, from here to Tarrytown
I might have passed, and farther down —
To Nyack, on the other shore,

And up the bay to Haverstraw —
And heard no sound, and seen no light,
At this so late hour of the night,
Did I but know (as sure as Fate)
But *where* to go, I'd *emigrate!*

'Farewell, my son! — be true and bold,
And stick to fashions that are old;
Lift up your voice and wield your pen
For old Saint NICHOLAS; and when
Cast down by trouble or by care,
Call upon him — he will be there.

'Impress on all the downright need
Of Christmas dinners, would they speed;
Of hanging aye the stocking up,
And cracking to my health a cup;
But most, inculcate upon all
Of Grecian counterfeiters the fall;
Your life and interests shall then
Be dear to Dutch-descended men,
And you shall prosper; never ask
In vain for punch or jolly flask,
And never want a cookie fresh.
Pipe, sausage, pie, or onion-hash;
And you shall flourish in your time,
And I will lengthen out your prime;
And when you die, your memory,
If with none else, shall dwell with me.'

He touched the door: the leaves flew wide —
As if in sympathy, they sighed,
Then closed once more. I looked again,
And there on VASAICH FLEIRSK's vane
(With his initials cut therein),
The saint was poised, as used he'd been
Upon the tight-rope to display
His active form for many a day.

But now the saint looked pale and wan,
And down his cheeks the tear-drops ran;
The wind blew out his long gray beard,
Which, mingling with the mist, appeared
Like the weird moss that curtains round
The cypress tall in swampy ground;
Around him wrapped his mantle old,
His motions still his anguish told;
His breast heaved hard, his voice was choked;
You scarce had thought he e'er had joked;
His form, relieved against the sky,
Like shadowy statue loomed on high;
And first he stood, his arms extended,
Then raised them up as down he bended,
And muttered low, as if addressing
The God of Heaven for a blessing;
Then as he stood astride the steeple
He thus rebuked his haunts — his people:

'Oh, Dutchmen! Dutchmen! where were ye
When this reproach was cast on me?
Ah, wo is me! — my time is past,
And I must flee the land at last!
And modern (damned) improvement saints
Will occupy my ancient haunts,
And lay out streets, for aught I know,
Cutting this very building through.

'How is my people changed in soul!
How is that change evil and foul!
Good, steady, slow, and sleepy men —
No vanity or speculation then!
They went to church, and slept all through
A sermon, every Sunday, new;

They made responses in their sleep,
Or if they snored, made out to keep
In tune with psalms that old and young
In those old times together sang.

'My female congregation, too,
Of bonnets French then nothing knew;
They followed in their mothers' ways,
And so it chanced they ne'er missed stays.
So, that old man that had mishap
To lose his hair, wore cotton cap,
Or went plain bald, nor used a wig,
That never could survive a jig.

'Potatoes then were never steamed —
Of steam-boats they had never dreamed;
Of telegraphs and iron roads,
And all these modern linkunquods,
That only aid the sharp and keen,
When *dull* men should have holpen been.

'Gone are the good of Sleepy Hollow,
And I right soon must also follow;
To that old race my heart still yearns,
And straying memory still returns,
Born within sound of the old church bell,
From children they loved its ringing well;
Where they were born they always tarried,
Were christened there, there loved and married,
Lived to old age, and side by side
Yielded to fate; and when they died,
The clods upon their collins fell,
And the same clapper tolled their knell.
They are no more, but in their place
Has come an emigrating race
That care no whit for hearth or home —
The only wish they have, to roam.

'Not only here, but every where
My flocks are changed from what they were;
For now through all my dear loved land
Scarcely a monument doth stand
Of Dutchman's power, Dutchman's zeal,
Of Dutchman's trowel, hammer, steel.

'How is the old Manhattan gone!
Of all my haunts remains not one!
Even the chimneys, narrow and tight,
Stifle my breath with anthracite;
And then, so crooked and dark are they,
'T is equal chance I lose my way.
There's no place left for me, I wis —
My last old church, a post-office!
And thousands throng, greedy of gold,
Where gospel plain was preached of old:
They've changed it all — tore up the pews —
Instead of grace they come for news;
They have turned the bones of my people out
To the sight and the sneers of the gaping rout;
But why go on, when e'en in vain
The saints 'gainst destiny complain?

'Old church, it rends my inmost heart,
But it must come, and we must part.
Farewell, old grave-yard of the race
That settled first this quiet place;
Ye bones that here for years have slept,
From surgeons and museums kept,
My jealous guardianship is o'er,
And I shall watch your tombs no more!
I will not seek, old bones, to deceive ye —
To the protection of *The Law* I leave ye.'

Methought straightway a dismal groan
Burst from beneath each old tomb-stone,
And forth from each issued a ghost,
Sheeted and sad, a formidable host.
No pale, distempered shades were they —
Broad shouldered, skirted, (in their day
You would have sworn, had you them seen,
Good Dutchmen and Dutch wives they'd been,)
Like stiff Dutch sloops, with breadth of beam,
As Dutch things all doth most bescem,
Their sturdy figures thro' the darkness loomed
Lusty and large, as in their lives they bloomed.

The Dutch-Reforméd cherubs, too,
From carvings quaint to chubby spectres grew;
Uprose they all from their stony sleep,
With voices rusty, fat and deep;
Each in his dim unearthly form,
Adding his wail to the rising storm.

They all besought the saint with tears
(Their patron of so many years.)
His ancient charge not to forsake,
Nor modern whims in dudgeon take;
And down knelt each on marrow-bone,
Except the cherubims, who've none;
Unfortunate lads! they can't sit down,
The reason of which is very well known;
For old Dame Nature, out of fun,
Gave them no place to sit upon:
Their wings kept time with a mournful whirr,
They served as a kind of orchestra
To the chorus which outrang,
As, supplicating, thus they sang:

'Saint NICHOLAS, we beg and pray,
And on our knees entreat,
That you will never go away,
Or leave your ancient seat:
Yield us not up to this Saint LAW —
A saint we never knew nor saw!

'Oh, Saint! thou ever hast been kind,
And we have loved you well;
And can you now make up your mind
Our skeletons to sell?
Thou canst not — shalt not — say not so —
Oh! tell us quick — thou wilt not go!

But there were other shades so gaunt,
Their very look my heart did daunt;
These dodged right warily about
The edges of that midnight rout;
Far too republican to bow the knee
To king, saint, sign or mystery;
Yielding alone to the majority,
The end and God of their idolatry.

Now these poor ghosts were much at loss
Whether to join the rest, or cross;
Of votes there was disparity,
And they were in minority,
And yet it almost made them faint
To think of worshipping a saint.
They wished the crowd to organize,
To have a President and Vice,
A Secretary to record
The Resolutions, word by word —
To have the meeting called to order,
And all described by a Reporter.
At length one bolder than the rest
The sense of all in brief expressed;
His voice was sharp, and had a twang,
And through his tuneful nose it rang,
As like an oysterman's tin horn

As any sound that e'er was born.
He made a motion with his paw:
'Down with the Saint! see go for Law!

The Saint at him reproachful looked,
And that ringleader's name he booked;
(I fancy to his cost he'll know
What the saint meant by doing so!)
This done, he gazed upon them both,
Those factious there, and first waxed wroth;
But melting tenderness again
Would work within his heart and brain.

There was a conflict in his breast,
And in his visage 't was confessed;
'Tween love of years and sudden hate,
'Tween ancient pride and shame of late;
Now one was strong, now one was weak;
But soon he oped his mouth to speak.
But ere he spoke a rumbling sound
Came thund'ring o'er the hollow ground,
Over the adverse sandy ridge,
And wheels swift rumbled o'er the bridge.

As quick as light he straddled a mill-stone,
He plied his heels, and he was gone;
Cantered away, using the rod,
As erst from Rome to Novogorod,
At first his flight was dull and slow,
Near to the earth, wabbling and low,
Which I in my depravity
Traced to the force of gravity;
But soon the stone whirled faster round,
And onward sped with buzzing sound;
And as he went, he gathered strength,
And speedier drove, until at length
With cheerful and harmonious roar
He vanished like a shooting star.

Now I must say I do believe
(With the philosophers' good leave)
Those stones that from the heavens fall
Are but stray steeds from this saint's stall,
Or else are real runaways,
That, having thrown him from his place,
When somewhat overcome with liquor,
Fall to the earth, no lightning quicker;
And though absurd perhaps this sounds,
I say it not without some grounds;
For I did see a paragraph
In next day's paper made me laugh:
How that that night a star was seen,
Sing-Sing and Tarrytown between,
That bursted with a loud report,
Just as a giant-horse would snort.

But to return: the cherubs, too,
And all the rest of that weird crew,
As they contamination feared,
Dissolved themselves, and disappeared.

Slowly I gathered up the reins
And of my wits the poor remains,
Wond'ring upon the world's corruption
And what had caused this interruption.

Two youths came fiercely driving on:
Oh! had they come as I had done,
Ere this two pillars white had stood,
Grecian, and warped, and of pine-wood,
A warning by the public road,
Early to seek your own abode,
And not be rambling out at night,
Saints, spirits, cherubs, to affright.

Gravely my courser home I rode—
Gravely the homeward path he trode;
Both musing upon where we 'd been,
On what we 'd heard, on what we 'd seen—
And thinking both, for aught I know,
Of Grecian Temples' ebb and flow.

Reaching my home, I went to bed,
Nor word of this adventure said;
Before this time I've told to none
What that night was said and done;
And only tell it now because
It is my humor, and I please.

M O R A L:

OR DEDUCTION FROM THE PREMISES.

Now from this tale—these facts—let all men know,
And *feel*, what perils from Greek temples flow;
Let them not add, I say, whate'er they do,
To building Dutch a Grecian portico!

Q. E. D.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

'THESE to hear
Would DESDEMONA seriously incline.'

OTHELLO.

'Do you not feel a certain moisture?' said the little Medico.

A small hand rested upon the forehead of the sufferer. 'Yes, ah, now I am happy!—he will recover.'

'I hope so, but we must be careful—no noise—very careful—eh! his pulse is quite regular; one, two, three, four, and with his fingers upon his own wrist by way of confirmation, the little Medico left the apartment.

The señorita stole noiselessly over the mats which lay upon the cherry-red tiles that floored the room, re-arranged the curtains around the window, re-placed a thin green silk shade in front of the lamp, once more touched with her soft hand the forehead of the sleeper and then seating herself in a butaca, or easy-chair covered with leather, she crossed one little foot over the other and said to herself—

But there is no need to tell what was said; the expression of her face, as she turned toward the sleeper, told the whole story.

When Harold awoke the next morning the wasting fever had passed away, and although there was a dreamy consciousness of past events in his mind, yet the apartment in which he lay was unknown, and he could not even remember how he had been brought to it. His eyes wandered around a room tastefully, nay, elegantly furnished. Silk curtains were looped up on each side of long windows that opened upon a broad verandah, latticed and overspread with clustering vine-leaves, through which the light and air came tempered with shade and sweetness. There were mirrors too at either end of the chamber, and in a circular niche was a table covered with crimson

cloth, upon which, between two vases of fresh-gathered flowers stood a large silver crucifix. Before this little shrine lay a cushion; doubtless for devotional purposes, but now a Spanish guitar rested upon it, and although the instrument was silent, the sympathetic air seemed to vibrate with familiar harmonies, and, like some ancient pageant, ushered in with music, there arose in his mind a twilight vision of a leafy porch overlooking a river, and in the distance, mountains and the setting sun. While he lay there thus weaving threads of gold in the dark woof of his existence and wondering at all he saw around him, the door opened slowly and a well-known face presented itself.

'Eh! eh! 'ees better! must no speak a, by-and-by — no speak a one word;' and the good Padre pressed the wasted hand of his friend between his own plump little palms, and looked into his face with an expression of tender solicitude.

'Ah, Padre,' said Harold, faintly, 'where am I? and where is Ribas? Paez? and —'

'Must á no speak. Ribas is here; Paez lose all his men, and 'ees gone to e Llanos; Señor Elisondo live here and his daughter, very good, by-and-by e talk, more; not now.'

Harold closed his eyes for a moment; when he opened them again he saw that another person was just entering the room. It was a young girl of about sixteen years, and as she stood within the door-way, her hands clasped together and her eyes upraised with an expression of thankfulness and devotion, there was something so beautiful in the attitude, so spiritual in her fine classical features, that it reminded him of an old picture of the Madonna that he had seen in the convent of San Francisco. It was but a momentary glance, for before the Padre could say 'Adelaida!' she had disappeared.

'Eh! eh! Colonel, you do n't a know who watch you when you is sick. Ah! you do n't a know,' and the Padre gave a significant nod of the head that implied a great deal. 'But here is e father, Blas Elisondo, my cousin,' he continued, as a brisk looking little gentleman entered the room.

Cousin? — they were so much alike in manner and appearance that they might have been taken for brothers.

'You must not speak one word,' said the Padre; 'it is no good for him.' But Blas must express his congratulations upon the recovery of his guest, and then the chocolate was brought in upon a silver server, and the Médico arrived; and although every one said that 'not one word must be spoken upon any account,' the conversation was prolonged until late in the morning.

For several days Harold saw nothing of the beautiful daughter of his host, but as he recovered his strength and began to sit up, she came occasionally to visit him with Blas, and by-and-by the visits were prolonged, and she even ventured to take his arm for a short walk in the garden. Then, too, the good señor must know the history of his life, and the tears stood in Adelaida's eyes when Harold told the sad story; for even his imperfect knowledge of the language added a charm to it; they felt how far he was from home; and although

one little episode had never been revealed by him to any human being, there was enough sorrow in the rest of the tale to awaken their warmest sympathies: so the time passed pleasantly enough, day after day his heart unfolded in the summer-warmth of their kindness; once more the smile revisited his lip, and if not happy he was almost — content!

‘Have you ever see such e beautiful little foot?’ whispered the Padre, one evening as Adelaida sat holding the guitar upon her knee, with one tiny slipper just dimpling the cushion that was beneath it.

‘Not for a long time,’ replied Harold with a sigh, as if the question had recalled a distant remembrance.

‘Do you not play, Colonel?’ said Adelaida.

‘Sometimes.’

‘Do then sing something; something in English, for although I cannot understand the words, the music is an excellent interpreter.’

Harold took the guitar, and to a plaintive little melody that he had learned in happier days, he sang:

TO EDLA.

‘UNLOVED! unhappy! yet my heart complaining,
Still with a weary longing turns to thee,
Like the fond dove the distant ark regaining,
When its lone wings had swept the shoreless sea;
For still I love! though life’s brief dream is o’er,
The dark sea rolls between; we meet no more!’

‘Unloved! unhappy! joyless and apart
From thee; from home, which ne’er these eyes shall view,
And Hope, last lingering, leaves the blighted heart
As from the fragile flower exhales the dew;
Yet still I love, though life’s brief dream be o’er,
The dark sea rolls between, we meet no more!’

‘Ah, Señor!’ said Adelaide, archly, ‘you sing that song in remembrance of some lady whom you love; I can interpret that; and it is some one very beautiful too, is it not? I know! I know!’ And taking the guitar, she swept her fingers over the strings, and while her eyes twinkled with pleasure, improvised such witcheries, such wild, tender, merry and pathetic fantasias, that Harold’s soul seemed drawn from its seat, and whirled like a feather in a tempest of melody; then as the sounds subsided they seemed to define themselves into a march with the beat of drums and occasionally a distant gun, and as that too died away, she bent over the guitar as if listening to the departing army, and as the last faint vibration lingered on the strings, she suddenly threw her arms around it and ran out upon the Venandah.

‘She is a wild girl, Colonel,’ said Blas.

The good Padre said nothing, he was probably thinking of the music, and if so, he was thinking very hard indeed about it.

Harold rose and went to the piazza to bring in the merry fugitive: she had thrown open the blinds, and the moon was shining brightly upon her face, but what was his surprise to see that her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears!

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

... 'ASIDE they stood,
 Matron and child, and pitiless manhood—all
 Who met him on his way—and let him pass.'

THE LEPER.

CALPANG had been a constant visitor at the house of Blas Elisondo during the illness of his 'dear friend'—for he was pleased to confer upon the Colonel that flattering epithet; and when his keen, dark countenance, all vivacity and expression, was seen between the round, good-humored faces of the cousins, while he was narrating with vehement gestures some of his wonderful stories, it was as if two respectable shaddocks, growing on the same bough, had waked up some bright morning and found a sharp little lemon grafted and growing between them; and there was a sweet orange-blossom too at times in the group, for Adelaida was often a listener, and then the handsome face of the Llanero wore its most fascinating expression, and his fine voice was modulated in a way that was more fascinating still. Then, too, his graceful figure was handsomely set off by the becoming uniform he had worn since his arrival at Maturin; and no one could arrange a bouquet with more taste, or present it with more elegance than he; beside, he had given Adelaida a beautiful young antelope; and altogether he was a great favorite with the family, including the attendant and house-keeper; who, although they quarrelled about every thing else, were united in this particular. So, when he came to take leave of the family, which happened a few days before the crisis took place that terminated so favorably for Harold, it was with regret on all sides; and Blas had often told his guest since, with a grave shake of the head and tight contraction of the countenance, which was very like, if not quite, an expression, that Calpang was an excellent, good-hearted *muchacho*, (boy,) and that he—meaning Harold—had never met with a more perfect *cabalero* (gentleman) since the day he was born. Nor was the good padre behind in his commendations, to which Adelaida assented; so that Harold found the first impression wearing away; and as it was known that Calpang had gone on a mission of danger and difficulty, he even felt himself daily growing more desirous of seeing him return again in safety. With these thoughts in his mind the Colonel walked leisurely along the narrow streets, now looking at the dark, low houses, with their prison-like, iron-barred windows, or thinking of the contrast between the strange people around him and the familiar faces that he had left behind upon the banks of the Susquehanna.

He had determined that morning to take up his abode with the rest of the officers at the convent of the Dominicans; for although Adelaida had explained the event of the preceding evening by saying that music always exercised a saddening influence upon her, yet he felt that there might be another reason for it which he scarcely dared whisper to himself. So, strolling along, he soon came in sight of the head-quarters of Ribas. The Dominican convent, which had been deserted by the monks, stood fronting one of the plazas, with

its gray, windowless walls, as stern and unattractive as the men who had formerly inhabited it. The old square bell-tower, however, looked cheerful enough, for it was gleaming in the light of the morning sun, and the tri-colored flag of the republic (yellow, blue and red,) was waving gaily from its summit. Passing through the large gate into the spacious court-yard filled with soldiers, and glancing up at the double tiers of galleries where the officers were chatting and smoking or looking listlessly down in the yard below, he entered the chapel-room, where he found the commander-in-chief. Ribas rose to welcome him, and the officers clustered around with renewed congratulations upon his recovery. While he was conversing and looking up at the skylight overhead, and thinking of the old dusty organ against which were piled unpeaceful spears and muskets and gaudy banners, he saw Ribas start up suddenly, and at the same moment several officers uttered the word 'Lepero!' Harold turned around and saw a man just entering the hall whose appearance was more dreaded by the Spaniards than the pestilence—a leper! On he came, his long ragged garments trailing in the dust, while his bare ghastly arms issued from the dark drapery that was wrapped around his breast, and the deadly white face gleamed amid his black tangled elf locks with a sepulchral hideousness as appalling as if a sheeted corpse had risen from its mouldering bed and moved among the living. A leper! On he came, and as he approached the table the pale lips opened, a sickly smile passed over the face, and Ribas and Harold saw with a shudder that the keen black eyes of the Half-breed were twinkling in the spectral orbits of the hideous apparition.

'Calpang!'

'Si, Excelencia; I knew that I would surprise you. You thought I was a lepero. Well, if Boves had not thought so—gheck! (snapping his fingers with a gesture as if his head had been struck off.) We Llaneros know many things, and to counterfeit the leprosy is not the most difficult. A few days will get this poison from my skin; but I forget—Urica!' and the leprous hand came down emphatically upon the table; 'Urica!—to-morrow five hundred march against the village, and if you do not protect it——'

'And Maturin?' said Ribas.

'Maturin,' replied the lepero, looking down at his white hand, 'is safe; I know that from what I have heard.'

'And what was that?' said Harold.

'That was—ah! Colonel, I am happy to see you once more among us,' raising his keen eyes and fixing them upon him—'that was, they are to attack Urica; that is, about five hundred.'

'And the remainder?'

'Are to remain where they are for the present. Of course our general will send a sufficient force to capture or defeat the detachment.'

'Of course—cierto,' replied Ribas.

'Might I ask to assist in this expedition?' said Harold.

'If you think you can bear the fatigue.'

‘You may rely upon that, so let me bid you good-day. My arrangements will soon be completed.’

Harold, happy in having found an excuse for parting with his kind friends, hastened to the house of the good Blas. He found Adelaida sitting pensively alone in the verandah.

‘Adelaida, I have come to bid you farewell.’

‘Farewell?’

‘Yes, for a time. I do not know how to express my thanks for the kindness you have shown me. I once had a dear sister—you have awakened in my heart a feeling that—Adelaida,’ said he, taking her small hand in both his own, ‘Adelaida, to-day I must leave you, and’—(oh! how the thoughts struggled tumultuously in his bosom! It was not love, but a tender emotion nearly akin to it, which language could not express)—‘Adelaida’—as he repeated her name for the third time, he felt the hand he held in his own tremble; her head sank back against the butaca, and he saw that her face had turned as white as marble—she had fainted!

In a moment the old house-keeper answered his call for assistance, and the usual remedies restored the fair Creole to consciousness; but the tears rained from her long silken lashes, and taking his hand, as if to bid him farewell, she raised her eyes and looked up in his face. There was no mistaking that expression; he felt in the depths of his soul for the first time that he was beloved!

The trumpets sounding up the street reminded him that he had but a few minutes to spare; so raising the hand she had placed in his own to his lips, he said once more, ‘Farewell!’ and taking his weapons from the top of the sideboard, he left the hospitable house of Blas Elisondo with a heavy heart.

It was late at night when the detachment under the command of General Bermudes reached Urica, a little village situated upon the banks of a clear stream that, winding its way through the plains, shone peacefully in the light of the full moon. So, after setting the sentries and making preparations for the next day, the soldiers lapsed into slumber and awaited the morning. But morning came, and noon, and nearly night, before they saw any thing of the enemy. At last the word passed from lip to lip, ‘They are coming!’ The cavalry under Bermudes were soon in the saddle, and Harold unsheathed the sword of Eric with a thrill of pleasure.

There was a wood on one side of the village, and the horsemen were stationed in the broad path that was cut through the centre of it, while a feint of resistance appeared in front of the village in the shape of branches and rude breast-works of earth, which had been thrown up during the day. Artillery they had none; that was an arm of defence but little known out of the larger cities of Venezuela.

‘Look!’ said Ayucha, who was beside Harold in the wood; ‘there are more than five hundred in that body coming toward us. Ah! the half-breed will make my word good this day!’

‘But our force is still larger than that.’

‘We shall see—we shall see. How dark it is growing!—there

will be rain soon ;' for heavy clouds rolling up in dense masses in the west spread a gloom over the vast plains.

Meantime the enemy were approaching, and they could make out that they were almost all on foot ; and now a flash of light from the deepening west and a heavy clap of thunder. Involuntarily every man grasped his arms, as if the electric fluid had nerved him for the conflict.

'They have halted,' said Ayucha ; 'now is the time !'

Another flash of light and peal of thunder.

'Forward !' said Bermudes, and the troop of cavalry poured out of the wood like a spring stream that had swept away its barriers. On, on, on—over the shallow river and over the plain, with the speed of winged falcons and the thunder of countless hoofs, with the clash of arms, and shouts, and the waving of numberless spears and swords. On, on, on—wild with the terrible excitement that is only to be assuaged with human blood ! On, on, on—it is for liberty ! How many lips that were now shouting 'Viva la patria !' would shout when the next hour dawned upon the world ! On, on, on ! Again there came a bright glare of light.

'My God !' said Harold to Ayucha, 'did you see that ?'

'What ?'

'*There is a large body of horsemen coming from the West ! That last flash revealed them.*'

'I thought no less. Ah, Calpang, my words have come true when it is too late.'

It was indeed too late, for in the next moment the air was rent with the discharge of musketry from the enemy, and the horses of Bermudes were trampling down the foremost ranks who had given way with the impetuous charge of the patriots. And Harold, his brain whirling with excitement, his horse plunging and rearing among the falling men, while his long sabre and powerful arm rose and fell with death in every blow, soon found himself separated from Ayucha, and in the centre of a group of wretches, as a wild fierce shout from behind told him that the horsemen of Boves had come up and were acting in the terrible drama. But did his stout heart quail ? Not an instant—turning his good horse toward the sound, he had hewn a way through the fierce crowd and uplifted weapons around him, if his horse had not stumbled over one of the dead bodies and thrown him. In an instant a dozen flushed and angry faces glared over him, his sword was wrested from his hand, and he saw a ruffian with a malignant smile raise it over his head to despatch him, when a powerful arm arrested the blow and an uncouth voice said, 'Prisoner.' Whoever the spokesman was he seemed to have some authority, for they obeyed his orders and bound Harold as he lay upon the ground.

'I know you ; you know me,' said the man who had saved his life.

There was something familiar in the voice, but the features were so hidden with beard and moustache and smutched with blood, that he could not recognise the face.

'You know me,' repeated the man, 'Look, see dis!' and he raised his left hand — the thumb was gone, and Harold knew that the man who stood over him was Schlauff. He was the prisoner of the Westphalian.

Meanwhile Ayucha, armed with his machete, which broad and heavy like a short Roman sword, was painted red with the blood of the miscreants, had endeavored to cut his way to his friend; but the patriots assailed on every side, astounded with the unexpected attack of the horsemen of Boves, and broken and dismayed, were flying over the plain, and reluctantly he too was obliged to turn and fly with the rest. And now the great rain came pouring down with impetuous fury, and the lightning gleamed over the waste, revealing glimpses of the pursuing and the pursued; of flying and conflicting groups; of fallen men, and riderless horses with streaming manes and tails, running wildly in every direction. But Ayucha heard the sound of the river which lay between him and Urica, and his horse, slipping and stumbling on the wet grass, still bore him onward, solitary, but still from the foe; and now he gains the brink of the stream, that swollen into a torrent chafes through a rocky bed, its white foaming surface contrasting with the black ravine through which it was tumbling and roaring, while now and then the body of a man whirled past him, or a swimming horse, struggling and striving in vain to get a foothold. So, riding beside its brink to find a crossing place, he heard the shouts far away on his right in the direction of the defenceless village, and saw the clouds lift in the west, and a narrow strip of red light girdling the horizon. Suddenly the trampling of a horse alarmed him, and looking around he saw that a single horseman with a long spear, was close behind him. He felt for his machete; it was gone; but his horse sprang forward with the blow of the spur, and he unfastened the bow which until then he had not used. In an instant an arrow was notched in the string — the bow drawn — released! and the spearman fell from his saddle, was dragged along the ground, and then thrown senseless upon the plain.

'Who?' said Ayucha, as the fallen man opened his eyes and glared wildly around him.

'Save my life! you will be richly rewarded.'

'Who? your name?' said Ayucha, with the spear uplifted in the air.

'Boves! a thousand doubloons —'

'Save *you*?' said Ayucha with a wild laugh that rang into the clear air. '*You*!' and down came the keen blade, through breast, and heart, and back, and deep, deep into the ground that was beneath him.

The storm that visited Maturin that evening, was but the precursor of another which swept over the city the next day, and left its traces upon bloody thresholds, and streets heaped with the dead, and the blackened rafters of desolate houses; a storm of fire and steel, more terrible in its effects than the ancient passover; a storm of men flushed with victory at Urica, and infuriated with the loss of

their leader : a storm that broke the limbs and snapped the sinews of patriotism, and cast it prostrate, apparently never to rise again.

And Harold, who had fearlessly looked at death, as he stood there a bound and unwilling spectator, felt his stout heart give way when he thought of the brave Ribas, and the kind-hearted Padre, and the good Blas, and, oh, misery ! misery ! gentle, innocent Adalaida, with all her youth and beauty, exposed, defenceless, and in the power of those merciless ruffians. As the scanty train of captives passed through the familiar street toward the convent of the Dominicans, soon to be their prison, Harold saw with surprise that while the neighboring houses were filled with the wild soldiery, the house of Blas Elisonda stood untouched. There was a feeling of relief in the sight ; and then he heard too that Ribas had escaped. But that afternoon, while standing in the court-yard of the convent, now filled with prisoners and surrounded by a hostile guard, he heard shouts in the plaza, and the trampling of horses. ‘ Ribas ! Ribas ! muera Ribas ! ’ (death to Ribas) was the cry : the wide gate opened ; he saw his brave commander enter, wounded and in irons ; then he was thrust into a narrow cell, and Harold heard one of his companions whisper :

‘ Bolt and shackle — bolt and shackle, and a platoon of musketry ! That is his fate, and your’s, and mine.’

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

‘ ——— around, around,

The snow is on the frozen ground,
River and rill are froze and still,
The warm sun lies on the cold side-hill ;
And the giant trees in the forest sound
As their ice-clasped arms wave to and fro,
And they shiver their gyves with a stalwart blow.’

THE widower sat by the stove, smoothing the rusty crape which was sewed on his dilapidated hat with blue thread in stitches an inch apart, and as he twisted it round beneath his thumb and fore-finger, he looked mournfully out at the pump that stood with a crown of snow on one side of its head and a beard of icicles, like a one-armed Lear in front of the window of the Susquehanna hotel.

‘ Bates ? ’ said he.

‘ Well, Tot.’

The little man looked down at his bombazine waistcoat ; there was a cloth patch over each pocket ; it was decent, however ; a mark of respect to the departed, so he raised up his head again with a feeling of pride.

‘ Bates ? ’

‘ Well, Tot ; that ’s four times you ’ve begun and you hain’t no furdur yet.’

‘ Waal,’ said Mr. Tippin, crossing one leg over the other, putting his ruined hat over his right eye, and looking at the red face of the sergeant with the other : ‘ Waal, ever since I lost my Betsy I kinder feel lost myself ; things aint as they useter be ; I can’t work, Bates.

T' other day a woman comes with a pair o' shoes busted out 't she wanted sewed. The minit I seed 'em I thought o' Betsy. 'I can't mend them shoes, sez I; them there toes look jest like my Betsy's toes used tue look,' sez I, 'mam; and I'd no more draw a thread through 'em than I'd draw a thread through you,' sez I. 'I honor your feelin',' sez she, 'Mr. Tippin; and ef you 'll lend me a wax end I'll sew 'em myself,' said she. 'Then there aint no one to call me to meals, Bates; when I git hungry I go help myself, but that aint no meal; that 's only a satisfying the cravin's of appetite; then, things kinder get dusty from standin', and I do n't know what looks lousomer than to see dust around on the things, as ef there warn't no one to use 'em; and when I go ham at night there aint no one to let me in; no one—no. I can't stan' it, Bates; ef there was some one to scold me jest a leetle I'd feel better; but to be deprived of that comfort, I can't and I won't stan' it.

'Waal, what be you goin' to dew?'

'Sell eout to Bill Skannet, that 's what I'm going to do, and then I'm on my way—'

'Whar?'

'To South Ameriky,' said Tot, folding his arms and shaking his hat over the other eye.

'To South Ameriky?'

'Yes, did n't you see in the paper t' other day that there was a Curnele Herrman a prisoner in what now 's the name—Barcelony?'

'Yes.'

'And supposed to be from our state. Barcelony?—yes that 's it.'

'You do n't suppose that its—'

'Yes I dew, I think it's jist Mr. Herrman, and I'm a goin' to go thar, and may be I can bail him out or suthin'.'

'Bail him eout? the only way you can bail him eout is with a bagnet; yes and a good many on 'em.'

'Waal any way to git him eout; and oh, Bates! ef he would only come back here and marry you know who—up thar.'

'Miss Grey?'

'The same, that 's her,' said Tot, with a knowing look, as if he had divulged a profound secret.

'Waal, I can tell yer,' replied the sergeant, 'that 'll never be. She is to be married this here spring, and her clothes is a doin' neow. I know; my sister's darter is a workin' thar every day, and they say the old man is a goin' in bizness with his son-in-law, Mister Squiddy, in New-York.'

'Bates,' said Tot, 'as a general thing I do n't think wimmen can be relied on.'

'Of course not.'

'My Betsy was an exception; she could. She was a woman that had her p'int's abeout her.'

'Jest so.'

'But afore I'd believe that Miss Grey would go and marry that ere Yorker, I'd believe she'd go and marry that ere pump.'

'Ef that ere pump had money?' said Bates.

'Jest so,' replied Tot, as if it had not struck him in that way before. 'Jest so, as you say, 'ef it had money;' but she is such a pretty creatur, and arter we feund the hole up thar whar the Jarmin was a goin' to blow 'em up and we told her father, and then we come to find he'ow that Herrman saved both their lives, and so lost his be'ouse and sister. Oh, Bates! ef she 's got any feelin' —'

'Aint she a woman?' said the bachelor sergeant.

'Jest so — so she is, I don't mean to dispute it, she is a woman;' and Tot placed his hat over both eyes as if he had brought his reflections to a close and was going to keep them so.

'Tot,' said the Serjeant, placing the fore finger of his right hand in the palm of his left and shutting one eye, while wrinkled sagacity lurked in the corner of the other — 'Tot, wimmen 's alike, and ef you love 'em tew much it kinder sickens 'em.'

'That 's it,' replied Tot, putting his hand on the sergeant's knee, 'now when I courted Betsy Bulwinkle I kept company with another gal, and so one night sez I, 'Betsy, I like you, and I cum here to know ef its agreeable to you to be married.' 'Can't say it is,' sez she. 'I thought so,' sez I, 'and I 'm jest a goin' over to ask John Bunce's darter.' 'Won't you set de'own, Mr. Tippin,' sez she. 'I can't stay,' sez I. 'Lor, Mr. Tippin,' sez she, 'you need not be in sich a hurry, let 's set down and talk it over,' sez she. So I set de'own and we talked it over, and we was married in three weeks from that very night. 'But sho 's gone,' continued Tot, mournfully, and 'she *was* a woman that had her p'int's.'

'Hallo!' said Bates, 'there they come.'

And with the clang of bells ringing in the clear frosty air, and the horses tossing their heads with pride, and a multitude of furs dragging in the white snow, an elegant sleigh swept past the tavern. They could see that Mr. Grey was there, and Edla beautiful in a collar of swan-down, and Mr. Squiddy, and even Aunt Patty, wrapped up and furred to the rims of her spectacles.

'Which way 're they bound?' said Bates to the man who stood looking after them from the open gate.

'To New-York.'

'It 's the weddin' then?'

'I reckon.'

'Tot,' said Bates, 'that 's the weddin'; you need n't go to Barcelony.'

'That 's the weddin' hey? Her weddin'! and him a pinin' in a prison in Barcelony; him that loved her so that he would have died 'fore he had seen her harmed. Oh, Bates! to think that that are in'cent-looking purtey creatur' should have a heart as hard as a lap-stone. They call 'em the tender sex? I 'd like to know what for? Tender! We 'm the tender sex; we 've got the tender hearts that melt like wax with the warm tears of affliction. I 've known that 'ere boy for twenty years, Bates, and I tell ye he 's a man. And ef the hull world desarts him, I 'll stick to him. I 'll go to Barcelony. 'T aint no use a shaking your head — I 'll go! When I make up my mind to dew a thing I 'll dew it! That 's one o' my p'int's, Bates.'

I'll go. You might jest as well try to stop that ere snow from meltin' in summer as to stop me. I'll go. As Dominie Whittle sez, 'entreat me not to leave thee and from a followin' arter thee; whar you go I'll go, and whar you do n't go I wo n't go, and I'll stick tew you till death do us part, and — what's the rest, Bates?'

'Can't say.'

'Never mind, that ere's the sent'ment,' and the little man thrust both his hands in his pockets, drew down the two tufts of grey fur that served for eyebrows, and looked at the frozen Lear as if he would Gorgonize him on the spot, and stop the motion of his one arm forever.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

'The convent-bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the grey square turrent swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing —
The song for the dead below;
Or the living, who shortly shall be so!'

PARISINA.

It was early dawn and the streets of Barcelona were wet with a heavy sea-fog that shrouded spire and turret, wall and houses in pierceless gloom; but already multitudes were thronging toward the plaza, and the sound of melancholy bells pealed through the murky air, mingled with shouts and drums, the tramping of armed men and the clatter of horsemen over the narrow pavements. The sentinel on the wall paced carefully along his narrow path, fearful of a false step which might precipitate him on the rocks below. Vainly did he look toward the sea. Sea and land and sky were hidden in vapor; the red flash of the morning gun and its startling report broke beneath his feet, but he could see neither gunner nor ordnance through the heavy mist.

In a little arched cell faintly illumined by a flickering taper that dimly lighted up rude walls of unhewn stone, a massive staple and chain, a hammock, and the prison window whose bare iron squares, were relieved against the cold gray sky — in that close cell which had been his abode for some months, and before whose door was a file of soldiers ready to lead him to execution, stood the condemned with a smile upon his lips and a feeling of relief in his undaunted heart, for the hour had come, the closing hour of a life devoted to his country, the hour which was to consummate his career and elevate him to an equality with the patriots of antiquity; the true heroes whose names will live when lines of kings are nameless and forgotten.

'The bells are tolling, padre!'

The good padre threw his arms around the neck of the prisoner, and his tears wet the cheeks of both as he embraced his friend for the last time.

Outside of the broad iron-riveted gate of the prison soldiers are pressing back the crowd and clearing an open space, while two men

bring forward a heavy chair covered with black cloth, and place it upon a platform against the wall, on one side of the gate. Cheerily shines the sun through the mist, gleaming upon the damp walls of the houses, gilding the spires, and revealing the expectant faces of the populace.

And now a burst of music within the prison-yard makes every heart quake in unison with the drums; the iron-bound doors swing open, and forth come musicians playing the dead-march, and then soldiers. File after file of muskets wheel into the open plaza, and after them the priests in their white robes; a space, and then the prisoner, followed by the Spanish officers. 'Ribas!' is whispered through the crowd. Calmly and firmly the brave republican strode beneath the portals of the gate. He cast one look upon the silent audience that were awaiting his death, one glance upward into the clear blue sky, the bright dome to which his spirit was hastening, and then, as if he were ascending a tribunal, he seated himself in the fatal chair and looked upon the preparations for his execution.

An officer now read from a paper: '*Josph Felix Ribas, a malignant traitor, after a long career of profligacy and crime, by the mercy of God delivered into the hands of his majesty's loyal subjects in the valley of Pagua on the twentieth of December last. It is decreed that he shall suffer the punishment of death and decapitation for his enormities, and that his head shall be exposed in the public plaza at Caruccas as a warning and an example. Long live the good Ferdinand the Seventh, King of Spain and the Indies!*'

There was a smile upon the lips of the prisoner when the officer concluded; it hovered there while the platoon wheeled in front of him; the ominous sound of the rammers as the soldiers drove home the cartridges deep in the barrels of the muskets did not disturb it, and there it rested when the bright instruments of death were raised and levelled.

The subaltern in command of the platoon turned to General Morales. He nodded.

'Fire!'

And as the fresh breeze dispersed the smoke the multitude saw that the body had fallen against the side of the chair, and that the blood was streaming from the gory head upon the black pall that covered the platform.

Reiterated discharges of musketry during the morning, indicative of the fate of the patriot officers, were heard by the solitary sentinel as he paced backward and forward on the wall; and now, the guard having been relieved, he hastened to the quay, where a crowd of people were watching the movements of a schooner that could be seen in the distance beating up toward the town. A puff of smoke from the battery, the ball skipped across her bows, she rounded to, and the flag of the Northern republic fluttered up to the peak and streamed out gaily as she dropped anchor in the bay. A little boat put off from her side, and, impelled by the sturdy arms of the oarsmen, soon shot over the sunny waves and gained the quay. There

was a brisk cross-fire of question and answer between one of the men who understood Spanish and an officer.

‘A trader?’

‘Si, Señor.’

‘And her cargo?’

‘Flour, pork, butter, dry-goods.’

‘From what port?’

‘Boston.’

‘Where is that?’

‘In the United States,’ said the man, passing his broad hand over his mouth, and taking out of it a sumptuous chew of tobacco.

‘Is this raly Barcelony?’ said another one of the men, who was standing in the boat with his head peeping over the quay.

‘This is the place, shipmate.’

‘Waal, I wonder ef——’

‘Tod!’ said a voice, and the sentinel stood in front of the spokesman.

The little man shrank back as if an adder had suddenly uncoiled itself in front of him; for the man who addressed him offered his *left hand* at the same time. ‘Schlauff!’ said he, trembling until the crape at the back of his hat fluttered like a miniature flag, ‘be you alive? *Heow did you git through?*’

‘Troo? I got on a tree up dere in der vader dat was holded by der shore. Come up here.’

The little man scrambled up fearfully on the quay.

‘Dere is a friend of you here.’

‘I know it.’

‘Do you want to get him from der prison out?’

The little man swallowed something that appeared to be choking him, and replied, ‘Come a-purpose.’

‘Vell den, come vid me;’ and the German led him off through the gate, up the narrow streets, and away to a distant and secluded part of the town.

Meantime Padre Pacheco, after parting with his unfortunate General, was walking slowly through one of the deserted streets, sorrowfully and alone; when he saw a man coming toward him, dressed in the uniform of a Spanish officer.

‘Maldicion!’ said the Padre, ‘it is the accursed Llanero: vile serpent! villain!’ continued he aloud, as Calpang confronted him, ‘listen to those sounds; do you not fear that Heaven will strike you to the earth? is it not through you that the best blood of your country streams upon the pavement and mingles with the dust of this accursed city? traitor! apostate! can you smile while the noble Ribas lies yet warm and bleeding, from the wounds you have inflicted? *You ——*’

‘Gently, good Padre,’ replied the Half-breed, ‘you forget; but for me those muskets might be ringing for you; so may they yet; be careful.’

‘I care not. Brave Ribas! does Heaven sleep while such as you perish, and such as he survive and triumph? *Why should I live?*’

‘Because I wish you to be present at my wedding.’

‘Your wedding?’ said the priest, surveying him contemptuously, ‘*Soga!* it is false.’

‘You will see to-morrow after my duties in the plaza. *She has consented.* Adios!’ and the Llanero passed on.

‘Merciful queen of Heaven! Mary, mother of God! save her from that fate. Consented? my Adelaida, my sweet girl, his wife? Oh! no, no, save her, merciful Mary, and all the saints! save her, save her; rather let her die, poor girl. But I may do something yet,’ and the Padre hastened on, ‘I will see her and Blas; better to have perished in Maturin, I will see her; there may be some way of escape, I can pass them at the gate; the sentinel will respect the old padre; once on the plains, there is a hope;’ and he opened the gate in front of the house. ‘Who are you?’

A sentinel was pacing up and down the garden path; he did not answer, but held up his hand with a respectful gesture, indicating that the padre must not advance.

‘By whose orders?’

‘Captain Calpang’s.’

‘Son,’ said the padre, ‘do you know who I am; do you see this cross upon my breast?’

‘I do, padre, but I can admit no one without his orders.’

‘Son,’ repeated the padre, advancing closer to the soldier, ‘do you not fear excommunication?’

‘I do, padre, but I must obey orders.’

‘Son,’ said the padre, suddenly springing upon him and wresting the musket from his grasp, ‘if you offer to cry out, I’ll blow your soul into the other world. Forward and open the door.’

‘But, padre —’

‘No words; open the door.’

The man obeyed.

‘Blas!’ said the padre, calling, ‘Blas!’

The cousin showed his round face over the railing of the corridor. ‘Eh! eh! what’s all this?’

‘Down here quick, and tie this man. If you move!’ for the soldier showed signs of rebellion. ‘Quick, Blas; that cord around the hammock — around his arms — so; lie down, son, — around his legs — so, now your handkerchief; we must gag him — bueno!’ and the soldier lay gagged and bound upon the red tiles of the hall.

‘Ah, Adelaida!’ said the padre, pressing the beautiful girl to his heart; we must fly; this is no place for you, nor me, nor any of us, The accursed Calpang has threatened —’

But Adelaida took the hands of the padre between her own, and looking up into his face with a mute expression of grief in her tearful eyes, replied:

‘Alas! father, I must remain; I have sworn to marry him to-morrow.’

‘Who? not this reptile; this Llanero!’

‘Yes, father.’

‘It is too true,’ added Blas.

‘I will absolve you from your oath.’

She made a gesture of denial.

‘Heaven help us,’ said the padre, we are all mad! ‘Here,’ continued the padre, taking the handkerchief from the mouth of the sentinel, ‘swear upon this crucifix that you will never reveal to a living being what you seen or heard this morning.’

‘I swear!’ and the sentinel kissed the cross.

The padre cut the cords and the soldier rose from the floor, took his musket, and with a glance of admiration at the brave priest, opened the door and again was pacing up and down the narrow pathway.

‘Adelaida,’ said the padre, taking the weeping girl once more in his arms, ‘I am going to the prison — Colonel Hermano yet lives; to-morrow terminates his existence, but I will tell him that you are to be married — married!’ continued he with a trembling voice, while tears rolled down his cheeks, ‘and perhaps the information will render happy the few remaining hours of his life.’

She smiled faintly, and her bright eyes shone through her tears, like the dawn breaking in a misty morning.

‘Mad! mad!’ said the padre, hastily, ‘farewell, I am going to the prison; she is bewitched;’ and the padre opened the door, brushed past the sentry, and walked rapidly toward the plaza.

‘Capt’n,’ said Tot, as he stood again upon the deck of the trader, ‘how would you like to leave here to-night?’

Captain Bilsley was a narrow-faced man, with a sharp collar on each side of his sharp physiognomy that seemed to have been cut for miniature models of a flying jib. He was habited in a linen jacket, duck pantaloons, a clean shirt, and yellow buckskin shoes; and on the back of one of his hands, was a blue ship and on the other a blue anchor, that had been tattooed there when he served his apprenticeship on board of a New-Bedford Whaler.

‘Well,’ replied he, after taking a couple of turns on the deck, ‘that’s jist what I’d like to do. You see, Mr. Tippet, I cum here for tradin’; well, they want my art’cles, but things look as if they aint a goin’ to pay for ’em; now that don’t suit, and I think the d — d picaronies want to git an excuse and clap on to the schooner. But we ’re in the trap; I aint got no pilot, and if I had, there’s the guns of the fort, and how the devil to get eout I do n’t know.’

‘Can’t you catch that yaller feller that fetched us up this mornin’, and stick him away somewhere till you want him?’

‘Tippin,’ said the Captain, looking down at him over his larboard flying jib, ‘that idee’s worth a thousand. I’ll have him as sure’s my name is Bill Bilsley.’

‘And, Capt’n, do you see that are gray building, up there, with the wall around it; just beyond them there two steeples?’

‘Captain Bilsley raised his hand with the ship on it over his eyes to keep out the sun, and looked in the direction indicated. ‘Yes.’

‘He’s in that; him that I told you on. We must git him eout first, afore we start.’

‘Tippin,’ replied Captain Bilsley, ‘time and tide wait for no man;’

we must start with the wind; if astern, good, if not, beat out. But if I once get beyond the reach of them long irons in the battery, I'm all right. I'll lend you a boat, and if you do n't get aboard in time, I'll anchor off that long pint of sand and you can jine me. They've got no gardy-costers, and there I'm safe — come, a little New-England on it,' and the two conspirators disappeared down the companion way.

One anxious spectator had seen the arrival of the schooner. Through the iron gratings of his prison window he beheld her slender tapering spars relieved against the clear blue sky; and, oh! how the gushing recollections welled up from the dark caverns of memory; he saw the stripes and stars fluttering from the peak; the flag of his native land — of home! the dear country of his childhood; and a desire for life once more arose in his bosom; once more to clasp a friendly hand; once more to hear the dear familiar language of old times, and then death was welcome! desirable. But all intercourse with the prisoners was forbidden; even the padre had been refused admittance that afternoon, and with a heavy heart Harold saw the glow of sunset floating like sifted gold upon the bay, then deepen into night; then darkness — for a storm was rising, and he could hear the prophetic murmur of the distant surf; yet he kept his station at the window, straining his eyes to get a glimpse of the schooner, vainly, except when the lightning revealed her for an instant, and then all was darker than before. It was now near midnight, and he was saturated with the rain that drove through the bars of the cell windows; sometimes a vivid flash discovered the sentry standing on the wall, which was about twenty feet from the prison; there was a species of companionship in it, and he kept his eyes fixed upon that spot; when to his surprise a sudden glare of light discovered another man upon the wall, and the two appeared to be drawing up something together from the outside. In a few minutes he was startled by a heavy body striking against the window, and thrusting forth his manacled hand he felt a round bar of wood like the rung of a ladder, and in the next instant a voice uttered his name in a whisper.

'Mister Herman!'

'Merciful God! — who is that?'

'T-o-t Tip-pin! There's no time to lose! Here's a file — I got another;' and the little man, after giving Harold a hearty shake of the hand to convince him that something substantial was outside of the bars, went to work with a hearty good will.

'How did you get here?' said Harold, filing away at his iron bracelets.

'Come in the 'Lively Prudence,'' replied Tot, cutting away at the bar.

'How did you get *here*?'

'Never mind,' (for Tot did not think it politic to let Harold know to whom he owed his deliverance,) 'work away. I'm behind time, for I missed the place, got below, and come nigh havin' a bagonet through me.'

They continued their work for some time in silence.

'Who 's that 'ere a-comin' thar?' for a cone of light, like the radiation from a lantern, was visible through the fine rain, moving along the dark walls.

'Changing the guard.'

'*Changing the guard?*' said Tot, letting the file drop in consternation; 'then it 's all up with us!'

In a few minutes the guard was relieved, Tot recovered his file, and worked with desperation at the stubborn casement. Meanwhile the rain died away, and a hazy indication of light through the clouds warned them of their danger; they could even see the dark figure of the sentry as he walked past them on the wall.

'That 's three!' said Tot, in a whisper.

'And I am nearly through this.'

But it grew lighter every instant; they could even see the round shape of the moon riding through the thin rack above them.

'Hush!' said Tot, turning his head; 'he 's a-lookin' right at us!'

'Quien va?' challenged the sentry.

Tot scrambled down the ladder, seized it with his powerful hands, ran across the dry ditch, and with well-directed aim struck the sentinel a blow that toppled him over the parapet just as his musket exploded. 'Alerto! alerto!' rang along the wall from the different sentries; then a drum; the guard turned out, torches flashed in the air, and Harold saw that Tot had escaped and that the soldiers were gathering around a ladder which rested against the wall. And now the moon unveiling her face like a beauteous bride, gazed with her placid beauty upon the dimpling waters of the bay; *but where was the schooner?* Like a vision she had faded at the approach of light; and while Harold heard the clash of keys as the guard opened the door of his cell, that prophetic voice seemed to ring again in his ears: '*Bolt and shackle, bolt and shackle, and a file of musketry! That is his fate, and yours, and mine!*'

Day breaks again over the city; once more the tolling bells, the gathering crowd; once more the choir of sacrifice, the direful music, the opening gate, the serried lines. The good padre accompanies the prisoner—the last of the patriots. With a firm step Harold mounts the platform; he is seated and bound; the fatal platoon wheels in front of him, and a flush passes over his face; for the officer in command is Calpang, the half-breed!

EPIGRAM.

ANNA, though not with many virtues blessed,
'Mid heartless gayeties inclined to roam,
Of one domestic virtue is possessed:
Here is a charity—'begins at home.'

J. L. B.

Our Winter Birds.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

'CALL the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful Heaven.'

I.

A MYSTIC thing is the gray snow-bird
That cometh when winds are cold ;
When an angry roar in the wood is heard,
And the flocks are in the fold.
Though bare the trees, and a gloomy frown
Is worn by the wintry sky,
On the frosted rail he settles down,
And utters a cheering cry :
Why should a note so glad be heard ?
A mystic thing is the gray snow-bird.

II.

In sullen pauses of the storm
He warbles out his lay,
Though wing he hath to waft his form
From the chill north far away.
Why wandereth not the feathered sprite
Through Heaven's airy halls,
To a land where the blossom knows no blight,
And the snow-flake never falls :
Why linger where the blast is heard ?
A mystic thing is the gray snow-bird.

III.

Sweet offices of love belong
To the smaller tribes of earth,
From the mead-lark, piping forth his song,
To the cricket on the hearth ;
And the mystic bird of winter wild
His blitheest note outpours
When the bleak snow-drift is highest piled
Upon our northern shores ;
An envoy by our FATHER sent,
To banish gloom and discontent.

IV.

Oh ! we are taught by his gladsome strain
That the sunshine will come back,
Though scud the clouds — a funeral train,
Arrayed in solemn black ;
That the streams from slumber will awake,
The hoar-frost disappear,
And the golden wand of Spring-time break
Green Winter's icy spear :
Then let our hearts with joy be stirred,
For a herald glad is the gray snow-bird !

v.

When my perished flower on the creaking bier
 To a sunless couch was borne,
 Hope, like the snow-bird, came to cheer
 My breast with anguish torn ;
 And I thought, in the winter of my grief,
 Of a land of light and bloom,
 Where the yew-tree never dropped a leaf
 On love's untimely tomb ;
 Where knit anew are broken ties,
 And tears stream not from mournful eyes.

W. H. G. H.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL WRENT.

THE KROOMEN AND THEIR CANOES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27. — To-day has been a wet, close and clammy one, more disagreeable than any we have had as yet. I had intended spending it ashore, but found too much to attend to aboard to indulge myself with propriety. The little schooner or pilot-boat from New-York has been dodging about the harbor all day, unwilling to pay anchorage duty, and standing off and on for the supercargo, who is trying to drive some bargains ashore. Strong suspicions of her honesty are entertained among us and in town. She left during the night and stood out to sea.

I amused myself during leisure moments with watching and listening to the Kroom crews of our wooding and provisioning boats. Those who pull for us rejoice in queer names, such as 'Frying-pan,' 'Bob' and 'Jack Purser,' 'Fourth-of-July,' etc., and so stand on the ship's books. In the launch, Ben Johnson, the head Krooman (known and distinguished by a cleaner and longer gown and apron,) holds the rudder and directs their movements. They start with a shrill and modulated squeak, something like that produced by boys with vine trumpets, and when well under way enliven their labor at the oars by a kind of howling recitative, the primitive native poetry and extemporaneous melody of these rude barbarians. With song and incessant chattering they toil all day, eating nothing but rice and biscuit, and not taking their turn at the grog-tub, as do our sailors, twice in the twenty-four hours. Some of these fellows have been to other countries; one, for instance, to New-York, and another to Liverpool. I asked the latter how he liked England. He answered, 'Too much snow; too cold.'

We are surrounded all day by small Kroom canoes, and their naked owners wait patiently under the broiling sun from morn till night, well content to sell a few plantains or bananas, and well pleased to

pick up a few trifling silver pieces for their pains. The rower sits squatting, with his legs drawn up beneath him, in the centre and bottom of his long, narrow, light, high-bowed 'dug-out,' and with his little paddle makes his buoyant canoe 'walk the water like a thing of life.' Sometimes a shocking bad straw hat adorns his woolly pate, the only approach to civilized costume; but generally the perpendicular rays of the orb of day find his skull unprotected save by that covering which Nature has endowed the Kroo savage with, for use, and not, most assuredly, by way of ornament. Their meals, while in this crouching attitude, they take from their thighs, placing the biscuits and fruits they manage to pick up on this convenient and natural table. These singular people, their strange-looking boats, and queer way of eating, form quite an important feature in our every-day's sights and observations.

THE PRESIDENT AND SUITE ON BOARD.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29. — The weather to-day is showery and menacing; a heavy rain caught our boats, despatched about ten A. M. for the use of the president and suite, who were to partake of a collation with the commodore. The Liberian dignitary came off, the party pretty well sprinkled on the way, in a couple of hours, the weather having improved in the mean time, attended by three gentlemen of color — Colonel Forbes, his aid; the Rev. Mr. Payne, a Methodist missionary, his pastor; and a Mr. James, by profession a shoemaker. The captain of the 'Liberia Packet' had preceded the official deputation. The president and suite having been received with all due honor and ceremony, several of the officers were invited to join the party in the cabin, and your humble servant among the number. After some time consumed in showing the ship and in conversation, the collation was announced as ready, and the guests distributed at the well-filled board. Again were ducks, hams and chickens carved for our sable visitors, and healths drank and reciprocated, while white waiters attended on the new republicans; and though our gubernatorial banquet ashore, last Thursday, went some way toward accustoming us to the novelty of such particolored company, still I for one could not feel myself quite at ease under the circumstances of the case. I cannot wholly control the effect of southern education and habits, and do not believe that any amount of practice will reconcile me to such piebald association. Yet did the president and friends conduct themselves with great dignity and propriety, and prove by their remarks and answers that they were men of intelligence and observation. Indeed, the conduct of these people generally, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing, in their social intercourse with each other and with strangers would put many a white man, with better gifts and opportunities, to the blush.

Toward the close of the collation the commodore requested that the company should be prepared to respond and do honor to the

sentiment he was about to propose, prefacing it with the remark that the flag of Liberia was then waving at the fore, and offered the health of President Roberts, and his sincere wishes that the republic might be prosperous and happy; to which the governor responded by proposing that of the president of the United States, and his own thanks and those of his fellow citizens for the compliments paid and the kind reception they had enjoyed. The entertainment was soon brought to an end, the boat was presently manned, and our visitors departed, well satisfied and pleased with their excursion to the Jamestown.

We were informed by the President that he had just succeeded in purchasing for two hundred dollars, from the natives at Little Sesters, a tract of land some twenty miles down the coast, which now gives them nearly all the territory to Cape Palmas, with the exception of Great Sesters. There is a large slave factory at Little Sesters, owned by the Portuguese, and he intends to notify them at once of the sale, and to order them to remove. If they resist he will use force. The Government is anxious to complete the purchase of the entire line of coast from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, and is in negotiation for that purpose with the natives of the former place and Great Sesters. British and French claims clog the matter. It seems that these sales by the native tribes transfer political as well as territorial rights, and that the Liberian Government exercise political sway over their new subjects who choose to remain on the purchased tract and retain their customs and habits. When these customs and habits conflict with Christian laws and usages, the Government try to do away with such of them as are superstitious and cruel, as administering sassy-wood, and other death-dealing, judicial ordeals, etc.

It is said that the English intend to destroy the great slave factory at the Gallinas next month, which, with the acts and declarations of the Liberians, and with other national interference, may contribute somewhat toward suppressing the infamous traffic in human flesh. It is by striking at the root of the evil, and after excluding slave factories, by establishing orderly and reputable settlements on their ruins, that the trade is to be crippled and suppressed, more than by armed cruising, however active and zealous.

I had some interesting conversation with Messrs. Payne and James on the subject of education, and am induced to infer, if their accounts be correct, that the schooling of the children and natives is pretty well provided for. But as I am to procure more detailed information on this point, and about all other interesting matters which concern the republic upon our return, I will not now enter on the subject.

One of the subjects of conversation at table was the Chimpanzees, a kind of orang-outang, found some twenty miles in the interior from Monrovia, and particularly in the neighborhood of Cape Palmas. They vary in size from that of a small dog, to four or five feet in height, bear a ludicrous resemblance to the human family, and are even domesticated, and educated after a fashion. Sometimes they are dangerous. A story is told of a settler being killed by a very large one, which got hold of the man's gun while he was resting him-

self at the foot of a tree, and after a struggle between them, the latter was so much injured as to survive but a few hours. The man's companion came to his aid too late to save him, but time enough to kill the animal. The natives believe that the Chimpanzee was their great progenitor, the first of the human family in Africa. Probably he lost the faculty of speech at the Tower of Babel. No tradition or authentic history has therefore come down to us on the subject.

I was somewhat amused after supper with the operation of paying off the Kroomen, who had been attached to our ship while in port. Gathered around the Purser, and their movements watched by many of the officers and men, Ben Johnson, Ben Coffee, Frying Pan, Wee Peter, Jack Rope-yarn, Half Dollar, etc., when their euphonious names were called, stepped forth and touched, with evident satisfaction, the small silver pittance allowed for their services. Not having about them the luxury of purse or pocket, the greasy fellows stowed the silver away in dirty cotton rags carried in their hats. It was not until the 'first' had given Captain Ben Johnson, head krooman, a couple of 'man-of-war books,' or recommendations for honesty and hard work, which they well deserved, that our sable acquaintances took their leave, to return to their lowly huts and many dames, provided with the means to buy more 'fine woman,' and profiting by the select and prized advantages of the 'Griggre Bush,' and their careful superintendents, the old Duennas. I really feel a great interest in these poor Kroomen, and am sorry we do not take them with us on our cruise. I hope we shall get them again, or as good, on our return.

I regret that occupations on board, and the inconvenience of landing through the surf, at times very heavy, have prevented me from learning more about Monrovia and its people. My means of observation have been irregular and scanty, and I have been obliged to put down such information and impressions as I considered worthy of preservation, in a very desultory and superficial manner. I suspend my opinion of place and people until I get a better insight into matters, and content myself with merely observing, that I have for the most part been gratified, edified and instructed. But it is nothing more than fair to say that many unfavorable reports and opinions have been freely expressed about the people and their prospects. How far they are correct or false, I cannot at present venture to discuss. 'Sub judice lis est.'

UNDER WAY.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.—Although I heard the well-known hoarse call of the boatswain and his mates this morning, before five o'clock, for 'all hands up anchor,' knowing that as an idler I would be in the way, and better therefore where I was, I kept my room, and only sallied forth to breakfast, to find ourselves once more under way, with a fine, calm day, and but a gentle breeze, within a few miles of the Cape, and a sail, believed to be a French man-of-war, in sight. We are heading nor'west, to look after the schooner that dodged about Mesurado roads in so queer a manner, and of whom so much

suspicion was entertained. If she be a slaver, and hovering about the Gallinas, I hope we may be so lucky as to catch her.

Cape Mount is about thirty-five miles from Cape Mesurado, and on a clear day these eminences may be seen from each other. The coast between is low, forming a large and regular curve, so that both these points become good land-marks to the navigator. Cape Mount is somewhat over eleven hundred feet in height, and to those approaching it in front, presents a conical shape, and is visible a considerable distance out at sea. Canot's slave factory was established in this neighborhood, but is now broken up. The nearest slave dépôt is at the Gallinas, and is known as Pedro Blanco's. Cape Mesurado rises to an elevation of about six hundred feet, possesses the great requisites of good water at its base, and a light house on its summit, which, though feeble and badly attended to, still lights and directs the mariner some distance off into the roadstead. Both these Capes are well wooded and prominent objects in the prospect. A signal staff is erected alongside the light-house on Cape Mesurado, and vessels in the offing are promptly telegraphed.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1. — We begin the new month, a few miles off Cape Mount, with a temperature of 80°, a pleasant little breeze to give us motion and a hazy atmosphere. I am thinking about home, and fancy folks gathered around the winter fire, and wrapping themselves up snugly before venturing out into the cold rain and chilly atmosphere, while we, in these hot latitudes are hunting for cool places, and wearing as light garments as the climate renders safe and prudent. People at home are now laying in their winter supplies and preparing for the celebration of Christmas, and all the domestic, comfortable fire-side enjoyments of the season; while we, wanderers on the deep, have naught to look forward to, for the next ten months, but the same almost unvaried succession of summer days and nights, and monotonous existence; and yet it is pleasant to ponder on past scenes and occupations, and by the contrast between former and present position, extract salutary food for reflection and excitement from by gone joys and sorrows. So far I take things as they are, and make myself comfortable and easy. If time goes by with muffled oar on this broad ocean, he does not often shake the nerves and startle the imagination by abrupt and violent movements; and though monotony and an enervating climate may imperceptibly deaden the fancy, and undermine the constitution, still the changes come on so gradual and gently, that we know not, feel not the operation.

While we were gliding past the Cape, the breeze still very light, a boat with three men aboard ventured out, and after dinner I went on deck to see them. They turned out to be fish-men, and were dressed a little better than our friends the Kroomen, with their faces painted, flannel-shirts on, and those none of the cleanest. One of

them wore a Scotch-cap, no doubt considered an ornament and treasure. The fellow who paddled the canoe, and kept up with us without much effort, was in still scantier costume, and more negro-looking than the two rather comely men who boarded us; he had the back of his head shaved, and his lower jaw and lips projected in a remarkable degree. They brought off some fruit and fish for sale and barter. These fellows must be expert and fearless navigators, for they had pulled out some four miles from shore in a very slight boat, which leaked so fast as to keep one of the crew constantly bailing. They were just going over the side as I got on deck, so I had no time to converse with them. Both spoke a little English, and belong farther down the coast, being only on a visit to this neighborhood.

A C H A S E .

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2. — A sail having been reported in sight early this morning, and her appearance and movements being decidedly suspicious, we are now busy giving chase. The schooner, supposed to be our New-York pilot-boat after slaves at the Gallinas, off which we now are, is about seven miles distant, (eleven, A. M.) and we gain little or nothing upon her. We are making as much as possible out of our sails, keeping them wet and well trimmed, and watching, to profit by them, any change in the very light breeze, which prolongs the excitement and baffles our impatience to overhaul our light-footed fugitive. He seems unwilling to make a nearer acquaintance with us and wait to exchange compliments with a man-of-war brig, also in chase on our starboard quarter, a boat from which is likewise pulling in hot pursuit, evidently doing better than either the stranger or ourselves in this calm sea and gentle breeze.

Half-past one. P. M. — Excitement still high. The breeze, having lulled into something very much like a calm, has again increased a little, and we are going ahead under a cloud of canvass, but not as fleetly as we would desire. The schooner is still several miles ahead, hull down, and has gained upon us somewhat since the lull came on. She is working with a zeal worthy of a better cause, and seems disposed to show us a clean pair of heels. Clapping on shin-sails and trimming ship with thirty two-pound shot, carried forward and anon aft by the crew, seem to bring us no nearer to the suspicious craft, and we are even fearful of being beaten by the British, also in full chase, and now so near us that with a spy-glass we can distinguish her guns and crew. She overtook the boat which she had sent out in the forenoon, a half-hour ago, and is crowding all sail, like ourselves, in hopes of overhauling the stranger before night sets in.

Now that I have witnessed a chase at sea, I can realize, to a considerable extent, the interest of the occasion. Here, in sight of the low, desolate coast of Africa, are three well provided vessels; straining to the utmost limit their faculty of sailing. Skill, seamanship, a fine day, with a good breeze at times, to excite and encourage, all

are united to keep all minds intent on the progress and issue of the struggle. Though with us, the interest felt in the matter is somewhat damped and depressed by the British brig getting ahead, and threatening to overhaul the chase first, still we cannot abandon all hope of getting up in time, and though faint that hope may be, as it is now four P. M., and the schooner still hull down, and pushing on with a steadiness and speed which do credit to the skill of her crew, and the sailing qualities of the craft; and even though perchance she escape both the brig and ourselves, under the favoring shades of night, still shall we have enjoyed a day of excitement which should be marked with white chalk as a god-send in the long and dull succession of those spent by cruisers on the monotonous coast of Africa.

A short time before sunset, the relative positions of the parties towards each other being very slightly altered, save by our losing ground, and the schooner and brig stealing somewhat ahead; the former finding that John Bull would head him off shore, to leeward, and we might do the same to windward, changed his course so as to aim for what he supposed was Shebar River, which, when once attained, might give him shelter and safety. Finding himself mistaken, he hauled off again to leeward; and at it we went again, hand over hand, the one to creep close in shore and dodge his pursuer during the night, the cruisers to bag him before it waxed too dark, or at least to hem him in, ready to be secured at break of day. Abandoning, at length, all idea of being in at the death, it was with regret and mortification that we saw the shades of night settle upon land and sea, and surrounding objects gradually shut out from the view. So, after standing in until about a couple of miles from the shore, the Jamestown was brought to anchor, it being now nearly a dead calm, and a strong current setting inland, and drifting us toward the beach. We are now in twelve fathoms water, with a star-lit night, and land close on the lee-beam. After rolling at anchor for a couple of hours, during which time we knew the Englishman was at work; two or three blue-lights having been shown in proof of his vigilance. It being thought that we were rather uncomfortably near the shore, the anchor was got up, at 2 A. M., and we were soon standing out before a brisk land breeze, intending to keep near enough to act as the case might require. Finding it rather too warm and close in my narrow room, I turned out with the rest, and kept the deck as an amateur until we had got fully under way.

THE GAME BAGGED.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3.—My boy informed me, upon my awaking at seven bells, this morning, that the brig and schooner were lying close in shore, and that we were heading in to learn more about the matter. Hurrying through my toilet, I ascended to the deck, and found the weather to be rainy and uncomfortable; and going forward, discovered the two vessels as they were reported. We were then some five miles from land, but nearing it at a good rate. When

we were within a couple of miles, the curricule was called away, and the boarding officer, or flag-lieutenant, started about nine A. M. to learn the state of things in the schooner. We are all busy aboard speculating as to whether the stranger is our quondam acquaintance, the Boston, and are quite mortified at the Englishman having bagged the game before us. The behavior of our ship during the recent trial, has convinced me that something is wrong with her, and others also, better judges than myself I trust the department will either restore her to her former superior sailing trim, or do something to revive her former glories.

The boarding officer, on his return, reported the schooner to the Commodore as Brazilian, and prize of the British brig Rapid. She had no slaves aboard, but was provided with a slave-deck. Both vessels got immediately under way; the prize under the charge of the brig's second lieutenant, for Sierra Leone, and the latter for her cruising ground off the Gallinas: the Rapid is commanded by Commander Dixon, and has taken four prizes, but without slaves aboard, within the last eighteen months. It seems that the schooner not being able to weather the point that makes out at the mouth of Shebar river, some twelve miles distant, ran into the Bight, and anchored close to shore, but was overhauled by the brig's boats about 8 o'clock; and the blue lights we saw, announced the capture to the cruiser. When we anchored, she must have been within five miles of both. The chase lasted over twelve hours, and extended over a distance of about fifty miles. Small game it turns out to be for the brig, and as it is not, after all, our quondam acquaintance, we come in for nothing but the excitement—no little blessing in this unexciting region of the globe.

S O N G .

AH! THE LIFE OF THE LILY MAY NOT BE LONG!

The flower I love
Is a lily white;
Tall and fair she stands
In the rich sunlight,
Like a queen standing up on a festal night.
Let gentlest care
To her belong,
For the heart speaks out
That sweet sad song:
' Ah! the life of the lily may not be long!'

The maid I love
Is a lily white;
Proudly she stands
In her virgin right,
As an angel might stand at the gates of light.
I will watch her here
With an arm so strong,
The heart shall cease
That wailing song:
' Ah! the life of the lily may not be long.'

THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY ORETTA.

Do you laugh that I 'm communing, talking with the old Oak tree,
Do you smile because I love it ; sneer to hear my ' senseless glee ?'
Wonder what I see of ' beauty' in the white and frozen ground,
When the stream has hush'd its babblings, in its crystal prison bound,
And my Oak is clothed in armor, with the moonlight floating o'er,
Icy armor, glittering on it, like a steel-clad knight of yore.

Listen then ; it tells me stories — would that you could hear them all ;
Would your ear could catch the murmurs that on mine so sweetly fall.
How at first in budding beauty, forth it sprang from 'neath the sod ;
Near the wave no sail had whitened, on the shore no pale face trod.
Then the wild bird as it lingered but to rest its golden wing,
Low would bend the tiny branches of the frail and trembling thing.
Then the blast would lay it prostrate, even zephyr shake its form,
Till the rolling lapse of cycles raised it up to brave the storm !

It had seen, it told me truly, it had seen the Indian's pride,
How without a cry he suffered, how without a moan he died ;
It had known him in his glory, long e'er yet the white wings gleamed
O'er the blue and quiet ocean, where no eastern banner streamed.
It had watch'd with him their coming, seen them crowd the friendly shore,
Lived to know their faith all broken, and the red man there no more !

It had seen, it murmured softly, many a summer's leafy prime,
Hail'd the first young truant zephyr harbinger from summer clime.
It had watched the coming winter, centuries had watched it there ;
And had braved the conqueror's terror, despot of the earth and air.
It had caught the smile of morning, on its topmost branches shed ;
And the gorgeous hues of even crown'd with gold its kingly head.
It had seen the birth of flowers, untamed children of the sod,
While around they shed their incense, offered up to nature's God.
It had watch'd the fairy frolics in the glow-worm lighted dell ;
But of all these midnight revels, though it saw, it might not tell.
Yet I knew its leaves had shaded many a scene of mirth and glee,
And I sat me down to hear them from the old and sturdy tree.

Then it told how once a lover there had wooed his youthful bride,
How through summer eve's she lingered, how at winter's birth she died ;
How she perished like a flower, sister flowers drooping round,
And its waving, whispering branches shadowed o'er her holy mound.
Then it told how oft the lone one came and knelt upon the green,
Watching still her form in Heaven, through the veil of stars between ;
While the sounding winds around him woke a ceaseless requiem there,
And the silent spirit priesthood answered back with voiceless prayer.

Then it told of storm and terror, lightning gleams athwart the night,
While its giant arms outstretching battled with the tempest's might ;
And it heard the cry of demons, rulers of the storm and cloud,
Sailing by on flashing pinions, shrieking through night's ebon shroud :
And the far-off angry ocean sent its roar upon the air,
While at every pause of conflict rose the shrieking of despair.

Then it told of quiet mornings, Sabbath mornings, in the dell,
When it listened faintly thrilling, to the white kirk's chiming bell;
And the distant half-heard echo of the singers chanted lays,
Broke the holy noon-day stillness with the solemn sounds of praise.

Then the student had come daily, and the heavy tome had brought,
Bathing his strong thirsty spirit in the mighty stream of thought.
There the lay to live for ages to his youthful heart was given;
There the wings of inspiration lifted his rapt soul to heaven.
There he opened nature's volume, and he read her mighty page;
There his youthful spirit kindled at the glowing words of age.
Years on years he sought its coolness in the pleasant summer's prime,
Till his lofty brow was shaded by the passing wings of Time!

Oh, old tree! live on with honor, tell us now the tales of yore;
Tell of winter's stern dominion, tell of summers gone before?
Live, live on in pride and glory, noting all that passes near,
Every scene of joy and gladness, every wo that claims a tear;
And some night, when stars are glowing high on evening's placid brow,
Wilt thou murmur, softly sighing, for the one who seeks thee now?
Wilt thou tell young hearts then beating, quick as hers once beat 'neath thee,
How she came and sought thy shelter, how she loved her old Oak tree?
Wilt thou say her look was gentle, wilt thou say her heart was kind,
Will a dirge for her be given, softly to the sighing wind?
Wilt thou mourn her absent footsteps, wilt thou yearn to hear her glee;
Nature miss her faithful priestess, gone from 'neath the old Oak tree?

Baltimore, 1848.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF CLAUSER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER — WHAT?

MANY long months have elapsed, dear Mr. EDITOR, since the above title, and the unpretending (many of them I fear good-for-nothing) sketches under it, appeared in your pages. Since that time, my old sulkey has gone to rack, my old horses' bones have gone to the mill to be ground up, and my entire equipage, which was a picture for a Hogarth, has become changed to a common-place respectability, which affords no picture at all. All the while I have been striving after experience, which is sometimes sweet, oftener bitter; and in the case of a medical man, they say it is not to be bought without some tomb stones erected and some epitaphs composed. My friends have often met me in the street, and said, 'Mr. Saultz, why do you not complete those sketches?' To this the same answers have been invariably returned. There is often a great interval betwixt resolve and eudeavor; but how many obstacles bar up the way to completion! You see the foundation of a house dug and the portico is never placed thereon. We write 'My Dear Sir,' at the head of a letter, and the words of affection remain buried in the heart or the

hand is palsied before the signature is affixed. But the Country Doctor! why he is on many scores the most miserable man in the world. His meals are half taken, (like the noxious medicine which he enjoins,) his sleep seldom arrives at the profundity of a snore. Nothing which he takes in hand, except the more desperate class of diseases, ever comes to an *end*. While he dips his pen in ink, his enemies are perhaps dipping theirs in the bitterness of gall. It's as much as he can do to save himself from being drummed out of the country; deprived of his laurels by catnip-tea; superseded by the Græffenberg Pills; present at the tumble-down of a jolly apoplectic, and suspected of quenching his vital spark; snubbed by the city practitioner, who rolls out into the country in a pompous carriage, looks wiser than he is or ever will be; takes snuff with *sang froid*, and charges four times as much as he ought; in short, distracted on all hands, it is enough to bear his misfortunes meekly, without recalling them again to mind in a doleful narrative; at which, what tender-hearted person could abstain from tears?

Nevertheless some things have accumulated in my port-folio, to be elaborated in those happier moments when "the wicked cease from troubling." What I am now going to relate, is as true as the truest book which was ever composed. Delicacy has long caused me to withhold the pen. But certainly the persons concerned, as they belong not to the superstitious, can have no objection to the publication of the facts. They fall under a class on which mental reasoning has often been expended in vain, and they should be known, not so much to gratify the love of marvel, as to awaken philosophical research. Were I the least inclined to superstition, or of an imaginative turn, then their explanation might be found. Nay, rather had they occurred in the middle-watches of the night; when the strongest mind is easily excited by a brooding solemnity, and the thickly peopled brain, (like the earth and sea giving up the dead,) permits its images to revive. But what think you of a SPECTRE at the blazing hour of high noon? When the fumes of the brain and the mists of the earth are alike dissipated; when even poetry is at a discount, and nothing but common-places prevail. 'How do you do?' 'Where are you going?' 'Has the mail arrived?' 'What is the news?' I challenge philosophy, with all her boasted train of natural causes, to solve in a satisfactory manner, what follows.

It was on the twelfth of May, Anno Domini, 1848, twelve M. That was the day, that was the hour. The fact is noted on the blank leaves of a learned work on Typhoid Fever.

The routine of business brought me to a house situated at some distance from the town. There was a case of bowel-complaint within, (aggravated no doubt by the aforesaid Græffenburgh Company, whose insignia, blazoned upon the city-wall with a purple impudence of colors, ought to be a shovel and spade, death's head and bones, and every thing else which is deadly.) I shall note the circumstances with particularity. It was an old double-house, with a lawn in front, and pleasant walks round about. Having tied my halter to a chain depending from a post; I passed up the avenue, ascended the steps,

and rang the bell. I remember as I stood there the smell of the new grass was intoxicating in the court, and the flowers of the spring beginning to burst their petals, filled the air with a fragrance by no means assafetida. But just like a poor Country Doctor, when he is a little entertained with these things and begins to moralize, the door opens on the chamber of sickness—it may be of death. I entered a broad hall, and my feet being clogged with mud, I asked the servant for a mat; she told me to walk through the hall to the back-door, where I would find one. I did so and in passing observed a young lady who resides with the family, standing in a little recess near the door. I nodded to her and while scraping my feet, heard her and the servant girl talking together; but did not listen to what they said. As I came back to go up stairs, the servant girl said to her as I was passing:

‘The Doctor, Miss M ——’

I turned to her and said, ‘Good morning, Miss M ——,’ and she replied:

‘Good morning, Doctor.’

I then passed immediately up stairs, hurried to my patient’s chamber, and opened the door. On looking into the room I experienced a shock which almost threw me back against the wall. Was I deceived? Could I credit my senses? For there sat at the extremity of the room, bolt upright in a high-backed chair, as if nothing had happened, so help me Heaven, the identical lady whom I had that instant addressed below stairs. Herself and the patient both noted the extremity of my surprise, and with one voice inquired the matter.

‘What!’ said I, ‘going up and taking her hand, to find out if it were real flesh and blood instead of a mere shadow like that at Belshazzar’s feast, ‘are you *here!*’

‘Why, what do you mean?’ she said, with unaffected astonishment. ‘I have been here all the morning. I have not left the room for two hours?’

‘Nay,’ I replied, ‘but I left you this instant below stairs. I said good morning to you, and you said the same to me.’

‘Oh!’ says she, ‘it was not I; it was somebody else.’

‘But,’ said I, more and more puzzled, ‘you are passing a joke upon me. You have flown up by a private staircase.’

‘Upon my honor, I am not. There is no such thing in the house.’

‘Well then,’ said I, supposing that I *might* have been deceived by some person who resembled the lady, and about to dismiss the matter from my mind, ‘you must be about to double yourself in matrimony.’

Just here the door of the chamber was opened, and the servant-girl whom I had seen below entered, for I began to think that it might have been a sister of this one. She certainly wore a countenance which was honest, serious, and free from guile. Therewith I interrogated her on the spot.

‘Mary, you observed when I entered just now the hall door?’

‘I did.’

‘To whom were you speaking, as I passed you in that recess by the back-door?’

'To Miss M ——.'

'Are you sure?'

'Certainly; there can be no doubt.'

'But might you not be deceived?'

(*Laughing*) 'Sure, did n't I see her with my own eyes?'

'How did she appear: as usual?'

'I thought, Sir, she had a strange look about her.'

'But, Mary, she avers solemnly that she has not been out of this room in two hours.'

'What do you say, Sir?'

'She has never left this room.'

(Pausing and turning as pale as ashes.)

'Great God! ——'

'Come, come, cheer up. I have heard of worse cases than this, and no evil came of them after all. Is there another servant in the house?'

'Yes, my sister is in the kitchen.'

'Perhaps, Miss M —— will permit her to be called.'

'Certainly.'

In a moment the summons was obeyed. The other entered, and surprised, agitated, and frightened out of her wits, said that she was in the kitchen at the time, and had not left it during the morning. She certainly bore no resemblance to Miss M —— . 'Was there any one in that house who did?' I answer, there was not. 'How then is this to be explained?' I do aver positively that I could not be deceived in any one so familiar to me as that young woman, whom I knew and had seen there in all my visits. I say that I saw her at twelve, m., in the recess, and *heard her talking*; and in three seconds after, beheld her calmly seated up stairs! I have knocked about the country a good deal, clambered up into cock-lofts and fell through trap doors, and seen queer things by night and by day, with the high and low, and this is the queerest thing that ever happened to me. What complicates the matter is, that this *eidolon*, or whatever it was, appeared to two of us, between whom there could have been no collusion; and furthermore, the subject of it was greatly distressed. Moreover, who ever heard of a spirit speaking audibly to our ears? Why, their articulations are soft as breath breathed upon a window-pane; they may try to talk, but their whispers must be understood by their own crew, whose food is nectar and ambrosia. They may add a note to the impalpable delicacy of a celestial harmony. It appears to me that Virgil speaks of ghosts 'evanishing into thin air;' but they could no more speak than the possessor of the body who stalked with all his flesh and bones into their domains; the very effort was preposterous. '*Vox funebus hæsit.*' Now this would be our natural reasoning on the matter; and yet I tell you what, Horatio, the time is coming when even on this side the grave we shall step athwart the veil which partitions off the flesh, and comprehend that man is a SPIRIT. As it is, the gross, the carnal, over-burdens, over balances the fine, the spiritual; but sometimes the soul, as if impatient in waiting for the

silver cord to be loosed and for the golden bowl to be broken, steps out all covered with chains to vindicate her nature. If the body is momentarily stunned or dead, she wanders off a little distance, sparkling and flashing, until dragged back again; if Bacchus kills the body, so that the limbs falter, or sleep occasions their paralysis, or even reverie makes one forget the contact of the world, *then* she is elsewhere, clothed with a body which she may wear hereafter, and which may be seen, although it is just as much finer in its materiality than the present body as gases are than air, as air is than water, or water than earth; in other words, as a woman's body is finer than man's, so the angelic is a step, *and only a step*, beyond woman's. But this will lead me to wander off—confound my weakness!

There is one thing farther to be said. I think we may set it down to superstition that such occurrences as the above are sometimes considered the precursors of immediate death, as I have heard and read of many where it did not follow; or if so, we might account for it in this way: that the mind was in consequence so wrought upon as to induce dangerous symptoms and then death; for we may imagine we die, and die imagining. I have heard of a criminal who chose to bleed to death, as die he must, and so he conceived that he might die softly. The surgeon bandaged his eyes, made as if to puncture his arm, and set water a-dripping. He waxed fainter and fainter, and died with all his blood in his veins—the more fool he! But you may wish to know the result in this case. It shall be given truly, solemnly, whether it have an effect on the superstitious or not, as I would absolve my own mind, and in so curious a matter present philosophy only with the truth. It was not without misgivings impossible to conceal (we all have our feelings of this kind, call it weakness, if you will, call it superstition,) that I found myself early on the next day about to visit the place where I had witnessed this day-spectre. A peculiar silence seemed to reign about the house, of which the windows in front were closed. I ran up the steps and pulled hard at the bell. No one answered. I entered the hall and listened for a foot-step, or for some signs of life. With a palpitating heart I then hurried up stairs, flung open the chamber-door, and looked within. There, stretched upon a pallet and ghastly pale, lay Miss M——, violently ill with a nervous head-ache!

A GOOD MOTHER: AN EXTRACT.

WOMAN is the *heart* of the family,
 If man the 'head.' Good families would make
 Good towns, a good republic. Congress, banks,
 And tariffs to our families are toys:
 Let these their destiny fulfil, and spread
 As spreads the air; then at the Rio Grande
 On one bank CHARLES should dwell; across the stream
 His neighbor CARLOS live; and Oregon
 Would share the virtues and the wealth of Maine,
 CORNELIA show her sons in every house.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELAMER SCHMIDT.

Love, oh love! for she shall rue it
 Whom no mutual fondness stirs!
 She two beings' bliss deferrith
 Who her own true bliss defers!

Love! delight is in the balance,
 Up or down, as fortune wills;
 But the heart that love beguileth
 Aye with deepest rapture thrills.

Does not all to love invite us?
 Not the young bird in its nest?
 Not the flower in spring's unfolding?
 Not the soft winds of the West?

Waves that in the rivers circle,
 Seek each other fain and far,
 So the loadstone draws the iron,
 And one star another star.

Love, oh love! — ah! what were dearer
 Than a glance from thee to me,
 And from me to thee returning!
 Each to each, all each would see!

Each to each the sole sweet vision
 On the broad earth's mighty ball!
 Fortune's gifts may seek or shun us,
 Love regards them not at all.

Love, while yet the year is budding;
 Love and joy fly swiftly o'er,
 And the hours that hence have vanished,
 Come to greet us never more!

All things speed to helpless ruin,
 Naught the torrent may oppose;
 Love! and in its rushing current
 Strew the blossoms of the rose:

That, when we the last have scattered,
 Love may smile, the gift approved,
 'Happy ye who 've no regretting!
 Ye, who loving were beloved!'

A N G E L S W H I S P E R I N G

AROUND THE BED OF DEATH.

MORTAL! they softly say
 Peace to thy heart!
 We too, yes, mortal!
 Have been as thou art.
 Hope lifted, doubt depressed,
 Seeing in part,
 Tried, troubled, tempted,
 Sustained as thou art!

Mortal! they gently say,
 Be our thoughts one;
 Bend with us and pray,
 'Thy blest Will be done!'
 Day flieth, night gathereth,
 Death draweth nigh;
 But He is, who conquereth,
 Our Day-Spring on High!

Mortal, they sweetly say,
 We Angels are!
 We too, yes, mortal!
 On Earth thy friends were:
 Long loved thee, glad made thee,
 And to thy heart
 CHRIST sends us to aid thee,
 His strength to impart.

Mortal! they brightly say,
 This is His smile!
 In Earth, peace — Heaven, day —
 Dismiss Care and Toil!
 Time fadeth, Life gloweth,
 Beameth on thee!
 The Voice from Heaven floweth
 Now, now, 'Thou art free!'

THE first stanza of this attempt is taken from a beautiful poem in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which *family portraits* make the address.

JOHN WATERS.

T R U S T I N G .

My soul dwells on Thee, and is satisfied!
 I know, I feel that thou art near me now.
 This hallowed Joy comes to my breast from thine;
 It hath the Virtue that thy love used bring
 To heal the latent sorrows of my heart
 With balmy restoration of sweet peace!
 I know the haven of thy rest is made
 Beyond the reach of Tempest and of Care!
 Thou *seest* now The Everlasting Arm
 On which, in sweet companionship, we strove
 Through faith to lean, failing from want of Faith.
 'Oh we of little faith!' I hear Thee cry,
 'How could we fail with such an arm above!'

JOHN WATERS.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY AND LIFE AT THE WEST.

BY HARRY FALGOWER.

THE mountainous country of Tennessee, especially in the vicinity of the Cumberland mountains, is noted for the peculiar beauty, grandeur and wildness of its scenery. The broken rock-work of the cliffs which extend for miles along the sides of this beautiful range, present to the eye of the beholder one of the most impressive of scenes, for Nature is there in all her glory. The old jagged forest pines, which have braved the tempest for ages, stand up in their clustered grandeur around, while above is seen sailing in circles, a mere speck in the azure, the ravenous vulture in quest of prey. Mountains as far as the eye can reach, appear in all their majesty, sketching on the clear blue sky one of the finest outlines ever beheld. The majestic, the beautiful, the almost interminable forests, present themselves to view on every side, above and below, like a dark green ocean; while interspersed here and there appear cultivated spots of land, reminding one of islands.

Far down in the beautiful valleys below, lovely streams are winding along; here, hid by the luxuriant foliage which overreaches their limpid waters; anon they appear through the opening; now concealed from view by a sweep of the mountains; while far, far in the distance, they again appear like silver threads, until lost in the mazes of the forest. Casting your eye on either side, you behold mountains piled upon mountains, uptossing themselves like waves of the sea, until they grow dim in the distant horizon, and imagination leads the traveller to fancy others further on. Wending your way along the narrow mountain-paths, you occasionally meet with frightful precipices; and should the faithful horse you may chance to ride, make one misstep, you would be plunged into the abyss below and dashed into a thousand pieces. Now descending, you fast lose the scene, and enter the dark, solemn forest densely matted with vines, almost excluding the light of day.

Suddenly a crackling of the brush is heard, and from the copse starts forth a deer! Mark the graceful and beautiful animal, his ears pricked up, his head erect and antlers thrown back; his nostrils distended with fear. Now gathering his slender limbs for a spring, he bounds swiftly away, o'er hill and valley, through ravines, till lost in the distance. Innumerable songsters awake the woods with their sweet warblings. The beautiful wild flowers, rising up, shake off the morning dew, and open their cheeks to the bright sun. The stream with its gentle murmurings, broad and shallow, crosses and re-crosses the road perhaps forty times in ten miles, and in various places for many hundred yards, your course is directly through it.

Splash, splash go the feet of your horse in the water, for in the mountainous districts of the west, there are but few bridges, and therefore the people have recourse to fording the streams, which after severe storms are often dangerous to both horse and rider from the height and rapidity which they then assume.

Emerging into the clearing, you behold the cabin of a settler, with its numerous outhouses, its ample cribs filled with corn, its stacks of hay. Roaming at large in the woods are droves of hogs, whose proportions give evidence of good living, for it is the 'mast year.' Tied to the fence, stands a fine horse ready saddled; a rifle leans by the door, while a pack of hounds are lying by the roadside, basking in the sun and awaiting the chase. As you enter the cabin, the host, a stout athletic man, advances to meet you; his countenance bronzed by exposure to all kinds of weather, with a frame which seems like iron. He bids the traveller a hearty welcome, inviting him to partake of the humble cheer. His dress consists of a hunting-shirt made of homespun; buckskin breeches and moccasins on his feet. His wife is dressed with cloth of her own fabrication, not made in the fashionable style of the present day, when the effects of tight lacing ruin the system; but her dress ample, plain and neat, is confined together with buttons instead of hooks and eyes. She appears strong and healthy, and her children with their rosy cheeks, are cheerful and happy around her. The furniture of the cabin is very plain, being manufactured mostly in the neighborhood.

As these simple-hearted people extend their hand to the stranger, their heart goes with it, because they have lived so long in these mountain recesses, in the midst of a people as simple-hearted as themselves, and who have little idea of the deceit appertaining to densely populated communities, where competition in different avocations of society, holds out temptation to all. He is earnest in his hospitality, for he regards you as his friend. The dinner hour at hand, a pressing invitation induces you to remain. A rough table of boards is drawn out; spread with a neat white cloth, and covered with good things. On it appears one of the most prominent dishes of the country, *a pone*, or roll of hot corn-bread, with preserves of various kinds, and a variety of meats. A simple blessing is pronounced by the host, and the company seat themselves, while the 'gude woman' pours out for you 'a dish of coffee, the indispensable luxury of the country, which is frequently used at every meal. It is thickened with cream, not milk such as one gets in the cities, too often diluted with water, but cream, rich cream, and sweetened with sugar obtained from yon maple grove just o'er the hill. You are bidden to help yourself, and you soon go to work in right good earnest, and will enjoy that plain substantial meal better than any dinner ever served up at either the Astor or the American.

Becoming acquainted with you, to please your host you must remain until morning with him. After dinner you go with him and view his fields and stock, or perhaps he may invite you to hunt with him in the neighboring mountains. You can spend a pleasant afternoon in this way, if you are any thing of a sportsman; for you will

always find plenty of game. Returning at evening, you find supper awaiting your arrival; it consists of bacon, hoe-cake, chicken, and buckwheat-cakes. Milk, and coffee sweetened with maple-sugar, constitute the beverage. You eat heartily, the table is cleared, the hostess takes from the chimney-corner a mould, and lighting a candle from it, places it in a board projecting from the wall, which answers the purpose of a candlestick. By its dim light you look around the cabin.

In front of the fire-place hangs the trusty rifle, while over head, on a frame-work of poles stretched across the rafters, hang strings of dried pumpkins, dried venison, and articles of household property. You are entertained by the host with accounts of hunting expeditions, and perchance he may give you his own history, which will serve to while away the evening agreeably. Bed-time approaches; you mount the stairs upon the outside of the cabin for the loft above. Through the crevices of the logs you can discern the stars and feel the wind blow upon you, which at first seems strange to one accustomed to our well-built eastern houses; you soon, however, become accustomed to these cabins, and will fall asleep, forgetting their chinks and crevices, awaking in the morning refreshed, and with renewed vigor. The first thing you look for upon arising is the washing apparatus, and you are surprised when your host taps you on the shoulder and conducts you to the neighboring 'branch,' or brook, in the vicinity of the cabin; upon arriving at which you perform your ablutions, and wipe yourself dry with a coarse towel. And now, reader, what do you think of mountain life at the West, as here depicted?

The above description of a mountaineer, with the sketches of the wild romantic scenery of the country, is a common though not universal one. One of the most independent of men; vising in the enjoyment of every blessing with the wealthier inhabitant of large towns, he graduates his wants to his means; and although he may not possess the fine mansion, equipage and dress of the wealthy landed proprietor, yet he leads a manly life, and breathes the pure, invigorating atmosphere of his native hills with the contented spirit of a free and independent man. There is a latent talent among these mountaineers which requires only an opportunity for development; and the traveller occasionally meets with men of fine address, of high intelligence, in these remote regions, who are possessed of all that gives a zest to social intercourse. Isolated comparatively as it were from the world, Fashion with her sway has not stereotyped the manners, the modes of thought and expressions of these plain people; and consequently you will see a strange as well as an amusing originality of expression and ingenuity of metaphor frequently displayed. To one accustomed to the fascinating though hollow intercourse of the polished circles of eastern society, it is at first a painful revulsion, when compared with that of this more simple race; but soon o'erreaching this, you become accustomed to the new order of things, and learn to respect the simplicity, truth and nature of these western people.

THE FALCON AND DOVE: A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

'TELL me, friend, the secret meaning
Of this sculptured riddle, pray ;'
Quoth I to a sexton leaning
On a tomb at shut of day.

Chiselled in the stone was lying
God's dear book of hope and love,
And a semblant falcon flying
As in terror from a dove.

Answered then the sexton hoary,
Courteously as friend to friend,
'T is a strange and mournful story,
But with sweetly smiling end.

'Where you swarded hill, upswelling,
Proudly lifts its sylvan crown,
Stands a haughty yeoman's dwelling
Veiled in leafy shadows brown.

'Till that passion's noon was over,
And his sated heart craved ease,
He had been a wayward rover
Far and wide upon the seas.

'Wealth he brought at his returning,
Gold and gems in bright excess ;
But with whom and whence the earning,
Few so dull as not to guess :

'Swart, and scarred, and stern of bearing,
Prompt alike with oath and sneer —
Every word and look declaring
One whom men call bucanier.

'And there came a gentle creature
To this pleasant vale with him,
Grief in every pallid feature,
Pain in every feeble limb.

'Son he seemed, tho' faint the semblance
To that dark and ruthless man ;
Faint as Ariel's resemblance
To the earth-born Caliban.

'Ne'er at parting, nor at meeting
After weary task well done,
Fond farewell or kindly greeting
Passed from scowling sire to son.

'Ne'er at curses' rare subsiding,
Ne'er at lull of stormy ire,
Words of sweet or bitter chiding,
Passed from patient son to sire.

'As the wife had borne, while living,
All his wrongs, serene and mild ;
So, all bearing, all forgiving,
Suffered on the friendless child.

'Wherefore should a sire be wreaking
Outrage on an orphan son ?
Why, at every moment, seeking
Anguish for his only one ?

'Evil tongues had stung his bosom
With the rankling lie malign —
'What thou deem'st thy being's blossom
Is no real germ of thine !'

'Then did Hope's enchanted palace
Fall in ruins, wall o'er wall ;
Then affection's honeyed chalice
Change to hate's envenomed gall :

'And he longed with thirst immortal,
Night and day without repose,
For the hour when death's dark portal
O'er his sinless child should close.

'Wherefore oft, with aim abhorrent,
When he called to hunt the stag,
Led he o'er the rushing torrent,
And along the dizzy crag :

'To his panting victim shouting
When he faltered mid the snares,
'Onward ! fear grows bold by flouting —
Danger strengthens whom it spares !'

'But a form unseen was near him
Ever on his perilled way,
O'er the roaring pass to cheer him,
On the giddy steep to stay :

'Oft in sleep it rose before him
Visibly a snow-white dove,
And through swooping falcons bore him
To a world of peace and love.

- ' Foiled in all his fiendlike scheming,
Shrieked the sire with knitted brow,
Wild as startled guilt in dreaming,
' Prince of darkness, aid me now !
- ' Take my broad fields black with cattle,
Take my glittering hoards diverse,
All the gain of toil and battle ;
Rid me of this living curse !'
- ' And, anon, the light's dear pleassance
Faded dimly from the place,
As a grim, gigantic Presence
Lowered before him face to face.
- ' Raven shapes in croaking wonder,
Wild the lurid darkness cleft,
And a booming crash of thunder
Shook the mountains at the left.
- ' Spake the Fiend with fierce elation,
' Gold nor gems my aid control ;
These are mortals' bright temptation,
Mine a brighter lure — the SOUL !
- ' Not *thy* soul, poor fool ! that pratest
Of thy herded lands and pelf ;
But the soul of him thou hatest ;
Thine is coming of itself !
- ' Where yon new-sown fields are greening,
Send him forth at blush of day,
Charged with threats of mortal meaning
Keep the wasting fowls away.'
- ' ' Be it so,' the father muttered ;
And ere echo's nimble tone
Half the fiat had reuttered,
Pale and grim he stood alone.
- ' Forth upon his fated mission
Went the child at blush of morn,
Charged on peril of perdition
Well to watch and ward the corn.
- ' Unrelaxed was his endeavor
To obey the dire behest ;
But the winged marauders never
Left him briefest space for rest :
- ' When he chased them from the valley,
Swarmed they on the upland grain ;
Soon, when frightened thence, to rally
In the vale's green lap again.
- ' Yet, with patient zeal, unshaken
Ran he on his panting round,
Till of hope and strength forsaken,
Dropped he breathless on the ground
- ' Lo a strange form now beside him,
And a white dove hovering near !
This with yearning fondness eyed him,
That with fixed and fiendish leer.
- ' Then with bitter-sweet assertion
Feigningly the glozer said,
' Long I've watched thy lost exertion,
And am come to bring thee aid.
- ' Mind no more the winged vexation
Warping dark o'er hill and plain ;
Mine shall be thy vain vocation
Stringently to ward the grain.
- ' But as meed of faithful merit,
When thy life's last moment dies,
Let me gratefully inherit
THAT that o'er the threshold flies.'
- ' Sighed the youth, ' Kind friend, that taskest
Time and strength to toil for me,
Though I wist not what thou askest,
Be it thine whate'er it be.'
- ' Fleed the snow-white Dove thereafter,
Moaning as in mortal wo ;
While a weird, unearthly laughter
Heaved the rock-ribbed depths below.
- ' Sudden as an aspen's tremblance,
Changed the Phantom form and face,
And a coal-black falcon's semblance
Dusked the sunlight in its place.
- ' Prince of nature's air-dominion,
As of lurid realms below,
Up he shot on whirling pinion,
Like an arrow from the bow.
- ' On he swept with ruthless keenness,
Now in tangent, now in whirl ;
Till o'er all the sprouting greenness
Hovered thrortle, crow nor merle.
- ' Then young Eve with rosy features
Bade the child no longer stay,
And her fireflies' fairy meteors
Homeward lit his lonely way.
- ' There his sire's stern salutation
Thus assailed him, ' Wretch abhorred !
Hast thou in thy bidden station,
Faithfully kept watch and ward ?'
- ' ' Yes, my father, well and duly
I have watched the broadcast grain ;
But thy quest to answer truly,
All my efforts were in vain :

'Till a stranger kind, befriending,
Sought me at the noon of day,
And on raven wings ascending
Chased the screaming hordes away.'

'Imp, with tenfold evil gifted,
Take one tithe of thy unworth !'
And the tyrant's arm uplifted
Smote the trembler to the earth.

'Like the bloodroot's snowy blossom
Dabbled in its crimson flood,
Lay his pallid brow and bosom
Weltering in their own heart's blood.

'On the morrow, lone and dying,
Gazed the child without a fear,
On a shroud and coffin lying
At his bedside on a bier.

'Glaring eyes the while were keeping
Watch within the open door,
And a fiendlike shadow sleeping
Grimly on the sunny floor.

'Suddenly the watcher started,
Shape and shadow fled amain,
As the white Dove wildly darted
Inward through the lifted pane.

'Round she fluttered, moaning ever,
'Who of earth can speak thy loss,
If, when soul from body sever,
Thine yon fatal threshold cross?'

'Upright from his pale prostration,
Sprang the child with shuddering start,
While each horror-chilled pulsation
Iced the red life in his heart.

'Then he cried with wild endearment,
'Hear me ! save me, Father dear !
Fold me in my ready cerement,
Lay me on my waiting bier !

'O'er the awful threshold bear me
Out beneath the blessed sky ;
Let not, oh, for mercy, spare me,
Life and soul together die !'

'And a fierce voice muttered, 'Never !
Hush thy supplicating breath !
May thy life and soul forever
Perish utterly in death !'

'Backward on his couch astounded,
Fell the child with mortal fear ;
And his breaking heart-strings sounded
Knell-like in his dying ear.

'Then two pitying pages entered,
And with angel firmness mild,
All their yearning cares concentrated
On the lorn and friendless child.

'Tenderly they raised and laid him
In his coffin on the bier ;
Tenderly they thence conveyed him,
Where the blue sky rounded clear.

'There, as fainter grew his breathing,
Bright and brighter rose the smile
O'er his marble features wreathing
Gleams of inward joy the while.

'For before his placid vision,
Laid they, oped, God's Book of truth,
Where the SAVIOUR'S sweet decision,
Spake these words of tenderest truth :

'Saying, 'Suffer, unforbidden,
Little ones to come to me ;
For of such, how'er ye've chidden,
Heaven's own blest immortals be !'

'Sudden now the light was parted,
By a shadow from above,
As a coal-black falcon darted
Bolt-like at the hovering dove.

'On the coffin down they lighted,
Eye to eye and breast to breast ;
And with wrestling beak united,
Fierce the parting soul contest :

'While, his shrouded form upraising,
Like the widow's son of Nain,
Sat the child, intently gazing
On the weirdly warring twain.

'Now aloft in air they grappled,
Now beneath the bier they met ;
Till the space around was dappled
Thick with plumes of white and jet.

'Thrice the worsted Dove was routed,
Thrice her vengeful foe she fled ;
While the gloating father shouted,
'Bravely, Falcon, hast thou sped !'

'Braver yet is love's endurance,
Love in faith's proof-armor braced,
Smiled the son with calm assurance,
'Lo, the chaser now the chased !'

'Swift through cloudland's blue dominion
Fled the Falcon, round and round,
Till the white Dove's swooping pinion,
Dashed him cowering to the ground.

' Down he vanished, as asunder
Gloomed beneath the jaws of night,
And a wild, glad shout of thunder
Shook the mountains at the right.

' Whence a hollow voice came booming,
' Let the bratling 'scape my lure,
Since the sire awaits my dooming,
Hither coming swift and sure !'

' When the Dove regained her station,
Smiling sweet, the sufferer lay ;
Then, forever from temptation,
Murmuring, ' bless thee, ' passed away.'

' As the pages thence were wending,
In the calm, bright skies above,
Saw they, side by side ascending,
Dovelet white and snow-white dove !'

THE PREACHER AND THE GAMBLER.

A SCENE ON BOARD A SOUTH-WESTERN STEAMER.

BY J. H. ORFEN, R. O.

PERSONS of these two antagonistic portions of society are frequently thrown into intimate fellowship and association with each other, especially while travelling on the steamers of the southern and western waters.

Some years since, a number of gamblers, with two or three clergyman, happened to be among the passengers on board of a steamboat bound from Cincinnati to New-Orleans. The company on board was numerous ; but as something uncommon and extraordinary, from whatever cause, extra morality or otherwise, there was little or no gambling practised by the passengers on the trip downward.

Several days had passed in this way, when a gambler, a wild, reckless, dare-devil sort of a character, began to grow impatient of the tedium of the voyage, and anxious for a chance of making his passage-money by victimizing some of the 'green-ones' in the crowd. Going up to one of the clergyman alluded to, (whom he was not aware was of that profession,) a smooth face, good-looking, affable, youngish man ; he slapped him on the back, and somewhat familiarly accosted him :

' Say, stranger ! dull music 'board, I reckon ! Come, take a drink, and let 's have a little life 'mongst us !'

' Thank you, my friend, I 'm a teetotaler, and never drink.'

' O-o-h !—you *are*, eh ? Let 's have a hand at cards then.'

' There I 'm again at fault. I do n't know one card from another, and can't play !'

' Scissors !—I never see the like ! Here, young man, let me show you how.'

' I 'd rather not, Sir, if you please.'

' Brimstone-blazes !—can't we get up *some* little bit of deviltry or 'nother ? I 'm sick on 't pokin' 'round in this 'ere way. Wonder if we can 't get some 'old hoss' to give us a preach ? That coon over there, with a white 'neckerchief, looks like one o' them gospel-

shop men. 'Spose we ax him to give us a sarmon? I'd like to hear one, by jingo!

'That gentleman, Sir, I presume to be a preacher, and its quite likely he'll accommodate you.'

'You knows him, do n't you? Just git him to give us a snorting sarmint. I'll hold his hat, d——d if I do n't!'

'I will ask him,' replied the clergyman. He crossed over to his friend of the white cravat, and stated the wish of the gambler. Returning, however, he remarked that the preacher declined lecturing till a more convenient season.

'The devil he does! Well, I'm bound to have fun somehow or 'nother. Can't *you* spout a bit, my young sapling? 'Spose you try it on, any how.'

'My friend, if I should preach, I should try to give you some uneasiness!'

'Then you are just the man for me. Git up here and gin us a sprinkling of brimstone; stir up these old ironsides on board, give 'em an extra lick, and come the camp-meeting touch; will ye? Here's an old chap here, who's got a hymn-book, and I can sing first-rate when I get agoing, if the lines are given out; and mind ye, neighbor, give us a jam-up prayer; blow and strike out as loud as ye can, and make 'em think that a pack of well-grown prairie-wolves are coming, with a smart handful of thunder and lightnin', and a few shovels full of a young airthquake. By the gracious Moses, we'll have a trifle of sport then — wont we?'

The gambler then helped the preacher to arrange for the sermon; borrowed the hymn-book, and sat down with an expression of mock-seriousness in his countenance.

By this time a crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The preacher smoothed his face, selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands and eyes in the attitude of prayer. Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God in the most spirit-stirring and solemn manner; he alluded to the gambler in a very pointed manner, and prayed for his salvation from the ruin to which he was so recklessly tending. Such was the force of his appeal, that a burning arrow seemed speedily sent to the gambler's soul. The prayer was followed by an excellent sermon by the young clergyman, who afterward said that he never felt more impressed in his life with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on High to proclaim the wrath to come to dying and hell-deserving sinners.

The gambler 'squirmed' under the gospel truth; yet uneasy as he was, he contrived to sit the sermon out; but he could n't wait to participate in singing the closing hymn.

Shortly after all was over; and going up to the clergyman, he said:

'I say, friend, you *are* a preacher, aint you?'

'Yes, my friend, I have the honor to be an unworthy ambassador

of CHRIST, and hope to be made the means of converting many souls to God.'

'Well, I thought as much! But I tell you, I never had the sand so knocked from under me before in my life. If you preach in *that* way, there wont be many of us gamblers left, I tell you. But I suppose it's all right; my good mother used to pray, and I could n't help thinking of her when you cut me all up in little pieces, and put my singing pipes out of tune. I'd ha' giv' fifty dollars to have that 'ere saddle put on another horse.'

I suppose it is needless to say that the gambler required no farther preaching on that passage: his own conduct, and that of his confederates, was such as to be a matter of no animadversion on the part of the clergyman and passengers, while they pursued their voyage.

A L A Y O F L I F E .

BY J. A. SWAN.

I.

Look upward: there lights glisten
Which time can never pale;
Whose glow will guide us safely
When other beacons fail;
And Heaven's broad gate unfolding
Shall to the seeker tall
How glorious the guerdon
Of them who labor well.

II.

Look upward: thence good angels
Gaze on us night and day,
And souls of the departed
Are beckoning us away:
Are calling us to join them
In their higher work above,
Where is a better dwelling,
Where is a purer love.

III.

Look upward, but not always,
Lest flesh with spirit war;
For man is joined to Nature,
And must abide her law;
Must care for earthly travel,
As for the spirit's flight,
Or, gazing on all brightness,
He may fall into night.

IV.

The spirit must be tended,
 And the flesh be borne in mind,
 Or they are to each other
 Blind leaders of the blind.
 'T is ours to care with MARTHA
 For household duties meet,
 Nor cease to bow with MARY
 Low at the MASTER'S feet.

V.

Look forward: there inviting
 The goal we strive for stands,
 Like Mecca to the pilgrim
 Across the desert sands;
 And in the course of nature
 We run through checkered ways,
 Now by a pleasant valley,
 Then in a tangled maze.

VI.

Look forward: then we see not
 The bitterness of strife,
 Nor heed the paths of folly
 That cross the path of Life;
 Then of the wiles of pleasure
 We never need to fear,
 Nor syren voice shall charm us
 Her subtle song to hear.

VII.

Look forward, but not always;
 For far behind us lie
 The pleasant pictures painted
 On youth's bright morning sky;
 And green thoughts in each bosom
 Cling round that olden time,
 As among the old oak branches
 The ivy loves to climb.

VIII.

There stands the cherished dwelling,
 With the blue smoke o'er it curled,
 Where first across its threshold
 We stepped into the world;
 And soft eyes at the window
 Are gazing on us yet,
 And silvery voices reach us
 Which we would not forget.

IX.

God bless our childish fancies!
 God bless the dear old past!
 We never will forget it,
 Though we journey far and fast,
 But sometimes like the rower
 We'll look back as we run;
 So shall our toil be lighter,
 Our work be better done.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE BEAUTIES OF SACRED LITERATURE. Edited by THOMAS WYATT, A. M., author of 'The Sacred Tableaux,' etc. pp. 220. Boston and Cambridge: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

We cannot conscientiously affirm that we very greatly affect the style of the eight engravings which make up the 'illustrations' of this well-printed volume. There is something black, dim, or smirchy about mezzotint engravings, which in our judgment takes away half the force and sentiment of the best painting. Many of these illustrations are 'good of their kind,' but their 'kind' is not 'good.' The contents of the work, which seem to have required little of what might strictly be termed 'editing,' consist of extracts from printed discourses by several American divines of repute, with other published sketches, essays, poetry, etc., from eminent and non-eminent American authors. BRYANT'S 'Thanatopsis' is converted into 'Consolation for Mortality,' and is so replete with errors, in words and in punctuation, as hardly to be recognisable. Lest we be thought too severe in this charge, let us indicate a few of the blunders referred to. The author of 'Thanatopsis' wrote:

— 'The oak
Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.'

It is here printed:

— 'The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.'

Again, BRYANT wrote:

'Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,' etc.

Here it 'limps, short of a foot,' with a new word interpolated:

'Yet not to thy *earthly* resting-place
Shalt thou retire,' etc.

The 'corrections,' however, in these cases may be a part of the 'editing' to which we have referred. The 'Barean desert' is a new reading; 'yes' for 'yet,' in the fourth line of the fortieth page is another; the last 'by' in the eleventh line of the same page, is a third; while the punctuation throughout is as bad as bad can be. We are sorry to be obliged to speak thus of a work which, in its externals of paper, typography and binding, reflects credit upon the well-known house whence the volume proceeds; and which contains several pieces of sacred erudition that serve to elucidate many remarkable incidents in the Bible. 'With all its imperfections on its head,' the work is still worthy of commendation to the Christian public.

POEMS BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. Illustrated by H. BILLINGS. In one volume. pp. 384. Boston: BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY AND COMPANY.

A most welcome visitor to the sanctum was this large and beautiful volume of an old friend and correspondent, whom we have personally seen and heard from through the public press quite too infrequently in the last three or four years. WHITTIER is a true poet. He is never without vigor and warmth; his imagination is seldom vague and never extravagant; while his command of striking and mellifluous language is one of his most remarkable characteristics. The contents of the book before us are embraced in four divisions: the first consists of 'Poems' proper, 'The Bridal of Pennacook' and 'Mogg Megone'; the second, of ten 'Legendary' sketches; the third, 'Voices of Freedom,' comprises between thirty and forty 'lays of humanity,' the most of them being upon the subject of slavery and its collateral themes; and about an equal number of 'Miscellaneous' lyrics. Mr. WHITTIER introduces his volume with this modest and felicitous 'Proem:'

'I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of SPENNER's golden days,
Arcadian SIDNEY's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

'Yet vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

'The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

'Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes,

'Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and wo,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

'Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

'Oh, Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty MILTON's gift divine,
Nor MARVEL's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine'

No one can mark the deep love of right and scorn of wrong which pervade the pages before us, without feeling the truth expressed in the sixth of the foregoing stanzas. As an evidence of the fervor with which Mr. WHITTIER advocates the demolition of abuses against nature and humanity, we would cite his 'Prisoner for Debt.' It would not have been amiss, we think, to have stated in a note the fact

upon which it is founded; namely, that before the law authorising imprisonment for debt had been abolished in Massachusetts, a revolutionary pensioner was confined in Charlestown jail for a debt of fourteen dollars, and that on the Fourth of July he was seen waving a handkerchief from the bars of his cell in honor of the day. We well remember the record of this incident in the newspapers of the time:

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

- 'Look on him!—through his dungeon grate
Feebly and cold the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.
- 'No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill;
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O! sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!
- 'Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eye-balls, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's toasting limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him.
- 'What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime's a fouler one:
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!
- 'And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain!
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee—
Piled granite and a prison-cell—
The land repays thy service well!
- 'Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout 'Freedom!' till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout:
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With 'glory' for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise 'our glorious liberty!'
- 'But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and falling eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?
- 'Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prison's living tomb
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the ALMIGHTY'S hand.'

Thanks to Humanity, the law was put down; nor can we doubt that the above spirited poem was more potent to that consummation than the speeches of a hundred legislators to the same end. We should be glad to quote at greater length from the beautiful volume under notice, but our limits forbid. We have to content ourselves with recommending it cordially to our readers, as containing that which will afford them exalted pleasure, and make them, if they are Americans, proud of the author as their countryman. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and reflect credit not only upon the artist, but upon the liberality and enterprise of the publishers. The portrait of the author is excellent. The Quaker-bard, as we gaze at his face, seems to say, as of yore, 'Well, friend L——, how dost thou like my productions?' 'We have said;' and are willing to have our 'judgment set aside,' if any of our readers shall disagree with us.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. In two volumes. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Philadelphia: GEORGE S. APPLETON.

THESE volumes contain the impressions conveyed to the mind of the author by the perusal of certain works of British and American authors; which impressions, in the shape of what is termed 'reviews,' have been from time to time given to the public through the 'North-American' and other indigenous quarterly or monthly publications. In the first volume among other matters, are notices of MACAULEY; of nine of our more prominent American poets; of a full dozen of the best English bards of the nineteenth century; with individual estimates of the genius of BYRON, WORDSWORTH, SYDNEY SMITH, DANIEL WEBSTER, TALFOURD, JAMES, etc. Among the attractive articles of the second volume is a paper upon the 'Old English Dramatists,' twelve of the chief of whom are served up after the manner of a true appreciator and with the skill of a felicitous commentator; a paper upon SOUTH'S Sermons; another discussing the merits of modern British critics; with articles upon SHAKESPEARE'S critics, COLERIDGE, SHERIDAN, PRESCOTT, and essays on the 'Romance of Rascality,' 'The Croakers of Society and Literature,' etc. Of many of these, and of some other papers now republished in these volumes, we have spoken at large on their original appearance. The entire work is worthy of careful perusal and preservation.

ROMANCE OF YACHTING. Voyage the First. By JOSEPH C. HART, Author of 'Miriam Coffin,' etc. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. HART tells us in his preface that the present volume has been written mainly with a view to call the attention of yachters to the several phenomena ordinarily occurring at sea and on ship-board: among the incidental subjects treated of in the work, however, are these: The precedence claimed for the Puritans in the introduction here of 'freedom, religion, and civilization'; the misrepresentations of Spanish female character, and the character of the Spanish people generally; the original cause of the invasion of Spain by the Moors, in modern times supposed to be attributable to the violence done to the daughter of JULIAN; and the position generally assigned to SHAKESPEARE as a superior literary genius. The arrogance and wantonness of British writers in regard to this country, are by no means forgotten among the other incidental matters. Now let us premise that our author writes naturally and with ease; that he describes with a clear pencil what he sees 'in the air, on the ocean, and the earth;' that he properly rebukes the 'Yankee' division proper of this republic for an unfounded pretension to all the original freedom, religion, and civilization of the land; that he visits Cadix, the life and general attractions of which, outside and inside of the walls, he pleasantly sets forth; and that among other things, he tells the reader, (and on this point he should be authority,) how to navigate a yacht across the Atlantic or elsewhere. Here it will be seen, is matériel for a very pleasant book, and as such we commend it to the reader. But what shall we say of our author's ideas concerning SHAKESPEARE?—SHAKESPEARE, of whom Dr. JOHNSON said so eloquently, 'Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of *other* authors, passes without injury by the adamant of *his* works?' According to Mr. HART, SHAKES-

FEARE was 'no great *Shakes*,' after all. He was quite a small intellect — of no great account, any way; after his death, say a hundred years, the plays which bear his name were found among the lumber of a theatrical 'property'-room, were attributed to him, and thereafter published as his own! ROWE and BETTERTON were the doer and abetter of this trick! 'Shall we go on?—no!' Rather let us continue to think SHAKESPEARE a clever man, who has written 'some good pieces,' and our friend the author of the volume before us a 'clever fellow,' (in both senses of the term,) who has written *one* foolish one.

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of 'Vanity Fair, or Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society,' etc. New-York: HANPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is another of those life-like sketches of Anglo-Irish character, and English 'medium' society in general, for which THACKERAY is becoming so deservedly pre-eminent. It would be a difficult matter, we cannot help thinking, for any other writer in England, DICKENS perhaps excepted, to take an old diamond brooch, the property of an ancient aunt, surrounded by thirteen locks of hair, belonging to a baker's dozen of sisters of her deceased husband, and around it to weave a story of kindred interest with the one before us. The old lady was very much attached to the hero, Mr. SAMUEL TITMARCH; she made him drink tea and play cribbage with her until he was tired half to death, when she was wont to relieve his fatigue with some 'infernal sour black currant wine,' which she called 'Rosolio;' and all this was undergone by him with fortitude, because she had promised that he should ultimately become heir to the 'HOGGARTY property.' Let us here record a little disappointment of his:

'WELL, I thought after all this obsequiousness on my part, and my aunt's repeated promises, that the old lady would at least make me a present of a score of guineas (of which she had a power in the drawer); and so convinced was I that some such present was intended for me, that a young lady by the name of Miss MARY SMITH, with whom I had conversed on the subject, actually netted me a little green silk purse, which she gave me (behind HICK's hay-rick, as you turn to the right up Churchyard-lane) — which she gave me, I say, wrapped up in a bit of silver paper. There was something in the purse, too, if the truth must be known. First, there was a thick curl of the glossiest, blackest hair you ever saw in your life, and next, there was threepence; that is to say, the half of a silver sixpence, hanging by a little necklace of blue ribbon. Ah, but I knew where the other half of the sixpence was, and envied that happy bit of silver!

Next day I was obliged, of course, to devote to Mrs. HOGGARTY. My aunt was excessively gracious; and by way of a treat brought out a couple of bottles of the black currant, of which she made me drink the greater part. At night, when all the ladies assembled at her party had gone off with their pattens and their maids, Mrs. HOGGARTY, who had made a signal to me to stay, first blew out three of the wax candles in the drawing-room, and taking the fourth in her hand, went and unlocked her *escrioir*.

I can tell you my heart beat, though I pretended to look quite unconcerned.

'SAM, my dear,' said she, as she was fumbling with her keys, 'take another glass of Rosolio (that was the name by which she baptized the cursed beverage), it will do you good.' I took it, and you might have seen my hand tremble as the bottle went click, click, against the glass. By the time I had swallowed it, the old lady had finished her operations at the bureau, and was coming towards me, the wax candle bobbing in one hand, and a large parcel in the other.

'Now's the time, thought I.

'SAMUEL, my dear nephew,' said she, 'your first name you received from your sainted uncle, my blessed husband; and of all my nephews and nieces, you are the one whose conduct in life has most pleased me.'

'When you consider that my aunt herself was one of seven married sisters, that all the HOGGARTIES were married in Ireland and mothers of numerous children, I must say that the compliment my aunt paid me was a very handsome one.

'Dear aunt,' says I, in a slow, agitated voice, 'I have often heard you say there were seventy-three of us in all, and, believe me, I do think your high opinion of me very complimentary indeed; I'm unworthy of it — indeed I am.'

'SAMUEL,' continued she, 'I promised you a present, and here it is. I first thought of giving you money; but you are a regular lad, and do n't want it. You are above money, dear SAMUEL. I give you what I value most in life — the p—, the po—, the po— portrait of my

sainted HOGGARTY (tears), set in the locket which contains the valuable diamond that you have often heard me speak of. Wear it, dear SAM, for my sake; and think of that angel in Heaven, and of your dear aunt Dossy.'

'She put the machine into my hands; it was about the size of the lid of a shaving-box; and I should as soon have thought of wearing it, as of wearing a cocked hat and a pigtail. I was so disgusted and disappointed, that I really could not get out a single word.

'When I recovered my presence of mind a little, I took the locket out of the paper (the locket indeed! it was as big as a barn-door padlock), and slowly put it into my shirt.'

He becomes somewhat more reconciled to the gift, when he is informed that the gold in which the thing is set is worth five guineas, and reflects that he can have the diamond re-set as a breast-pin, for two more; and that a diamond-pin would give him a *distingué* air, although his clothes are something of the shabbiest. Having bidden his aunt good-by, he is about to leave for London; but let him tell his own story:

'WELL, I walked down the village, my hands in my breeches pocket; I had poor MARY'S purse there, having removed the little things which she gave me the day before, and placed them—never mind where; but look you, in those days I had a heart, and a warm one, too; I had MARY'S purse ready for my aunt's donation, which never came, and with my own little stock of money besides, that Mrs. HOGGARTY'S card-parties had lessened by a good five-and-twenty shillings. I calculated that after paying my fare, I should get to town with a couple of seven-shilling pieces in my pocket.

'I walked down the village at a dence of a pace; so quick, that if the thing had been possible, I should have overtaken ten o'clock that had passed by me two hours ago, when I was listening to Mrs. H.'s long stories over her terrible Rosolito. The truth is, at ten I had an appointment under a certain person's window, who was to have been looking at the moon at that hour, with her pretty quilled night-cap on, and her blessed hair in papers.

'There was the window shut, and not so much as a candle in it; and though I hemmed and hawed, and whistled over the garden-paling, and sung a song of which Somebody was very fond, and even threw a pebble at the window, which hit it exactly at the opening of the lattice—I woke no one except a great brute of a house-dog, that yelled, and howled, and bounced so at me over the rails, that I thought every moment he would have had my nose between his teeth.

'So I was obliged to go off as quickly as might be; and the next morning mamma and my sisters made breakfast for me at four, and at five came the True Blue Light six-inside post-coach to London, and I got up on the roof without having seen MARY SMITH.

'As we passed the house it *did* seem as if the window-curtain in her room was drawn aside just a little bit. Certainly the window was open, and it had been shut the night before; but away went the coach, and the village, cottage, and the churchyard, and Hick's hay-ricks, were soon out of sight.

'My hi, what a pin!' said a stable boy, who was smoking a cigar, to the guard, looking at me and putting his finger to his nose.

'The fact is, that I had never undressed since my aunt's party; and being uneasy in mind and having all my clothes to pack up, and thinking of somebody else, had quite forgotten Mrs. HOGGARTY'S brooch, which I had stuck into my shirt-frill the night before.

Thus ends the first chapter. The second tells us how the diamond is brought up to London, and produces wonderful effects, both in 'the City' and at the 'West End.' Especially does it make the reader acquainted with Mr. JOHN BROUGH, Chief Director of the Independent West Diddlesex Association, a company whose 'assurance' seems to have been enough for all the similar institutions in London, the financial schemes of which are recorded with infinite truthfulness and humor. We wish we had space to permit Mr. TITMARCH to describe in his own words, the manner in which he was one day whisked into the magnificent carriage of Lady DOLDRUM, and the good luck which enured to him thenceforward. The sketches of that interesting mnemonic old dowager-countess, of the Ladies PRESTON and RAKES, and of the Earl of TIPPOFF, are in THACKERAY'S rich vein. But the picture of that PECKERIFFIAN financier, the chief director of the 'I. W. D. Ass.,' is the 'crownin' glory' of all; nor is it a character without its prototype, 'here and elsewhere.' The diamond-pin successively introduces the wearer to a dinner at Pentonville with ROUNDHAND, BROUGH'S chief clerk, a hen-pecked 'spoon' of a husband, and subsequently to a fashionable ball at the residence of the Chief Director of the 'Ind. W. Did. Ass.' There is something, as it seems to us, of the sly humor of GOLDSMITH in the ensuing scene:

THERE is no use to describe the grand gala, nor the number of lamps in the lodge and in the garden, nor the crowd of carriages that came in the gates, nor the troops of curious people outside, nor the ices, fiddlers, wreaths of flowers and cold supper within. The whole description was beautifully given in a fashionable paper, by a reporter who observed the same from the 'Yellow Lion,' over the way, and told it in his journal in the most accurate manner; getting an account of the dresses of the great people from their footmen and coachmen when they came to the ale-house for their porter. As for the names of the guests, they, you may be sure, found their way to the same newspaper; and a great laugh was had at my expense because, among the titles of the great people mentioned, my name appeared in the list of the 'honorable.' Next day BROUGH advertised 'a hundred and fifty guineas reward for an emerald necklace lost at the party of JOHN BROUGH, Esq., at Fulham.' Though some of our people said that no such thing was lost at all, and that BROUGH only wanted to advertise the magnificence of his society; but this doubt was raised by persons not invited, and envious, no doubt.

Well, I wore my diamond, as you may imagine, and rigged myself in my best clothes, viz., my blue coat and brass buttons, before mentioned, nankeen trowsers and silk stockings, a white waistcoat, and a pair of white gloves bought for the occasion; but my coat was of country-make, very high in the waist and short in the sleeves; and I suppose I must have looked rather odd to some of the great people assembled, for they stared at me a great deal, and a whole crowd formed to see me dance, which I did to the best of my power, performing all the steps accurately, and with great agility, as I had been taught by our dancing-master in the country.

And with whom do you think I had the honor to dance? — with no less a person than Lady JANE PEARSON, who, it appears, had just gone out of town, and who shook me most kindly by the hand when she saw me, and asked me to dance with her. We had my Lord TITMARB and Lady FANNY RAKES for our *vis-a-vis*.

You should have seen how the people crowded to look at us, and admired my dancing, too; for I cut the very best of capers, quite different to the rest of the gents, (my lord among the number,) who walked through the quadrille as if they thought it a trouble, and stared at my activity with all their might. But when I have a dance, I like to enjoy myself; and MARY SMITH often said I was the very best partner at our assemblies. While we were dancing, I told Lady JANE how ROUNDHAND, GURCH and I had come down three in a cab, beside the driver; and my account of our adventures made her ladyship laugh, I warrant you. Lucky it was for me that I did not go back in the same vehicle; for the driver went and intoxicated himself at the 'Yellow Lion,' threw out GURCH and our head-clerk as he was driving them back, and actually fought GURCH afterward and blacked his eye, because, he said, that GURCH's red velvet waistcoat frightened the horse.

Lady JANE, however, spared me such an uncomfortable ride home; for she said she had a fourth place in her carriage, and asked me if I would accept it; and positively, at two o'clock in the morning, there was I, after setting the ladies and my lord down, driven to Salisbury-square in a great thundering carriage, with flaming lamps and two tall footmen, who nearly knocked the door and the whole little street down with the noise they made at the rapper. You should have seen Gus's head peeping out of a window in his white night-cap! He kept me up the whole night, telling him about the ball and the great people I had seen there; and next day he told at the office my stories, with his own usual embroideries upon them.

Mr. TITMARB became afterward a frequent visitor at the Chief Director's, where 'on Sunday,' he writes, 'a great bell woke us at eight, and at nine we all assembled in the breakfast-room, where Mr. BROUGH read prayers, a chapter, and made an exhortation afterward to us and all the members of the household, except the French cook, Monsieur NONGTONGPAW, whom I could see from my chair walking about in the shrubberies, in his white night-cap, smoking a cigar.' The result of the pious Chief Director's assiduous attentions to Mr. TITMARB turns out to be, that Aunt HOGGARTY invests her money in shares of the 'I. W. D. Ass.,' that all is lost; and that Mr. TITMARB, now married to sweet MARY SMITH, is thrown into prison for liabilities which he had been induced, at BROUGH's instigation, to incur. The description which ensues of scenes in the prison is as graphic and striking as any thing in the volume. But we must refer the reader to the book itself for 'particulars,' as well as for the *dénouement* of the story; in which it is conclusively shown that a good wife is the best diamond a man can wear in his bosom.

It is a curious thing to remark the ease with which one may detect the style and manner of a true observer, like THACKERAY. Whether as the gossiping flunkey, 'CHAWLS YELLOWFLUSH,' the voyager from 'Cornhill to Cairo,' the recorder of the proceedings of 'Vanity Fair,' or the painter of BROUGH, Chief Director of the 'Independent West Diddlesex Association,' he can never remain '*nomini umbra*.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Anniversary Festival of Saint Nicholas.



We have once more the pleasure, as the elected official organ of the *Saint Nicholas Society*, to present our readers with a brief record of the proceedings at their anniversary festival, held at the City Hotel on the evening of the seventh ultimo. The Society, with their invited guests, assembled at the appointed hour; and after the election of new, and reflection of old officers, proceeded, to the sound of inspiring music, to the banquetting-hall, where they were marshalled to their seats by the stewards. When the company were all seated, it was remarked that each of the four long tables, running lengthwise of the hall, was just comfortably filled. At the centre of the raised table, on the *dais*, sat the PRESIDENT, looking as happy as he felt, with his venerable cocked hat and brave insignia of dignified office; while mounted before him, with head turned due 'no'th-east-by-no'th-half-no'th,' stood that Determined Cock, which was presented to the Society at their last anniversary by WASHINGTON IRVING. The chaplains of the Society, with the presidents of the several sister societies of the metropolis, were on each side of the President, and with their different orders and badges, added not a little to the picturesque affect. Grace was invoked by the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, one of the chaplains of the Society; when there straitway ensued a great rattling of plates and popping of corks; and a goodly number of colored gem'man, clad in the quaint garb of old PETER STUYVESANT were 'about,' with marvellous ubiquity. When the viands and fluids had been sufficiently discussed, the President arose, mounted his hat, and addressed the Society as follows:

BROTHERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: Another year has again brought us together to celebrate the anniversary of our patron Saint, and to welcome to our festive board the representatives of those societies whose origin and purposes are, like our own, founded in charity and benevolence. In expressing the gratification I have in meeting so numerous an assemblage of the members of our Society, I may, I trust, be permitted at the same time briefly to express the feelings of a just pride at the honorable distinction which it has been your pleasure again to confer on me, by electing me for a second term to preside over this Society. My best thanks and my whole duty are all that I can offer in return. It gives me great pleasure to be able to inform you that the funds of the Society are gradually increasing, and are from time to time

safely invested; that our actual members exceed three hundred; and although it is true that but small demands for aid have as yet at any time been made upon our treasury, still, while we cannot but rejoice that such is the case, it is no less our duty, as it is our practice, to husband our means against the day of need, and for acts of charity, which doubtless, in the course of years, we shall be called upon to dispense. These great societies are among those which distinguish and add character to our great commercial city, where men of all nations congregate, and uniting their skill, their enterprise and their capital with the old Dutch stock, increase and render permanent the prosperity and wealth of the common hive. During the present year we have had cause to rejoice in the return of peace; the waste of war has disappeared, and in its place have come repose and quiet, and the gathering together of the means of this great and free people for the arts of peace and the bold and well-planned adventures of commerce, as well to its ancient haunts as to those distant and newly-acquired settlements where our language, our laws and our freedom are to be planted and cherished by the hands of Americans. We have, too, unlike the ancient world, recently and quietly gone through with an election for the Chief Magistrate of the Union; a result arrived at through the ballot alone, and acquiesced in as the will of the majority; the two great principles of our government, and upon the preservation of which depend the prosperity of our country and the perpetuity of our institutions. Amidst the general welfare, we have to mourn the loss of several of our most distinguished members. Since we last met, HENRY BRAVOORT and DAVID S. JONES have finished their mortal career; but they have left with us the memory of their great personal worth, and excellences in their different spheres of life, and each, in his peculiar character, the taste, the knowledge and the fitness which adorned the places they filled among us.

When the President had concluded these remarks, and the applause which they elicited had subsided, he proceeded to give the following regular toasts, which were repeated by the Vice-Presidents, and received with tumultuous acclamation; several of them, indeed, with nine hearty cheers:

ST. NICHOLAS: Our Patron Saint, long canonized in our affections: May his genial worship be extended among our descendants.

OUR CITY: Her destiny is onward; it shall be the effort of her sons to make her fully worthy of her ancestry.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

THE ARMY: Honor to the names and the deeds which constitute its glory.

THE NAVY: The Lakes, the Ocean and the Gulf, bear witness to their valor and their skill.

THE EARLY FATHERS OF NEW AMSTERDAM: The stem they planted has become a giant tree: through all the grafts it still shows the vigor of the parent stock.

OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: St. Nicholas welcomes them right heartily to his board, and in the cup of good-fellowship again pledges them to advance the city of their adoption.

THE NATURAL ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE DUTCH AND ENGLISH SETTLERS IN AMERICA: Its beginning, the hospitality shown in Holland to the emigrants of the Mayflower; its consummation, the union of their descendants here.

OUR BROTHER THE GOVERNOR-ELECT: The hereditary successor in office and character of the illustrious STUYVESANT.

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE: The Mother tempted one man out of Eden: The Daughters make for us a Paradise of the world.

After the regular toasts were gone through with, the Presidents of the Sister Societies, present as guests, responded on behalf of the associations which they represented. Taking the hint from a suggestion by the President of St. NICHOLAS, they spoke with brevity and to the point. We regret that care was not taken to preserve a copy of their remarks for publication; but this was overlooked; as it was also in the case of the brief but felicitous speeches of the Vice-Presidents, which formed an excellent feature of the evening. The subjoined are the toasts by the Presidents of the sister societies, and other invited guests:

BY MAYOR HAVENBER: 'Our Dutch Ancestors: The prosperity of our city is a tribute to

less to their sagacity, which laid its foundations, than to the enterprise which has raised the superstructure.'

By DR. BEALES, PRESIDENT OF ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY: '*New-York*: May her future equal her past career.'

By MR. IRVIN, PRESIDENT OF ST. ANDREW'S: '*The Virtues of the Settlers of New-Amsterdam*: A good foundation for a great and virtuous community.'

By MOSES H. GRINNELL, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY: '*Saint Nicholas*: The best-tempered and broadest-bottomed saint in the calendar.'

By MR. ZIMMERMAN, DUTCH CONSUL: '*The Constitution of the United States and the Fundamental Law of the Netherlands*: May other nations learn from them that no government, however free, can be permanent, unless its laws protect the property as well as the social rights of individuals.'

By JAMES REYBURN, PRESIDENT OF ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY: '*The Dutch Settlers of New-Amsterdam*: While selecting a snug home for themselves, they established a haven for the exiles of all nations.'

By MR. CONNARD, PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN SOCIETY: '*The Old New-York Gentlemen*: A living example to the rising generation. May the race never expire.'

By THE REV. DR. SCHOONMAKER, (in sonorous Dutch:)' '*Het Santa Class Gezelschap von Nieuw Amsterdam, alle heyl en voorspoet tot desselvs leden*: Lanck mogen sy betrachten Fatherlands onwankelbaer oprechtigheit, eerlyckheydt van voornemen, en liefde tot deughtsemheydt, vryheiten relesie.' (*The St. Nicholas Society of New-Amsterdam*: Health and prosperity to its members. May they long cultivate that unbending integrity, honesty of purpose, and the love of liberty, virtue and religion, which has elevated the national character of Fatherland.)

By A GUEST: '*Our Dutch Ancestors*: The first founders of civilization, science and religion in this State. Their institutions will shine with increasing brightness to the remotest generations.'

By MR. ZABRISKIE: '*The late Emigrants from Holland*: Like the Pilgrims of New-England, they fled from the land of their fathers and the endeared associations of birth, in quest of civil and religious liberty. We welcome them to our shores, the land of their choice and the future home of their children.'

By HENRY J. BRENT, A GUEST: '*The Hudson River*: Like the Flag of the United States, may it wave to every land the blessings and bounties and liberties of our country.'

By DENNING DUER, OF THE COMMITTEE OF STEWARDS: '*The Sons of St. Nicholas*: Let them but be true to the customs of their ancestors, and all will be well with themselves and their descendants.'

By A GUEST: 'The returning sense of public justice, manifested by the reflection of the Dutch to power, in the election of a Dutch Governor and a Dutch Mayor.'

While the company were yet enveloped in the warm smoke that curled lazily upward from the long pipes sent over by Messrs. WAMBERSIE AND CROASWYCK, of Rotterdam, and presented to the Society by GILBERT DAVIS, Mr. CHARLES KING, one of the Vice-Presidents, rose, and in conclusion of a few well-expressed observations, touching the power and glory of England, proposed the health of Hon. MAURICE POWER, member of the British Parliament, who was present as an invited guest. The gentleman thus honored responded as follows to the toast, in a manner which bespoke him an accomplished orator:

MR. PRESIDENT, Vice-Presidents and Gentlemen of the St. NICHOLAS SOCIETY: I need not, I am sure, here express how deeply sensible I am of the high honor that has just been done me; an honor which is in no small degree enhanced by the eloquent and complimentary terms with which you, Sir, have prefaced the toast, and the cordial and enthusiastic manner in which it has been received by the gentlemen of this Society, whose history, or rather the history of whose ancestors, both of the old world and the new, I have read and pondered over with admiration and delight. In that history, Sir, I found a people, who, with nothing save the force of character, of virtue and of enterprise to rely upon, converted the undrained marshes of Holland into smiling meadows and rich pastures; a people whose stock in trade consisted only of a few fishing-boats, which were soon exchanged for those noble ships, with which the Dutch were

went to sweep every sea, and carry their arts, their commerce and their civilization to the farthest limits of the earth; and by means of which, they so increased and consolidated their strength, as to be able to hurl their haughty defiance at the greatest power the world then knew. If, Sir, turning from the East, I seek to mark their progress in the West, what do I behold? A people, cultivating the same arts, and pursuing the same paths in the new world, which led them to glory, and greatness, and dominion, in the old; the gloomy forest converted into fruitful fields; opulent cities, and well-built towns established; the hum of busy industry heard in localities where no other sound was ever heard before, save the howl of savage beasts, and the dismal song of the still more savage Indian; that noble river traced to its source, on whose bosom are now borne the rich products of the 'Far West,' to feed the hungry millions of Europe; in a word, the foundations laid of this colossal power, which is destined, (and that no distant day) to dictate terms to the rest of the world. With these considerations crowding upon my mind, how could I feel otherwise than flattered at the compliment you have paid me, or how can I ever experience other than feelings of pride and satisfaction, when I reflect, that the blood of the men who have done these deeds—the КНИЖАБОЦКАС of New-York—flows through the veins of the dearest objects of this heart!—I mean my wife and my children. My honorable friend, Mr. KING, has referred in terms of high eulogy to the great country with which I am connected, as a representative in Parliament. I am happy to say, that those kindly sentiments are fully reciprocated by every well-judging man in Great Britain. We look upon your greatness as though it were, in some measure, our own; for what is so natural as that the parent should rejoice at the growing prosperity of her child! For my own part, I can safely promise, that no matter whether in a public or private station, my constant endeavor shall be to unite still more closely two nations that ought to be for ever bound to each other by their mutual interests, and by the stronger ties of blood, of language and religion.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I should now close the remarks which I felt myself called upon to make, if a higher and more sacred duty did not still remain to be performed; that of conveying to this Society and to the people of this country, the thanks and gratitude of eight millions of my countrymen, for the generous and disinterested aid which you afforded them, when in circumstances of real distress. You are all doubtless familiar with the statements relative to the late famine in Ireland. You have pictured to yourselves the sufferings of the wretched inhabitants of that Island; sufferings that exceed, in intensity and duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration. Sir, I have read in THUCYDIDES the account of the plague of Athens; I have read in MANZONI a statement of its ravages in the cities of Northern Italy; but neither the minute details of the one nor the luminous page of the other—no, not even the sufferings of the wretched beings with which the great poet of Italy (DANTE,) peopled the Hell of his imagination, can parallel in horror the scenes of woe, on which I myself have gazed, terror-stricken and bewildered, in several parts of Ireland; families numbering as many as six, found dead together on their common bed of straw; infants tugging at their dead mother's breasts, from which the nourishing fluid had receded long before life was extinct; the son found with his mouth filled with the flesh of his dead father's hand, which he had mangled and lacerated in the last desperate efforts to sustain agonized existence; yes, these are objects, the bare contemplation of which makes the heart shudder and the blood run cold; objects over which I shall now throw a pall, lest I may disgust you by farther dwelling on them. While Ireland was enveloped in this gloom, without a ray of hope to cheer her, a voice was wafted across the billows of the Atlantic, conveying the glad tidings of the great things that were being done for her in America. In a moment the aspect of things was changed. 'Hope elevated, and joy brightened her crest;' while the genius of Erin arose from her grave, and flinging from her form the death-shroud that enveloped it, with hope in her eye, and promise on her lips, bade her sons to be of good heart, for the generous Americans were hastening to their assistance!

Mr. POWER next alluded to the labors of the New-York Committee and stated that the names of MYNDERT VAN SCHAICK, PHILIP HONK, and the other members, were as familiar in Ireland as '*household words*.' For all these acts of disinterested kindness, Ireland can now make no other return than the prayers of eight millions of a grateful, a generous, and an enthusiastic people; a people who will pray that no pestiferous breath may blight your crops; no foreign foe pollute these shores, or domestic enemy rend this glorious Union, under which you now flourish; but that *deceiving Plenty* may ever shower her choicest blessings over this happy land; while 'o'er

her happy homes and altars free the star-spangled banner may ever proudly wave, the terror of the oppressor and the 'hope of the oppressed!'

With this speech, admirable alike in matter, and in the manner of its delivery, we must close our account of the proceedings of the last festival of the SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY. It was one of the most pleasant of all our annual gatherings hitherto.

'AMERICAN ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND SOCIETY.'—We are glad to be able to announce a movement in this metropolis toward establishing an '*American Artists' Benevolent Fund Society*,' after the plan of a kindred institution, chartered many years since in England, which has proved of the greatest benefit to British art, artists, and the bereaved families of artists. When the details are arranged by the committee—who, to their honor be it spoken, have taken the initial of the matter determinedly in hand—and by those acting in concert with them, we shall present them in these pages. In the mean time we make the subjoined extract from the report of the committee in question:

'THAT a necessity exists at the present time for an institution such as we desire to establish will not, we think, be denied. There probably is no one among us who cannot call to mind instances where its beneficial effects would have been felt; effects gratifying not only to the immediate recipients of its bounty, but to those in whose hearts lives an abiding respect for the memory of the dead. Charity, always noble, never appears more so than when alleviating the wants of those who chance to be the helpless survivors of men whose lives have been devoted to the production of forms of beauty—it matters not whether in painting or sculpture; enduring forms, whose refining influence is felt by all. If merit always commanded the success it deserves, the objects which we now have in view were vain and useless; but such, unhappily, is not the case. It is needless to enquire into the cause of this undeniable wrong. The fact that it exists, and that in all probability it will not be removed until the entire fabric of society is re-constructed, is a sufficient argument in favor of the usefulness of establishing means that may, in part, remedy the existing evil. Many a noble aspiration has been checked, many a soul, longing to express itself in the beautiful language of art, has been weighed down by the incubus of *Prospective Poverty*; a demon, haunting the toiling artist in his studio—whispering in his ear words such as these: 'Stifle your desire for the far-off, unattained and dim; make the labor of your hands simply available property; create such things only as will be understood, and perhaps purchased by the many, if you would not have your wife and children—the jewels of your heart—thrown, when you die, upon the cold charities of a cold world.' Genius may, and in many memorable instances has, broken over these barriers in the way of its advancement; triumphing nobly over the most unpropitious circumstances. Indeed, individual cases may be cited where poverty and its attendant misfortunes have served as spurs rather than checks to its onward career; but these form only the exceptions to the rule.

'The formation of an '*American Artists' Benevolent Fund*,' setting aside its more obvious philanthropic motive, would tend greatly to promote the cause of American art. Tell the struggling artist, who may have a family dependant upon his exertions for support, that, should he be unsuccessful in his efforts to provide for them a maintenance after his decease, they will yet be cared and provided for, by an institution from which, by the aid he lent it while living, he has given them a *right* to ask for support; and by removing this fetter from his mind, you incite him to new and higher effort. Men of capital who are sincere lovers of art, (and there are many such in our city,) would gladly tender their aid in behalf of so laudable an object; and the committee, in pressing the importance of speedy and vigorous action in this matter, feel that they are discharging a simple act of duty which they owe to humanity and to the cause of American art.'

We shall have great pleasure in promoting, as far as in our power, the laudable objects of this benevolent society.

AN INDIAN EXECUTION.—We derive the following interesting account of an *Indian Execution in Wisconsin*, from a letter dated 'Falls of St. Croix,' more than three thousand miles from this present sanctum, in August last. 'You speak,' says our correspondent, 'of making some use of my hastily-written letters; if such be your wish, I will here jot down for you an imperfect description of an impressive scene which I lately witnessed, and of which you will have seen, if any, only a very brief account in one of our far-western papers.' The writer goes on to say:

'Some time since, in one of my letters to you, I made mention of the murder of three white men, by Indians, near this place. That tragedy has closed by the execution of one Indian, named LITTLE SAUX, or 'PAUNAIS,' and the infliction of forty stripes well laid on the back of a white man named FREDERICK MILLER. I will give you a summary of the facts in relation to this case. About the fifteenth of May, a small Indian trading establishment, a few miles out of town, was pillaged by Indians, in the absence of the proprietor, Mr. F. TORNELL. The Indians, it appears, were led on by MILLER, who was a rival trader. On TORNELL'S return to this place, a small party of Chippewa, or more properly, 'Ob-jib-wa' Indians, of the 'Red Blanket' tribe, and somewhat noted for their insubordination to the whites, visited TORNELL'S place, and after remaining several hours, LITTLE SAUX shot TORNELL, and also an elderly man, an assistant of TORNELL'S, of the name of M'ELRAY, and then burned the house. This was all done in open day; although no clue to the real perpetrators of the crime, nor indeed to the actual murder of TORNELL and M'ELRAY was had until the fifth of June, when a party of men in search, on passing the place, discovered the remains of the latter, drawn from its place of concealment by beasts of prey. On the announcement of the news in the settlement, a meeting was called, a coroner chosen, (we have none legally constituted here,) a jury summoned, and we all proceeded to the spot; where, aided by the timely presence of a raven hovering above, we soon found the bodies of both the victims, half devoured by wolves!

'As you may well suppose, the discovery provoked feeling and aroused investigation, which resulted in the arrest and confinement of four Indians, (JOE, SQUAG-A-MA, GA-BE-GA-GEK, and WASA,) believed to be accessory to the murder. They were separately examined, and unitedly affirmed that LITTLE SAUX committed the act. A party of twelve armed men was immediately sent off about twenty miles to secure his arrest. On their return with the prisoner, a tribunal, composed of the first business men of the place, was constituted; a thorough, dispassionate and impartial investigation of the case was had, and on the following morning, at eight o'clock, in the presence of two or three hundred spectators, Indians and citizens, LITTLE SAUX was hung. The scene closed with the flogging of MILLER, as an abettor and prime mover in the transaction.

'For the commission of these acts, with the *extreme* advocates of law and order, we hold no debate; we desire only to explain. We claim, with them, to do reverence to the laws of God and man. A defensive action merely contemplates the adaptation of means to ends. The peculiarities of this case, and its propriety, can only be fully appreciated by those familiar with our judicial condition; the variety of aggravated cases of a similar character which have gone unpunished; and above all, the peril that attends the lives of others from the attack of emboldened Indians. This case had just been preceded by another—a white man having been shot down by an Indian, in the presence of several witnesses; while the Indian, after being taken into custody, was suffered to escape. I was at the fort where he was confined; and the poor fellow, as soon as he saw me, begged of me to let him go: 'Ah! chief-white-man, let me go a little ways; by-and-by I will come and heap presents on you, so good!' I pitied the poor fellow, for the white man had wronged him much and often, and beaten his squaw.

'The scene that morning was as orderly, impressive and solemn as any I ever beheld, under the authority of ordinary laws. There were emotions of sympathy apparent on many a manly brow; but the Indian was firmness itself. I stood at his side through the whole affair, and he coolly smoked his pipe as if it was an every-day circumstance that was to happen. But when he bade his wife farewell, I could see the tear start in his eye. He looked round a moment on us all, then took his wife and brother by the hands, and said in his native tongue: 'Farewell! PAUNAIS dies like a brave. Wait a little; PA-GA-KA-GE (WHITE BIRD, his wife) by and by you

will help me paddle my canoe again.' (It is the custom of the squaw to sit in the bow of the canoe, whenever her husband hunts, and paddle it for him.) He then struck his breast, curled his lip, handed his pipe to his wife, climbed on the barrels which we had arranged for him; and when the rope was placed round his neck the barrels were pulled from under him, and he died without a groan, or hardly a struggle—as 'a brave' should die. He was but twenty-two years old, yet these were the second murders he had committed; he having killed, in all, three persons. There were his mother, his brothers, his squaw, and the chiefs of his tribe. I wish I could have painted the scene at the time; the Indian hanging on the tree; the white man bound to the trunk, waiting for a flogging, with his dead accomplice before his eyes; and the chiefs with their long pipes, and faces painted of a sombre hue, sitting round on old stumps; the oldest chief, OLD OAK, of the Chippewa nation, in the midst; all chanting a plaintive melody—the whole scene was impressive in the extreme.

'While LITTLE SAUX was yet swinging in the air, and before MILLER received his infliction of stripes, Indian JOSEPH LAPRAIRIE, one of the faithful to the mission of the Rev. Mr. BOURWELL, addressed his kinsman present in the Chippewa language to the following import: 'Brethren: I am of your blood, you will therefore listen to my counsel. You see one of our brethren hanging before you. It is just. It is the white man's way of punishment for taking the lives of their brethren. You will therefore take warning, and shun the counsel of bad white men and bad Indians. Go back to your hunting-grounds. Shun bad traders, and the white men will not hurt you. You see they set our others free; they like Indians who tell the truth.' MILLER was then admonished by the acclamation of all present; that if he was ever again seen in the country he would share the fate of LITTLE SAUX, then hanging before him. On the whole, let us not be accused of barbarity to the Indians. The true question is, how can it be prevented? Our prepossessions and sympathies have long been with that receding race. In the chancery of Heaven condemnation is written against the enormous sin of selling whiskey to the Indians. For the reputation of our place, I can say that the sale of intoxicating drinks is not permitted within its precincts. For a short time after the hanging, the Indians evinced some disposition to hostility. I sent L. — away in consequence. We were at the time destitute of arms and ammunition; we have plenty now, which I obtained at the fort. All is quiet at present, and we are no longer in fear. It is the general belief here that our prompt proceedings have intimidated the Indians; but we are nevertheless prepared, and can at any time turn out one hundred armed men, which I will head in open field against the whole Chippewa nation. I consider one white man a match for ten Indians; and it is only a larger number than that that I allow to intimidate me when alone.'

THERE came with the foregoing letter the head-dress which the Indian wore when he was executed; a flashy adornment, flaunting with eagle-plumes and gay with varicolored wampum beads; together with a rough but very formidable-looking dagger, or short-sword, with a sheath of panther-skin, ornamented with porcupine-quills. These are trophies and mementoes of a scene which we can well believe will never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. We do not think that any of our readers will be disposed to condemn the summary execution performed upon this 'bad Indian.' The necessities of the case, as set forth by our correspondent, would seem to have justified the extremest measures, both as an example of retributive power and justice, and as a warning to his red companions, who will doubtless take good care to avoid his fate.

Perhaps the reader will remember a little sketch, republished in the KNICKERBOCKER many years ago, taken, if we remember rightly, from the Batavia '*Spirit of the Times*' weekly gazette, descriptive of a similar execution in Genesee county. We recollect that the red victim was as 'cool as a cucumber,' and that there were some circumstances connected with his execution that were very amusing, and we rather think somewhat ridiculous.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Many of our readers will have seen in the daily journals 'full and particular' accounts of the recent *Opening of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road to Binghamton*. We shall not run the risk of giving a second edition of 'JOHNNY THOMPSON'S NEWS'; but, avoiding particular detail, we cannot resist the inclination to record a few of the objects witnessed and thoughts awakened during the interesting excursion in question. And 'in view of our subject, we remark first,' that no excursion could be better planned. It was a luxury to sail in the evening in the splendid 'Oregon' steamer to Piermont; and most luxurious was the breakfast prepared next morning by Captain SAINT JOHN for his congregation, which consisted of the President and his Board of Directors, a large number of invited guests, including among them the Common Council, and eminent metropolitan merchants and financiers. We were off early in the morning; inasmuch that it was scarcely gray dawn until we were some twenty-five miles on our way, our fleet of cars conveyed by the snorting fire-horse; cars which in space, comfort, and elegance, are not surpassed by any in the United States. As we have already spoken in these pages of the scenery and different points of attraction on the line of the rail-road between Piermont and Port-Jervis, we shall only ask the reader to survey with us some of the more striking scenes and occurrences of our first journey between the latter place and Binghamton. At about three miles from 'the Port' we crossed the Delaware on the Company's new bridge; a most substantial structure, with massive stone piers, some eight hundred feet in length. The track now lies for three or four miles along a rocky terrace, with a precipice sheer down a hundred feet below you, and above you the steep side of a mountain 'frowning terrible, impossible to climb.' It was almost fearful to sweep like the wind along the iron track at this dizzy height, hanging as it were directly over the river, rolling its waters, choked with snow-covered ice, to the main. This river, 'by the way,' is by the way for a good portion of the onward distance; ever rolling on, with solemn movement, bearing alike ice frozen in its stillness and congealed in its commotion; like the river of life, which sweeps contentious foes and peaceful friends into one common ocean at last. Crossing the Lackawaxen by another bridge, four hundred and fifty feet in length, we complete twenty miles from Port-Jervis, having encountered on the way scenery that it would be worth one's while to go a hundred miles to see. Let us premise, that the murky blue clouds which shut out the sun early in the morning, have proved to be foul with snow; and that we have arrived at Narrowsburgh, a hundred and thirty-two miles from New-York, in the teeth of a north-west storm of driving snow. Here, thanks to the care of Mr. LODER, the President, the Directors, and Mr. SKYMOUR, Superintendent-in-Chief, a liberal collation, well-flanked with hot and cold fluids, awaits us; which having despatched, we are again under way. After leaving Narrowsburgh, (following the observant eye of our friend of 'The Tribune' daily journal,) 'the road follows the eastern bank of the Delaware, through the same mountain wilderness, if possible of still wider character. The snow now fell thick and fast, and the hills of pine and rock, seen through the driving flakes, had a look of dreary sublimity, which harmonized well with their rugged outlines. The streams were frozen in their leaps down the precipices, and hung in sheets of icy spar on the face of the rock. The primeval pines and hemlocks were bent down with their weight of snow, and half concealed the entrance to the dusky ravines slanting down to the river, which was swollen and turbid, and in many places nearly blocked

with ice. It was a rare privilege to witness a wild winter storm among the unvisited wildernesses of the interior, with so much comfort. Following the windings of the river, we passed Hancock, where a number of fine deer, brought in by the hunters, were swinging by the heels in full view of the cars, and reached Deposit between eight and nine o'clock. At this place, where the ascent of the Summit ridge commences, hundreds of people from the country around were collected, and huge bonfires sent their flaming red light through the falling snow. Cannons were fired constantly, and the most vociferous cheers given and returned. A triumphal arch had been erected over the road, bearing the large letters 'WELCOME' upon it, over which a noble 'stag of ten times' just killed, was standing upright. We leave Deposit with the snow fourteen inches deep on the rails, with a team of locomotives, harnessed tandem, who toil up a grade of sixty feet to the mile, until we reach the Summit, whence we begin the descending grade to Binghamton. Nothing of a similar character in this country can compare with the scenery and the noble works of the hands of skill, labor, and capital, which succeed. Inclement as it was, there was an 'OLD KNICK's head thrust out of the capacious window of the well-heated car, from Deposit to Binghamton. In the thick night, roaring with driving snow, we now and then beheld the team of iron horses, in the midst of the white steam-smoke that poured from their snorting nostrils, and enveloped them, rushing through the snow; now hurling the long train over a bridge an hundred and seventy feet from the bottom of the ravine which it spanned, down which you saw for a moment the tall pines, standing like sheeted ghosts in the half-lighted gloom; anon sweeping over a long viaduct, looking over which, far, far below you, you see spread out the streets and lights of a village, over which you are actually passing! At eleven o'clock at night we reached Binghamton, where we were received with every hospitable demonstration of welcome. The company, preceded by the President and Directors, Common Council, and other guests, were ushered into the Dépôt, a temporary and very spacious structure, through which extended tables, laughing (not 'groaning') under the weight of their good cheer, embracing all the come-atable luxuries of the season, not forgetting the varieties of 'game peculiar to the sylvan region round about. Most ample justice was done to the repast by all present; and when this 'ceremony' (which was enjoyed 'sans ceremonie,') had been concluded, the President, at the head of the table, stood high above the multitude, and in a clear voice submitted a report of the financial condition of the road, which was of such a favorable character as to command the loud applause of the stockholders, and others deeply interested in the welfare of this great enterprise; which, it may be well to state, without going into farther detail, will in a short time be in operation fifty miles farther, and in less than three years, under its present active and judicious management, will have reached Lake Erie; receiving on either hand, at every station in its advance, those collateral tides of business from the rich country which it traverses, that will eventually so swell the main stream, that the road must become one of the most commanding sources of profit in the State, if not in the Union. The main difficulties have been already overcome; the remainder of the way to Lake Erie being of comparatively easy construction, and much of it already graded. The President and his large family of directors and guests were quartered by the hospitable Binghamtonians at several excellent hotels and among obliging private families, in which latter category we had the good fortune, in company with a few kindred spirits, to be placed. One can see and admire, even in winter, the beautiful situation of this delightful town, reposing as it does at the confluence of two lovely streams,

the Susquehanna and Chenango, and surrounded by gracefully-sweeping mountains, with vales 'stretching in pensive quietness between.' We never thought to find at 'Shanagpinte' so lovely and prosperous a village as Binghamton. It was 'a sight to see' when the cars left at noon to return to New-York. It was clear and cold; the sleighing was superb; the streets were full of snow-vehicles from all the country round; and as the train moved off, the very mountains around echoed the interchanged hurrahs that rose from the cars and the long lines of citizens that thronged each side of the way. When we arrived at the great Starucca Viaduct, the first train of cars stopped, and their occupants followed the President down the precipitous snow-covered bank to the depths below. And well were they repaid for their trouble. A noble bridge of hewn stone, eight hundred feet long, with seventeen arches a hundred and ten feet high, met their eyes as they looked upward; and they could gaze but a moment before it was found necessary to give vent to their enthusiastic admiration in six hearty cheers; which had hardly been rendered, when six more were given to the second train, which now came up, and swept like children's toy-cars along the dizzy height; the passengers of the second train then went down and repeated the admiring huzzahs, until 'all rang again.' The train stopped, three or four miles farther on, at the Cascade Ravine, an awful chasm, arched by a wonderful bridge, with a single span of two hundred and seventy-five feet, one hundred and eighty-five feet above the stream! As you stand far beneath this stupendous arch, amid the wild scenery of the desolate chasm which it spans, with its only possible yielding point the eternal rocks, the mind is filled with a sense of sublimity, which it is impossible to describe. — But hold! — we are getting beyond our tether. Of the scenes at Deposit; of our journey back to Piermont; of the supper on board our friend SAINT JOHN'S magnificent steamer 'Oregon;' of the resolutions, so well deserved, in commendation of the road; of the talents and energy of Mr. LODER, the President, Major BROWN, Chief Engineer, Mr. SKYMOUR, Chief Superintendent, Mr. MARSH, the Secretary, etc.; of the 'songs and rejoicings' of the occasion; of all these, we must forbear at present to speak; having space only for the expression of our firm belief, that the New-York and Erie Rail-Road will within five years become one of the most profitable enterprises of the kind in the Union, if not in the world. . . . HERE is an exquisite limning of a good pastor, lately deceased. It is given by the Rev. Dr. BERLIAN, in a funeral discourse, from which the annexed extracts are taken. The whole sketch is admirably written:

'THE openness and benignity of his countenance were in perfect harmony with the frankness of his manners and the benevolence of his heart. His kind and gentle words fell pleasantly upon the ear, and his cordial sympathies with every human being with whom he stood in any endearing relation, touched tenderly upon the heart. There was nothing that in any way affected them, whether for weal or for woe, in which he was not concerned, and though in 'the changes and chances of this mortal life,' he had much to endure, and therefore much to blunt his sensibility in regard to others, yet to the very last he retained the same kindness of feeling; and in this respect at least left most men his debtors. . . . HERE, after a circle of twenty years, his thoughts fondly returned to the scene of his early labors; and it was his especial request, several months before his death, that his remains should be brought hither, in order, no doubt, that he might receive the tribute of grief and affection from the friends who should survive him; and that his ashes might be mingled with those of his people. The tenderness of the thought cannot fail to awaken a corresponding emotion in the hearts of those who hear me. For how intimate were the ties which, though temporarily loosened, still bound you to each other! . . . THE greater part of you were, through his ministry, engrafted by baptism into the body of CHURCH'S Church, and regenerated with His Holy Spirit. You were afterward taught, in his simple and happy way, the value of the privileges which were thus secured for

you, and affectionately urged to hold fast of them to the end, by leading 'a godly and a Christian life.' In sickness and sorrow he was your guide and your comforter; and in health and gladness the helper of your joy. When life was all hope, and the future was bliss, he joined you in those holy bands which death alone could sever; and when hope was blighted, he buried your dead and soothed your pangs. All this, and more than I can tell, will rise up before you in sweet and sad remembrance, as his mortal remains lie before you. May none of his wholesome instruction, his godly counsels, his affectionate admonitions, his acts of kindness and love ever escape from your minds, or fail of their effect upon your hearts and lives! May you still keep up in death, as in life, your communion with him; but in a higher and holier degree than can ever be realized while our friends are in the flesh.'

On a preceding page will be found a poetical address to WILLIAM WOOD, Esq., of Canandaigua; a gentleman who was long and favorably known in New-York as one of its most patriotic citizens, having, among many other good works, established the Mercantile Library by his individual exertions. It is chiefly owing to the stimulus excited by Mr. WOOD among the young men of Canandaigua, that the streets of that lovely village are laid out with so much taste, and beautified with such an abundance and variety of fine trees. In consequence of the recent death of Mrs. GORHAM, the sister of this most estimable gentleman, he changed his residence, the well known 'SNUGGERY' referred to in the address. On taking possession of his new abode, his friend and neighbor, the Hon. JOHN GREIG, sent him the following elegant motto, to be placed over his door:

'Inveni portum, Spes et Fortuna valet,
Sat me lusietis luditi nunc alias.'

This motto has been translated as follows by WILLIAM JEFFERY, Esq., nephew of Mr. GREIG, and also by Judge HOWELL of Canandaigua:

'A port I have found, up a long flight of stairs,
In which I now rest from life's troubles and cares,
Like a storm-battered bark, high and dry on the beach,
Which ocean's rough billows no longer can reach.

'So Fortune and Hope! I bid you good-by,
Enough you've beguiled me; I speak with a sigh;
On others, I pray you now play your worst pranks,
Just leave ME alone, and I give you my thanks!'

DID you never fall in, reader, with a puerile, puttering person, who was always seeking to find coincidences, which when found, and 'made note of,' were in reality no coincidences at all? Such an one it was, who happening the other evening to remember, in the midst of an interesting conversation upon the great discoveries of the earth, that a dove was called *columba* in the Latin, broke in with this searching remark: 'It's a very curious coincidence, is n't it, that the old world was discovered by a *COLUM-ba*, and the new world by a *COLUM-bus*? But when you come to pursue the subject in detail, is n't it very *ex-trod'-nary* that the one should come from NOAH, and the other from GE-noa!' And the old 'spoon' looked at the unwilling auditors, into whose conversation he had interpolated this sage suggestion, with mouth half open, and an 'inquiring eye,' as if suggesting the surprise which the 'coincidence' should awaken. . . . THAT is a very clever book, '*Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal in the Colony of Massachusetts*,' now in the press of MESSRS. TICKNOR AND COMPANY, Boston, if we may judge from a goodly portion of the printed sheets, which have been sent us for perusal. The first date in the diary is 'May y^e eighth, 1678;' and the natural antiquity of the style could hardly have been more

apparent had the author really been a pupil of the gentle 'Lady WILLOUGHBY,' of whom 'of course' she must have been entirely ignorant! Right quaint and pleasant reading is here, 'any way,' as may be easily demonstrated, when the entire volume shall appear. We subjoin a passage or two, which will afford the reader some idea of the character of the work. The following is written after proceeding 'through the woods and along the borders of great marshes and meadows on the sea-shore,' through 'Linne,' Wenham and Salem, to 'Ipswich near Agawam.'

'This morning we mounted our Horses, and reached this place after a smart Ride of three Hours. The Weather in the Morning was warm and soft as our Summer Days at Home; and as we rode through the Woods, where the young Leaves were fluttering, and the white Blossoms of the Windflowers, and the blue Violets and the yellow blooming of the Cowslips in the low Grounds, were seen on either Hand, and the Birds all the Time making a great and pleasing Melody in the Branches, I was glad of Heart as a Child. Just before we reached Agawam, as I was riding a little before of my Companions, I was startled greatly by the sight of an Indian. He was standing close to the Bridle-path, his half-naked Body partly hidden by a Clump of white Birches, through which he looked out on me with eyes like two live Coals. . . . He was a tall Man, of very fair and comely make, and wore a red woollen Blanket with Beads and small Clam-Shells jingling about it. His skin was swarthy, not black like a Moor or Guinea-Man, but of a Color not unlike that of tarnished copper Coin. He spoke but little, and that in his own Tongue, very harsh and strange-sounding to my Ear. ROSEAR PIKE tells me that he is Chief of the Agawams, once a great Nation in these Parts, but now very small and broken. As we rode on, and from the Top of a Hill got a fair View of the great Sea off at the East, ROSEAR PIKE bade me notice a little Bay, around which I could see four or five small peaked Huts or tents, standing just where the white Sands of the Beach met the green Line of Grass and Bushes of the Uplands. 'There, said he, are their Summer Houses, which they build near unto their Fishing-grounds and Corn-fields.' . . . I looked into one of their Huts; it was made of Poles, like unto a Tent, only it was covered with the silver colored Bark of the Birch, instead of hempen Stuff. A Bark Mat, braided of many exceeding brilliant colors, covered a goodly Part of the Space inside, and from the Poles we saw Fishes hanging, and Strips of dried Meat. On a pile of Skins in the Corner sat a young Woman with a Child a-nursing; they both looked sallow and neglected; yet had she withal a pleasant Face, and as she bent over her little One, her long, straight and black Hair falling over him, and murmuring a low and very plaintive Melody, I forgot Every thing save that she was a Woman and a Mother, and I felt my Heart greatly drawn toward her. So, giving my Horse in charge, I ventured in to her, speaking as kindly as I could, and asking to see her Child. She understood me, and with a Smile held up her little *Papoose*, as she called him; who, to say Truth, I could not call very pretty. He seemed to have a wild, shy Look, like the Offspring of an untamed Animal.'

THERE is a young married lady, 'well known to this deponent,' to whom we have just read the foregoing, in the sure anticipation of eliciting this remark: 'Why, I ———, how perfect a description that is of one of the Indian wigwags, and its occupants, that we saw at the Sault St. Marie!' The western *papoose* it was, however, which impressed the scene so vividly upon her memory; for our own little folk were at that time 'far, far away,' and they had no representatives save the 'counterfeit presentment' afforded by an indifferent daguerreotype, which, bad as it was, was often consulted, and sometimes with tears. The annexed extract contains agreeable reading:

'I was awakened this morning by the pleasant voice of my cousin, who shared my bed. She had arisen and thrown open the window looking toward the sunrising, and the air came in soft and warm, and laden with the sweets of flowers and green growing things. And when I had gotten myself ready, I sat with her at the window, and I think I may say it was with a feeling of praise and thanksgiving that mine eyes wandered up and down over the green meadows, and corn-fields, and orchards of my new home. 'Where,' thought I, 'foolish one, be the terrors of the Wilderness which troubled thy daily Thoughts and thy nightly Dreams! Where be the gloomy Shades, and desolate Mountains, and the wild Beasts, with their dismal Howlings and Rages!' Here all looked peaceful, and bespoke Comfort and Contentedness. Even the great Woods which climbed up the Hills in the Distance looked thin and soft, with their faint young leaves yellowish green, intermingled with pale, silvery Shades, indicating, as my Cousin saith, the different Kinds of Trees, some of which, like the Willow, do put on their Leaves early, and others late, like the Oak, with which the whole Region aboundeth. A sweet, quiet Picture it was, with a warme Sun very bright and clear, shining over it, and the great Sea, glistening with the exceeding light, bounding the view of mine Eyes, but bearing my thoughts, like swift Ships, to the Land of my Birth, and so uniting, as it were, the Newe World with the Old. 'Oh!' thought I, 'the merciful God, who reneweth the Earth and maketh it glad and brave with Greenery and Flowers of various Hues and Smells, and causeth his South winds to blow and his Rains to fall, that Seed-time may not fail, doth even here, in the ends of his Creation, prank and beautify the Work of his Hands, making the Desert places to rejoice, and the Wilderness to

blossom as the Rose! Verily his Love is over All — the Indian Heathen as well as the English Christian. And what abundant Cause for Thanks have I, that I have been safely landed on a Shore so faire andpleasant, and enabled to open mine Eyes in Peace and Love on so sweet a May morning! And I was minded of a verse which I learned from dear and honored mother when a child:

“Track me, my God, thy Love to know,
That this new Light which now I see,
May both the Work and Workman show,
Then by the Sun-beams I will climb to thee.”

SUCH is the winning simplicity and feminine tenderness of this little book; to which, when it shall appear, we commend the attention of our readers. . . . ‘*The Swedish Girl*,’ a spirited poem, written and published by Mrs. ANNA P. DINNIES, of the west, thirteen or fourteen years ago, has been re-produced by another female writer, as we learn from the ‘New-Orleans Commercial Bulletin,’ and published in ‘*The Female Poets of America*’ as original. Rather small business this, we should say, and not the best way in the world to obtain a literary reputation. . . . Mr. MOSES Y. BEACH, so long proprietor of the New-York ‘Sun’ newspaper, the first and most-widely circulated of all our penny dailies, celebrated his recent retirement from that extensive and rich establishment by a supper to his ‘brethren according to the press’ in this city. The table, smiling sumptuously under its abundant luxury of potables and edibles, ran through the spacious parlors of his fine mansion, in Chambers-street, opposite the Park, and was overlooked by an hundred heads such as are seldom exceeded for ‘volume’ in any metropolitan assemblage; and there came forth out of these heads things both new and old, which were right pleasant to hear, and which were more particularly specified in the journals of the next day. Mr. BEACH resigned his proprietorial and editorial honors to his two sons, in an address as striking in the personal facts it contained, as in the modesty of its manner; he was responded to in a kindred strain by ‘the boys,’ upon whom his mantle had descended; while numerous other speeches were made, which were received with marked applause.’ The universal sentiment on retiring seemed to be, that our host deserved no small honor for the spirit and good taste he had manifested in the generous conception and admirable execution of the dinner; and many good wishes were expressed, not only for ‘BEACH’ but for those ‘sons of BEACH’s’ upon whom had devolved his arduous cares and duties. . . . WE have heard a great deal about ‘*The Rights of Woman*’ from many an ‘OLD SOCIAL REFORM,’ but we never saw them more felicitously set forth than in the following lines, by one of ‘the sex,’ Mrs. E. LITTLE:

“The rights of women, what are they?
The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o’er others woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul’s high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path her SAVIOUR trod;
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong:
Such woman’s rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success.”

It is no common loss which we record, in announcing the death, at Washington, D. C., on the fourteenth ultimo, of Colonel WILLIAM BRENT, Clerk for nearly a half a century of the Circuit, District, and Criminal Courts of the District of Columbia.

He was one of the oldest and worthiest members of the community in which he lived: he was descended from ancestors of great worth, who were among the earlier settlers of Virginia; and no shade ever rested for a moment upon his rectitude and his honor. 'He was the friend,' says the *National Intelligencer* daily journal, 'of all men; distinguished for the uniformity of his well-spent life, the excellence of his heart, and his retiring but universal benevolence. He was the best of husbands and the kindest of fathers.' The courts and grand juries of Washington coöperated in paying the tribute of their high regard, by adjourning to attend his funeral, and by exhibiting those testimonials of respect and esteem which are the 'good man's meed on earth' when he leaves this for another existence. We had the pleasure to meet the late Mr. BRENT on two or three occasions recently in this city; and, although at an advanced age, that 'first appeal which is to the eye' bespoke him one of nature's noblemen. Tall, and of a commanding presence, dignified without austerity, and with benevolence stamped upon his features, he exemplified in his bearing, and in the unstudied courtesy of his manners, the characteristics of the true 'gentleman of the old school.' It could scarcely require the evidence of intimacy to convince one that Mr. BRENT's character was just such an one as is universally awarded to his 'daily life and conversation.' He has gone down to the grave 'like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season,' having lived the life and died the death of a good man and a christian; and while we deeply sympathize with his bereaved family in their affliction, we cannot lose sight of this consolation to his survivors, springing from his very grave. Mr. BRENT leaves behind him a family of several children, among whom are HENRY J. BRENT, Esq., the distinguished landscape-painter; JOHN CARROLL BRENT, Esq., author of the '*Leaves from an African Journal*' in these pages, and Captain THOMAS BRENT, of the United States' Navy. The following beautiful elegiac lines upon the death of Colonel BRENT are from the pen of an old correspondent to this Magazine. We copy them from the '*National Intelligencer*':

WEEP not because that he is dead to whom
Your hearts were bound by nature's holliest tie;
No care can reach him in the peaceful tomb,
And he was full of years and ripe to die.
Cold counsel to your bleeding hearts, I know,
But time will heal these wounds, and ye shall cease
To pour these tears of unavailing woe,
Nor even sigh to think of his release.
Blessed are they who sink from earth, when age
Has brought the misty eye and furrow'd brow;
Ending at last a happy pilgrimage,
And loved for kind, good deeds, as he is now:
And round their names, through all the world's harsh strife,
Leaving the lustre of a well-spent life. n. s. o.

'Who but an Irishman,' writes a distinguished judicial friend, 'subject as they all are to an extraordinary confusion of ideas, could give such an answer as this? COURT: 'How fast were you driving, JAMES?' WITNESS: 'Oh, very slow! your honor; very slow.' COURT: 'But how slow, pray?' WITNESS: 'Why, your honor, *between a walk and a stand*.' COURT: 'I do n't understand that.' BRADY, of counsel, suggested that it was very plain. A hackman's *stand* is always on the *walk*!' . . . MESSRS BANGS, PLATT & Co., at Number 304 Broadway, have been constituted the agents of '*Bohn's London Standard and Antiquarian Libraries*,' the richest collection of valuable and at the same time cheap works with which we are acquainted. We have before us three of the volumes, containing '*Milton's Prose Works*,' and '*Early Travellers in Palestine*,' including among them that voracious old tourist, Sir JOHN

MAUNDEVILLE. When engravings are given, they are in the highest rank of art; while the paper, types, and execution are of the best. We believe MESSRS. BANGS, PLATT & Co. have supplied the booksellers generally with the valuable works of this collection. . . . The following remarks upon *Two New Pictures by Doughty*, are from the same friend to whom we were indebted for a recent article upon a kindred theme in these pages:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

'You have kindly allowed me the privilege of contributing, from time to time, my current thoughts upon the paintings of our New-York artists. I do not enjoy the acquaintance of many of them, and my avocations prevent my seeking them out, and speaking of them, in your Magazine as they would doubtless merit. I frankly admit, that of all the branches of pictorial art, that of *Landscape Painting* affects me most. I have endeavored, but in vain, to go into raptures over the grand historical or symbolical pictures that seem to have been elevated, as by common consent, into the master-pieces of human admiration. I have wandered through the vast galleries of Europe, and felt the heresy of *nil admirari* afflict my mind, on gazing at the rich coloring of RUBENS, that giant essayist of paint. Nude figures, with cherry-colored knees, (and such fat knees!) and large wings sticking out from the back, never made me a disciple of the 'grand style.' Simple maidens without one heavenly expression, holding babies in their arms, sitting in high-backed chairs, and a grizzly saint, worshipping either the girl or the infant, on his marrow-bones, though painted by a RAPHAEL, could never bend my heart in adoration at the excellence of his manner; nor could I ever find in such groups any sublimity of conception; but I *have* stood entranced before the miraculous works of CLAUDE. In the Louvre, as you enter the long gallery, just on your right, near the door, are three or four paintings of LORRAINE. I well remember how I had longed to see one of these far-famed efforts of genius. My mind had been filled with stories told by travellers who had seen his works; they had spoken of his bright skies, of his limpid water, his breeze-blown trees, his velvet grass; and I was prepared to look upon him as the master of all the great elements of his art. I turned from a huge picture by the Titan RUBENS, and my eyes fell upon a sea-port by CLAUDE. A thrill of exquisite delight fluttered through my body; I knew at once whose hand had made that picture! It seemed as if some fairy enchantment was over me, as I stood gazing in wonder at the wonderful performance. The clouds, lifted by the struggling rays of the sun, had floated toward the top of the picture, while far in the west, away out at sea, over the bluish-green horizon, ruffled by the cooling breeze that is always wafted about over the swells of the ocean far out from land, the sun was about to set. The gold that he shed over every object was the gold of heaven, and the old tower and the heaving waves glowed and glittered as it powdered them with its impalpable dust. What were to me the strained limbs, the distorted postures, the academic drawing of those grand efforts that crowded the walls of the gallery of the Louvre, to this one landscape? Such, feebly expressed here, were my feelings at my first introduction to a CLAUDE. I had wondered at the industry of the old masters who dealt in groups of figures—their JEROMES in churches, and JOHNS in wildernesses; but my wonder was unmixt with reverence, with which I had hoped to have been excited upon examining their chef-d'œuvres. How different with *Truth*, as it stood revealed through the imitations of sylvan nature upon my mind!

I have been led into this train by the reminiscence of CLAUDE; and that leads me to a cherished theme; the pictures of our American CLAUDE—DOUGHTY. We were together at his studio a few days ago, and you, dear KNICK, agreed with me in offering (*aside*) our sincere tribute of admiration of the several pictures that adorned his room. You will remember his large picture of a *Lake Scene in New-Hampshire*. How sober the coloring—how distant the distancé! And then that ridge of rocks on the right-hand-side across the lake, and the straggling trees that waved in the breeze borne along the valley that we *knew* lay beyond, and the grove of whispering beeches at the base, shadowing the tranquil water! How you might wander along the banks, and then steal through the thicket and hear the birds sing, and startle the sleeping rabbit from his form, or flush the long-billed woodcock, as with taper legs he marches up the gentle veins of water that, oozing from the rocks, helps to feed the limpid wealth of the quiet lake! This picture is worked up with great skill; it is a master-piece of difficult and honest labor. There is no trick about it, but all is faithfully done, and not *overdone*. A tender feeling pervades the composition, and lines are blended with a pencil of magic.

There is no straining after effect; no startling brightness, to be broken up against by lowering boughs of trees, placed trickishly in the fore-ground; no thunder-cloud to make, by fearful contrast, the water gleam the brighter; but the high pageantry of clouds roll on in their place, to the solemn music and movement of the religious winds, and all is calm and beautifully still.

'I am happy to learn that this picture is to be in the possession of a wealthy and intellectual gentleman of Maryland, who has already secured one of DOUGHERTY'S best pictures—his '*Dream of Italy*.' DOUGHERTY is getting higher prices for his pictures, since his return from Europe; and so it should be. He paints now with more care than before; he finds it more difficult to satisfy himself; and his mind is ripened by the opportunity he has had of comparing works of art abroad. He has not changed his style, but he elaborates more than formerly, and dignifies his execution with a broader pencil. In composition he is unequalled. He does not hurl his brushes at the canvass, to produce startling effects, nor does he pile on the color until that which should be fleecy cloud is flinty rock; but all is blended vigorously, and with judgment. The hand is servant to the mind, and his eye, that has drank in Nature from her fountain-heads, is still the same close observant slave to his taste as ever. Long may it be so with DOUGHERTY!

'I am not boring you, am I, dear 'Old Knicker,' with this sort of rambling, disjointed talk? If I am, throw it in the fire, or tear up my manuscript, and let the 'gude wife and the winsome bairns' make cigar-lighters of it, for future use when I visit you in the 'sanctum.' Bear with me a second longer, and I will only take off two more of those buttons that decorate your new-year coat.

'DOUGHERTY has just finished another great picture, and he calls it a *View on the Susquehanna*. You saw him when he commenced it. How strange it all seemed to be to our uninitiated eyes! but he delved away, and when subsequently we strolled into his studio, how it had grown upon us! The chestnut-tree that he planted on the side of the river had bloomed and blossomed, and we saw its green leaves, like Honor around the brow of Worth, spread around its lofty top. The river flowed, and the hills seemed as if they had come out of a mist; and the rocks, those gray sentinels to all lovely scenes, struck their granite roots deep into the loamy soil, and allowed the graceful vines and the modest moss to crawl and cluster on their flinty tops. The cottage from whose chimney, like a homely prayer from an humble hearth, spirals the smoke, how it indicates the thought of the artist! Embowered among river-loving trees, it nestles, happy home of tender love, and recalls—I know it *did*—many an hour of youth to us both. Could any thing better have been placed there? The fore-ground is masterly, and throws into grand relief that bright gleam of sunshine, that strives to rival with its golden stream the chaster silver of the rippling river.

'I have attempted to describe these two pictures, and have been led into too extended an article. I had marked another picture; but I know you are crowded, and I forbear, for I am sure there is not enough space for me; and beside, your friends will grumble if I encroach upon the California gold-mines of the Editor's 'Gossip.'

OUR esteemed friend 'F. W. S.' sends us the following brace of stanzas, for which he will please accept our hearty thanks:

ON SEEING A HUNDRED SILVER SPOONS ENCLOSED IN A CHERRY-STONE.

It was not for the good of doing, nor for fun,
But merely for the sake of showing it could be done:
Should many strive by such appeals, for such renown,
More men would stand on their heads than heels,
And the world turn upside down.

TO A LADY WITH BEAUTIFUL WHITE TEETH.

THEY shine like diamonds in the light,
To grace the charming girl;
First IVORY claimed them as her own,
But gave them up to PEARL.

Oh! may their lustre long endure
With laughter to beguile;
The ready heralds of a kiss,
And PARENTS of a SMILE.

We understand that our 'lang-syne' friend and collaborateur in the fields of literature, PARK BENJAMIN, has of late won golden opinions as a lecturer. The New-Haven journals warmly eulogize his late essay on 'Music,' pronounced in that delectable city before the Young Men's Institute. It is said to have been 'excellently composed and capably spoken.' We learn farther that Mr. BENJAMIN is meditating a series of lectures 'on his own hook,' which, from their subject, promise to be right interesting. That subject is 'The men and countries of Eastern Europe,' to be divided into three parts, namely, Illyria and the Illyrians; Hungary and the Hungarians; Bohemia and the Bohemians; thus comprehending the nations of Slavonic origin. This employment of lecturing, by the way, is highly respectable, for it engages some of the best minds in the country. There is, moreover, no method by which intellectual instruction and recreation can be imparted in a more popular manner. . . . 'WHAT a wonderful thing,' said BOB WHITE, the other day, at the New-Haven wharf, 'is the transmigration of souls! Here we are on the wharf at New-Haven, and to-morrow morning we 'll be in New-York!' The above was literally said this summer to a friend of ours. . . . AN incident recorded in 'M.'s paper on '*Hereditary Descent in America*' reminds us of an Irishman who was boasting that he 'came of a very high family.' 'Yes,' said a by-stander, 'I saw one of your family so high that his feet could n't touch the ground!' . . . HALLECK somewhere asks, in his felicitous manner, for his laurel wreath 'while he's alive to wear it.' A modern poet has depicted one who had earned, but died without receiving it; whose departure was alone announced by the disappearance of the light from the solitary chamber where for years he 'wrote and wrought,' far into the lonely watches of the night:

'So he lived. At last I missed him;
Sull might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his chamber,
Lay no shadow on his wall.
In the winter of his seasons,
In the midnight of his day,
Mid his writing
And inditing
DEATH had beckoned him away,
Ere the sentence he had planned
Found completion at his hand.

'Who shall tell what schemes majestic
Perish in the active brain?
What humanity is robbed of,
Ne'er to be restored again?
What we lose, because we honor
Overmuch the mighty dead,
And dispirit
Living merit,
Heaping scorn upon its head?
Or perchance, when older grown,
Leaving it to die — alone!

Please scan the above lines once more, reader. They have made us sad — but read them once more. . . . '*The Graffenberg Pil*' has effected another remarkable cure, according to our correspondent, in an 'extrodn'ry case of primmatif deffness.' 'My seknd child MERCY, by my thurd wife, ORLANDO, became unwell in the here, about four weeks bak; korsing a good deal of trubble in making her understand. We tried awl the nostrus invenshions of the day; put a peace of Mrs. JERVIS' cold kandy hot into her here; bathed it with rum from the Bay State; got a trumpet and a cornet-a-pistol from the head player at PALMOS' — did n't doo no good. At last, at the earnest littigations and prescriptions of the agent of the company, in some unknown part of New-Gersey, I aplied a box on the ear, and two internally; a piece of Green Mounting ointment on the end of each phinger, she carrying in her pokket a kwarter of a ounce of sarseapperiller, and she immediately herd a voice. I think, respekkted Sur, that this invaluable institushion should be universally overspread throughout this land of liberty-poles, has the foundashion of such a system, entering as it does into the harts of all countrymen, and emenating as it must effectually into the constitution of the nervous porshon of this great republic!' Yes — exactly. Our correspondent

mentions another cure; the case of a very old and *wealthy* man in Brooklyn, who 'had the sakma so bad that his fizicion guv' him up.' When 'the pil' was 'inserted, he was 'gashpin' for bref, and his frens was anxus to kno *how soon* deth wood end his coverings; but 'sprain to relate, 'the pil' restorationed his 'alth.' . . . We confess to much feeling in common with the writer of the article on '*The Natural Dread of Death*;' but we would commend to him, as applicable especially to his own case, these remarks of ADDISON: 'I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that BEING who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view the whole thread of my existence; not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care; when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that He knows them both, and that he will not fail to support and comfort me under them.' SCHILLER, in his '*Yearnings for Wonderland*,' has a very beautiful thought on the general theme of our correspondent:

'Wo is mei what rolls between?
'T is a rapid river rushing;
'T is the stream of DEATH, I ween,
Wildly tossing, hoarsely gushing;
While my very heart-strings quiver
At the roar of that dread river!

'But I see a little boat
The rough waters gently riding;
How can she so fearless float?
For I see no pilot guiding:
Courage!—on!—there's no retreating,
Sails are spread in friendly greeting.'

HERE are two clever anecdotes thrown in at the end of a pleasant letter from a friend in one of the midland counties of our Empire State: 'A man on horseback stopped opposite the little church in B—the other day, upon which some repairs were in progress. He told one of the workmen that he thought it would be an expensive job. 'Yes,' replied the other; 'in my opinion we shall accomplish what our Dominie has been trying in vain to do for the last thirty years.' 'What is that?' said his interrogator. 'Why, in bringing all the parish to *repentance*!' 'Pretty good,' is n't it? Try to read *this* one, then: '*Another*: A person, riding on horseback through the same town, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows: 'How odd it looks to see one calf leading another!' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!' Now the horseman 'went on his way, and I saw him no more.' . . . A FRIEND, lately from foreign parts, writing to us on various topics, tells us the following story: 'After I had been a few weeks at the house of a relative in Scotland, I observed, among a twittering flock of swallows that fluttered and glanced around the turrets, one *entirely gray*. I had never seen an old swallow, that I *knew* to be old, before; and I felt almost inclined to believe that this gray sire of the flock had been in some lime-kiln or flour-barrel, and was trying, in his up-and-down dancing, to shake off his coat of white. I was walking in the garden, however, one morning before breakfast, when I found my venerable friend lying dead and cold in my path, among the bright flowers. I took him up, and was not a little surprised to find that in truth he *was* gray, and doubtless had been getting gray for years. I respected his snow-besprinkled pate, and gave him Christian burial beneath a rose-bush. Who, beside myself, ever saw a gray swallow?' . . . We have been favored with '*J. De Cordova's Map of the State of*

Texas, compiled from the records of the General Land-Office of the State, by ROBERT CREUZBAUR, of Houston. Ever since Texas has been admitted into the Union, the want of an accurate map by which to determine the boundaries of our new sister has become greater than ever. Beside, a great amount of Texas lands are owned at the North, which gives the state a peculiar importance among us. The tide of emigration, too, still sets strongly Texas-ward. Of Mr. DE CORDOVA's map we can say in brief, that it is a faithful and accurate delineation of every county in the state, its towns, rivers and streams, all of which are correctly represented from actual surveys. Mr. AARON H. BEAN, merchant, No. 39 Water-street, is the agent for the map in this city.

'How excellent the alchemy that turns
The turbid mists and cold vacuity
To azure day and golden purged eve!'

So thought we, when we rose, on the morning of the day after Christmas, which same holiday found the metropolis 'clothed upon' with a mantle of smoky darkness, that outvied the thickest November fog of London. Who ever saw such a Christmas before in New-York? Pedestrians, houses even, were invisible across the street; while the 'water-cold,' as the Germans term it, permeated through every interstice of one's outer defences. 'What a day it was, to be sure!'—and what a totally different day the next was!

'Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

'You probably know,' writes a western friend, 'that Sandusky City and its bay are famous for all kinds of game. Ver' well: now fancy to yourself a demure-looking, middle-aged man, sitting in the bar-room of MCKINSTER's Exchange, (the best house in the place,) accosting a citizen with: 'You have plenty of game here, I understand?' 'Wal, y-e-s — we have Ucre and Poker, and millions of ducks; Bluff, quail out on the prairie, Loo, and prairie-hens; but they are rather shy since frost set in; wild-geese, but you have to go to the head of the bay for them; Whist, and lots of squirrels; Brag—a mean game! I played that last night, and got completely cleaned out. Suppose you call, stranger?' But the stranger 'sloped.' . . . READ the following, from LOWELL's '*Legend of Brittany*,' and think on it:

'Gain-hearted world! that look'st with Levite eyes
On those poor fallen by too much faith in man;
She that upon thy freezing threshold lies—
Starved to more sinning by the savage ban,
Seeking such refuge because foulest vice
More God-like than thy virtue is, whose span
Shuts out the wretched only—is more free
From all her crimes than thou wilt ever be!'

MESSRS. LONG AND BROTHER have issued '*Hydropathy and Homœopathy Impartially Appreciated*,' by EDWIN LEE, Esq., of London. The advocates and adversaries of PRIESNITZ and HAHNEMANN have hitherto carried on their warfare very much after the fashion of the GUELFHS and Ghibelines. Each side has usually assailed the other with a savageness savoring strongly of the 'meat-axe' style. At last, however, we have an umpire, evidently a scholar and a gentleman, who fearlessly comes forward to strike the balance, without caring in the least whether the combatants like it or not. Those who really wish to get at the marrow of this hot controversy, will do well to peruse this well-written treatise. They will find no where in such small compass such a condensation of important facts and documents concerning the uses

and abuses of wet sheets and 'douches,' of 'globules' and 'triturations.' They will find too their stock of wisdom on these matters not only measurably but pleausrably enhanced. . . . It is one of our choicest friends who writes us as follows: 'How are you? I came to town on Saturday. A nigger sat next to me in the cars—a pretty spruce gentlemanly 'PANCKO' as 'ever you see.' The sun shining directly through the window, I was forced to lean away from him, like the leaning tower of Pisa. At last he took umbrage. Said he, looking very black in the face, 'Is my presence disagreeable to you?' 'Not at all,' said I; 'I was getting out of the *sun*, not out of the *shade*.' He said that 'altered the case very much!' Behold I send you an epigram, composed three days ago:

'TO BOB, ON BREAKING THE TONGUE OF HIS WAGON.

'No matter, we shall not be long
Upon the highway laggin';
For though your wagon's lost a tongue,
Your tongue it keeps a-waggin'.

'Also one

'TO BOB, WITH A BAD TOOTH-ACHE.

'You've talked so long, and talked so fast,
Until your tongue is raw;
I'm very glad to find at last
You've got to hold your jaw.'

THE public, it seems, have called upon Messrs. LONG AND BROTHER for another edition of *Dr. Dickson's Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine*. Five have already appeared in London, and it has been translated in France, Sweden and Germany. The 'doctors disagree,' we believe, concerning Dr. DICKSON'S views, but they are spreading, evidently. Let them have a fair investigation. . . . We heard at the club the other evening a poser in the way of an argument. Two gentlemen were canvassing the merits of the Art-Union, and one was contending for money-prizes instead of pictures, as affording an opportunity to consult one's taste in purchasing paintings. 'Supposing,' he argued, 'that it was *books* which you drew, instead of *pictures*. You wish, for example, to get IRVING'S golden works, and you draw one of SIMM'S dull novels; or you desired to get BAXTER'S 'Saint's Rest,' and drew 'Puffer Hopkins' or the 'Poems on Man in a Republic!' This argument was a clincher, and the position it established unassailable. . . . We have received a package of very interesting articles from our Oriental correspondent at Constantinople, which will receive immediate attention. He writes us from the Turkish capital, under date of October eleventh: 'I receive the KNICKERBOCKER quite regularly, and thank you much for the attention. It goes the rounds here, and is quite in repute. Whenever the present royal family has sufficiently advanced in English, I think I'll get them to subscribe. Imagine the venerable old gentleman on the title-page making his way into the seraglio—the harem—among fair Circassians and the eunuchs! And when they all came to the 'latter end,' the Editor's 'Gossip,' if they did n't laugh until they roused H. I. M., the present and last of their Caliphs, why—no better evidence would be required of their ignorance of the English language. By-the-by, I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my warm admiration of the 'Oregon Trail' and a piece of sweet poetry on HERO and LEANDER, by Mr. ANTHON, in the KNICKERBOCKER. The latter is beautiful; and I thought, on reading it, that I once more stood on the shore of the Dardanelles (Hellespont) at Sestos or Abydos, and witnessed the sad scene of poor HERO'S self-sacrifice for her devoted lover. I propose yet another

visit to Troy and Mount Ida; and if I can conveniently do so, I will, torch in hand, read these 'strung pearls' of Mr. ANTHON'S sweet muse on the scene he has so graphically and so vividly described.'

LITERARY RECORD.— Among the recent issues of the Brothers HARPER is '*The Forgery: a Tale* by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.' It is one of his 'novels,' unmistakably—and that is 'enough' for most of our readers, and 'too much' for us, 'by considerable.' The same publishers have judged public taste more correctly in the issue of a handsome volume, with numerous engravings, and an illuminated title-page, containing a '*History of King Charles the First, of England*,' by JACOB ABBOTT, whose experience in similar works is well known to the community; and in the republication from 'Punch' of '*Mayhew's Model Men, Women and Children*;' a capital and varied performance, in which there are keen satire, sly humor, sparkling wit, and no lack of strong, wholesome common sense. The illustrations, also, are in excellent keeping with the text. . . . We have three interesting little books, prettily illustrated, and replete with good inculcations, from the press of Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS. The first, '*Cecil and his Dog*,' has enjoyed great popularity, and is a great favorite with youth, from the peculiar simplicity and truthfulness of the narrative, and the attractive style in which it illustrates the value of moral and religious principle in the young. The second, under the title of '*Always Happy*,' contains anecdotes, all fruitful of good, 'of FELIX and his sister SERENA,' which were written for her children by a mother. A single fact is its sufficient praise; it is from the *fifteenth* London edition. The third is entitled '*Cousin Bertha's Stories*,' and is the production of a lady, Mrs. MARY N. M'DONALD. . . . MESSRS. GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN, Boston, have issued in a handsome volume '*Dr. Wayland's Brown-University Sermons*,' a series of **twenty-one** discourses, extending through a period of four years, the subjects coming down to the recent revolutions in Europe, and the whole designed to designate and set forth the most important doctrines of the gospel. Dr. WAYLAND'S high reputation will insure the wide dissemination of these Discourses. From the same house we have also another volume, by an eminent and popular clergyman, Rev. E. L. MAGOON, of Cincinnati, which he entitles '*Proverbs for the People*,' consisting of illustrations of practical goodness drawn from the Book of Wisdom. The author discusses the exalted principles of Christian morality in a manner adapted to the common comprehension; nor, while he has relied mainly upon the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, has he been unmindful to consult those ethical writers, ancient sages, and modern poets, who have recorded striking thoughts on the themes which he discusses; thus securing 'the best impressions of the best minds in every age and clime.' . . . We have heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER the '*Tales from Shakspeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb*;' and only recur to them now to say, that Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Broadway, have issued them in a very handsome volume, liberally and prettily illustrated. In matter (of course) and in manner it is a charming volume. . . . '*Count Raymond of Toulouse, and the Crusade against the Albigenses*' is the title of an illustrated work from the popular pen of 'CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,' and the last which she ever wrote. We have read it with great interest; but there is little need of our poor praise of the writings of one whose existence came to a close with the book before us. The work will be widely read and as widely admired. . . . We are indebted to Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY for '*The Story of Little John*,' from the French of CHARLES JEANNEL, a work which may be consulted with profit in the education of children, at that critical age when the mind is most susceptible of lasting impressions, and when the character is taking its bent for life. From the same publishers we receive '*Friday Christian, or the First-born of Pitcairn's Island*,' a narrative of varied interest, the sale of which is designed to aid the 'Governor CLARK Episcopal Mission' of the State of Missouri. . . . '*The American Almanac*,' from the press of LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston, is what it purports to be; a '*Repository of Useful Knowledge*,' in the fullest sense of the term. The present, the twentieth volume of the work, contains full, authentic, and varied information concerning the complex affairs of the general and state governments, the finances, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements, expenditures and resources of the United States. It is literally replete with the most valuable intelligence, no where else accessible; and as such, is an almost invaluable work. . . . We would keep our readers advised that Mr. GEORGE VIRTUE continues regularly the publication in numbers of the '*Devotional Family Bible*,' and that there is not the slightest falling off in the excellence of the paper and typography, nor in the superb engravings with which the work is embellished.

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BUTLER'S HORÆ JURIDICÆ.

BY FRANKLIN J. DICKMAN.

THE true spirit of laws must be ascertained from the manner in which they are administered. Habeas-corpus and trial by jury, however fair they may seem on the statute-book, during the reign of James the Second were dead letters in the English constitution. And why? Because their noble provisions were not enforced in the courts of justice; because the tribunals were filled with such men as Jeffries, and others like him, who were willing to sacrifice at the altar of prerogative the dearest rights of the people. As we shall shortly see, there was nothing in the laws of the barbarians which argued so strongly their weakness and inadequacy, as the manner in which the gravest issues were decided. The modes of trial adopted in settling matters of litigation were chiefly three: the trial by negative proofs, the trial by ordeal, and the trial by wager of battle. Of these in their order.

First, of the trial by negative proofs. According to this, the person against whom a demand or accusation was brought, might clear himself in most instances by a negation, or swearing in conjunction with a certain number of witnesses that he had not committed the crime laid to his charge. The number of these compurgators increased in proportion to the importance of the affair; sometimes as many as seventy-two being required. To allow the party accused to acquit himself by swearing to his innocence and procuring his relations to swear that he had told the truth, was evidently reposing too much confidence in human nature. Perjury, and subornation of perjury, are not the exclusive growth of modern times, but were in all probability frequently found interwoven with the natural simplicity and candor of the barbarian. Negative proofs are permitted at the present day, though with the concurrence of positive proofs. As soon as the

plaintiff has introduced his witnesses in order to ground his action, the defendant usually brings forward witnesses in support of his side, after which the judge, by comparing the testimonies, determines the law suitable to the facts of the case. The rule which governs in the practice of our courts, is, that *the obligation of proving any fact lies upon the party who substantially asserts the affirmative of the issue.* ' *Ei incumbit probatio, qui dicit, non qui negat,*' is the maxim of the common as well as of the Roman law. This rule is adopted, not because it is impossible to prove a negative, but because an opposite rule would not be so favorable to justice, and because the negative does not admit of that direct and simple proof of which the affirmative is capable.

Secondly, of the trial by ordeal. This was of two kinds, either fire-ordeal or water-ordeal; the former being confined to persons of higher rank, the latter to the common people. Fire-ordeal consisted in handling, without being hurt, a piece of red-hot iron of the weight of one, two or three pounds, or in walking bare-foot and blind-fold over nine red-hot ploughshares, laid lengthwise at unequal distances; and if the party escaped harmless, he was adjudged innocent; otherwise he was condemned as guilty. Water-ordeal was performed either by plunging the bare arm up to the elbow in boiling water and escaping unhurt, or by casting the person suspected into a river or pond of cold water, and if he floated therein without any action of swimming, it was deemed an evidence of his guilt; but if he sank he was acquitted. The trial by ordeal, according to Sir William Blackstone, was known to the ancient Greeks; and in proof of this he cites from the *Antigone* of Sophocles, where a person suspected by Creon of a misdemeanor offers to manifest his innocence by handling hot iron and walking over fire:

Ἰμεν δ' ἔτοιμοι καὶ μῦθους αἰρεῖν χερσῶν
καὶ πῦρ δέειπεν, καὶ θεοῦς ἄρκωμοτεῖν
τὸ μῆτε ἄρᾶσαι, μῆτε τῶ ξυνοιδένας
τὸ πᾶγμα βουλευσάντι, μῆτ' εἰργασμένω.*

A mode of trial in which so little depended on reason and so much on hazard, which was incapable of convicting and had no manner of connection either with innocence or guilt, which relied so much upon special decrees of Providence, and so little upon the natural order of things, could only be received at a time when society was in a very simple state. We say incapable of convicting, because conviction was alike opposed by the length of time allowed to test the effect of the ordeal and the barbarians' peculiar habits of life. After the party accused had thrust his hand in boiling water, it was immediately wrapped and sealed in a bag; and if at the end of three days there appeared no mark, the accused was acquitted. Now among a warlike people, inured to the handling of arms, the impression made on a callous skin by the hot iron or boiling water would very seldom be perceptible at the expiration of three days; and as to casting the

* ANTIGONE, V. 270.

person suspected into a river or pond of cold water, the guilty by this mode were as sure of escape as they were of conviction. Indeed, the trial by ordeal, after making due allowance for the circumstances of the time in which it obtained, was unreasonable, unjust, contrary to all equity.

The student of the early English chronicles* will at once recall to mind the romantic story of Queen Emma, who so heroically passed the trial of fire-ordeal. Accused by her ungrateful son, Edward the Confessor, of an unchaste familiarity with the bishop of Winchester, she offers to vindicate her innocence by this rude appeal to Providence. The crafty Dane, the stern Saxon and the chivalrous Norman, forgetting their enmities, have assembled at Westminster to witness the issue. At the appointed time the royal heroine appears. Her dark hair falling down her shoulders beautifully contrasts with the white wofles which partly envelope it, and her loose robe trailing behind her, wins the homage of the graces. She is confident in the decree of the powers above. Summoning a resolution worthy of Cleopatra herself, she veils her eyes, makes bare her feet, passes the burning ploughshares, and walks a Queen as pure as the element that has just spared her tenderness.

Thirdly, of the trial by wager of battle. This seems to have owed its original to the military spirit of the northern nations, as well as to their superstitious frame of mind; it seems also to have been a natural consequence and a remedy of the law which established negative proofs. Whenever it was the apparent intention of the defendant to elude an action unjustly by an oath, the most obvious remedy suggested to the plaintiff, who apprehended and hoped that Heaven would give the victory to the side of justice, was to demand satisfaction for the wrong done to him by challenging his opponent to single combat. It is said that the Turks in their civil wars look upon the first victory as a decision of Heaven in favor of the victor; so, among the German races, the issue of a combat was considered a special decree of Providence, ever ready to defend the right and punish the wrong. We learn from the writings of Tacitus that when one German nation intended to declare war against another, they endeavored to take some person of the enemy prisoner, whom they obliged to fight with one of their own people. If the event of the combat was favorable, they prosecuted the war with vigor; if unfavorable, terms of peace were proposed. A nation who thus settled public quarrels by a resort to single combat, might reasonably be expected to employ the same means in deciding the disputes of individuals. It is curious to observe that in England, even at the present day, this species of trial may be adopted at the option of the parties upon issue joined in a writ of right; the last and most solemn decision of real property. Of course it is much disused; yet as there is no statute in prohibition, it may be resorted to at the present time. From the reports of Sir James Dyer it appears that the last trial by battle in England was waged in the Court of Common Pleas

* Vide BAKER'S *Chronicles*, p. 18.

at Westminster in the thirteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was held in Tothill Fields, '*non sine magna juris, consultorum perturbatione*,' says Sir Henry Spelman, who was present on the occasion. To this original of judicial combats may be traced the heroic madness of knight-errantry, as satirized in the pages of Don Quixotte, and the impious system of private duels which mars the civilization of our own age and country; so remote is the connection often existing between historic causes and effects. Our limits will not permit us to inquire farther into this species of trial; those who desire a fuller account may be referred to the concise style, profound research, rigid analysis and vigorous thought embodied in the Spirit of Laws.

Such is a brief and imperfect view of the laws which governed the northern nations upon their final settlement in the south. From the institutions to which the peculiar character and situation of these nations gave rise have sprung most of the governments of modern Europe. Thus the feudal system, which seems to have been an innate idea in the German mind, is the basis of the English no less than of the old French constitution; and that, too, although the one fosters with parental care the privileges of the subject, while the other allowed popular rights to be absorbed in excessive prerogative. But whence this difference? Why is it that of two neighboring nations, situated nearly under the same climate, and having a common origin, the one has reached a high point of liberty, while the other, until within a few months, was sunk under an almost absolute monarchy? A recurrence to history will furnish a satisfactory solution. It is well known that for a long time after the Norman conquest England was rendered a scene of confusion by the differences which arose between the crown and the nobility. The former, by a series of successful encroachments, had greatly augmented its power, while the latter had proportionately declined in importance. The haughty baron who had left his home in Normandy as the companion rather than the subject of the Conqueror, if not a criminal in the *Aula Regis*, soon found himself, on pain of forfeiture, servilely repairing to the standard of the king. To free themselves from these and other rigors of the feudal government, the nobles in their depressed state found it necessary to call in the assistance of the people. At once the lord, the vassal, the inferior vassal, the peasant and the cottager formed a close and numerous confederacy. Previously, however, to lending their aid, the people stipulated conditions for themselves; they were to be made partners of public liberty, and in consequence entitled to the protection of the law. Their importance once acknowledged, it was difficult to reconcile them to their former submission. The different orders of the feudal government being connected by exactly similar tenures, the possessors of the lower fiefs, the freemen, and the peasants, very early found that the same maxims which were laid down as true against the crown in behalf of the lords of the upper fiefs, applied also against the latter in behalf of themselves. In consequence of the extension of this doctrine through the different ramifications of the people, the principle of primeval equality

was every where diffused and established, and that holy flame of popular freedom was then enkindled which to this day sheds its mild light over the whole realm of England. About forty years after the conquest, in the reign of Henry the First, the efficacy of this spirit of union and concerted resistance began more than at any other previous period to be manifested. Henry, having ascended the throne to the exclusion of his elder brother, saw, amid the plots and jealousies by which he was surrounded, the necessity of conciliating the affection of his subjects. United as the numerous body of the people were with the privileged classes, he perceived that without their favor he must hold the crown by a very precarious tenure; accordingly, in mitigating the rigor of the feudal system in favor of the lords, he annexed as a condition to the charter which he granted that the lords should allow the same freedom to their respective vassals; and at the same time, through his intervention, were abolished all those laws of the Conqueror which burdened most heavily the lower classes of the people. It would be easy to show that the same causes operated in a similar manner under the despotic government of King John; but enough has been said to illustrate this point and to warrant the inference that the free elements in the British constitution may be traced to that excessive power of the early English kings, which, by forcing the nobility into a combination with the people, rendered the latter sensible of their political importance, and induced finally a successful vindication of their political rights. But the history of the French constitution offers a striking contrast. In France the royal authority at an early period was very inconsiderable, while that of the nobility was exceedingly great. While in England the mass of the people sought refuge from the king by combining with the nobles, in France they at last sought refuge from the nobles by throwing themselves into the arms of the king. While in England the excessive prerogative of the kings was the means of making them weak, in France their authority was ultimately increased by the exorbitant power of the nobles. In England the gradual tendency was to free institutions, to popular rights; in France, to an absolute monarchy. In fine, the French and the English constitutions, like two streams flowing from the same source, gradually diverged; the one rolling on its baleful waters and gathering poisons in its course, the other fertilizing and making glad the countries through which it passed.

We have thus taken a cursory view of our subject. To embrace it in all its detail would require more ability and more research than we are able to bestow. That it is vested with interest will be readily conceded. The science of comparative jurisprudence, which consists in tracing out the analogies of the laws and institutions of different countries, is daily becoming of more and more importance. From our increasing intercourse with the different nations of the earth, questions of the most perplexing character are constantly arising, which require in their solution more or less acquaintance with the elementary principles of foreign jurisprudence; but to obtain this knowledge the dust and silence of the past must be invaded;

time-honored institutions must be studied, for in them are wrapped up many of the laws and customs of our own day. Modern civilization is but the last stage of that progress which was long and long ago commenced :

— 'THE feet of hoary time
Through their eternal course have travelled over
No speechless, lifeless desert.'

There is a chain running through humanity, which links the past with the present, and the present with the future. Let not that chain be broken. Let us not check a spirit of antiquarian research; but penetrating mists and darkness, let us learn from the Dodonean oracle of the past, lessons of wisdom to guide us in the future.

MAN AND WOMAN'S MISSION.

A PASSAGE FROM 'PHILO.'

MAN does his mission; woman is herself
A mission, like the landscape. Her effect
Lies not in voting, warring, clerical oil,
But germinating grace, forth-putting virtue,
The Demosthenic force of secret worth,
And pantheism of truth and holiness.

She needeth not to push, when through all crowds
She melts like quicksilver. The Amazons,
Outwent they the blue-eyed Saxonides?
The fairest smile that woman ever smiled,
The softest word she ever gave her lover,
The dimple in the cheek, the eye's enchantment,
The goodly-favoredness of hand or neck,
The emphasis of nerves, the shuddering pulse,
The PSYCHE veiled beneath the skin, the might
Of gentleness, the sovereignty of good,
Are all apostles, by God's right; their office
To guide, reprove, enlighten, and to save;
Their field the world, now white for harvesting,
Her mission works with her development —
Her scope to beautify whate'er she touches:
Her action is not running, nor her forte
To nod like Jove, and set the earth a-shaking:
Silent she speaks, and motionless she moves,
As rocks are split by wedge of frozen water.

If woman feels the sacred fire of genius,
Give her the liberty to genius owed:
But the world's greatness is diminutive,
And what is small, the true magnificence,
And a good mother greater than a queen.

C A R M E N B E L L I C O S U M .

i.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon shot:
 When the files
 Of the iales,
 From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn,
 And grammer, grummer, grammer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

ii.

Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our aires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires:
 As the roar
 On the shore
 Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
 Of the plain,
 And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
 Cracking amain!

iii.

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red Saint George's
 Cannoniers,
 And the 'villanous saltpetre'
 Rang a fierce discordant metre
 Around their ears:
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
 With a hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
 On our flanks;
 Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

iv.

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder cloud;
 And his broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet loud:
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
 And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath,
 And runder, runder, runder roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling death!

JOHN MAC GROOM.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HUMAN SOUL.

PART ONE: BY IOTA.

WHEN I first awoke to consciousness, I found myself bound by a tie of indescribable closeness to a frame composed of flesh and blood and bone and muscle, but originally sprung, as I have since learned, from dust, and to dust doomed to return, though I myself, in another state of existence, am destined to live for ever. This frame and I, coëval in our being, form to this day the body and soul of a mortal man.

How I entered into this body, by what means I am connected with it, whether I proceeded by ordinary generation from my earthly parents, or emanated directly from that ALMIGHTY spirit who formed and who rules the Universe, are subjects which I frankly confess I do not understand; subjects which have puzzled the brains of thousands of my species for thousands of years, and which I am fully convinced are of those 'secret things' that 'belong with the LORD our God,' and which it is impossible for us in our present state to comprehend.

Of the first year of my existence I can say but little. I have reason to believe that my intellectual faculties lay during that period in a quiescent state, my perceptive powers being to some extent awakened; and that I caused an infinite deal of trouble to those who had the charge of me, especially my kind and never-wearying mother. My birth-companion, the body, was at this time so weak and helpless, it could do nothing for itself; and I, as I have since heard, was so excessively cross, that I would scarcely permit any thing to be done for it.

Very soon my passions began to develop themselves; and I am happy to say, that the principle of Love was, as near as I can tell, the first which awoke within me. This was manifested by the reluctance which I showed to leave the arms of my mother or nurse, and submit to the caresses of any one else. Following this, if not coëval with it, was Joy, for love naturally and of itself engenders joy. Fear, and Anger, and Sorrow, successively displayed themselves. Sorrow, indeed, might be said to have come into the world with me, for my first sound was a sound of sorrow; but that, I suspect, proceeded from an intuitive feeling of self-preservation; a physical sorrow, if I might use the expression, which did not require the exercise of my faculties. Pride, revenge, ambition, and shame, were at this time wholly unknown to me.

As I advanced in life, I became aware, that there were other beings made up like myself, of soul and body, who loved me and cared for me; and I very soon learned to return their love, attaching myself, however, more to some than to others. I perceived, too, that there

were other creatures, which lived and breathed like them, but yet were very different from them. Wherein the difference consisted I could not tell; but from the earliest age I knew intuitively, that the dog which tumbled with me on the floor, and the kitten that purred herself to sleep in my lap, were animals inferior to myself. Since I grew older, I have indulged in speculations, and pondered on the speculations of others, in order to ascertain what was the essential difference between the Man and the Beast — between Reason and Instinct; but am obliged to confess, that the investigations of adolescence amount to very little more than the intuitive perceptions of childhood. I am not without hope that the onward progress of science will throw more light on this subject than has yet been done; but it is a pretty difficult one, and apt to involve us in a labyrinth of speculation, from which extrication is well-nigh impossible. There are many who would admit that a dog, for instance, has reason; which is just the same as saying that it has a soul; but if we grant this, we must also grant that every individual of the brute creation, even to the animalcule and the zoophyte, has a soul; a thinking, reasoning, immortal part. And are we prepared to do this? Hardly, I think.

But I am wading in waters beyond my depth, and lest I should get drowned in an ocean of conjecture, will hastily retrace my steps to the point from which I started.

Every day of my life brought an increase of strength to my body and an accession of new ideas to myself. At length to the great joy of those by whom I was surrounded, the glorious gift of language was granted to me, and I was enabled by this medium to express those ideas, and receive others innumerable. And then began the joy, the delight, the rapture of existence! Ten thousand rare and beautiful things became by degrees imparted to me; ten thousand new and wonderful sensations awoke at the same time within me. Before this, I had only vegetated, now I lived. The innumerable objects of external nature; the sunshine and the cloud, the waters and the skies, the trees and the flowers, the bird, the beast and the insect, by turns awoke my delighted interest; while the exquisite harmony of sound modulated into every variety of tone, made me thrill with delicious emotions which it is impossible to describe. By a series of admirable pieces of mechanism, called the senses, with the functions of which my reader is probably acquainted, every thing passing around me was instantaneously made known to me; and I felt myself gradually expanding like a flower opening its petals to the bright rays of the morning sun.

And ever and anon, as some new object was presented to me, would arise the earnest inquiry: 'Who made it?' nor could I be satisfied until all things were referred to their original source. So many and so searching were my questions on this subject, that as I have heard one, (herself a mother) remark 'a mother would need to be a good theologian;' yet so indefinite were my ideas, that when told that God made the trees, and the waters, and the sun, and the stars, I would innocently ask: 'Did He make the houses and the tables and the chairs?' And here let me remark, that children are never atheists.

Atheism is a monstrous and unnatural idea, originating in the pride of human learning, and rising up in direct opposition to an innate principle of our nature. I repeat it, it is *never* found in the minds of children.

'Who made all these things?' asks the newly awakened spirit; and when told that God made them it immediately rests satisfied. It believes, and is happy. Ah! take, if you will, the boastful scepticism of the man, but give me the simple faith of the child.

It has been remarked by one of my species, that a man learns more in the first six years of his existence than in all his life beside. The remark is a just one; but had the period been extended to twelve years, I think it would have had still greater force. For if the knowledge of simple language unfolded to me such treasures, and gave birth to so many new ideas, how shall I describe my sensations when with faculties further advanced and better able to grasp what was laid before them, I attained the power of studying the written language of my kind; that priceless treasure which man alone, of all the animals with which we are acquainted, possesses. What gleams of light broke in upon me! What wonderful things in nature and art became known to me! What a vast expanse of thought opened before me! Every thing was new, fresh and delightful, and with every accession to my knowledge, I could feel myself increasing in power, wisdom, energy and activity.

I must confess, however, that at this period I did not fully appreciate the privileges I enjoyed, but would sometimes turn with disgust from the avenues of learning, especially if they were thorny or toilsome, and give myself up with all my energies to some species of amusement, which, though frivolous and transient, contributed in the main to my good, as it strengthened my birth-companion and afforded refreshment and relaxation to myself. I would watch the motions of a kite with an interest as intense as if the fate of empires depended on its flight; I would 'chase the flying ball' with a speed which far outstripped the tardy and laborious efforts of my body; nay, I would sometimes superintend with delighted interest, the mysterious feminine operation of dressing dolls, and even (blush, manhood!) permit the awkward, blundering, masculine fingers of my birth-companion to assist in the delicate task!

And here let me pause a moment in my narrative to advert to the wonderful, the incomprehensible connection which subsists between my birth-companion and myself. So closely are we bound together and so completely identified with each other, that it is next to impossible to tell where spirit begins and matter ends. The body cannot so much as lift its hand to its head without the exercise of my will; and I, though by far the most glorious, noble, and potent part, can do nothing, absolutely nothing, without the aid of the body, except indeed to range at will over the regions of thought in complete discommunion with and abstraction from every created being. Should the slightest injury be inflicted on any part of the body, instantaneous intelligence of the event is conveyed to me, and a sympathetic feeling of pain awakened; while, on the other hand, should any sudden or

powerful emotion arise within me, the heart will throb wildly and the blood will rush tumultuously to the cheeks, and the limbs will quiver and the tears gush in torrents from the eyes. These effects are produced by means of certain vehicles called nerves, (of which my reader has probably heard) which intersect the body in every direction and concentrate in the brain; but *how* that brain and these nerves communicate with me, is something which no mortal has yet found out.

Instead of seeking to penetrate the mystery, let us consider how admirably each part is adapted to its particular use. The hand, by means of which I at present express myself, is a perfect chef-d'œuvre of art; the foot, with its flexible arch, is most wonderfully calculated to support and propel the immense weight that rests upon it; and so with the other parts of the body; and when I look within on myself, I find passions, affections, emotions, and feelings, most beautifully adapted to every order of circumstances in which I may be placed.

Let them talk as they may of the vastness of the universe; of worlds extending beyond worlds in incomputable distance; of suns whose light takes thousands of years to reach our earth; there is nothing, in the whole wide range of creation, which proves more clearly and incontestably the existence, the wisdom and the power of a God, than that compound of mortal and immortal, of spiritual and material, the body and soul of man. And never can I turn from the contemplation of this subject, without feeling myself lifted up toward the ALMIGHTY author of my being, and forced to exclaim with the Psalmist: 'I will praise THEE: for I am fearfully and wonderfully made!'

As I emerged from boyhood and became 'content no more with girls to play,' I experienced many new sensations. I felt within me the workings of ambition; I indulged in bright dreams of the future; and though still ardently thirsting after knowledge, I entered on a path till then almost untrodden and wandered with delight through the pleasant fields of fancy and imagination.

When I had existed for about eighteen years, a new and extraordinary feeling took possession of me. I fell in love! It is impossible to describe my sensations at this time: joy and fear and hope and uncertainty danced round and round within me and kept me in a perpetual whirl of excitement; but joy, wild, fitful, passionate, ecstatic joy, was the predominant feeling. It seemed as if the whole creation existed only for me and one other being toward whom I felt myself drawn by an irresistible impulse, a 'nameless longing,' so powerful, so subtle and so delightful, that I had neither the desire nor the ability to withstand it. If she smiled on me, all nature seemed to smile with sympathetic gladness; if she frowned, the very blackness of darkness was upon me and around me. Never did the sun shine so brightly as when he shone on us two together; never did the wild flowers bloom so sweetly as when the fairy foot of her mortal body trod on them at the same moment with mine; never did the sound of music thrill so exquisitely through me, as when it flowed

from her ripe lips, or leaped from her flying fingers. I was entranced; I was spell-bound. I could think of nothing but my love. Every thing else seemed poor, miserable and of no account, in comparison with it. I read great quantities of poetry and even (shall I own it!) tried to compose some; but vain — vain was the attempt to give utterance to the burning thoughts that filled me.

‘I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth it is a happy doom.’

Before I reached this point of my existence, I had not conceived it possible for human life to afford such joy, such ecstasy, as I then felt; and when I *had* reached it, it did not seem possible that that ecstatic joy could ever have an end. But it had.

Circumstances obliged me to separate from the object of my affections and a considerable time elapsed before I again met her. I passed through new scenes, formed new associations and obtained new and far more extended views of life than I had had. I became acquainted with many individuals of the softer sex, more beautiful in form, more brilliant in intellect, more fascinating in manner and altogether more in accordance with my ideas of female perfection than she whom I had left. I began to think I had been too precipitate in fixing my choice. I looked about among them, conversed with them, flirted with them, and finally began to waver in my allegiance. At last I became careless, indifferent, cold, toward the idol of my boy-love.

Yet sometimes the recollection of how I *had* loved and especially of how I had *been loved* would come over me, like the soft land-breeze over the mariner, bringing with it many sweet associations and pleasant thoughts of other days. Then I would reason with myself, how very wrong it was to forget my plighted vows; and at length I resolved, not from any ardor of passion but merely from a high sense of honor, to return and renew them at the shrine where they had first been offered.

Animated therefore, by the high heroic feelings of a martyr, I sought the presence of her whom I had once regarded as the quintessence of female loveliness, but to my astonishment and mortification, I met with a repulse as decided and complete as it was unexpected. This stung me to the very quick, for I had learned by this time to think pretty highly of myself, and naturally supposed that every one else would do the same. I retired in high dudgeon; and was ruminating sadly on the incomprehensible fickleness of woman, when I received the astounding intelligence that she, my once adored one, was married!

And who, think you, had she married? Why, an old man, an ugly man; a man with a coarse, hard, sordid soul; a widower, with grown-up sons and daughters. Why did she marry him? Need I answer the question? He had ‘great possessions;’ he had wealth, influence, station.

Thus burst the beautiful bubble; thus ended ‘Love’s young dream!’

H E A V E N .

BY CAROLINE BOWLES, OF ENGLAND.

Oh ! talk to me of heaven : I love
 To hear about my home above ;
 For there doth many a loved one dwell,
 In light and joy ineffable !
 Oh ! tell me how they shine and sing,
 While every harp rings echoing ;
 And every glad and tearless eye
 Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously !
 Tell me of that victorious palm,
 Each hand in glory beareth ;
 Tell me of that celestial charm
 Each face in glory weareth.

Oh ! happy, happy country ! where
 There entereth not a sin ;
 And Death, that keeps its portals fair,
 May never once come in ;
 No change can turn their day to night,
 The darkness of that land is light ;
 Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
 Far thence to endless banishment ;
 And never more may one dark tear
 Bedim their burning eyes,
 For every one they shed while here
 In fearful agonies,
 Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
 In their immortal diadem.

Oh ! happy, happy country ! there
 Flourishes all that we deem fair ;
 And though no fields, nor forests green,
 Nor bowery gardens, there are seen,
 Nor perfumes load the breeze,
 Nor hears the ear material sound,
 Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
 The archetypes of these ;
 There is the home, the land of birth,
 Of all we dearest prize on earth ;
 The storms that rock this world beneath
 Must there forever cease :
 The only air the blessed breathe
 Is purity and peace.

Oh ! happy, happy land ! in THEE
 Shines the unveiled Divinity.
 Shedding o'er each adoring breast
 A holy calm, a halcyon rest ;
 And those blest souls whom Death did sever
 Have met to mingle joys forever !
 Oh ! when will heaven unfold to me,
 Oh ! when shall I its glories see ;
 And my faint, weary spirit stand
 Within that happy, happy land !

T H E O R E G O N T R A I L .

BY F. PARKMAN, JR.

THE SETTLEMENT.

'AND some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home;
But never more, ah never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.'

SIBBS OF CORINTH.

THE next day was extremely hot, and we rode from morning till night without seeing a tree, or a bush, or a drop of water. Our horses and mules suffered much more than we, but as sunset approached they pricked up their ears and mended their pace. Water was not far off. When we came to the descent of the broad, shallow valley where it lay, an unlooked for sight awaited us. The stream glistened at the bottom, and along its banks were pitched a multitude of tents, while hundreds of cattle were feeding over the meadows. Bodies of troops, both horse and foot, and long trains of wagons with men, women, and children were moving over the opposite ridge and descending the broad declivity in front. These were the Mormon battalion in the service of government, together with a considerable number of Missouri Volunteers. The Mormons were to be paid off in California, and they were allowed to bring with them their families and property. There was something very striking in the half-military half-patriarchal appearance of these armed fanatics, thus on their way with their wives and children, to found, it might be, a Mormon empire in California. We were much more astonished than pleased at the sight before us. In order to find an unoccupied camping ground, we were obliged to pass a quarter of a mile up the stream and here we were soon beset by a swarm of Mormons and Missourians. The United States officer in command of the whole came also to visit us, and remained sometime at our camp.

In the morning the country was covered with mist. We were always early risers, but before we were ready, the voices of men driving in the cattle sounded all around us. As we passed above their camp, we saw through the obscurity that the tents were falling, and the ranks rapidly forming; and mingled with the cries of women and children, the rolling of the Mormon drums and the clear blast of their trumpets sounded through the mist.

From that time to the journey's end, we met almost every day long trains of Government wagons laden with stores for the troops, and crawling at a snail's pace towards Santa Fé.

Tête Rouge had a mortal antipathy to danger, but on a foraging expedition one evening, he achieved an adventure more perilous than had yet befallen any man in the party. The night after we left the Ridge-Path we encamped close to the river. At sunset we saw a train of wagons encamping on the trail, about three miles off; and though we saw them distinctly, our little cart, as it afterward proved,

entirely escaped their view. For some days Tête Rouge had been longing eagerly after a dram of whiskey. So, resolving to improve the present opportunity, he mounted his horse James, slung his canteen over his shoulder and set forth in search of his favorite liquor. Some hours past without his returning. We thought that he was lost, or perhaps that some stray Indian had snapped him up. While the rest fell asleep I remained on guard. Late at night a tremulous voice saluted me from the darkness, and Tête Rouge and James soon became visible, advancing toward the camp. Tête Rouge was in much agitation and big with some important tidings. Sitting down on the shaft of the cart, he told the following story.

When he left the camp he had no idea, he said, how late it was. By the time he approached the wagoners it was perfectly dark; and as he saw them all sitting around their fires within the circle of wagons, their guns laid by their sides, he thought he might as well give warning of his approach in order to prevent a disagreeable mistake. Raising his voice to the highest pitch, he screamed out in prolonged accents, '*camp ahoy!*' This eccentric salutation produced any thing but the desired result. Hearing such hideous sounds proceeding from the outer darkness, the wagoners thought that the whole Pawnee nation were about to break in and take their scalps. Up they sprang staring with terror. Each man snatched his gun; some stood behind the wagons; some lay flat on the ground, and in an instant twenty cocked muskets were levelled full at the horrified Tête Rouge, who just then began to be visible through the darkness.

'Thar they come,' cried the master wagoner, 'fire, fire, shoot that feller.'

'No, no!' screamed Tête Rouge, in an ecstasy of fright; 'do n't fire, do n't; I'm a friend, I'm an American citizen!'

'You're a friend, be you,' cried a gruff voice from the wagons, 'then what are you yelling out thar for, like a wild Injun. Come along up here if you're a man.'

'Keep your guns p'inted at him,' added the master wagoner, 'may be he's a decoy, like.'

Tête Rouge in utter bewilderment made his approach, with the gaping muzzles of the muskets still before his eyes. He succeeded at last in explaining his character and situation, and the Missourians admitted him into camp. He got no whiskey; but as he represented himself as a great invalid and suffering much from coarse fare, they made up a contribution for him of rice, biscuit and sugar from their own rations.

In the morning at breakfast, Tête Rouge once more related this edifying story. We hardly knew how much of it to believe, though after some cross-questioning we failed to discover any flaw in the narrative. Passing by the wagoners' camp, they confirmed Tête Rouge's account in every particular.

'I would n't have been in that feller's place,' said one of them, 'for the biggest heap of money in Missouri.'

To Tête Rouge's great wrath they expressed a firm conviction that he was crazy. We left them after giving them the advice not

to trouble themselves about war-whoops in future, since they would be apt to feel an Indian's arrow before they heard his voice.

A day or two after, we had an adventure of another sort with a party of wagoners. Henry and I rode forward to hunt. After that day there was no probability that we should meet with buffalo, and we were anxious to kill one, for the sake of fresh meat. They were so wild that we hunted all the morning in vain, but at noon as we approached Cow Creek we saw a large band feeding near its margin. Cow Creek is densely lined with trees which intercept the view beyond, and it runs as we afterward found at the bottom of a deep trench. We approached by riding along the bottom of a ravine. When we were near enough, I held the horses while Henry crept toward the buffalo. I saw him take his seat within shooting distance, prepare his rifle and look about to select his victim. The death of a fat cow was a dead certainty, when suddenly a great smoke sprang from the bed of the Creek with a rattling volley of musketry. A score of long-legged Missourians leaped out from among the trees and ran after the buffalo, who one and all took to their heels and vanished. These fellows had crawled up the bed of the Creek to within a hundred yards of the buffalo. Never was there a fairer chance for a shot. They were good marksmen; all cracked away at once and yet not a buffalo fell. In fact the animal is so tenacious of life that it requires no little knowledge of anatomy to kill it, and it is very seldom that a novice succeeds in his first attempt at approaching. The balked Missourians were excessively mortified, especially when Henry told them that if they had kept quiet he would have killed meat enough in ten minutes to feed their whole party. Our friends who were at no great distance, hearing such a formidable fusillade, thought the Indians had fired the volley for our benefit. Shaw came galloping on to reconnoitre and learn if we were yet in the land of the living.

At Cow Creek we found the very welcome novelty of ripe grapes and plums which grew there in abundance. At the little Arkansas, not much farther on, we saw the last buffalo, a miserable old bull, roaming over the prairie alone and melancholy.

From this time forward the character of the country was changing every day. We had left behind us the great arid deserts, meagerly covered by the tufted buffalo-grass, with its pale green hue and its short shrivelled blades. The plains before us were carpetted with rich and verdant herbage sprinkled with flowers. In place of buffalo we found plenty of prairie hens, and we bagged them by dozens without leaving the trail. In three or four days we saw before us the broad woods and the emerald meadows of Council Grove, a scene of striking luxuriance and beauty. It seemed like a new sensation as we rode beneath the resounding arches of these noble woods. Trees so majestic I thought I had never seen before; they were of ash, oak, elm, maple and hickory, their mighty limbs deeply overshadowing the path, while enormous grape vines were entwined among them, purple with fruit. The shouts of our scattered party, and now and then the report of rifle, rang amid the breathing still-

ness of the forest. We rode forth again with regret into the broad light of the open prairie. Little more than a hundred miles now separated us from the frontier settlements. The whole intervening country was a succession of verdant prairies, rising in broad swells and relieved by trees clustering like an oasis around some spring, or following the course of a stream along some fertile hollow. These are the prairies of the poet and the novelist. We had left danger behind us. Nothing was to be feared from the Indians of this region, the Sauks and Foxes, the Kansas and the Osages. We had met with signal good fortune. Although for five months we had been travelling with an insufficient force through a country where we were at any moment liable to depredation, not a single animal had been stolen from us. And our only loss had been one old mule bitten to death by a rattlesnake. Three weeks after we reached the frontier, the Pawnees and the Camanches began a regular series of hostilities on the Arkansas trail, killing men and driving off horses. They attacked without exception, every party, large or small, that passed during the next six months.

Diamond Spring, Rock Creek, Elder Grove, and a dozen camping places beside, were passed all in quick succession. At Rock Creek we found a train of government provision wagons under the charge of an emaciated old man in his seventy-first year. Some restless American devil had driven him into the wilderness at a time when he should have been seated at his fireside with his grandchildren on his knees. I am convinced that he never returned; he was complaining that night of a disease, the wasting effects of which upon a younger and stronger man, I myself had proved from severe experience. Long ere this no doubt the wolves have howled their moonlight carnival over the old man's attenuated remains.

Not long after we came to a small trail leading to Fort Leavenworth, distant but one day's journey. Tête Rouge here took leave of us. He was anxious to go to the Fort in order to receive payment for his valuable military services. So he and his horse James, after an affectionate farewell set out together, taking with them as much provision as they could conveniently carry, including a large quantity of brown sugar. On a cheerless rainy evening we came to our last encamping ground. A dozen pigs belonging to some Shawanoe farmer, were grunting and rooting at the edge of the grove.

'I wonder how fresh pork tastes,' murmured one of the party, and more than one voice murmured in response. The fiat went forth: 'That pig must die,' and a rifle was levelled forthwith at the countenance of the plumpest porker. Just then a wagon train with some twenty Missourians, came out from among the trees. The marksman suspended his aim, deeming it inexpedient under the circumstances to consummate the deed of blood.

The reader should have seen us at our camp in the grove that night, every man standing before the tree against which he had hung his little looking-glass and grimacing horribly as he struggled to remove with a dull razor the stubble of a month's beard.

In the morning we made our toilet as well as circumstances would

permit, and that is saying but very little. In spite of the dreary rain of yesterday, there never was a brighter and gayer autumnal morning than that on which we returned to the settlements. We were passing through the country of the half-civilized Shawanoes. It was a beautiful alternation of fertile plains and groves, whose foliage was just tinged with the hues of autumn, while close beneath them nestled the neat log-houses of the Indian farmers. Every field and meadow bespoke the exuberant fertility of the soil. The maize stood rustling in the wind, matured and dry, its shining yellow ears thrust out between the gaping husks. Squashes and enormous yellow pumpkins lay basking in the sun in the midst of their brown and shrivelled leaves. Robins and blackbirds flew about the fences; and every thing in short betokened our near approach to home and civilization. The swelling outline of the mighty forests that border on the Missouri, soon rose before us and we entered the wide tract of shrubbery which forms their outskirts. We had passed the same road on our outward journey in the spring, but its aspect was totally changed. The young wild apple trees, then flushed with their fragrant blossoms, were now hung thickly with ruddy fruit. Tall rank grass flourished by the roadside in place of the tender shoots just peeping from the warm and oozy soil. The vines were laden with dark purple grapes, and the slender stems of the maple, then tasselled with their clusters of small red flowers, now hung out a gorgeous display of leaves stained by the frost with burning crimson. On every side we saw the token of maturity and decay where all had before been fresh and beautiful as the cheek of a young girl. We entered the forest, and ourselves and our horses were checkered as we passed along, by the bright spots of sunlight that fell between the opening boughs above. On either side the dark, rich masses of foliage almost excluded the sun, though here and there its rays could find their way down, striking through the broad leaves and lighting them with a pure transparent green. Squirrels barked at us from the trees; coveys of young partridges ran rustling over the leaves below, and the golden oriole, the blue-jay and the flaming red-bird darted among the shadowy branches. We hailed these sights and sounds of beauty by no means with an unmingled pleasure. Many and powerful as were the attractions which drew us toward the settlements, we looked back even at that moment with an eager longing toward the wilderness of prairies and mountains behind us. For myself I had suffered more that summer from illness than ever before in my life, and yet to this hour I cannot recall those savage scenes and savage men without a strong desire again to visit them.

At length for the first time during about half a year, we saw the roof of a white man's dwelling between the opening trees. A few moments after we were riding over the miserable log-bridge that leads into the centre of Westport. Westport had beheld strange scenes, but a rougher looking troop than ours with our worn equipments and broken-down horses, was never seen even there. We passed the well-remembered tavern, Boone's grocery and old Vogle's dram-shop, and encamped on a meadow beyond. Here we were soon visited

by a number of people who came to purchase our horses and equipage. This matter disposed of, we hired a wagon and drove on to Kansas landing. Here we were again received under the hospitable roof of our old friend Colonel Chick, and seated under his porch, we looked down once more on the wild eddies of the Missouri.

Delorier made his appearance in the morning, strangely transformed by the assistance of a hat, a coat and a razor. His little log-house was among the woods not far off. It seemed he had meditated giving a ball on the occasion of his return, and had consulted Henry Chatillon as to whether it would do to invite his *bourgeois*. Henry expressed his entire conviction that we would not take it amiss, and the invitation was now proffered accordingly, Delorier adding as a special inducement that Antoine Lajeunesse was to play the fiddle. We told him we would certainly come, but before the evening arrived, a steamboat which came down from Fort Leavenworth, prevented our being present at the expected festivities. Delorier was on the rock at the landing place, waiting to take leave of us.

'Adieu! mes bourgeois, adieu! adieu!' he cried out as the boat put off; 'when you go another time to de Rocky Montagnes I will go with you; yes, I will go!'

He accompanied this patronizing assurance by jumping about, swinging his hat and grinning from ear to ear. As the boat rounded a distant point, the last object that met our eyes was Delorier still lifting his hat and skipping like a monkey about the rock. We had taken leave of Munroe and Jim Gurney at Westport, and Henry Chatillon went down in the boat with us.

The passage to St. Louis occupied eight days, during about a third of which time we were fast aground on sandbars. We passed the steamer *Amelia* crowded with a roaring crew of disbanded volunteers, swearing, drinking, gambling and fighting. At length one evening we reached the crowded levee of St. Louis. Repairing to the Planters' House, we caused diligent search to be made for our trunks, which after some time were discovered stowed away in the farthest corner of the store-room. In the morning we hardly recognised each other; a frock of broadcloth had supplanted the frock of buckskin; well-fitted pantaloons took the place of the Indian leggins, and polished boots were substituted for the gaudy moccasins. We sallied forth, our hands encased in kid gloves and made calls at the houses of our acquaintance. After we had been several days at St. Louis we heard news of Tête Rouge. He had contrived to reach Fort Leavenworth, where he had found the paymaster and received his money. As a boat was just ready to start for St. Louis, he went on board and engaged his passage. This done, he immediately got drunk on shore, and the boat went off without him. It was some days before another opportunity occurred, and meanwhile the settler's stores furnished him with abundant means of keeping up his spirits. Another steam-boat came at last, the clerk of which happened to be a friend of his, and by the advice of some charitable person on shore he persuaded Tête Rouge to remain on board, intending to detain him there until the boat should leave the Fort. At first Tête Rouge

was well contented with this arrangement, but on applying for a dram the bar-keeper at the clerk's instigation, refused to let him have it. Finding them both inflexible in spite of his entreaties, he became desperate and made his escape from the boat. The clerk found him after a long search in one of the barracks; a dozen dragoons stood contemplating him as he lay on the floor, maudlin drunk and crying dismally. With the help of one of them the clerk pushed him on board, and our informant who came down in the same boat, declares that he remained in great despondency during the whole passage. As we left St. Louis soon after his arrival we did not see the worthless, good-natured little vagabond again.

On the evening before our departure, Henry Chatillon came to our rooms at the Planter's House to take leave of us. No one who met him in the streets of St. Louis, would have taken him for a hunter fresh from the Rocky Mountains. He was very neatly and simply dressed in a suit of dark cloth; for although since his sixteenth year he had scarcely been for a month together among the abodes of men, he had a native good taste and a sense of propriety which always led him to pay great attention to his personal appearance. His tall athletic figure with its easy flexible motions appeared to great advantage in his present dress; and his fine face, though roughened by a thousand storms, was not at all out of keeping with it. We took leave of him with much regret; and unless his changing features as he shook us by the hand much belied him, the feeling on his part was no less deep than on ours. Shaw had given him a horse at Westport. My good rifle which he had always been fond of using, as it was an excellent piece, much better than his own, is now in his hands and perhaps at this moment its sharp voice is startling the echoes of the Rocky Mountains. On the next morning we left town, and after a fortnight of railroads and steamboats we saw once more the familiar dome of the Boston State-House.

I cannot take leave of the reader without adding a word of the true-hearted hunter who had served us throughout with such zeal and fidelity. Indeed his services had far surpassed the terms of his engagement. Yet whoever had been his employers, or to whatever closeness of intercourse they might have thought fit to admit him, he would never have changed the bearing of quiet respect which he considered due to his *bourgeois*. If sincerity and honor, a boundless generosity of spirit, a delicate regard to the feelings of others and a nice perception of what was due to them, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman, then Henry Chatillon deserves the title. He could not write his own name, and he had spent his life among savages. In him sprang up spontaneously those qualities which all the refinements of life and intercourse with the highest and best of the better part of mankind fail to awaken in the brutish nature of some men. In spite of his bloody calling, Henry was always humane and merciful, he was gentle as a woman though braver than a lion. He acted aright from the free impulses of his large and generous nature. A certain species of selfishness is essential to the sternness of spirit which bears down opposition and subjects the will of others.

to its own. Henry's character was of an opposite stamp. His easy good-nature almost amounted to weakness; yet while it unfitted him for any position of command, it secured the esteem and good-will of all those who were not jealous of his skill and reputation. The polished fops of literature or fashion would laugh with disdain at the idea of comparing his merits with theirs. I deem them worthless by the side of that illiterate hunter.

T H E S K A T E R ' S S O N G .

On a winter night,
When the stars are bright,
And the moon is shedding her pale cold light;
When the wind from the north,
With a rush comes forth,
And the whistling trees are white with frost;
When the leafless woods look dreary and dark,
As they stretch out their limbs so cold and stark,
And in many a tone with voices strong,
Are singing their cheerless winter song:

When the glittering dust
From the hard snow-crust
Comes eddying down with the whirling gust,
Or with many a reel
And gliding wheel,
It scuds away from the skater's heel;
When the world is at rest, and all is still,
Save the night owl's scream on the distant hill,
When the crouching dog to his kennel has gone,
And the shivering wolf is stalking alone:

Then with dashing spring,
For my curve and swing,
Till the glistening ice with the iron ring;
While the stinging blast
Is flying past,
Fresh from the regions of Northland vast,
And with graceful stroke and measured sweep
Good time with the wailing wind I keep.
As like phantom dark I swiftly glide,
And with careless touch my course I guide:

When the world is at rest
I skate the best;
For the winter night I love to breast,
When no one is near,
Nor hearkening ear,
The sound of the cracking ice can hear;
When the dusky duck drives swiftly by,
And is lost in the depths of the dark blue sky,
While his distant cry, in his lonely flight,
Comes echoing clear through the frosty night.

When the streamers white
 Of the Northern Light
 Are shooting up to the zenith bright,
 And the shadows slight
 From its spirit-light
 Are gilding the ice with spangles dight;
 Then my spirits are high, and with rushing cry,
 O'er the hard and ringing ice I fly:
 My heart is in my flying feet,
 And I make of them my coursers fleet!

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

AT SEA—A THUNDER GUST.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8.—The storm which had been brooding during the day, caught us in the mid and morning watches. I was aroused by the quick, jerking and spiteful explosions of the thunder, and the dazzling flashes, and listened with some feeling of awe and excitement to the raging of the elements. Fast, loud and startling pealed the artillery of heaven, and sharp, and constant the celestial fires gleamed around us. So near indeed did the flashes seem to be, that I expected every instant to hear of the ship being struck. And when I reflected that we were out on the solitary sea, with more than two hundred souls shut up in our little floating world, and the vessel filled with iron and other conductors, and loaded in addition with an uncomfortable quantity of powder and other inflammable materials, and the forked lightning playing startingly around our lonely path, I could but feel somewhat less comfortable and easy than in my own safer quarters on terra firma. The officer of the deck, supposing rightly that I would admire the scene, was so kind as to send a boy to invite me on deck to witness the elemental war; but as the windows of the skies were open, and the rain coming down in torrents, and as I was not provided with insoluble armor, my love of excitement was not keen enough to seduce me to the outer world. Now that all is over and the ship, at 10 A. M., jumping on, some eight knots the hour before what is thought to be the Trades, I can well believe that those who have braved the elements under trying circumstances, do not exaggerate when they confess that this display of electricity exceeded every thing hitherto experienced in all their wanderings. But we are just as much under the protection of a God on the changeful ocean as on land, and from such visitations as the one we have just passed through unscathed, there is no such thing as dodging. I try to school myself into that confidence in Divine Providence and resignation to circumstances, so desirable for our own, as well as other people's comfort and tranquillity. And

though I cannot say that I would wish to pass through such another fiery ordeal, still, if come it must, I hope I may be able to see the sight in all its terrible beauty and sublimity. For one, however, I care not to make another and nearer acquaintance with that most fearful of all agencies, an African thunder-storm. Fortunately it was not attended by much wind, and has passed over, thank God, without working us any mischief; 'like the frail fabric of a vision, and left no wreck behind.' As it is our first, I shall not be sorry if it also prove our last specimen of stormy weather in these hot latitudes. Speaking of this terrific storm, the officer of the deck assured me that it was, when at its height, one continued blaze of light, that two flashes would dart down at the same point of time, *and dash the hissing waters up in cataracts of foam.* It was intensely dark between the dazzling flashes, and they seemed to fall perpendicularly, immediately, upon the ship, from the heavy curtain overhead which was torn and crossed in every direction, by the crashing thunder and the forked fire circulating with the speed of thought and like living light athwart the murky heavens. It seemed almost a miracle how we escaped from the storm-rent atmosphere which enveloped us in its snake-like flames. Even we who kept below can somewhat fancy our dangerous position.

APPROACHING PORTO PRAYA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9.—We are decidedly within the influence of the Trades, and that some degree or so sooner than we had anticipated to meet them. The ship is dashing along right merrily through a rolling sea, and before a spanking Nor' Easter, making the water boil and flash around her, and taking in a sea now and then at the bridle-ports, to the great discomfort of those, wardroom and steerage, who appropriate that region of our floating world to the luxury of smoking, lolling in grass hammocks, the interchange of cheerful conversation, and spinning nautical yarns, relieved and varied by music, vocal and instrumental.

Breathing the temperate air, looking out upon the sun-lit tranquil sky and sea, and feeling the bracing breath of the steady Trades, I experience a sense of sweet relief and luxurious elation to know that we have shaken off the influence of Senegambian weather. For with that portion of the coast we have just left, I associate little else than monotony, thunder-storms, fogs, rains, and fever-laden dews, where, though the weather be not so bad as in the Bight of Benin, where it always pours and is never dry; still let us hope that we have bid it a long, if not a final, farewell. And yet one may cloy with weather so uniform and sunny as that into which we have entered, and sigh even, at times, for the rush of the tempest and the artillery of the skies, to change the scene and minister a little dose of excitement to the torpid spirits. But let the wind blow, as it now does, for some few days more, and sea and sky keep their smiling looks and humor, and we shall make the land again, and strive to eke out some in-

terest and pleasure from the small stock on hand in the dull Island of St. Jago.

LAND—ST. JAGO

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12.—Land was discovered during the morning watch, and with a fine, favorable breeze and lovely day, quite cool and keen enough for us, relaxed and enervated as we are now, 10 A. M., but a few miles from St. Jago, and expect to come to anchor in an hour.

The prospect from the fore-castle is really beautiful and picturesque. In front the irregular and bold peaks of St. Jago loom clear and distinct, the bright orb of day shedding its soft and beautifying rays upon their rugged sides. To the right the eye wanders over the sparkling waters, and falls delighted on the bold heights of Mayo, whilst away, on the larboard, towers up the famous volcano of Fogo, looming high and cloud-capped in the distance, its flanks clothed with mist, and its conical-shaped outlines contributing so strikingly to the charms of the panorama. Nothing but an eruption is wanted to make the scene complete, for grand and sublime must yon huge misty mass appear, belching forth fire and smoke from its raging entrails, and striking terror to men's hearts by its power and activity. We have lost our chance, however, as the volcano has now gone to sleep, and probably for quite a long nap of it, since the outbreak which terrified the natives last spring. Would I were an artist competent to the task, and possessed the materials to commit to canvass a faint semblance of this lovely scene! the feeble pen can do no justice to its merits, and the reader's fancy must supply the deficiency.

ASHORE—PORTO PRAYA.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1848.—I was somewhat afraid this morning that the weather would prevent me from visiting the shore for the first time since our return. But fortunately my apprehensions were groundless, and quite a large party started from our ship, some on duty and others for exercise and pleasure.

As my principal object was to take the exercise which long confinement and sedentary habits rendered so pleasant and useful, I devoted most of my time to pedestrian loiterings about town. Las Señoras Amelia and Clara, two gay and sociable Porto Praya belles, well known and celebrated among naval visitors to St. Jago, contributed not a little to our amusement with sundry twangings of the light guitar, and such conversation and mutual understanding as we could eke out with our bungling attempts at Spanish, or the expressive signs of pantomime and eyes.

Luckily the day was cool and the sun obscured, so we did not experience much inconvenience and fatigue from our pergrinations and adventures. The aspect of the town is at present peculiarly dull

and uninteresting. The sickly season is just drawing to a close, and the 'fashionables' have not as yet returned from the more salubrious locations among the Islands to which they periodically flee for health and safety. Now and then you see a good-sized, decently-built, and cleanly-looking basement, generally painted a bright yellow color, with red borders on the corners and red tiled roofs, and iron balconies in front, small but ornamental and convenient. Among these houses possessing some claims to taste and respectability, those of the 'Commandante,' and Sigñor Cardozo, a rich inhabitant who owns a good deal of property in town and a fine 'hacienda' in the country, and the 'Padre' or Pastor of the only and plain little church the place can boast of, are the best in internal and external furniture and appearance. But the very large majority of the houses are one story, low-pitched, straw-thatched and roughly-tiled huts, interspersed and redeemed here and there, with some decent habitations, crowded with women and children, for the most part any thing else than cleanly in appearance or manner.

The streets are rough, though many of them are wide and regular. But zigzag, dirty, narrow lanes and alleys meander like cow-paths through the dingy looking-hovels, and the eye and ear are oft offended by sights and sounds which are any thing but welcome and agreeable. The town is perched on an elevated extent of table land, isolated from the surrounding hills by a deep, and in several places, broad ravine, which encloses and might render it with proper care and art, a position capable of being well and successfully defended. The neighboring country is undulating and irregular; in some spots it rises to a considerable height, offering many picturesque views, when the clouds cling to the peaks, and sunshine and shadow shift across their desolate flanks of precipice and hill. The situation of the place in fact would impress the casual observer with its capacity of defence, if in good hands and under a good government. But as things are now, and are likely to continue, the military, nearly all men of a bituminous tint and complexion, are chiefly useful and kept in service for the duty of keeping a bright look-out over the convicts, and the few miserable looking guns ranged in battery in the small and insignificant enclosure cycled a fort, fit only for salutes and bad even at that. The so-called fortification commands the harbor, being located on the brink of the lofty cliffs which face and overlook the harbor, and if properly manned, served and victualled, might work some mischief to ships attacking in that direction.

Among other curiosities beside monkeys, 'burros' and goats, whose name is legion, and with which the natives seem to cultivate a fellow feeling, our worthy storekeeper, Mr. Morse, showed us three birds, belonging to Mr. Cardozo, and imported from the coast. One, the 'Marabon' or African Stork, is a long, broad-billed bird, some three feet high, and owner of a stiff leg, which gives him an awkward and ludicrous style of locomotion. His principal merit lies in his tail, whence beautiful white feathers are extracted and sent to Europe and elsewhere, to be worn as ornaments by the fair daughters of mother Eve. The others are called the Crown Birds, and

are decidedly graceful and pretty in their movements and appearance. They are about four feet in height, with small delicate heads, adorned with a crown like the coronal of the sunflower, and somewhat remarkable in addition for exceeding long necks and legs. Their walk is solemn and dignified; maroon, yellow and white colors variegate their heads and bodies. It is quite a pleasant sight to see these strange and beautiful creatures strutting cautiously and gravely around the court, erecting, when angered or alarmed, the feathers on their crane-like necks, and then again billing and cooing with each other like a pair of turtledoves, in a manner peculiarly affectionate and caressing. I wish it were in my power to procure some of these African bipeds, and astonish my friends across the water with a sight at their strange and pleasing shapes and plumage.

The fruit, which is now ripe, remarkably large and delicious, is one of the few things we really enjoy in this place of exile. Such is the abundance of oranges, lemons, bananas, plantains, etc., that for twenty-five cents you may procure a hundred glorious, golden-hued, sweet, luscious specimens of the former, and the others at prices ridiculously insignificant. The only drawback in my enjoyment of these good things the GIVER of all good doth send us, is, that I cannot hope to transmit them home with a chance of preservation during the voyage. Just think of huge, juicy oranges, four for a cent, lemons equally remarkable for beauty, size and quality, at the same low price, and a fine, heavy bunch of ripe bananas for a 'dump,' about half a dime, and then feel your mouth water for the feast! Oh! for Aladdin's lamp to summon some one of the genii to my side, and send him on the wings of the morning, across the broad Atlantic, to my own loved home, laden with the luscious offspring of these sunny climes!

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TRIP TO PIEDRA REAL.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16. — Having ridden the restless waves quite long enough, and to vary the exercise we have been so long subjected to and tired of, in our floating world, the first lieutenant and your humble servant, ventured to essay an equestrian expedition into the country back of Porto Praya. Behold us then surrounded by a group of scantily clothed and noisy natives, of all ages and both sexes, exhibiting for our choice and edification the merits of divers shabbily caparisoned and badly-groomed nags and borricos, and loud and importunate in their recommendation of themselves and their horse flesh. Our arrangements being at length completed after a patience-exhausting detention and delay, and truly delighted and relieved to shake off our too pressing attendants, off we started on the jaunt, and by dint of spurs, kicks and sticks, menaces and coaxings, managed as best we could to seduce or force our sorry-looking Rozinantes into a sort of locomotion bearing a distant resemblance to a gallop. Clattering through the grass-clothed streets of this delectable metropolis of St. Jago, by one of our officers ycleped 'the New-York' of the station, and producing quite a sensation among the folks who

had leisure to be idle, we soon emerged from the straw-roofed hovels into the open country, and then and there held solemn consultation as to the programme and distribution of the day. Learning from Antonio, our juvenile cicerone, and bearer of our prog, that a couple of villages worthy our notice lay some few leagues over the rolling and high ground that uninvitingly stretched away before us to the cloud tipped hills beyond, we decided to jog on and explore the unknown region in that direction. So leaving the Trinidad road and valley to the left, we clambered up the steep, stony route which winds rough and narrow over hill and ravine, logging not over three knots to the hour. Our first halt was at a collection of half a dozen black-looking, poverty-stricken huts, where we indulged in a palaver with a party of dark gentlemen and ladies, who were all eyes, teeth and tongue, opening the first very wide, showing the second very plain and white, and wagging the third at a rate which would have run a fair race with a mill-clapper. Leaving and taking nothing at this refreshing relay, we incontinently resumed our journey, and overtaking a short distance ahead a very black fellow upon a very small 'borrico,' jogging on at his ease in the same direction as ourselves, a happy thought presented itself to my mind, and I proposed to hire beast and man, to give our boy and grub a lift, and guide us to the village, some few miles further, and called by our new acquaintance, Piedra Regal. Rather fatigued than otherwise, by our equestrian performances, rendered peculiarly irksome by the dulness of our coursers, and incommoded by the wind, which high and strong came booming over the table land, and darting into our faces, sharp and cutting through the frequent gorges, in due time we hove in sight of the home of our sable conductor. It is composed of a couple dozen huts or more in each settlement, on two hills overlooking a deep, stony, bush-covered ravine or fissure, and surrounded by a mountain scenery which is not deficient in natural beauty and effect. Our appearance, as we clambered down the slippery sides of the hills, leading our horses by the bridle, it being rather too abrupt and stony to make the other kind of descent over-safe or comfortable, excited quite a flurry among the worthy villagers. We had hardly surmounted the perils and inconvenience of the passage, before our Piedra Regalian guide and ourselves were saluted by a chorus of shrill exclamations from the fair sex of the place nearest our picturesque cavalcade. Dismounting at the residence of Antonio the elder, our roadside acquaintance and chance guide, we were welcomed by the dingy inmates, and the smoke-stained parlor was soon besieged by a crowd of curious spectators. Having reposed awhile, and distributed sundry cigars, and pulls at our liquor flask, as some return for the hospitable, but rather too close attentions of our entertainers, we sallied forth upon a tour of observation through the town. It would beyond question have formed not an unfitting subject for the pencil of a Cruikshank, to have sketched the white men and their colored escort on this interesting occasion. The elite of the place did us the honor to show the lions, and we made half a dozen dives or descents into dark and dirty hovels, and emerged right speedily not over pleased or attracted with

the aspect or odors of these primitive accommodations. But the good creatures did their best, and seemed really gratified at our visit, and so all honor to their hospitable intentions.

In one or two of the huts we saw a few good forms and faces, particularly two girls who were engaged when we entered in pounding corn with sticks in a wooden vessel or mortar preparatory to working it into cakes. But rude figures, ragged garments, strong yet clumsy shapes, pigs, starved dogs, cackling poultry, half fed horses, sturdy borricos and swarms of annoying flies and guats, predominated as the features and specimens of the animated population of the place, and as to the natural productions I could see nothing but scrubby trees and bushes, rocks and pebbles. Fruits they know not of, and water is a treasure, for they bring it from a distance as we learned to our cost, by being so imprudent as to ask for some to give our horses. In hills and rugged ravines Piedra Regal can boast some merit, several elevated peaks within a short distance, making quite a respectable appearance. The soil is cut up in several places by rents and fissures, the work in former ages of some natural convulsion or perchance volcanic agency.

More than satisfied with our acquaintance with and inspection of the natives, having chartered our quondam guide for a few dumps more to give our boy another lift on our way to Porto Praya, we bade adieu to Piedra Regal and our kind but primitive entertainers. Finding the air and exercise whet-stones to our appetites, we selected a couple of logs near the road for the scene of our lunch, and were soon busily engaged in doing justice to the substantial and liquids provided for the occasion. Both agreed that never before had tongue and chicken tasted sweeter, or wine and old Monongabela more to our taste and satisfaction, than when thus we two wearied wayfarers satisfied appetite with the former and drank to absent friends and associations and recollections close linked with home, in the latter, the sky our canopy and the rough unhewn log our seat and table. That the two Antonios luxuriated in the food and liquor, rare visitors to mortals poor as they, their smiling countenances and grateful looks gave ample testimony. Our rustic but well-enjoyed banquet over, we mounted our nags again, and to vary our returning route, Antonio accompanied us to show the way, and soon brought us to the brink of a precipice whence the eye ranged wide and free over the deep and well-cultivated Trinidad Valley, its natural attractions, of no mean order, improved and embellished by the 'haciendas' of Signor Cardozo and other thriving cultivators of the soil. Here, after we had taken our fill of hill and valley scenery, our faithful cicerone took his leave, with the warm expression of his thanks and an offer of his services if we should visit Piedra Regal again, with a promise to procure for us, on short notice, horses, borricos, turkeys, chickens, ducks, eggs, etc., the principal riches and possessions of himself and his fellow townsmen. The poor fellow must have really felt what he so emphatically said, for our visit was a benediction to him; and counting dumps and dinner, it was quite a harvest, and it may be long before he earns so much again. Therefore let me recommend

this attentive and faithful creature to all strangers who, like ourselves, may deem it worth their while to pay the place a visit. He is a man of note in his own little world, and will hail the white man as a favored guest.

A brief ride soon brought us back to Porto Praya, and the sun-down boat was in waiting to transport us to the ship. And so ended the adventures of a day. Should you, dear reader, ever tread in our footsteps, may you enjoy the trip as much as we did.

CIUDAD DE RIBEIRA GRANDE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18.—The sun was bright, the wind free, and the sea not too roughly stirred up by the fresh nor'-easter, when a party composed of our first and flag-lieutenants, one of the young gentlemen from the steerage and myself, hoisted sail in the second cutter, on an expedition to Ciudad de Rebeira Grande, formerly the metropolis of the island, and distant some six miles on the coast to leeward. With a picked crew, a lively boat, favoring breeze, and a flowing sea, 'like a thing of life' we sped on along the desolate, inhospitable shore, looking now and then, Paul Pry like, into some sheltered bay and cove, where perchance some jutting promontory broke the wind and swell, and enjoying at times the sight of some patches of refreshing verdure in some narrow gorge, attesting the hand of man, or the fertilizing smile of nature and presence of some mountain stream. But the general character of the coast is bleak and barren, made doubly so by the effects of the southern winter and the parching sun and winds, here and there presenting to the eye quite striking specimens of lofty cliffs, rent and scooped out into arch and cavern by the fierce and constant abrasion of the ocean; ours was not alone a trip of pleasure, but in part one of discovery. Every now and then the fore-sheet was taken in, when rounding some surf beaten headland, or crossing some shallow shoal. And yet despite delays like these, and our following the indentations of the coast, we came in sight of Ciudad a little more than an hour after our departure from the ship.

The aspect of the town as we made it was decidedly picturesque. It lies at the bottom of a small bay, and nestles in part at the foot of the lofty cliffs pressing closely upon it, a portion of the town being perched upon the eminences around. The most prominent objects that attract the eye of the seaward visitor, are the ruins of an old fort upon the high hill in the background, and the large mass of stone and mortar situated nearer the beach, and known as the Cathedral and Archbishop's palace. We beached our boat on a smooth shore at the foot of Cathedral hill, and were soon honored with the attendance of a group of natives, one of whom spoke a little English. Putting ourselves in charge of the most respectable-looking man of the party, a genteely-dressed and comely colored youth, whom we understand is second in office and dignity in Ciudad, we started on a visit to the lions of the place. Climbing up the steep path, we

reached the platform in front of the cathedral. Its external appearance possessed some pretensions to size and architectural taste, but gives sad proof of what time or rather man's neglect has made it. It faces the little bay, has two towers, in one a bell, in the other a clock, is about forty feet in width, two hundred long, and thirty high. It is built of stone, encrusted with small pieces of brick, and stuccoed. What family of architecture it belongs to, I am not scientific enough to say, but as it, and the long, substantial-looking pile alongside, to the right as you face it, and looking immediately upon the ocean, were erected about 1793, and at the expense of the Portuguese government, it is to be inferred that the kind used in Portugal at the time has been adopted. If the exterior gave proof of decay and neglect, the interior was in a still more deplorable condition. Setting aside the mixture of blue, green, white and coarse gilding bestowed on pillar, altar, saints and emblems, there was really a creditable attempt at effect in some parts of the edifice. The principal altar is reached by a flight of steps, and the space in front, to the centre of the cross, in which shape the church is built, is railed off, and used and appropriated by the officiating clergy, for the 'Lutrin,' and the choirsters, dust-covered organ and antique mouldy books. The ornaments of this altar, as of the others, are gaudily gilded and painted columns, and statuettes of saints, all looking decidedly the worse for wear. I counted nine altars, at which, were there priests and people enough, nine several masses could be simultaneously said and attended. One of these is in a large recess, or side chapel, with porcelain walls, and painted on them rude pictures of the Last Supper, and divers other biblical scenes and incidents. A light was burning within, indicating, I suppose, that the Host was there enshrined. On another altar I observed a small figure of the Archangel Michael, weighing two mortals in a pair of scales, emblematic, I imagine, of Divine Justice, and that one was tried and found wanting. There is also here a statuette of a black saint, Ethiopian I suppose, or probably St. Augustine, or else some dark-skinned holy man of these islands, to suit and pay homage to native taste. There are three padres, colored priests, in the place, and service is said on every Sunday in the cathedral, and two other churches, which we also visited, are served by them likewise. There are no pews in this church, and slabs of sculptured stone have been inserted in the floor, to show that some old Portuguese hidalgo sleeps beneath. In a word, I could easily believe myself to be in some European cathedral, so similar is every thing to what I had been accustomed to on the continent. The genteel-looking cicerone I have mentioned, discovering that I was a Catholic, and therefore understood the different parts and uses of the church, was particularly polite and attentive to me. I really felt awed, and yet much pleased, to tread once more, after such long exclusion from a church, the sacred precincts, and with a painful sentiment of sorrow for the evident decay and absence of befitting worship and worshippers, in a fane so large, roamed amid the crumbling altars, and over the long-forgotten remains of the long-departed. And while thus allowing my mind to make the mournful retrospect,

and picturing to myself the scenes and men once well known here, could but feel surprised, that in so remote a place, with such a poor and sparse population, buildings like this and the neighboring palace should ever have been constructed. At no time, and under no circumstances, in the most palmy days of Ribeira Grande, when governor, archbishop, priests and courtiers, gave it life and splendor, can I fancy how these broad pavements could be crowded, or yon deserted mansion filled.

Indulging in such thoughts as these, I followed my party into the street. While we were thus lounging about, we were somewhat surprised by the appearance of a white man, in military costume, who invited us to enter his house, and take a little repose. Accepting the invitation, we found that he was the commandante militaire of the place, detailed to take charge of the public stores, consisting of some four small saluting cannon, warranted, I suppose, not to go off, and therefore very slightly secured and guarded, the old ruined fort on the hill, and the ruins of the convent and church of Misericordia. Feeling rather fagged and worn out by our peregrinations of the morning, we asked permission of El Fuiete Pasquale to order up our provender from the boat, and to make use of his 'salle à manger' for a lunch. Request cheerfully acceded to, the basket soon made its welcome appearance and the usual ceremonies and performances attendant on eating and drinking among strangers were soon and decorously expedited and discharged. Having thus refreshed exhausted nature, and braced with new vigor for another expedition, my fellow-travellers procured a couple of mules, and a poor, lean rozinante of a horse, and started forth upon a visit to the valley which stretches back some distance between the cliffs into the country behind the town. Wishing to visit the ruined convent, situated in a fissure of the great mountain gorge, I availed myself of the escort of the commandant and the respectable-looking Diego who still kept hospitably at hand, to gratify my curiosity. Making our way along a mountain torrent which supplies the town with water, and climbing up a flight of rough stone steps, we reached the chapel, now nearly unroofed and fast going to decay, and stripped of every thing but a few tombstones, one bearing the date of 1662, and ornamented with well-carved coats of arms of those whose forgotten names they commemorate. On the same floor with the dormitory, in several of the cells yet distinct, though naught remaining but the shell, with roof and floor tottering to a fall, live some poor blacks, allowed by government the privilege of this neglected shelter, in return for the watch which they keep over the ruin and decay of this once holy pile. The Friars, for it was those good men who built the dwelling, had selected a fit position for their wild abode. Protected on three sides by lofty cliffs, in the embrace whereof sheltered from the winds and storms, their lives passed quietly away, and their fruits and flowers got due supply of sun, rain and trickling water from the mossy rocks; the cowed brethren looked down upon the little metropolis at their feet, and out upon the broad sea beyond, while on every side nature's power and beauty carried their thoughts and aspirations up to nature's God.

While wandering through the silent and ruined chambers, and looking down upon the garden which the holy Friars made once to smile and blossom along the mountain rivulet, I pondered on the changes that had been worked in this small theatre, and deemed it almost profanation to let the dwelling go to ruin, a family of dirty natives to seek its shelter, and hogs and donkeys to abuse its precincts. What a treat, if instead of all this misery, ruin and neglect, to see the worthy Friars going through their pious and charitable exercises and avocations, to hear the pealing organ and the holy chant, and to know and feel that this much maligned and ill treated order were here to give the poor food and raiment, and to administer to those who stood in need, religious instruction and consolation! But the brethren have been driven by the mother country from their humble dwelling, and here and over the whole town and neighborhood, decay and desolation sit enthroned. Huts and ruined houses compose the town, and its poor agricultural population of some two thousand souls just manage to keep body and soul together, the very personifications of misery and idleness. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

On our way back to the commandant's quarters, we halted at a small distillery of aquadiente, a strong and potent liquor manufactured from the sugar-cane; and looking in at the oldest church, considerably smaller than the Cathedral, also going fast to ruin, and yet used for Divine service, quite wearied out and glad to get repose, we were gathered together in the Fuentes unpretending parlor. Our party thus made complete by the accession of two 'young gentlemen' of the steerage, and the return of my travelling messmates from their donkey trip up the valley, we proceeded to discuss the contents of our well-filled basket. With toast and many a stirring cheer, we emptied the 'Cardigans' we had come provided with, and seldom would you find a party gayer and more chatty than was ours. But time will go by, and the best of friends must part. So, when the bumpers had been drained and good substantial properly attended to, we tore ourselves from the affectionate embrace of our new-made friend, and with promise to pay another visit when opportunity occurred, and repeated apologies on his part for the pooriness of his reception and entertainment; leaving the 'first' to return in company with the two Passed Midshipmen 'à cheval,' we were soon heading for the ship again. The weather was still clear and fine, but wind not near so favorable as when we came, so without resorting, however, to our oars, and making tacks from time to time, after a couple of hours' work, we made our good old craft again, and clambered up the side well pleased to terminate so well and safely the adventures of the day. Our equestrians had arrived a little time before us, but what they gained in time, we made up in enjoyment, for give me a taut boat, companions few and choice, a good and steady crew, with a stiff breeze and a sunny day, and I want no better sport, no other method of locomotion.

The portion of our party who varied the excursion by a ride up the valley informed me that in spots the ravine is well cultivated, and the fruits and vegetables abundant and large. This is in great

contrast with most of the soil visible to one sailing along the coast, and approaching Ciudad from the water. In fact there are gorges and valleys in this otherwise desolate and sterile Island, which appear like oases in a desert, and the productive fertility of nature in gracious and smiling moods might be rendered more than sufficient for the supply of these volcanic isles, were the people more industrious, the resources of cultivation and irrigation more attended to, and the government in Portugal heedful of aught else than grinding the substance out of its subjects, and using these dependencies for other purposes than a place of banishment for exiles and convicts. But the curse of government and tropical fertility on the one hand, and corresponding indolence in the people on the other, are shadowing and shedding a blight upon the land; and I see but little or no reason to look forward to amelioration, or if drought and bad seasons afflict the Islands again, as in 1832, that the natives will have learned wisdom from the past, or be better prepared to meet evil for the future. It is but another instance of a bad step-mother, and helpless, down-trodden children. The mother wants to keep the latter always in the minority, and to squeeze out of them every thing she can for her own selfish purposes, and the children are content to keep body and soul together, their thoughts confined to the gratification of animal wants, and their views and ambition limited to the narrow circle of their isles.

T H E M A T T E R A C C O U N T E D F O R .

A SUGGESTION: BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

God-CUPID one day, with his quiver well stored,
Sallied forth, upon wickedness bent;
Right and left, his insidious love-messengers poured,
And hearts by the hundred were shamefully scored,
To the mischievous archer's content.
Till at last he encountered King DEATH on his way,
Whose arrows more fatally flew:
In vain did the emulous urchin display
All his craft; his companion still carried the day,
For his shafts were like destiny, true.

God-CUPID, annoyed at the other's success,
Invoked cousin MERCURY's aid,
Who having for mischief a talent no less,
Changed their quivers so featly, that neither could guess,
Such complete transpositions were made:
The result, up to this very hour, you may see,
For when *very old folk* feel love's smart,
CUPID's arrows by DEATH surely wielded must be;
But when YOUTH in its loveliness sinks to decay,
DEATH's quiver must furnish the dart!

S T A N Z A S : T O A L A D Y ,

WITH A HEAD OF DIANA.

If I were Pius, upon thee
 My Vatican I would bestow ;
 But now my gifts must valued be
 Simply for what regard they show.

When Christmas came, I gave to one
 A fan, to keep love's flame alive,
 Since even to the constant sun
 Twilight and setting must arrive.

And to another — she who sent
 That splendid toy, an empty purse —
 I gave, though not for satire meant,
 An emptier thing — a scrap of verse.

For thee I chose DIANA's head,
 Graved by a cunning hand in Rome,
 To whose dim shop my feet were led
 By sweet remembrances of home.

'T was with a kind of Pagan feeling
 That I my little treasure bought —
 My moods I care not for concealing —
 'Great is DIANA !' was my thought.

Methought, howe'er we change our creeds,
 Whether to Jove or God we bend,
 By various paths religion leads
 All spirits to a single end.

The goddess of the woods and fields,
 The healthful huntress, undefiled,
 Now with her fabled brother yields
 To sinless MARY and her child.

But chastity and truth remain
 Still the same virtues as of yore,
 Whether we kneel in Christian fane
 Or old mythologies adore.

What though the symbol were a lie,
 Since the ripe world hath wiser grown,
 If any goodness grew thereby,
 I will not scorn it for mine own.

So I selected DIAN's head
 From out the artist's glittering show ;
 And I will give this gift, I said,
 Unto the chastest maid I know.

To her whose quiet life hath been
 The mirror of as calm a heart;
 Above temptation from the din
 Of cities and the pomp of art.

Who still hath spent her active days,
 Cloistered amid her happy hills,
 Not ignorant of worldly ways,
 But loving more the woods and rilla.

And thou art she to whom I give
 This image of the virgin queen,
 Praying that thou, like her, mayst live
 Thrice-blest in being seldom seen.

T. W. P.

JONAS STILES, ESQUIRE:

HIS COURTSHIP, MISFORTUNES, AND FINAL CATASTROPHE.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

'Now, Polly, keep a sharp look-out, and do n't lose sight of nothin'. Deacon Warner is always dreadful particular about his coats, and I dare n't for my life lift up the shears till it's all cut out. But mind and give me a true account of every trunk, box and bundle that comes off the wagon!'

'Well,' replied Polly, 'there's so many men in the case, that there's no seeing any thing; I wish they'd keep away. But goodness gracious me!' continued the excited dress-maker, 'if there ain't a real mahogany sofa!—and as I live, a new set of chairs! What is the man a-coming to?'

The sleeve of Deacon Warner's coat received a sudden and awkward slit as Miss Parsons, smoothing her hair with both hands as she advanced, rushed to the side of her friend, and projected her head from the small window to see what was going on.

'Well, I never!' exclaimed she; 'they've jest lifted off a whole parcel of things, and there seems to be as many on as there was before! I wonder what's in all those queer-shaped boxes?'

'Mantel ornaments, likely,' replied Polly, 'and pink and white men and women leaning against trees, as they have down at Jeremiah Palmer's. But here comes whole rolls of carpets, and I do believe,' continued she, thrusting her head out of the window, to the imminent danger of that useful appendage, 'I do believe they're Brussels!'

'Brussels!' was the rejoinder; 'I should think three-ply might be good enough. I do wonder, though, what is going to happen; carpenters have been hammering and banging and nailing at the house

long enough to turn it into a palace; and there's been a piazza put behind, and green blinds in front, and painting inside and out. Mr. Stites must be going to get married!

'One thing I know,' said Polly; 'he must be pretty rich; for he's been saving up all along, and starving himself and his housekeeper to make a show now, I suppose. Why don't you set your cap, Susan?'

'O, la!' replied Miss Parsons, simpering, as she cut away with renewed vigor at the neglected coat; 'Mr. Stites would n't think of me, I guess!'

'Stranger things than that have happened,' was the sage remark.

'I do n't know,' said Miss Parsons, as she shook her head doubtfully.

'Well, at any rate,' replied her friend, warming with the subject, 'it ain't likely that any body better would look at him. A person ought to get something for taking him off the hands of the public. He is no beauty, and beside——'

'Why, Polly! how can you?' rejoined Miss Parsons, with a look of horror. 'I'm sure Mr. Stites is a very fine-looking man. So tall and commanding!—he always reminds me of Lord Byron!'

'Lord Byron must have been a cross-looking old witch, then, with a face like a thunder-cloud, and hair standing every way but the right way, though he *does* try to make it curl. I should n't wonder if he put it up in papers at night, or else pinched it with the tongs. It's always frizzing in a perfect snarl, jest as if some one had been at it that did n't know any thing about it.'

'Now, Polly, I'm ashamed of you!' returned the more sentimental Miss Parsons; 'speaking so of Mr. Stites' hair, when it lays in such beautiful raven locks upon his brow!'

'Gray ones you mean. However, we won't dispute about his beauty; a long purse is better than a pretty face, and when you're Mrs. Stites I shall expect all your custom; that is, if you ain't too proud. To crown the whole, if there ain't a pianny! They're lifting it off as carefully as can be. Why, I never knew that Mr. Stites played before.'

'*That* means something, you may depend upon it!' said Miss Parsons, in a positive tone. 'He can't play on it himself, but he means to get some one who can. A great many people can't resist a piano. Heigho! I wish I had learnt music!'

Miss Parsons again hurried to the window, and so did all Hazel-side, both old and young. Our quiet little village, snugly ensconced in the midst of woods and hills, afforded not many opportunities for wonder and astonishment, and therefore they were the more easily excited. When Seth Powell, the store-keeper, died, every body wondered who would succeed him, as he had neither son nor nephew; when the rich Squire Hilton's pretty daughter Mary married the poor young artist who went about from house to house taking portraits, every one was astonished; and now that Mr. Stites chose to re-model and re-furnish his already comfortable house, every body both wondered and was astonished. Miss Polly Martin, the dress-

maker, and Miss Susan Parsons, the tailoress, who lodged together and were sworn friends, beside being the presiding goddesses of Hazelside, were extremely partial to 'sight-seeing,' and let nothing of the kind escape them. Deacon Warner's coat was not completed, and old Mrs. Marbury's dress scarcely touched; the afternoon being spent in discussing the merits and probable intentions of Mr. Stites.

All summer long had the pretty, low cottage been undergoing repairs. The birds and bees that surrounded the house had become alarmed on finding their songs unceremoniously cut short by the sound of the hammer and plane; the timid little flowers crouched amid their sheltering leaves as rough footsteps passed close by them; and the pretty, golden honeysuckle that for so many years had twined lovingly about the old pillar, perfuming the air around with its rich fragrance, hung its head mournfully as rough hands unclasped its clinging tendrils and flung it rudely to the ground; and there it lay and withered, like a stricken heart deprived of its last hope; it lay helplessly upon the ground, and as we passed we saw that the old honeysuckle was dead. We were all school-children then, and though big enough to know better, we wept tears of mingled grief and anger as, trudging mournfully past the house, we missed those delicious sprays, the gift of the housekeeper, that usually found their way to the desk; and oh! exquisite happiness, if they adorned the bosom of sweet Mary Grayton! She did not seem a bit like a teacher; at least, like our childish views of shrewish-looking preceptresses with birch in hand. Oh, no! Mary had deep blue eyes and locks of pale gold, and—— But what matters it talking of one who early slept her long, last sleep, and who, if she had lived, might have grown cold and careless like the rest of the world? And yet I cannot believe—— Yes, the dear old honeysuckle was dead! taken away to make room for straight, stiff, starched-looking pillars, that were placed there for ornament, forsooth! And yet they were neither Grecian nor Corinthian, nor any thing at all but Mr. Stites' own design and invention. I thought so! they looked just like him; tall, straight and unbending; and when a warm, golden gleam of sunshine fell upon them, it was chilled as with the iciness of marble, they looked so white and chaste and cold. It did n't nestle there lovingly, as among the old vine-covered posts, but struggled to escape from the cold embrace.

There is something mournful in the idea of a change, even to the moving of a single shrub or tree from the place where it has always stood; endeared perhaps by childish reminiscences. No wonder that the wanderer who has passed many years from the home of his childhood sighs as he perceives that the old house with its sloping front has vanished, to give place to a new, fresh, unsoilable-looking affair, exact and even as a geometrical square. Even the very roses and bean-vines know better than to twine themselves about those grand-looking pillars, as, white and solitary, they stand there, casting a chill on all around with their frosty stateliness. How unlike the dear, old, rough-looking posts, round which the flowers clung so closely, and from which peeped timidly forth the sweet face of the

early rose! But Mr. Stites seems likely to be forgotten; a common occurrence, by the way, until he counted his property by its tens of thousands.

In his childhood Jonas Stites had very much resembled the other little boys who ran barefooted about the country, and had only been remarkable for driving hard bargains with his youthful companions. His parents were thrifty, saving people, and often remarked with pleasure that Jonas in his trading expeditions never came home empty-handed. Not he, indeed! Every thing he touched seemed lucky; and even before his parents died he had amassed a snug little sum. He was an only child, and upon their death came into possession of a comfortable, even large property for a country gentleman; and a few years afterward, by the fortunante rise of some city lots, he found himself proprietor of what even in town would be termed a handsome fortune. But Mr. Stites was both prudent and frugal; and instead of living in idleness on his money, industriously carried on his farming operations. He was a person of few words, and all that he uttered seemed carefully weighed beforehand; therefore he was called *sensible*. But although it is the custom to term those people amiable who scarcely ever open their lips, and therefore say nothing of course to the disadvantage of others, yet somehow or other this epithet was never bestowed upon Mr. Stites. He had lived in single blessedness until the age of forty-five, and as he could now be termed pretty well grown-up, he began to reflect upon the expediency of taking unto himself a helpmate. Now it was not from any want of attraction in Mr. Stites that he remained so long single after this laudable resolve; for his housekeeper, several years his junior, and not quite a fury, would not have said him nay had he laid himself and fortune at her feet; neither would Miss Parsons, the tailress over the way, or a great many other respectable spinsters of Hazelside. But he was particular; the lady favored as the choice of Mr. Stites must be young, rich and handsome. Any age between fifteen and twenty he deemed a suitable match for his more steady years; as to any young lady whose age outnumbered a score, she was entirely too *passée* for our youthful hero.

He had met with several rebuffs in his matrimonial adventures; a Quaker lady, on the shady side of thirty, who one evening at a family party felt herself slighted by the pointed neglect of the difficult bachelor, took occasion to remark, as he was expatiating on the qualities requisite in a wife: 'But thee is neither young nor handsome thyself, Cousin Jonas; therefore how can thee expect to get one that is? She may want some one young and handsome, too.'

Mr. Stites regarded this merely as the result of his non-attention, and strove not to be discomposed, although he could easily perceive that it afforded undisguised amusement to his sober relations. Our bachelor nourished in his own mind a theory which regards woman as something between a machine and a domestic animal. He considered her a useful sort of person when she kept in her proper element, the kitchen, but not by any means of an amphibious nature, that could exist in any other place as well; and came to the conclu-

sion, that any woman who wore more than one bonnet a year, and made two visits in the short space of six months, must be fairly on the road to perdition. Probably these important clauses would be stipulated for in the marriage-contract. A word *en passant* to that portion of the male genus who perchance may entertain such sentiments as Mr. Stites. The above-mentioned sex are undoubtedly very well in their place; useful to pay one's bills, and all that sort of thing; but they certainly were never intended for ornament, and instead of joining in, should cry shame on all those crusty bachelors who advocate the staying at home of ladies to attend to their household concerns. Widowers generally know better.

Mr. Stites ventured on the very verge of a proposal to a fascinating young lady, an indulged city belle; who gave the poor man a well-deserved fright from the effects of which he scarcely ever recovered. The gentleman intending to be very sentimental and lover-like, inquired as they walked together through a shady lane, 'how she would like to be a farmer's wife?'

Gracefully tossing back her long curls, the lady replied with a pretty indication of pettishness:

'Really, I cannot tell. It might perhaps be made supportable with an elegant carriage and pair of bays ready for a start at any moment; servants in abundance, not awkward country ones; all the new publications fresh from the press; company continually staying at the house; and pic-nic and boating excursions without number. But after all a farmer must be something superior to the common run to be at all endurable; splendid in person, young, ('glancing at her discomfited companion') intellectual, refined; for the social companionship of country life throws people more together, and it is therefore desirable that frequent companions be as agreeable as possible, or one soon wearies of them. But then it would be little better than a Greenlander, or a Kamschatkarite to pass the winter in the country; so with the most fashionable city boarding-house during the cold season, and all these little items one might possibly manage to keep off ennui; that is if naturally gifted with a sunny disposition.'

She glanced at his countenance, and with difficulty suppressed the smile that rose to her lips. She spoke with the intention of astonishing him, and she had done so; Mr. Stites fairly gasped for breath. Instead of staying quietly at home, to mix bread and darn stockings, she would be gadding around the country with her carriage and bays! Here was an end to all ideas of a city wife; they were a giddy, thoughtless, extravagant set, and should he venture to unite his fate with one of these butterflies, she would pull the house down about his ears in a short time. He was pretty safe; in this case it would have been as the old quaker said: 'Well agreed, friend, for I would not have *thee*!'

This is the experience of Jonas Stites, Esq., and is given to show what led him into the extravagance of repairing and refurnishing his house. In his intercourse with womankind he had picked up much useful information; and sagely concluded that new furniture, and a house newly-remodelled must have their due effect on the heart of

any obdurate fair one. The piano had been the suggestion of a friend, and not without many misgivings did the frugal bachelor perpetrate this extravagance.

Of all the various sections of the feminine gender, 'widders' excited the particular aversion of Mr. Stites. On beholding one of that dreaded community approach he instantly dodged round the nearest corner, or took refuge within his own door. No pretence could inveigle him into a house that contained a 'lone woman.' He regarded them as master-pieces of deceit and cunning, and his sentiments toward them amounted to a holy horror. In vain were they represented as injured, imposed upon beings; to all remarks of this kind he invariably answered:

'If they *are* imposed upon they take pretty good care to make it known.'

He was continually haunted by a vague fear that one of this hated class, a second 'Mrs. Mac Stinger,' stood ready to prey upon his inexperience, and only waited her opportunity. He made with himself a solemn vow that when he changed his condition 'for better or worse,' it should not be for a 'widder;' because that would be 'all worse and no better.'

The people of Hazelside, (that is those who had no better employment) had for many years been accustomed to watch Mr. Stites as he went through the business of the day. Precisely at nine o'clock every morning, rain or shine, winter or summer, he sallied forth for the post-office, obtained his paper, sat down to read it and talk over the news with the select coterie that usually throng country-stores, and at twelve o'clock to the minute returned home to dine. At two he perambulated the village, walked over his grounds and discussed politics till five. Then came tea, and the interval till bed-time was spent at home or abroad as the case might happen. All Hazelside knew pretty well when it was nine, twelve, two or five o'clock without consulting the time-piece, so regular and exact were his movements. They had been accustomed to this for several years; therefore when Mr. Stites left them for a season to 'see a little more of the world,' everybody's feelings were as deeply touched as though some untoward event had removed the town o'clock.

Weeks passed, and no Mr. Stites; Hazelside had talked over his mysterious disappearance until nothing more remained to be said, and things had gradually settled into their old position; when most unexpectedly arrived the new furniture, which soon set the village a wondering. Mr. Stites did not accompany this inundation of moveables, but his return was announced for Saturday or Sunday morning; and people laid both journey and furniture to the account of a bride, who would make her first appearance at church. A bride in our quiet village! and the bride too of Mr. Jonas Stites, the great man of the place. Of course she would be both 'young and handsome,' that point had been settled long ago; and all now left for wonder was her dress.

'I wonder how she *will* be dressed?' observed Miss Parsons to her friend.

'In white satin, of course,' replied Miss Martin, patronizingly, 'and long white veil; brides always are.'

'I wonder if she will be proud?' resumed the tailoress.

'Very likely,' returned Polly, 'brides always are. I should n't wonder,' she continued, 'if she had feathers. I hope they'll drive to church in a handsome carriage. I do love to see things genteel.' Miss Martin had a peculiar way of pronouncing 'genteel' which can hardly be given on paper.

The important morning arrived. Before the service began, many eyes that should have known better, wandered from their hymn-books to the church door, from the church-door to Mr. Stites' empty pew, and from Mr. Stites' pew, back to the church-door again. All were eager to catch the first glimpse of the bride, and anxiously listened for the sound of carriage-wheels. Deacon Screamer had shaken his finger, knocked it on the psalm-book, held it to his ear, and shaken it again; a sure sign that he was beginning to set the tune, for the Deacon inclined to the opinion that music has its origin in the finger ends; and as the first notes of that prolonged 'oo-oo-oo' which announces the commencement of the hymn, fell upon their ears, all Hazelside began to despair, for no Mr. Stites appeared.

They reverently kept their heads bowed during the old dominie's long prayer, and upon looking up at the conclusion, what should greet their eyes but the gentleman himself! Yes, there he sat in his accustomed position, looking as unconcerned, and unconscious as possible. There had been no rolling of carriage-wheels, no exciting bustle to announce his arrival; he had quietly glided in during prayer-time, and when they looked for Mrs. Stites, they were compelled to admit that she was still a creation of fancy, and from present appearances likely to remain so. What could it mean! He surely was not going to marry the housekeeper, or if he were he would not have purchased new furniture, and a piano for *her*; she would gladly have taken him without. It was a mystery, and the people of Hazelside shook their heads in despair; the more they tried to elucidate it, the more perplexing did it become.

Had they only known that Mr. Stites returned with the express intention of seeking out a wife from among those who were 'doomed to waste their sweetness on the desert air,' or in other words, grace with their presence the humble village of Hazelside, what a commotion there would have been! Yet nevertheless, that very morning while they remained in blissful ignorance and wonder, the object of their undivided attention had already made his choice. Yes! as Mr. Stites looked up in a dignified manner from his hymn-book, his glance was arrested by a pair of soft, yet mischievous-looking blue eyes that peeped out from a perfect wilderness of brown curls. Upon further investigation he discovered that the eyes and curls belonged to a pretty cottage bonnet, a graceful figure, and a young lady evidently within the line he had drawn to separate youth from old age. He looked at those who were with her, her father and mother, and a well-grown boy to whom she bore the relation of sister; could that lovely creature be little Caroline Manby, she whom he had always consid-

ered a mere child? Impossible! When he went away he left her apparently as great a mischief as any laughter-loving school-girl; and now after the lapse of little more than a month, he suddenly perceived a beautiful, intelligent-looking woman; in short, one every way worthy of Mr. Stites. Mr. Manby was gentlemanly and refined; something rather superior to the rest of Hazelside; and our bachelor was well aware that he was a man of *substance*!

Mr. Stites determined to call on the first opportunity. He did call; and Caroline utterly unconscious of his feelings toward herself, quietly turned him over to her maiden aunt, a very worthy lady about his own age, and went on with her work. Now that same work happened to be a purse, which she most perseveringly netted whenever Mr. Stites was present. His visits increased so, both in length and frequency, and his attentions were always so perseveringly directed to *her*, that Caroline could no longer suppose any one else the object of them. But with this conviction came two very opposite emotions; the first was naturally one of pleasure that she had made a conquest of the difficult old bachelor; and the second was one of indignation, that instead of humbly admiring her at a distance, he should presume upon a return of the love which she had awakened. 'The old thing! she did n't see what he had to recommend him.' Then she took up the purse, and as she glanced at the initials wrought in gold letters amid the silken threads, she smiled and blushed at the same time, for her thoughts wandered off to a certain Harry.— But never mind, we will not betray her secret.

This purse was certainly an everlasting occupation! always being worked upon, and never finished. So thought Mr. Stites; every time he went, there it was before him. At last he concluded that it must be for himself, and ventured to ask whom it was intended for?

'For whom could it be intended, but my father?' replied Caroline, bending her head still lower over her work, to conceal the color that rose in her cheek at this equivocation.

Almost any one but Mr. Stites would have been discouraged by her manner; but that gentleman rejoiced in a happy feeling of self-complacency that spared him many embarrassments.

Now Caroline had imagined in her own mind that it would be a very proper and natural thing for her sober-minded lover and before-mentioned aunt to make a match of it, and therefore resolved to promote such a circumstance as much as possible. Partly from mischief, partly with the idea of furthering this intention, she secretly despatched to the love-stricken swain a copy of verses in a feigned hand, and without a signature, in which she set forth the miseries of unrequited love, and represented herself as pining beneath the weight of concealed grief. This effusion she hoped would be set down to the account of Aunt Sophia; and without informing any one of the note but her brother, who acted as messenger, she impatiently awaited the next visit of Mr. Stites. He, deluded man, had guessed the right source, and regarded it as a convincing proof of Miss Manby's affection.

When he made his appearance, looking very conscious and foolish,

and seeking in vain for corresponding symptoms in Caroline's laughing countenance, she turned the conversation on subjects of that nature, for the purpose of drawing him out. By hints and innuendoes, she extorted from him the desired confession, and then assumed a look of innocent surprise.

'Who could it have been?' she exclaimed. 'Such a strange proceeding!'

'If I could only discover the writer,' said Mr. Stites, with what was meant for a penetrating glance at his auditor, 'I would leave no means untried. The poetry was beautiful; and, poor thing! from her own account she had long suffered in silence!'

'Is it possible!' ejaculated the lady, in a voice of indignant astonishment. 'Is it possible, Mr. Stites, that you can bestow a second thought on such a bold, forward creature? Why the very words display an absence of all maidenly delicacy! She should have waited for you to declare *your* love before making that bold confession.'

Mr. Stites was rather puzzled; *she* could not have written it, for she neither blushed nor looked conscious, but rather angry than otherwise. However, his self-satisfaction again came to his aid; and, although not the writer, she was evidently jealous. He therefore replied, with a becoming consciousness of his own merits:

'I suppose she did wait as long as she could, and then she became desperate.'

Caroline now certainly did blush; not from jealousy, as Mr. Stites supposed, but anger at hearing herself thus spoken of. She said nothing more on the subject, and the bewildered bachelor soon after took his leave, quite undecided whether to offer himself or not.

A few evenings after he came again; his manner was evidently intended for something particularly soft and insinuating, and Caroline's bright eyes danced with mirth, as she saw how ill the attempt sat upon him. He fidgetted in his chair, changed his seat every five minutes, and followed her wherever she went. A few soft speeches insensibly slipt out, and every moment Caroline said to herself, 'now it's coming.' But it did not come—at least, not yet. Mr. Stites was fearful of irrevocably committing himself; he regarded himself as a prize set apart, for which spinsters of every degree were contending. He was afraid of being 'snapt up'—thrown away on some worthless candidate; and determined to watch Miss Manby narrowly before asking the important question.

Now Caroline, on the other hand, had no wish that he should come to the point. She was not a coquette, and, as her mind was already made up respecting him, she did not care to make an enemy of him, which she foresaw would certainly be the case, in the event of a refusal. While pondering these things over in her own mind, she hit upon a happy expedient, which she felt sure would drive all thoughts of love from the mind of the calculating suitor.

Her mother had been a beautiful woman, and from earliest childhood Caroline regarded her with feelings little short of idolatry. One day, while gazing on her mother's charms, she inquired,

‘Mamma, why do you not have your portrait painted? It would be so pretty!’

‘I have no money to pay for it, Cari’. I must wait till I get rich, or till you are rich,’ replied Mrs. Manby, scarcely heeding the meaning of her words, while gazing on the animated countenance before her.

But Cari’ heeded their meaning, and treasured it well. She understood that her mother was too poor to have her portrait taken, and, with childish disinterestedness, resolved to hoard up the presents of money she often received from generous relations, until she obtained enough for her mother’s picture. Tempting visions of confectionary and toys certainly danced before her mind; but adhering to her resolution, she carefully treasured every dollar. At the end of five years, she handed her mother a hundred and fifty dollars, with an earnest request that she would immediately have her portrait taken. Mrs. Manby had long since forgotten her remark, and gazed upon the lovely girl in surprise, while a tear glistened in her eye, at this proof of filial love.

‘No, Cari.’, she replied, ‘I will not have it taken now, dear. I am an old woman now, and it would be foolish to waste this money on the picture of a faded face. If taken at all, youth would have been the most proper season—not when I am old and wrinkled. As to the money, Cari.’, she continued, with a smile, ‘we will place that at interest; it may be useful to you at some future time, and, meanwhile, Miss Caroline Manby will be reported as quite an heiress. Take care that you do not become the prey of some fortune-hunter.’

Caroline laughed merrily at the idea; but, although she begged, kissed, and entreated, her mother was inexorable, and the sum was placed with her father, at most unheard-of interest. Mrs. Manby could not resist telling of this incident of her daughter’s disinterested affection, and the story spread rapidly. Every time it was repeated, the amount of Caroline’s property became greater and greater, after the fashion of the ‘three black crows,’ and at length people dropped the original narrative altogether, and represented Miss Manby as an heiress in her own right—the favored niece of some deceased uncle, who in dying had invested her with all his worldly goods. Much merriment was excited in the little circle at home, by any mention of ‘Cari.’s fortune,’ and she now resolved to put the disinterestedness of her persevering suitor to the test.

Mr. Stites spoke of farming, hinted at its pleasures and comforts, expatiated on the beauty of a potato-field in full blossom, and displayed the elegance and refinement of his taste in remarking that flowers—garden flowers—were a complete humbug, and that he desired no lovelier specimens than the purple blossoms of that useful root.

Caroline coincided with his opinions in the most amiable manner; took a hasty jump from potato-fields to houses and lands, and condemned the unlover-like selfishness which leads a man to take possession of his wife’s property for his own especial use.

Mr. Stites could not agree with her on this point, and looked upon

her with a gathering shade of distrust in consequence of these sentiments. Miss Manby was again at a discount.

'One thing I am resolved on,' continued Caroline, warmly; 'I have always entertained the greatest horror of being married solely for my money. It must be a dreadful, a blighting thing,' said she, with a fine show of enthusiasm that entirely discomposed the common-place bachelor, 'to find in lieu of that pure undying love that lasts with life itself, a cold, heartless indifference; a spirit of calculation, that can see nothing to love but the paltry lucre that tempted it! If ever I marry, my property shall be all settled on myself; so arranged, that no man can touch a cent of it without my consent!'

Her bright face suddenly changed from the sentimental to the mischievous, and she bent an inquiring glance on Mr. Stites. Unconscious of every thing save the dreadful announcement that was still ringing in his ears, that unhappy and persecuted bachelor had started from his chair, and now stood, handkerchief in hand, wiping the cold drops of perspiration from his brow. O, that imp of mischief! There he stood, overwhelmed, crushed, before her, and yet she could not resist a little teasing as a parting salute.

'More than this,' she continued, in a quiet tone; 'I do not intend to marry any one who is not very wealthy himself—quite a millionaire; and therefore it is but reasonable to expect him to settle a handsome sum on me—the half of his property, at the very least.'

Mr. Stites could bear no more; his powers of endurance had been tasked to their utmost extent; and forgetting love, etiquette and prudence, he seized his hat and hurried from the house, nor did he consider himself safe until he arrived at his own domicile, in a state of breathless terror.

As to Caroline, she could no longer contain herself. Falling upon the sofa, she gave way to such a prolonged fit of merriment, that Aunt Sophia, who at this juncture entered the apartment, almost doubted the possession of her senses. When the laughing heroine at length gained breath to relate her story, her auditors were reduced to the same situation as herself.

'Cari's property!' shouted Ned Manby; 'that is too good! and settling it on herself! O, dear! Let me see—the interest of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, at seven per cent. ? Why, Sis., it would almost keep you in sewing-cotton!'

But Cari.' still meditated revenge on her mercenary lover. She was well aware of his antipathy to widows, and resolved to assail him on this most tender point. St. Valentine's day drew near; and while others were occupied in the perusal of billets profusely ornamented with hearts, darts, and most unnatural-looking Cupids, being as broad as they were long, and by no means ethereal in appearance, Mr. Stites received to his great dismay a very prettily-folded, lady-like epistle, containing a regular business-like advertisement for a husband by a widow lady with eight charming 'responsibilities.' This poetical effusion proceeded in the same style of other advertisements, and was characterized by an explicit manner that showed the writer to be very much in earnest, and startled Mr. Stites out of

the small degree of equanimity still left. The lady stated in rhyme that she had 'no objections to go in the country;' that is, if permitted to stay in the city from October till May. Now the paper, seal and all, exactly matched others in the possession of Miss Caroline Manby; and things, to say the least, certainly looked suspicious — very!

As to the unfortunate bachelor, his fear and dread had now assumed a tangible shape; a resolute 'widder' was evidently in full pursuit; but when the 'eight responsibilities' rose up before him, he fairly groaned with horror. She seemed to him ever at his side, ready to pounce upon her prey; and forswearing matrimony, with an especial anathema for the benefit of 'widders,' Mr. Stites again absented himself from the village. Before his return we had a wedding, and a merry one it was too; for the bride was pretty Cari' Manby, and the bridegroom the identical 'Harry,' the netting of whose purse had so annoyed Mr. Stites. It went off as all weddings do, and so to our great grief did the 'happy couple.'

But in the interim back came our missing bachelor; and, alas! he came not alone! One Sunday morning, before the minister made his appearance, (I mention this particularly, for we never looked around afterward,) the church-door was pulled violently open, and up the aisle advanced a lady, followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Stites. There was rigid determination in the very air with which the bride (for so she was) flung open the pew-door, and having seated herself, composedly returned the stare of that surprised congregation. She was neither young nor handsome, and very termagantish-looking withal, and yet she *was* Mrs. Stites. Ere long it came out that the lady in question had been a widow;—only think of it, a real, actual widow! and under her influence Mr. Stites seemed to be rapidly undergoing a taming process.

We could not imagine how she had conquered his prejudices against 'widders,' particularly as she appeared to possess no balancing attraction; but to an inquiry hazarded on this point, Mr. Stites replied, despondingly, 'She would have me!' There was much more comprised in this short sentence than we were then aware of. Before long, reports reached us from the lady's native town; and one who knew her well remarked: 'Whatever Lyd. Warner set down her foot to do was done, and that the case of Mr. Stites was but a feeble illustration, insomuch as he believed that she could almost move a house from one place to another by the mere force of will.' She certainly was a very resolute-looking person. Having arrived at this point, we will now leave Mr. Stites, merely observing, in conclusion, that he was no longer the Mr. Stites of former days.

EPIGRAM

ON A POOR BUT VERY PROLIFIC AUTHOR.

A MODERN novelist, compelled by need,
Writes eighty pages ere the day is o'er;
Alas, poor man! I feel for him indeed,
But pity his afflicted readers more!

T H E M A T E : A S K E T C H .

BY MRS. M. E. HSWITT.

THE wind is loudly piping,
 Like a boatswain in the gale,
 And the fisherman in yonder bay
 Is taking in his sail:
 The gull is springing upward
 From the water's whitening crest,
 And, winging toward the headland,
 Flies screaming to her nest.

I have a noble brother,
 A mariner is he;
 Therefore my prayer goes ever forth
 With the sailor on the sea.
 He hath been long a voyager,
 And wondrous tales can tell
 Of lands to us like fable,
 And hap that him befell.

On the burning Indian Ocean
 He hath chased the spouting whale,
 And amid the Polar ice-fields
 He hath furled the frozen sail;
 And on our far north-western coast,
 Where the trapper sets his snare,
 With the savage he hath hunted
 The buffalo and bear.

He was but young, my brother —
 His years were scarce a score,
 When, crowned as now with whitened hair,
 He first came back to shore.
 He was gaunt like to an Arab,
 With bronzed and wasted cheek;
 For the captain was a craven,
 And the good ship sprung a leak.

Upon the broad Atlantic
 Arose a sudden blast;
 It rent her flowing topsail,
 And wrenched away the mast.
 They gave the sea her lading,
 And the anchors from her prow,
 And drew the strong new main-sail
 O'er the leak beneath her bow.

He was the mate, my brother —
 And so he spake with glee,
 While the captain sat all downcast,
 With his hands clasped round his knee:
 'Ho! man the pumps, my messmates!
 Work with a willing hand,
 And the faithful PÍLOT overhead
 Will bring us safe to land!'

They wrought both late and early,
 To keep the good ship free,
 While the captain sat all downcast,
 With his hands clasped round his knee;
 But the men grew faint and fearful,
 Till the mate alone stood there,
 With his young heart full of courage
 And his young head white with care.

For he thought upon his mother,
 And the sinews of his hand
 Grew strong beneath her fancied voice—
 And so they came to land.
 And now, when swells the tempest,
 We hush our household glee,
 While our prayers go with the mariner
 Abroad upon the sea.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF GEORGIA.

NUMBER THREE: CONCLUDED.

GLANCING our eyes over the pages of history, we find the colony of Georgia in a flourishing condition up to the time of the Revolutionary war. At its commencement, the command of the forces destined for the subjugation of America was tendered to Oglethorpe, he being the senior officer on the King's Staff; but he declined it, giving to the ministry as his reason, that he knew the Americans too well—that they never could be subdued by arms; but that obedience could be secured by doing them justice, and redressing their wrongs. Sir William Howe, being the next officer in rank, was appointed and accepted, and the war proceeded. Had Oglethorpe accepted this appointment, Georgia, his own colony, nurtured by his benevolence, would have been reclaimed to the mother country. It would have never joined the American confederacy, and would at this day have been a southern Canada, skirting the free states of the Union. As it was, the popularity of Sir James Wright, the royal governor, almost effected it; and had Oglethorpe's influence been brought to bear upon it, as commander-in-chief of the royal forces, the change would have been inevitable. But instead of this, he lived to see the little band of one hundred and sixteen emigrants, which came over with him in the ship *Anne*, who, over a century ago, first pitched their tents upon the bluff of Yamacraw, grow and expand into a proprietary government—a royal province—a free, sovereign and independent state, and taking rank with her sister colonies, among the noblest nations of the earth; and he lived to visit, and personally welcome to England the ambassador,* who came to represent at

* JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States.

England's court that colony which he planted more than half a century ago, upon the banks of the Savannah. In the expressive language of a modern writer, 'The infant became a sovereign, while its parent was still a subject.'

After the fall of Savannah, in 1778, and the failure of the combined forces of the French and Americans, under General Count D'Estang and General Lincoln, in 1779, the royal government was reestablished under that able executive, Sir James Wright; and the whole of Georgia, save a little spot in the county of Wilkes, was subjugated to the British arms.* Then was the midnight of the Revolution—all seemed dark and gloomy—all that had been struggled for seemed to be lost to the eye of man; but help was at hand, and, under the gallant and brave Clarke, the sturdy Pickens, with the dauntless valor of the yeomanry of Wilkes, was this darkness dispelled; the gray dawn of freedom soon burst forth, and, in three years from that gloomy time, the state was regenerated and disenthralled. Had Wilkes County been conquered, liberty would have become extinct, and oppression would have reigned in its stead. Here at least 'the battle was not to the strong, nor the race to the swift.' It was not to the counsel of the people, that liberty was thus gained, but if we recur to that seven years' war, we will see that it was the counsel and will of the God of battles, who went forth to fight for them, and but for him the colony would have been trodden under foot, and utterly destroyed. While this is applicable to Georgia, it is applicable to the whole Union, for, though the signal and divine interposition of our liberties, by HIM who doeth great wonders, when these liberties were at the point of being wrested from us, it was then that we were saved, as a nation, from British tyranny and British oppression.

It is now within a few months of one hundred and sixteen years, since the landing of Oglethorpe upon the Bluff of Yamacraw. Let us review a little of her past history—contrasting her infancy with her manhood.

Soon after the Spanish invasion, the entire population of the colony of Georgia scarcely numbered four thousand souls; and the only points of note were Ebenezer, Darien, St. Simons and Savannah, which were the mere frontier outposts of a province whose rich interior was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians. Then there were only five trading stores, and commerce employed but one vessel and a few perriaugas.† Four or five schools, and as many churches, were all the educational and religious means of the colony, and the government was conducted by a body of distant trustees, and often exercised through unworthy agents.

The first colony which came over, brought with them their minister, and the foundations of Savannah were laid amid prayers and thanksgivings. The first colonial minister was the Rev. Dr. Herbert, an Episcopalian, the Rev. Samuel Quincy succeeded, and when he

* Historical Collections of Georgia, Vol. I.

† Perriaugas, a small Spanish trading boat.

left, was followed by the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. The Rev. George Whitfield, whose eloquence has justly styled him the 'prince of pulpit-orators,' succeeded Mr. Wesley; and the only parish over which this eminent man was settled, was Christ Church, in Savannah. His character and eloquence are too well known to admit here of description. Suffice it to say, however, he with others, such as Gronou, Wesley, Boyd and McLeod, will favorably compare with any clergy in any colony planted in America. It is true, that intestine troubles, Indian wars, and a sanguinary revolution, checked the growth of piety for a while, but the war over, the constitution and government of the state formed, the church arose and triumphed. From the one church first organized at the founding of Savannah, hundreds have arisen throughout the land, opening their gates each Sabbath, inviting worshippers to their altars; and hundreds of ministers have gone forth into various parts of the state, proclaiming the gospel to their fellow-creatures; and the very incense of devotion arises morning and evening, like a cloud of glory to heaven.

And what shall we say of the educational history of Georgia? The first college south of William and Mary in Virginia, was Bethesda College in Georgia. Founded by the celebrated Whitfield, he aimed to make it the first of universites; and he labored in England and America to establish it on a solid foundation. His death, and the Revolution which soon followed, crushed the project, and now naught but ruins mark the spot, where the students of Bethesda, with their black gowns and square caps, lived and studied.* As soon as the constitution of the state had been settled, the great minds of her statesmen were turned to the cause of education, and the result was the organization of a State University, through the enterprise of Jackson, Baldwin, Milledge, and other popular men of the state,† Legislation busied itself with the subject of common schools and county academies, while private enterprise started into operation numerous institutions for the improvement of the young. At this day, there are six chartered colleges,‡ with a large number of high schools and seminaries, over and above the many county academies and township schools. The state is supplied with sufficient educational apparatus to train up the entire rising generation, though much of this is dormant and unemployed, the probable result of which is the sparseness of population. Says one of her distinguished citizens, 'Could we but concentrate the energies of the popular mind—could we but educate the great body of her people—there would spring forth a literature that would give tone and shape to American genius; and institutions of learning would arise, scattering their influence broadcast o'er the land, that should flourish like a tree of life, planted on each side of the river of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, whose leaves should be for the healing of the nations.' So much for the cause of education in Georgia.

* Georgia Historical Collections.

† Hon. James Jackson, Hon. John Milledge, Governors of Georgia; Hon. Abraham Baldwin, U. S. Senator from Georgia.

‡ University of Georgia, Athens; Mercer University, Panfield; Female College, Macon; Oglethorpe University, Milledge; Emory College, Oxford; Medical College, Augusta.

Having viewed Georgia in her infancy, let us behold her in the strength of her manhood. But a short time, and what a change? The infant colony, though fifty years younger than any of the old thirteen states, is now *third* in size of the Union of twenty-eight—the scanty population of her few small towns and villages have increased to upwards of seven hundred thousand—the one vessel and few perriaguas of her early commerce have given place to over seven hundred, that ‘go down to the sea, and do business on the great waters,’—the exports and imports, which were then valued at fifteen hundred pounds, now exceed four millions of dollars—the broad fields and wide forests, once the domain of the red-man, have been peopled with towns and cities—‘the flaming courser, with iron hoofs,’ now speedeth on its way, where once was the path of the Indian trader—the little school-house has its instructions echoed back by the burr of a hundred academies, and the humble church by the prayers and praises of a hundred temples. The government, which then ruled with unequal and often tyrannical power, is now supplanted by popular institutions of her own framing, resting upon *wisdom, justice, and moderation*, as the pillars in her own dome of freedom.* Behold Georgia in her early days—then almost gasping for an infant’s breath, now standing up in the robust strength of her noble manhood. Behold her extensive boundaries—her teeming population—her productive agriculture—her flourishing literature—her religious institutions—her vast schemes of internal improvement—her civil and religious liberty, which she exerted herself so strenuously to secure—and tell me whether you can find any country that has more natural and internal resources than the State of Georgia.

October 13, 1848.

T O M Y L A M P .

BY C. RUSSEL-CLARK.

SPEECHLESS companion of my evening hour,
 Thou who with genial ray delight’st to cheer
 That weary season when the slender flower
 Droops low beneath the star’s bright, dewy tear;
 Thou who when terror-driven Night succeeds
 The swift departure of the restless day,
 When forest-trees are swept as brittle-reeds,
 And wind-gods hold their fearful, boist’rous sway;
 Dost, like the beacon Hope within the soul,
 With beaming eye, still cheer my peaceful hearth,
 As solemn measured hours above me roll,
 Heavy with record of a busy earth.
 Ah! when I roam from all I hold most dear,
 I’ll oft recall thine eye, and what it beamed on here!

* THE coat of arms of the State of Georgia represents a temple supported by three pillars; Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation.

A CHILD AT A WINDOW.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

But yester-noon my curious eye espied
 A child out-looking through a window-pane:
 Urgent my haste, yet, as I onward hied,
 I turned to gaze upon the child again.
 Her face was fair, her eyes were bright and blue,
 Her hair hung loosely, with peculiar grace
 Of curl or texture, glossiness or hue;
 But whether more of mirth were in her face,
 Or innocence, or modesty, 't were not
 An easy word to say. A sweet red spot,
 And dimple beautified her cheek, and lent
 A comely aspect to the child. She wore
 No gaudy dress, nor golden ornament;
 In her own native self her chiefest charm she bore.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

'— a palmer clad in black attyre,
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Lest his long way his aged limbs should tire.'

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

Tor and the German had not been alone in the attempted rescue; a third person was anxiously waiting outside of the prison walls; the faithful Padre was there, faithful to the last, 'and ready?' 'aye ready,' with his cassock rolled up, and his machete in his good right hand, he stood amid the pelting storm like a staunch old crusader, a representation of the church-militant, and of his stóut heart did knock somedelete against his ribs, it was not occasioned by fear, but rather by the solicitude with which he awaited the event. After parting that day with Blas and Adelaida, he heard of the arrival of the schooner, and in the afternoon had walked down to the quay in hopes of meeting with some of the persons belonging to her that he might inform them that one of their countrymen was then in the prison under sentence of death. There was a vague idea in his mind that something might result from it, even a rescue did not seem altogether improbable, for General Morales (who succeeded Boves in the command of the division) had left immediately after the execution of Ribas with his troops, leaving only a scanty garrison in the city in consequence of a report

that Paez with his Llaneros was in the neighborhood of Barcelona. But the quay was deserted when the Padre reached it, except that a solitary sentinel was pacing alone on the broad dusty path, for it was in the heat of the day, a little boat was tied to the wharf however, and so after arousing the *barquero*, who was asleep under the sail, he was soon by the side of 'The Lively Prudence.'

Now it happened that Tot and Captain Bilsey were still over the little decanter in the cabin when the Padre arrived, and if Tot was surprised at this queer and unexpected addition to his forces, the Padre was not less astonished at the development of the plan of rescue. Thus it was that he happened to be on duty under the walls, when he was startled by the relief guard making the rounds. In a few minutes he was joined by Schlauff, who being the last man in the relief, had dropped unperceived from the wall, and together they had witnessed the fall of the sentry and the escape of Tot as related; and then the three after clambering down the black, weedy rocks below the prison wall, held a short conference on the beach, and the Padre was left alone, while the clang of their retreating oars broke upon his ears like the echoes of a departing hope. Carefully keeping close to the rocks so as to escape observation, for lights were glancing from window to window in the prison, and he could hear footsteps and shouts on the bank above as of persons in search of the fugitives, the Padre gained a footpath that led up to a narrow and secluded lane, and then threading the silent streets, he reached at last a deserted building which he had occupied since his arrival at Barcelona.

'Poor boy,' said he, shaking the rain-drops from his broad 'Don Basilio' hat while he looked up at the radiant moon that was peacefully shining through the open window, 'poor boy, to die so young, so brave, a stranger here too, and Adelaida? but *quien sabe!* — God orders all! and the Padre, like a weary child that had exhausted its grief, laid down and slept in his hammock until morning.

The executions of the preceding day had inspired the inhabitants of Barcelona with a deep feeling of resentment against the Spanish General and his cruel soldiery. They had seen the headless body of Ribas dragged through the plaza and then cast aside in the prison-yard to await an ignominious burial; they had witnessed the execution of young patriot officers, some of them the sons of their most beloved and respected citizens, expiring in the bloom of youth with 'Viva la patria!' upon their lips; they had suffered exactions, insults, cruelties, every thing from their oppressors, and as they gathered again in the plaza there were indications of impending mischief in the compressed lips and the lowering brows, and the hushed, almost breathless calm which rested upon the multitude as the soldiers loaded their muskets in front of the fatal chair.

'Room, room, muchachos, do you not see Juan the pilgrim? This way, good father,' said a stout woman, thrusting back some bare-legged boys. An old man dressed in a long garment of black serge passed with uplifted arms through the crowd. His head and feet were bare, a crucifix hung by a chain around his neck, his long white hair and beard floated like radiated silver over the cape and cowl of

his dress, and as he moved along amidst the people, his lips muttering benedictions, while one withered hand held aloft a slender staff, every head bent low as at the coming of a prophet — the visitation of an evangelist!

‘Juan the pilgrim!’ murmured the crowd.

The old man walked directly on to the centre of the open square formed by the soldiers, when he was stopped by the sentinel. Putting him aside with his hand, he passed the executionary platoon and ascending the platform, stood beside the prisoner.

‘My son,’ said he, clasping his attenuated hands over the little cross at the top of his staff, and looking with tearful commiseration into Harold’s eyes: ‘I hear that you are a stranger here and one who denies the true faith, you are a heretic; do you not fear to die!’

‘No, father.’

‘Son,’ said the old man trembling all over with emotion, ‘consider, it is dreadful to perish with denial at your heart. I once had a son like you, not my own son, but one whom I loved as well, brave, young, noble. I wronged him — and a daughter — ah! I was happy. This is all I have left’ continued he, lifting up the silver crucifix that had been hidden by the white hairs of his beard. ‘This is all — it is my only hope; let it be yours, my son.’

‘A strange presentiment came into Harold’s mind. ‘Your daughter’s name,’ said he, ‘was Antonia.’

‘Blessed saints!’ said the old man, letting his staff fall and clasping his hands; ‘it was.’

‘And you received that cross from Ayucha the Zurina.’

‘Merciful Mary!’ said the pilgrim, raising himself to his full height and gazing on Harold with dilated eyes: ‘Do I hear? do I hear? and where —’

‘What is all this?’ interrupted Captain Calpang, who had watched them with intense interest and began to fear that some untoward event might yet snatch the victim from his grasp. ‘What is all this? Stand back, old man.’

‘Where is she? My ’Tonia, my child?’

‘Do you hear? stand back;’ and the half-breed rudely seized the old man by the arm and attempted to draw him away.

There was a commotion among the people, eager faces were crowding forward and pressing upon the sentinels.

‘My daughter! My ’Tonia,’ repeated Juan, struggling to release himself.

‘For shame,’ said Padre Pacheco, advancing, ‘would you offer violence to an old man?’

‘You too?’ replied the half-breed, furiously, and retreating to the platoon, ‘stand aside from the chair. Ready! — aim! — stand aside I say — fire!’

But not a gun was discharged. The old man stood erect beside Harold with one hand resting upon his shoulder, facing the levelled muskets.

‘Do you hear, fire!’ screamed the Llanero, his face black with passion, and seizing a musket from one of the soldiers, he aimed it at

the breast of Harold and pulled the trigger. At that instant Rosano threw himself before the chair in hopes of arresting Calpang's intention, the action was fatal, the ball struck the old man behind the left temple and a red stream oozed from the wound and mingled with his silver hairs as he fell at Harold's feet. A wild scream of horror burst from the crowd; there was a rush to the centre of the plaza; in vain did the soldiers oppose themselves; the knife against the musket! every time a bright blade gleamed in the air down went a Spaniard, and the Llanero was struck to the earth, dragged over the pavement, torn by the firm hands of the insurgents, pierced with a hundred poinards, and then raised in the air and dashed to the ground a quivering and mutilated corpse. Meanwhile the Padre, frantic with joy at this unexpected turn of affairs, drew forth his machete and severed the thongs with which Harold was bound, and together they raised the old pilgrim from the ground, but life had departed.

'See how beautiful he smile!' said the Padre; 'I t'ink he see 'ees daughter; don't-a you?'

So, carefully depositing the body upon the platform, and making the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the departed, the padre waved his machete over his head, and looked around for some soldier to try its temper upon. But the priest-warrior must needs forego that pleasure, for except the dead scattered around the plaza, no Spaniards were visible; the remainder had made good their escape, and closed the heavy gate against the insurgents.

'Come, Colonel,' said he, with an expression of disappointment, 'e must-a save Blas and Adelaida; 'ee 's no time to lose;' and forcing his way through the crowd, he turned into a narrow street, followed by Harold and a score of their wild companions.

From this place the scene was strikingly picturesque. A thin, bluish vapor, in broad, oblique bands, alternated with stripes of sunlight, pervaded the plaza, through which was visible a shifting and tumultuous assemblage of men, in every variety of costume, hurrying to and fro, armed with muskets, axes and cutlasses, their brawny hands and arms uplifted with fierce, energetic gestures of defiance, or pointing to the barred windows of the prison, from whence a dropping fire was kept up by the soldiers. Here a group hurried along with a huge beam to force the gate; there others were returning an ineffectual fire against the besieged; women were flitting from place to place, with words of encouragement, or tendering their assistance to the wounded. Occasionally a man would fall, as some well-directed shot told; at which a cry of vengeance would arise from his comrades, while the bell of the prison tolled vehemently for assistance, and the din of hammers and heavy strokes of the beam against the iron-studded gate mingled with the discharge of musketry and the shouts of the besiegers. Down that street and through another, with much turning and crossing, and now they reach the little gate before the house of Adelaida. The sentinel on duty fled at the approach of this fierce irruption, but he was soon overtaken and slain in a corner of the garden, and the Padre, after a

brief exhortation to his body-guard, ascended the steps of the piazza and entered the hall with Harold.

Lovely, lovely was the burthen which Harold held in his arms in the dim twilight of that hall! He touched his lips to her burning cheek, he felt the gentle pressure of her loving arms, while the Padre laid down his broad hat on the floor, deliberately crossed his machete over it, and taking his cousin in his arms, gave him such an emphatic squeeze, that Blas turned red in the face, and exhibited fearful symptoms of an immediate attack of apoplexy.

It did not require much persuasion to induce Adelaida to fly from Barcelona now that the wedding was brought to such an untimely end. No doubt it has been surmised by the reader that in betrothing herself to Calpang she had made the liberation of Colonel Herman the price of the sacrifice. But the wily half-breed, when he swore to accomplish this, intended not only to liberate him from the prison of Barcelona, but also from the earth-prison, from all care and anxiety for the future, from unhappiness prospective and retrospective; in fact, to send him to another world, where in all probability he would never again be in the Llanero's way. As we have seen, his benevolent designs were happily frustrated. And now let us accompany the fugitives through devious streets and narrow lanes, past the unfinished cathedral and across the open plazas, unquestioned by the people who were thronging toward the prison, whose dolorous bell still kept up its alarum, and then, having reached the range of rocks that skirted one side of the city, they took leave of their faithful guard, and so up beyond the Moro and away to a secluded place, where, behind two gray rocks that arose like towers from the water, in a little shaded nook, hollowed out like a shell and overbrowed with wild vines, lay the yawl of the 'Lively Prudence,' like a pearl in an oyster.

The little man was seated astride the bows of the boat, with his legs sticking out on each side like an equestrian statue of a squab Triton, and with a melancholy visage he peeled a banana, while Schlauff was idly looking from under his broad sombrero at the open sea.

'This 'ere, that looks like a wegetibble sassige,' said Tot, and he took a promiscuous bite of it, 'is what you call a b'nanner, hey?'

'Jah.'

'Waäl, it's got a mixed taste of lard and chestnuts. A b'nanner, hey? Grows? Mercy on me! what's that?' A handful of earth fell from the bank and peppered the remainder of his provender. He looked up; there was a face peering at him through the vines above. The German sprang to his feet and drew his bayonet.

'It ees me,' said the Padre, thrusting his face still farther through the vine leaves, a round face with vine leaves clustered around, very like a Bacchus; 'me. Take 'e boat round; 'e is here.'

'Dominie,' said Tot, 'I'm cred'lus; that's one of my p'int's; but you do n't mean to say that he is eout?'

'Take 'e boat round and see.'

'By thunder!' said the shoemaker, 'did you ever see sich a min-

ister? Here, Schlauff, shove off, my boy.' The German ran the boat out into the water, pulled his sombrero over his eyes, and took to his oar with a will. 'If he's eout,' said Tot, with a shout of exultation, 'I'll go to meetin' to you, Dominie, alwus; and mend your shoes and family's for nothin' as long as you live!'

And now the yawl, rounding the rocks, brought within his delighted view the little group standing upon a weedy ledge that shelved with a gentle declivity into the water. Happiness often takes up her abode in lowly places, and the heart of Tot dilated to welcome her sweet presence that day. He grasped Harold by the hand with a fervor that would have cracked a walnut, he walked around him, he whistled, he laughed to himself, he crushed his hat between his hands, and then pulled it on like a refractory boot, and finally, turning to Adelaida, said: 'Missus Herman, I guess?'

'No entiendo.'

'You intend tew?—jest so; it's all the same. Some people—*waal*—you know Miss *Edla G.*?' said Tot, turning to Harold.

That simple question! and yet it thrilled through every fibre.

'Yea.'

'She's a goner—she's married!'

'Married?' That word, that sharp word! keener than the shears of the *Parcæ*, it shore asunder the last thread that linked him to home. 'Married!' He placed his hand hastily in his bosom, as if that could still the angry sea that heaved beneath it.

Adelaida turned from one to the other with questioning eyes.

'Come,' said Tot; 'Captain *Bilsey's* a-waitin', and time are time.'

'Farewell, then,' said Harold, as he assisted Adelaida into the boat; 'adios! We may meet again!' And mournfully taking her little hand, he pressed it to his heart.

'What does this mean?' said she, turning pale. 'Not with us?'

'And leave those who perilled their lives for me in *Barcelona* to perish?'

There was a little heart beside him that had perilled its all—its lifetime of happiness for him, yet he knew it not. She looked up in his face with an expression of sweet reproach, and replied: 'Do not leave us; you are but one to them, but to us you are—all—the world!' That last sentence escaped unawares from her heart and lips at the same time; she looked down and blushed deeply.

'Quick, quick! the boat!' said the padre; 'there is a troop of horsemen coming down the road yonder! *Morales!* Quick! we are lost!'

The hand of Adelaida still rested in Harold's. She looked up in his face again, with mute supplication. He stood irresolute. In the depths of his soul a voice seemed to say, 'As well to die now.' Once more he pressed her hand to his heart, and said, 'Thank Heaven, you are in safety. My fate is with those who rescued me from death. Farewell.' But the little hand still held his own, and a sweet, low voice, like a lute-tone, murmured, 'I owe my life to you. This day, from death, or worse than death, you have preserved me. If you remain, I too will remain; if you perish —'

'Saints, guard us!' said the padre. 'Are ye mad? Do you not see the tops of their lances, as they wind around the hill? There is Morales. For those in Barcelona you can do nothing; they are doomed!'

The little hand Harold held in his own seemed to draw him toward the boat, without his will. He entered the yawl—'doomed!'

'All right!' said Tot, joyfully, who had listened to this long conversation in Spanish with manifest impatience; 'let her go!'—And go she did.

'Doomed!' repeated Harold, as the boat rounded the high rocks, and the cavalry of Morales thundered past the place they had just left. 'Doomed! All that I touch withers—all that I loved—Alice, Edla—gone! and, later, Ribas, Ayucha, and these poor exiles. Alas! I am not only doomed—I am also the doomer!'

Impelled by the sturdy arms of Tot and Schlauff, the yawl soon reached the side of the Lively Prudence, where they were welcomed by Captain Bilsley. Schlauff clambered up the side, unobserved by Harold, and mingled with the crew. And now the yawl swings from the stern of the clipper, the anchor rises from the deep ooze, the rings creep up the masts, the sails fill, and, careering before the fresh breeze, the schooner cleaves, with her foaming bows, the flashing waters. Hour after hour passes, the blue land sinks, fades, vanishes, day passes—night—and with the morning rises upon the sight the rocky island of Margueritta, the last stronghold of the patriots upon the Main.

BOYS.

BY JOHN G. BAKER.

'The noblest study of mankind is man'—
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman;
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human!

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From Nature's marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning,
The very queerest one is that of boys!

If to ask questions that would puzzle PLATO,
And all the schoolmen of the middle age,—
If to make precepts worthy of old CARO,
Be deemed philosophy—your boy's a sage!

If the possession of a teeming fancy,
(Although, forsooth, the youngster does n't know it,)
Which he can use in rarest necromancy,
Be thought poetical—your boy's a poet!

If a strong will, and most courageous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman NERO;
If all that's chivalrous, and all that's daring,
Can make a hero, then the boy's a hero!

But changing soon with his increasing stature,
The boy is lost in manhood's riper age,
And with him goes his former triple nature—
No longer poet, hero, now, nor sage!

Highgate, Vermont, December 19, 1848.

T H E B I B L E :

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY YOUNG DAUGHTER.

i.

THE BIBLE! sacred book to souls untaught,
 Bringing from darkness pure and perfect light;
 That nerved the arm of warriors, when they fought
 To hurl the Saracen from his proud height,
 And placed the banner, with the red-cross wrought,
 On Zion's towers; that pilgrims might
 In safety trace their steps, and naught deter
 From prayer beside the glorious sepulchre.

ii.

The Bible! Let its champions gather near,
 And meet the Infidel, and 'fight him fair,'
 In quiet converse; not with sword or spear,
 Break they his bubble, filled with naught save air.
 Oh! HOMINUM SALVATOR! canst thou hear
 The wicked man deny thee, and yet spare
 The unbelieving worm? — 't were sentence just,
 'Of dust thou art — return thou unto dust!'

iii.

Without the Bible, where would man now be?
 Debased and fallen, as he's ever been,
 Since ADAM knew the first iniquity:
 Deep, deep in ignorance, and full of sin,
 A creature who his MAKER ne'er could see;
 But the Good Book, if he will look within,
 Gives chart to lead him upward; true as the star
 Which men did steer by, seen in heaven afar!

iv.

The Bible! its bright precepts and commands
 Change from the savage to a noble state
 Men who did worship idols, and whose hands
 Would slay a friend or brother in their hate,
 And even covet all their neighbors' lands,
 Turning deaf ear when poor were at their gate.
 That Good Book tells us of the rich man's fate,
 Who spurned poor LAZARUS while *he* choice food ate.

v.

The Bible has been sown in pagau lands,
 Where all was darkness, desolate and drear;
 As showers from heaven upon those burning sands
 The Gospel truths are told to many an ear:
 The heathen kneeling holds aloft his hands,
 The face upturned reveals the contrite tear;
 The glory thine, Good Book! for souls thus saved,
 Where all was gloomy, wicked, and depraved.

VI.

Without the Bible, Sabbaths all were lost ;
 Church bells might cease to ring inviting peals :
 Like to a vessel on the billows tost,
 No compass guiding, to and fro she reels ;
 Or like the flock whose shepherd it has lost :
 A common day ; for none contented feels
 Unless he 's seen that Sacred Book spread open,
 And from its page heard words of comfort spoken.

VII.

The Bible ! where the sad solemnity,
 If it were lost, or never had been known,
 Of *burial* here on earth, or when at sea
 The body 's canvassed, shotted, and then thrown
 In the blue water, on the vessel's lee ?
 Many a boy, seeing such scenes, has grown
 A manly sailor : sinful though he be,
 He looks at ocean, far from any land,
 And knows the ALMIGHTY holds it in His hand !

VIII.

The Bible ! first beheld in gloomy prison,
 By many a convict who can't understand
 Why blood for blood — thus runs the wise decision —
 Must flow from him who breaks the sixth command.
 Laws made by man he laughs at with derision ;
 Now with God's law in his red guilty hand
 He trembles ; on his knees he falls, and cries :
 Why did I ever this good Book despise ?

IX.

The Bible ! — read it with attentive care,
 And study well those points which appertain
 To thy soul's safety ; not on earth, but there,
 From whence all bounties come. 'The dew, the rain,
 The sun, the stars, 'the virgin moon so fair,'
 All seem to whisper, 'Sin thou not again,
 And thou eternally may'st with us rest,
 And with the angels be forever blest.'

X.

The Bible ! — Lamp unto thy feet so bright,
 'T will safely lead thee from this wicked sphere
 To realms of bliss — eternal heaven ! A light
 Unto thy path, no danger need'st thou fear,
 For HE who blessed that Sacred Book, thy sight
 A touch divine will give, and then appear,
 To guide thee raptured through this page of truth,
 And bid thee love HIM in thy day of youth.

XI.

The Bible ! — keep it near thee ; and be sure,
 If troubles o'er thy gentle spirit creep,
 Flee to its bosom, for no leech can cure
 A mind disturbed so well. At night, when sleep
 Begins t' o'ercome thee, let no pleasures lure
 Thee from its sacred page, that thou may'st reap
 Fruits that on earth are no where to be found,
 Blessings divine, and joys that know no bound.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

SACRED ALLEGORIES. By the Rev. W. ADAMS, M. A. I. **SHADOW OF THE CROSS.** II. **DISTANT HILLS.** New-York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union: DANIEL DANA, JR., Agent. Depository, Number 20, John-street.

THE form of allegory is of all other methods perhaps the best suited to rivet attention, to delight and to instruct. It is not only agreeable to children, the mass of readers, from capacity, from education, from habit, are not prepared to reason deeply. Talk of abstract things, and they turn a deaf ear; they yawn at the conversation; they throw aside the book, and they sleep under the sermon; but talk of their old friends, sticks, and stones and trees; embody virtue and vice, and present them as familiar forms, and the mind is arrested. The allegories of Holy Scripture are the most simple, touching, and beautiful. The outlines are so few, yet so clear, that the eager suggestive mind hastens to fill them up. Observe the parable of the 'Sower.' How prominent are the several parts of the picture. The husbandman, the seed, the act of sowing, the way-side, the stones, the thorns, are clearly presented to the eye, and the instruction is comprehended. How many thousands have gathered food from the Fables of Æsop! Cunning is abstract; but let it be presented in the shape of a sly fox, with a Christmas-goose flung over his shoulders, or as a good swimmer expelling fleas to the extreme corn-cob, or as an epicure in cheese and at the same time a lover of music, and the moral is treasured up and laid to heart. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is an immortal work. It lies in the fore-ground of reading, and is a delight through which the educated all pass in their ascent from childhood to age. It is the most elaborate work of the kind; a parable carried out, and filled up with the exquisite art of a great master. With respect to this, the class of works which we now notice may be considered as minor allegories, although perfectly carried out and finished. They have been perhaps more read and admired than any thing of the kind since the days of JOHN BUNYAN, although their best praises have not been *loud*. They have been the silent tears shed in their perusal. The 'Shadow of the Cross' was the first allegory from the pen of the Rev. Mr. ADAMS, and its favorable reception prepared the way for that continued series which has since followed, to cheer the Christmas holidays, and to impart instruction and delight to thousands. It is written in the purest Saxon English, and filled on every page with touches of the most tender beauty. If for chastity of style alone, it is worthy of being read and admired with the finest models in the language. Alas! the author of these exquisite productions has gone whither the cross casts no 'shadow,' but the noon-tide sun shines constantly, and 'sorrow and sighing are done away.' What we have from his pen we treasure

up and lay to heart. He has gone to the Eternal City, and to the 'Distant Hills,' which he has pictured so beautifully. Parents and others, who wish to furnish suitable presents for the young, will find at the Depository, Number 20 John-street, a selection of the choicest books, whose external embellishments accord with that which is within. The page on which these works are printed is like a little slab of Parian marble; so pure, so white, so polished; and rivals the utmost luxury of the English press.

RHYMES OF TRAVEL: BALLADS AND POEMS. By BAYARD TAYLOR, Author of 'Views Afoot,' etc. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THE 'rhymes of travel' contained in this well-printed volume are described by the author as being faithful records of his feelings while journeying in Europe, often noted down hastily by the way-side, and aspiring to no higher place than the memory of some pilgrim who may, under like circumstances, look upon the same scenes. 'An ivy leaf from the tower where a hero of old history may have dwelt, or the simplest weed, growing over the dust that once held a great soul, is reverently kept for the memories it inherited through the chance fortune of the wind-sown seed.' Of the 'Californian Ballads,' which have already appeared in print, the author says, that in them he has attempted to give expression to the rude but heroic physical life of the vast desert and mountain region, stretching from the Cordilleras of New Mexico to the Pacific. This country, in the sublime desolation of its sandy plains and stony mountains, streaked here and there with valleys of almost tropical verdure, and the peculiar character of its semi-civilized people, seemed to afford a field in which the vigorous spirit of the old ballad might be transplanted, to revive and flourish with a new and vigorous growth.' We have always remarked one quality in the poetry of Mr. TAYLOR, which does credit to his talents and his taste. He *finishes* his rhymes; and the grace which pervades them springs not less from an intuitive perception of what is felicitous, than from careful revision and pruning of redundancies. He never offends by unmeaning platitudes, nor dilutes a thought to eke out a line or a stanza. Observe the graceful diction of these stanzas from 'The Wayside Dream:'

'The deep and lordly Danube
Goes winding far below;
I see the white-walled hamlets
Amid his vineyards glow,
And southward through the ether shine
The Styrian hills of snow!

'O'er many a league of landscape
Sleeps the warm haze of noon;
The wooing winds come freighted
With fragrant tales of June,
And down amid the corn and flowers
I hear the water's tune.

'The meadow lark is singing,
As if it still were morn;
Sounds through the dark pine-forest
The hunter's dreamy horn,
And the shy cuckoo's plaintive note
Mocks the maidens in the corn.

'I watch the cloud-armada
Go sailing up the sky,
Lulled by the murmuring mountain-grass,
Upon whose bed I lie,
And the faint sound of noontide chimes
That in the distance die!

'A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brain;
I see no more the Danube
Sweep through his royal plain;
I hear no more the peasant girls
Singing amid the grain!

'Soft, silvery wings, a moment
Seem resting on my brow;
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking-bird and oriole
Are singing on the bough!

'The elm and linden branches
Droop close and dark o'erhead,
And the foaming forest-brooklet
Leaps down its rocky bed;
Be still, my heart! the seas are passed,
The paths of home I tread!

'The showers of creamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover-meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the forest leaves,
All the bright summer day.'

Now here we have, in a 'California Ballad,' an equally faithful sketch from nature; and it will illustrate, better than any thing we could indicate, the versatility of his observation and versification:

'Now saddle El Canalo' — the freshening wind of morn
Down in the flowery vega, is stirring through the corn;
The thin smoke of the ranches grows red with coming day,
And the steed's impatient stamping is eager for the way!

'My glossy-limbed Canalo, thy neck is curved in pride,
Thy slender ears pricked forward, thy nostril straining wide;
And as thy quick neigh greets me, and I catch thee by the mane,
I'm off with the winds of morning — the chieftain of the plain!

'I feel the swift air whirring, and see along our track,
From the flinty-paved sierra, the sparks go streaming back;
And I clutch my rifle closer, as we sweep the dark dells,
Where the red guerilla watches for many a lonely mile!

'They reach not El Canalo; with the swiftness of a dream
We've passed the bleak Nevada, and Tulé's icy stream;
But where, on sweeping gallop, my bullet backward sped,
The keen-eyed mountain vultures will circle o'er the dead!'

Without assuming, in the few remarks touching this volume for which we can find space, to have noticed it as it deserves, we have yet the hope that the qualities which we have indicated may induce others to share with us the pleasure which we have enjoyed in its perusal. The volume is handsomely 'got up,' and contains a picture by REED of the author, which would be considerably better as a portrait if it resembled him a little more.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By HON. T. B. MACAULAY. Volume First. With a Portrait of the Author. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS first volume of a work which has been for some weeks announced, has already met with an unexampled sale, and its circulation is still increasing. The author receives for it in England, as we gather from late London journals, an annual sum, for ten consecutive years, of three thousand dollars; while the Messrs. HARPERS pay him five hundred dollars per volume for the early proof-sheets. Nor is this a high compensation, when the great reputation of the author is taken into account. For vigor and grace of style; for clear arrangement of facts, and logical deductions therefrom; for artistical grouping and contrast of characters, scenes and events, we know not the historian who can fairly compare with MACAULAY. We should like to have some of our wordy writers, who in their style 'cover a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter,' read over this volume with care, and observe the directness, the force, and the simplicity of its sentences: it affords a lesson which it would be well to remember. MACAULAY is an Edinburgh man; he was brought up in that cold Athens of intellect; is intimate with all the literary magnates who have made the Edinburgh Review and BLACKWOOD'S Magazine so famous; and is, we are informed, one of the few select Scotchmen who are appreciated beyond the frigid zone of Caledonian prejudices. We annex, as a specimen of MACAULAY'S manner, a single extract, setting forth the 'peculiar virtues' of the English Puritans, from whom came those tolerant worthies who landed on the 'blarney-stone of New-England:'

'THE Puritans in the day of their power had undoubtedly given cruel provocation. They ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own

struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and the seventeenth century, it was not in the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant, and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted under heavy penalties the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bed-side of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects, which had smoothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were then denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The parliament resolved, that all pictures in the royal collection, which contained representations of JESUS, or of the VIRGIN MARY, should be burned.—Sculpture fared as ill as paintings. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices, the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity, or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanor. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great down to the wrestling matches, and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the May-poles in England should forthwith be hewn down; another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail.'

We observe that in England two large editions of this work have already been demanded, and a second will soon be issued by the American publishers.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the January Quarter. BOSTON: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN. NEW-YORK: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

OUR time-honored Quarterly opens with an article upon '*Mr. Webster as a Diplomatist*,' in which ample justice is awarded to the diplomatic abilities of that eminent statesman. In a period of general peace, certain questions arose which touched the national honor rather than immediate national interests; and these were 'rescued from the dominion of the passions, and subjected to the ordeal of reason and judgment by discussion and statement,' between two distinguished statesmen, representing the two countries. 'Through the exertions of Mr. WEBSTER, the United States,' says the reviewer, 'have gained all that was undertaken. Impressment has been rendered a nullity; the question arising out of the case of the Creole stands upon an unanswered argument made six years ago, and therefore it is to be held unanswerable; the right of search, in the judgment of Europe and America, is gone; and for the invasion of our territory, by the burning of the Caroline, an apology, ample, but without injury to the pride of England, was obtained. To these may be added the settlement of the boundaries, the provisions for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the incorporation into the public code of the mutual surrender of fugitives charged with crime; that high moral obligation which the whole body of jurists, from GROTIUS down, have desired to see enforced, but could not declare to be part of the public law.' A genial and appreciative article upon the '*Life and Works of Fielding*' succeeds, in which the authorial and personal characteristics of that delightful writer are well discriminated. We quite agree with the reviewer in this: 'If we consider FIELDING's mind in respect either to its scope or its healthiness, we do not see how we can avoid placing it above that of any English poet, novelist, or humorist of his century. In strength, depth, and massiveness of mind, SWIFT might be deemed his equal; but SWIFT's perceptions were so distorted by his malignities, that he is neither so trustworthy nor so genial as FIELDING. POPE, with all his brilliancy, and epigrammatic morality, and analogies

from the surfaces of things, appears little in comparison the moment he snaps and snarls out his spiteful wit and rancorous pride. ADDISON and GOLDSMITH, with their deep and delicate humor, and mastery of the refinements of character, have not FIELDING's range and fruitfulness; nor, perhaps, his occasional astonishing subtlety of insight into the unconscious operations of the mind.' The next two articles, upon 'The Fathers of New-England,' and 'Eliot's Sketch of Harvard College,' we have not as yet found occasion to read. A very able and interesting paper succeeds, upon 'The Poetry of Spanish America.' It takes up eight Spanish-American bards, beginning with HEREDIA, and gives numerous specimens of their productions. We select the following passage from the notice of GABRIEL VALDES, whose literary nom-de-plume was PLACIDO, who was executed at Cuba in 1844, for aiding, as was alleged by his accusers, in the insurrection in that island. After his sentence, and the night before his execution, he penned the following lines to his mother:

THE appointed lot has come upon me, mother,
The mournful ending of my years of strife;
This changing world I leave, and to another,
In blood and terror, goes my spirit's life!
But thou, grief-smitten, cease thy mortal weeping,
And let thy Soul her wonted peace regain;
I fall for right, and thoughts of thee are sweeping
Across my lyre, to wake its dying strain;
A strain of joy and gladness, free, unfailing,
All-glorious and holy, pure, divine,
And innocent, unconscious as the wailing
I uttered at my birth; and I resign,
Even now, my life; even now, descending slowly,
Faith's mantle folds me to my slumbers holy.
Mother, farewell! God keep thee, and for ever!

The next morning he was led out, with nineteen others, to execution. He passed through the streets with the air of a conqueror, walking with a serene face and an unwavering step, and chanting his 'Prayer,' with a calm, clear voice. When they reached the Plaza, he addressed his companions with words of brave and effectual consolation, and made all his preparations with undisturbed composure. He was to suffer first; and when the signal was given, he stepped into the square, and knelt with unbandaged eyes before the file of soldiers, who were to execute the sentence. When the smoke of the first volley rolled away, it was seen that he had merely been wounded in the shoulder, and had fallen forward, bleeding and agonized. An irrepressible murmur of pity and indignation ran through the assembled crowd; but PLACIDO, still self-possessed, slowly recovered his knees, and drawing up his form to its greatest height, exclaimed, in a broken voice, 'Farewell, world, ever pitiless to me! Fire—here!' raising his hand to his temples. The last tones of his voice were lost in the report of the muskets, this time more mercifully aimed.'

By the inhabitants of Cuba, says the reviewer, the memory of this true son of the people will always be gratefully cherished. 'Surely his death has not been in vain. It is by the fall of such victims that men's thoughts are turned against tyrants and their tyranny.' Of the article upon 'The Significance of the Alphabet' we have been obliged to forego the perusal; but not so with the ensuing paper upon 'Humorous and Satirical Poetry,' in which justice is rendered to the wit and humor, in this kind, of LOWELL, who is nearly as well known under the name of HOSEA BIGELOW as he is by his own patronymic. Against his opinion, in one respect, of BRYANT, as expressed in the 'Fable for the Critics,' the reviewer quotes successfully, from that beautiful poem, 'An Evening Reverie,' originally written for this Magazine. Among the remaining articles is an extended review of 'Merry-Mount,' the new and successful romance of the early colonial history of Massachusetts, of which we had hoped to be able to 'say our say' in the present number, but which we reserve for another occasion.

THE FIRST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS: a Tale of Sixteen Hundred Seventy-Three. In one volume: pp. 221. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THE reader who shall take up this book, expecting to find only a few scenes chosen mainly for their old-time representation, and a character or two peculiar to that ancient period, will be not a little surprised at encountering, as they will, a story of sustained interest, involving stirring incident on sea and land, at an eventful era of our colonial history; with various characters, extremely well depicted, and adventures of deep interest, vividly recorded. We should occupy our pages, crowded although they be, with an elaborate notice of this work, were it not for the fact that it has already been so long in print as to insure the exhaustion of a large edition, and a demand for another, which has been put to press; so that we should be 'quite too late' in the day with an exposé in detail of the qualities of a book which is doubtless already in the hands of nine in ten of our readers. It is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to WASHINGTON IRVING, (who has made the honored name of KNICKERBOCKER famous to ensuing generations,) and is introduced to the reader by a felicitous preface, which serves as a '*salsa del libro*,' or sauce to the book. It is neatly executed; a matter seldom overlooked by the popular publisher from whose press it proceeds.

TALES OF THE CYCLADES, AND OTHER POEMS. By HENRY J. BRADFIELD, Author of the 'Atheid,' etc. London: WILLIAM KIDD, Old Bond-street.

SUCH is the title of a small and handsome London volume, which we have just finished reading with a good deal of pleasure. The author is Capt. HENRY J. BRADFIELD, at present in this country, with whom we have had the pleasure, on one or two occasions, to meet. His life (and he scarcely yet seems a middle-aged man) would appear to have been a very eventful one. He fought by land and sea in the cause of Greek independence under Lord COCHRANE, whom he accompanied from England, General Sir RICHARD CHURCH, Colonel GORDON, General FABVIE, etc.: and after visiting Egypt, Malta, Italy, Switzerland, etc., he returned to England. On LEOPOLD's accepting the throne of Belgium, he went there under his patronage, and had the honor of belonging to the foreign legion under Prince ACHILLE MURAT; on leaving which, he was placed by the KING in the First Lancers, in which he remained until the conclusion of the war, when he received a colonial appointment under Her BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S Government. He has but recently arrived among us from the island of Dominica, where he held the appointment of Aid-de-camp and Secretary to the Governor, Colonel MACDONALD. We hope hereafter to make the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER better acquainted with the distinguished literary merits of Captain BRADFIELD than our crowded pages will now permit us to do. We may remark, in anticipation of future comments upon his popular productions, that the volume before us contains, among other excellent poems, a piece upon MARCO BOZZARIS, in the same measure as HALLECK's, written in Greece ten years before HALLECK wrote his immortal poem. This is a 'remarkable coincidence;' as much so as the two discoverers, Colum-*ba* and Colum-*bus*, mentioned in our last number; one of which 'came from NOAH, and the other from GE-ROA!'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DOGS, CATS, APES, MONKEYS, ELEPHANTS!—Do n't laugh, reader, and turn utterly away from this conglomeration of quadrupedal themes; but do us the justice to run your eye over the ensuing limnings, and *then* tell us whether they be of interest or no. Right well pleased should we be to sit down, for a half dozen consecutive evenings, in the sanctum, with W. J. BRODERIP, Esquire, Fellow of the British Royal Society, to a late London copy of whose admirable '*Zoological Recreations*' we are indebted for the present article, and listen to the record of his *personal* acquaintance with 'creatures of mark' in the animal world. Next to a consummation so much to be desired, we count the pleasure of reading from his own hand those word-pictures, which make us as it were to see with his eyes and to hear with his ears. We shall not now follow him in his observant and appreciative consideration of resident and migratory singing-birds; nor trace with him the history, the 'manners and customs' of the 'cooing cuckoo,' the solemn, supernatural owl, the chattering parrot, the gobbling turkey, nor the graceful swan, 'fading in music;' but with 'SKY,' keenest of keen terriers, from the distant isle of that name, looking with eyes of fire into our own, and his tail beating a recognitional tattoo upon the carpet, we are reminded to begin with Dogs; those honest creatures, '*who*' are unequalled for affectionate though humble companionship, nay friendship; for the amiable spirit that is ever on the watch to anticipate each wish of his master; for the most devoted attachment to him in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness; an attachment always continued unto death, and frequently failing not even when the warm hand that patted him is clay-cold; '*who*,' to please you, will do that which is positively painful to him; who, though hungry, will leave his food for you; who will quit the strongest temptation for you—*who* will lay down his life for you. Touching these true 'gentlemen of the animal race' we shall now hear somewhat that our author has to say:

'THERE is a law prohibiting the entrance of our friends the dogs into the clubs; a law which one is at first disposed to regard as harsh; but the reflection that most of the members of a club show no backwardness in availing themselves of its privileges, reconciles the mind to the inhospitable practice of making the worthy beasts sit in the porch, anxiously watching for the egress of their masters. Think of the assemblage of the doggies belonging to a thousand or twelve hundred masters, and the duels—the principals, to be sure, now-a-days never hit each other—which would spring out of the collision! But if they are not allowed to grace our assemblies within doors, there is no lack of them when men are gathered together under the canopy of heaven. At a fair, at a fight, at the most solemn spectacles; wherever, in short, there is a crowd, there are dogs to be seen, as a matter of course, apparently discussing the matter in hand, or inquiring of each new comer whether he had any thing to do with the embassy, and getting into little coteries and fights of their own; for, on these occasions, especially if there be a lady in the case, jealousies and suspicions do abound.

When the citizens feasted the allied sovereigns, we were snugly placed, at an early hour, at the window of a most worthy trader in the precious metals, upon Ludgate Hill; one who

had been prime warden of the worshipful company, and had two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. His hospitable house was well filled with honest men and bonnie lasses; but we, who had not been long in the small village, were constantly drawn from the well-spread table, and the bright eyes that surrounded it, to the window aforesaid, by the noise of preparation. In the street were the heaps of gravel intended for smoothing the path of the Regent and the crowned heads. Workmen were employed in levelling these heaps, which the dogs, already collected in considerable numbers, evidently considered as pitched exclusively for their accommodation. The thickening crowd were in their holiday suits, every thing was bright and gay, the dogs were frisky beyond expression, and the gravel heaps produced the most social feelings among the assembled quadrupeds.

'By-and-by the gravel was spread; the dogs, that had been chasing each other's tails from an early hour, began to be a little tired, but were still in good spirits. The troops now lined the streets, and at length there seemed to be a disposition on the part of the dogs to consider that they had had enough of the fête. Every now and then, a canine skeptic, who began to think that matters were taking an unpleasant turn, would go to the sides of the street and try to make his way through the living wall that bounded the carriage-way. In nine cases out of ten he was kicked back by the soldiers, and if some particularly enterprising individual succeeded in passing them, a greater obstacle remained behind; for there was no possibility of getting through the conglomeration on the foot-pavements; trampled upon by the crowd and butt-ended by the soldiers, he was kicked back with curses into the arena, erst the scene of his gayety, yelping and howling, and then and there immediately pitched into by his now hungry, peevish companions.

'Well, the day wore on; the dogs lay down; the usual cries, 'They are coming!' brought every body from the creature-comforts to the windows, and the usual disappointments sent them back to their more substantial enjoyments. At last the pealing and firing of bells announced the advent of the kings of the earth. Shouts were heard booming from the distance; the heads in the crammed windows were all craning westward; the procession was now coming in earnest. It was headed by a large body of distressed dogs, the phalanx increasing as it advanced. Worn out, kicked to death's door, and scarcely able to crawl, the miserable curs marched in solemn silence, with head depressed and slinking tail, to which here and there might be seen appended the badge of the order of the tin canister or kettle. By the side there was no escape; they could not retreat; and so the dejected wretches marshalled the way, unwillingly and slow, till our country's honor, and that of Europe, were roofed in the Guildhall of the city of London.'

You will go on with the author now, reader, we are quite sure: you can't say, we trust, with old MATHEWS' thick-tongued man in the crowd, that you 'ha't got ady idducebedt to bove alo'g.' In tracing through supposed stocks the seeds of that affection for man that so highly distinguishes the dog, Mr. BRODERIP relates, on the personal authority of CUVIER, the following anecdote of an 'affectionate wolf!' Rather a misnomer, we had supposed, until now:

'The wolf was brought up and treated like a young dog; he became familiar with every body whom he saw frequently, but he distinguished his master, was restless in his absence and happy in his presence, acting almost precisely as a favorite dog would act. But his master was under the necessity of being absent for a time, and the unfortunate wolf was presented to the 'Ménagerie du Roi,' where he was incarcerated in a den—he who had 'affections, passions!' Most disconsolate of wolves was he, poor fellow! He pined—he refused his food; but the persevering kindness of his keepers had its effect upon his broken spirit; he became fond of them, and every body thought that his ancient attachment was obliterated. Eighteen long months had elapsed since his imprisonment, when his old master came to see him. The first word uttered by the man, who was mingled in the crowd, had a magical effect. The poor wolf instantly recognised him with the most joyous demonstrations, and being set at liberty, fawned upon his old friend and caressed him in the most affecting manner. We wish we could end the story here; but our wolf was again shut up, and another separation brought with it sadness and sorrow. A dog was given to him as a companion; three years had elapsed since he last lost sight of the object of his early adoration; time had done much to soothe him, and his chum and he lived happily together; when the old master came again.

'The 'once familiar word' was uttered; the impatient cries of the faithful creature, and his eagerness to get to his master, went to the hearts of all; and when he was let out of his cage, and rushed to him, and with his feet on his shoulders, licked his face, redoubling his cries of joy, because he who had been lost was found, the eyes of bearded men who stood by were moistened. His keepers, to whom a moment before he had been all fondness, now endeavored to remove him; but all the wolf was then aroused within him, and he turned upon them with furious menaces. Again the time came when the feelings of this unhappy animal were to be sharply tried. A third separation was effected. The gloom and sullenness of the wolf were of a more deep complexion, and his refusal of food more stubborn, so that his life appeared to be in danger. His health, indeed, if health it could be called, slowly returned; but he was morose and misanthropic, and though the fond wretch endured the caresses of his keepers, he became savage and dangerous to all others who approached him. Here was a noble temper ruined.'

BELL, in his 'History of British Quadrupeds,' makes mention of a she wolf who would come to the front bars of her prison in the Zoological Menagerie of the Re,

gent's Park to be noticed; 'and when she had pups, would bring them forward in her mouth to be fondled; indeed, she was so pertinacious in her endeavors to introduce them into society, that she killed all her little ones, one after the other, by rubbing them against the bars, that they might be within reach of the caressing hand of man. It was as if the poor creature had said: 'Do take me and mine out of this place, and make pets of us!' There are not wanting high authorities for the theory that the domestic dog, with all its varieties, is the descendant of the wolf; there being, to say nothing of the 'moral qualities' here indicated, little or no difference between the skeleton of the wolf and the dog, while the skull is exactly similar. But 'something too much' of wolves. '*Retournons à nos chiens*;' and especially to this anecdote of a 'knowing one':

'In the west of England, not far from Bath, there lived, toward the close of the last century, a worthy clergyman, who was as benevolent as he was learned. There were turn-spits in those days; a most intelligent set they were; and TOBY, who was an especial favorite, was a model of the breed, with legs worthy of the *Gow Chron* himself, upon which he waddled after his master every where, sometimes not a little to his annoyance; but TOBY was a worthy, and he could not find it in his heart to snub him. Things, however, came at last to such a pass, that TOBY contrived somehow or other to find his way to the reading-desk on a Sunday, and when the door was opened he would whip in, well knowing that his reverend patron was too kind and too decorous to whip him out. Now though it has been said that

' 'He's a good dog that goes to church,'

the exemplary Dr. B., who thought he had traced a smile upon the countenance of some of his parishioners on these occasions, felt the impropriety of the proceeding; so TOBY was locked up in the stable on Sunday morning; all to no purpose, however, for he scrambled through the shut window, glass, lead and all, and trotted up the aisle after his annoyed master as usual. Matters were now getting serious; so as soon as he had on the Saturday caused the beef to revolve to a turn which was to be served cold for the Sunday dinner—for the good man chose that all around him should find the Sabbath a day of rest—TOBY was taken out of the wheel, and his dinner was given to him; but instead of being allowed to go at large to take his evening walk after it, MOLLY, to make sure of him took him up by the neck, and putting him into the wood hole, where window there was none, drew the bolt and left him therein. TOBY revenged himself by 'drying up the souls' of the whole family with his inordinate expostulatory yells during the whole of the remnant of Saturday and the greater part of Sunday. However, there was no TOBY dogging the heels of the surpliced minister, and it was concluded that the sufferings which the doggie and the family had undergone would have their effect. Well, the week wore on. TOBY as amiable and as useful as ever, without a particle of sullenness about him; into the wheel went he right cheerfully, and made it turn more merrily than ever; in short, parlor, kitchen, and all, were loud in his praise. However, as it drew toward twelve o'clock on the Saturday, TOBY was missed. Poor MOLLY, the cook, was at her wit's end:

' 'Where's that vexatious turn-spit gone?'

was the question, and nobody could answer it. The boy who cleaned the knives was despatched to a distant barn where TOBY was occasionally wont to recreate himself after his culinary labors by hunting rats. No—no TOBY. The sturdy threshers, with whom he used sometimes to go home under the idea, as it was supposed, that they were the lords of the rat-preserverie in the barn, and who, being fond of TOBY, in common with the whole village, used occasionally to give him

' 'A bit of their supper, a bit of their bed,'

knew nothing of him. Great was the consternation at the rectory! Hints were thrown out that 'The Assassengers' in the green lane had secreted him with the worst intentions, for he was plump and sleek; but their camp was searched in vain. The worthy family retired for the night, all mourning for TOBY; and we believe there is no doubt that when the reverend master of the house came down on Sunday morning his first question was: 'Any tidings of TOBY?' A melancholy 'No, Sir!' was the answer. After an early breakfast, the village schools were heard; their rewards distributed, not without inquiries for TOBY; and when church-time came, it is said that the rector, who walked the short distance in full canonicals, looked over his shoulder more than once. He passed through the respectful country-people collected in the little green grave-yard, who looked up to him as their pastor and friend; he entered the low-roofed old Norman porch, overhung with ivy, he walked up the aisle, the well-filled pews on either side bearing testimony that his sober-minded flock hungered not for the excitement of fanaticism; he entered the reading-desk, and as he was adjusting his hassock, caught the eye of TOBY twinkling at him out of the darkest corner! Need we say more, than that after this TOBY was permitted to go to church, with the unanimous approbation of the parish, as long as he lived? Now if this was not calculation on the part of TOBY, we know not what else to term it; and we could refer our readers to well-authenticated stories in print—as our dear old nurse used to say, when she was determined to silence all incredulity—that go as far, and even farther, to show that these animals can calculate intervals of time. It is this intellect,

ality, joined with their individuality—for no two dogs are alike—that makes them such admirable subjects for the gifted hand of EDWIN LANDSEER. It is said that dogs have been taught to utter, after a fashion, one or two simple words, not exceeding two syllables: however this may be, no one, we apprehend, who has seen 'The Twa Dogs,' can doubt that they converse.'

Our author generously interposes his 'pen of steel' to rescue from utter contempt the despised generation of French pugs. He says they are generous and affectionate, greatly delighting to be nursed in ladies' laps, and 'understanding in a very short time whether the conversation relates to them, though not addressed to them, nor carried on in an altered tone, as indeed is the case with most sensible dogs.' It strikes us that LANDSEER might almost copy this group, without troubling the subjects to 'sit' for him:

'It was amusing to see three of these little dogs in company with RUNDY, a beautiful beagle, especially when a splendid fellow of a French pointer was occasionally admitted into the party. The well-educated pointer, who could do every thing but talk, as they say, was ordered into a chair, where he sat with a most becoming gravity, and there, wrapped in a cloak, and with his foraging-cap jauntily cocked over one eye, and a roll of paper in his mouth for a cigar, he looked much more manly than the whey-faced bipeds who pollute our streets and add their mouthful of foul smoke to 'the fog and filthy air' of this reeking town. When the little lapless dogs on the carpet saw this, they would surround his chair, sitting up in the usual begging position, and hoping, apparently, that among his other accomplishments he had learned the all-soothing art of nursing. RUNDY generally took this opportunity of securing the best place on the rug, where he lay stretched out on his side, before the fire. The suppliants finding that the Frenchman in the chair made no sign, and that they could produce no impression on the flinty hearts of the rest of the company, to each of whom in succession they had sat up, adjourned one after the other, and after sitting up for a moment to the recumbent RUNDY, sat down upon him; looking, as a friend once said, like a coroner's jury sitting on the body; and indeed RUNDY, who was good-tempered and used to the operation, lay as still as if he had been no longer of this world. They seemed to have the greatest objection to resting on the floor, richly Turkey-carpeted though it was. When they were thus seated, looking at the fire, with their backs to the company, the words 'Well, you may come,' uttered without any particular emphasis, would bring them all in a moment bounding into the laps of the speakers. At night they were always on the look-out for a friend who would take them to bed; otherwise the mat was their portion. At the well-known 'To bed! to bed!' they would rush from the suggest of laps and gambol before you to your bed-room. As soon as they entered it, and were told 'You may go into bed,' they would creep in between the sheets at the top and work their way down to the bottom, where they would lie all night at your feet, without moving, unless a particularly-favored Lilliputian was permitted to come up and lay its head on the pillow or your arm.'

That the faithful creatures so well depicted by our author should sometimes be subject to the most frightful and fatal of all diseases; which they communicate in their madness to their beloved master or mistress, is pronounced 'one of those inscrutable dispensations that sets all our philosophy at naught.'

'The chamber of a human being writhing under hydrophobia is a scene never to be forgotten by those who have had the misfortune to witness it. There lies the wretched victim, under a certain sentence of death—death the most dreadful! His unsteady glistening eye wanders over the anxious faces that surround him; the presence of any liquid—the noise of pouring it out—a polished surface, or any thing that suggests the idea of it, even the sudden admission of a cold current of air—bring on the most agonizing paroxysms of spasms in the throat. Oh! to see him strong in resolution, determined to make the rebel muscles obedient; to see and hear him

'Struggle with the rising fits.'

and sit up and say that he *will* take his medicine. And there he is, apparently calm; the attendant approaches with the cup; he receives it; you almost think, so much does he seem to have his nerves under command, that he will drain it. He lifts it to his parched lips, his haggard eye rolls, the rising spasms overpower him. 'I can't!' he faintly utters, and falls back in agony. We dare not go on; it is too horrible!

There would seem to be much misconception of the true characteristics of a rabid dog. Mr. BRODERIP observes: 'It is an error to suppose that a mad dog always shows aversion to water, as the name of the disease implies; he will, on the contrary, sometimes lap it—nay, swim across a river, without manifesting any of the horror that marks the disease in man. The most sure symptom is a complete alteration of temper from the mild and the familiar to the sullen and the snarling; he snaps at all

objects, animate and inanimate, and gnaws them. Even in this state his behavior often continues unaltered to his master or mistress; and hence the cases which have arisen from having been licked by the tongue of such a dog on some part of the face or hands where the skin had been broken. Though he goes wildly about, apparently without an object, foaming at the mouth generally, and snapping as he proceeds, he rarely gallops, but mostly keeps to a sullen trot, with his tail down.' The fact is not concealed, that although 'hydrophobia generally makes its appearance in man between the thirtieth and fortieth days after the communication of the virus, fatal cases, that have occurred after a lapse of eighteen months, are on record; and there is not wanting high authority for the assertion that a person cannot be considered perfectly safe till two years at least have passed, reckoning from the time when the injury was received.' But having sent our readers 'to the dogs,' 'pass we now' to the cats; those 'chosen allies of womankind,' so closely connected with the untranslatable word 'comfort,' when associated with the domestic fireside. Our author contends, and we think with justice, that cats were brought into the world for quite another purpose than to be shod with walnut-shells, thrown off the church-tower with blown bladders tied to their necks, sent up into mid-heaven dangling at the tail of a kite, or made to navigate the horse-pond in a bowl, there to withstand the attack of a fleet of water-dogs. He records the case of a huge THOMAS GRAYMALKIN, belonging to a little spiteful tailor, who lived near a Manual Labor School, that used to scratch up the choice seeds of the agricultural students as soon as they were deposited in the ground. The schneider treated their complaints against these repeated trespasses with great contempt; inasmuch that one of the delegation of remonstrants remarked mysteriously, that 'he had better look out, or he would n't know his cat again when he saw it.' 'Now look you what befell:'

'*AFTER* the exhibition of much ingenuity, and many failures, the trespasser was at last caught, bagged and carried into a room, where a convention of outraged gardeners immediately proceeded to consult upon his doom. Two or three of the greatest sufferers loudly gave their voices for death; others were for sparing his life, but curtailing his tail of its fair proportions, and otherwise maltreating him, so that he should never be the same cat again. At length the sage, who was merciful but determined, begged to be heard. He said that the tailor was in fault more than the cat, which did but after its kind in frequenting gardens, if suffered to go abroad at night. He explained *his* plan, which was adopted *nem. con.*; and having dissolved sealing-wax *quant. suff.*, in spirit of wine, dipped a brush therein; and while two assistants, who were bit and scratched worse than HOGARTH'S actress in the barn, held the victim, painted the struggling TOMMY all over of a bright vermilion, with a masterly hand. The *tableau vivant* was then set down, and home he bolted in the gloaming. How the cat entered the tailor's house, and what the tailor thought of the advent, no one knew; but it was observed that the tailor's hair became rather suddenly gray. For two days nobody saw either him or his cat. On the third, he, remembering the threat of the philosophic gardener, walked into the school-room, at high-school time, with his vermilion quadruped under his arm, held him up before the master, and asked, with a solemn voice and manner, 'if that was the way a cat ought to be treated?' The master, who was taken by surprise, burst out into a fit of laughter, in which he was of course joined by the boys. The crest-fallen tailor, without staying further to question, turned round, and with the port of a much-injured man, walked out with his rubicund cat under his arm, as he had walked in.'

A very interesting natural history of the cat is given, from which we gather, among other things, that the animal was domesticated among the Egyptians, being often found with the mummies in their cat-combs, and sculptured on the monuments of that ancient country. If the reader has ever seen a cat pounce upon a hapless mouse, he will recognise in the following a very faithful picture:

'*SOME* have found it difficult to account for the cause of the cat's proficiency in the art of ingeniously tormenting. A scene of this sort is a horrible sight to any one of good feeling; but it is not at all clear that the cat, though she evidently takes great delight in the sport, perpetrates the act as a mere gratification of wanton cruelty. On the contrary, it seems that she resorts to this agonizing amusement as an exercise to sharpen her powers, or to keep, as it were, her hand in. A kitten, three parts grown, is very much given to this pastime. The

mouse, in its paroxysms of terror, leaps aloft: the cat secures the victim with a bound. She then remains quite quiet, giving the panting trembler time to recover, and presently the poor mouse attempts to steal off gently. She suffers him to go on—he quickens his pace—he is near the door—you feel almost certain that he is safe; bounce! she pitches on the wretch, and has him secure. In this way the mouse is made to exhaust all his powers of strength and ingenuity in his anxious endeavors to escape; while the cat, like a cunning fencer, is exercising herself to foresee and counteract every attempt. Sometimes a cat with kittens will slightly cripple two or three young rats, which she keeps under surveillance, occasionally turning out one for the sport and practice of herself and family. But a cat knows better than to pursue this system with a bird which she has knocked down with a *coup de patte*; no; she kills the winged prey at once.'

An amusing account is given of a counterfeit animal who did duty for a cat in the play of 'Harlequin WHITTINGTON,' at one of the London theatres:

'WHEN the rats ran about 'to eat all up,' to the great consternation of the king, and the infinite delight of the holiday children, both small and great, down the captain of the ship put WHITTINGTON'S cat. The cat did his duty, and was always cruelly severe upon one particular scamperer, evidently not formed of pasteboard, and made to feel 'he was no actor there:' so far so good, excepting that the principal performer was rather of the least for a pantomimic cat, and moreover pursued his prey more in the canine than the feline style. Still he got applause, and all went well, save with the poor real rat, who appeared for that night only. But when the victorious cat was brought forward to the floats in the arms of the captain, surrounded by the admiring king and queen and their whole court, panting from the recent deed, and with a real red elongation of tongue hanging out of his mouth, all the terrier was confessed!'

Our author expresses strong doubts of the authenticity of the almost sacred story of WHITTINGTON and his cat: 'Cat it might have been, but it was no mouser. Do we not know that *catta* signified a vessel? Does not the profound BAILEY acknowledge this, when under the word *catta* he says, *Videtur genus esse navigii quod et angli nos dicimus, a CAT?* Didn't PHILIP once build a great ship, and was n't she named *Catus*? We hope here be truths.' Ruthless inconoclast! what sort of argument is this? 'I'll not believe it!' will be the world-wide exclamation of 'children and youth.' We agree with our author touching the existence of affection in the warm furry bosom of a cat. We had an instance of this when, after eight years' absence, we returned to the 'home of our childhood,' and were so cordially welcomed by a 'colored THOMAS-cat' that he became what MRS. GAMR calls 'a nugiance,' for he would not leave us under any circumstances. When we walked, he rubbed against our legs, in and out, back and forth, all the while; and whenever we sat down, he would jump up into our lap, purr, and try to salute us with his rather pointed moustache. A story is here given of a favorite cat that would not be parted from its dying master; was with difficulty driven from the chamber of death; and even after the body was 'compounded with the dust whereto 't was kin,' would return again and again to the grave, although repeatedly chased from the church-yard, and there lie, braving hunger for hours. No, no; Puss, although 'a piteous, squalling, jarring lover,' is nevertheless often an affectionate creature, and we are glad to see the race so well defended.

Some French author, whose name we forget, speaking of mankind, says they are 'motties singes et motties tiges.' Some of our readers, therefore, must needs affect the subject of *Monkeys*; an order of mammiferous animals which has always been and always will be regarded with feelings of mingled interest and disgust, by reason of its amusing tricks and the caricature which it presents of 'us humans,' an apparent similarity only, however, which vanishes before anatomical investigation. We learn for the first time that these agile creatures are 'excellent eating.' 'Waiter, a dish of monkey, rare!' is an order that we have never heard at an American restaurant. Here ensues an amusing anecdote of an ape at Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. The writer had killed a female monkey:

'As she carried on her back a young one, which had not been wounded, we took them both along with us; and when we returned to the plantation, my ape had not quitted the shoulders of its mother. It clung so closely to them, that I was obliged to have the assistance of a negro to disengage them; but scarcely was it separated from her, when, like a bird, it darted upon a wooden block that stood near, covered with my father's peruke, which it embraced with its four paws, nor could it be compelled to quit its position. Deceived by its instinct, it still imagined itself to be on the back of its mother, and under her protection. As it seemed perfectly at ease on the peruke, I resolved to suffer it to remain, and to feed it there with goats' milk. It continued in its error for three weeks; but after that period, emancipating itself from its own authority, it quitted the fostering peruke, and by its amusing tricks became the friend and favorite of the whole family.'

It is difficult to suppress a smile at the idea of a monkey clinging to a full-bottom wig on a block, and fancying it its mother, when *that* mother couldn't even know that it was 'out.' There is a laughable story of a monkey, most quaintly told in '*The Hundred Merry Talys*,' printed in the year 1578, and accidentally discovered by CONYBEARE, the lamented antiquarian. A master sends his Welch retainer with a letter to the Chief Justice, in order to obtain favor for a criminal who had been in the writer's service, with directions to the said Welchman to return with an answer. The story then proceeds thus:

'THIS Welchman came to the Chiefe Justyce place, and at the gate saw an ape sytynge there in a cote made for hym, as they use to apparell apes for disporte. This Welchman dyd of his cappe and made curtsaye to the ape, and sayd: 'My mayster recommendeth him to my lordes yourre father, and sendeth him here a letter.' This ape toke this letter and opened it, and lokyd thereon, and after lokyd vpon the man, makyng many mockes and moyes, as the properties of apes is to do. This Welchman, because he understood him not, came agayne to his mayster, accordyng to his commandes, and told hym he delyvered the letter unto my lordes chiefe justice sonne, who was at the gate in a furred cote. Anone his mayster asked him what answer he broughte? The man sayd he gaue hym an answers, but it was other Frenche or Laten, for he understode him not. 'But, Syr,' quod he, 'ye nede not to fere, for I saw in his countenance so moche, that I warrante you he wyll do your errande to my lordes his father.' This gentylman in truste thereof made not anye further suite; for lacke whereof his seruaunt that had done the felonye within a monthe after was rayned at the kynge's benche, and caste, and afterwarde hanged.'

And what does the reader think is the moral which was educed from this incident by our quaint old author? 'Some reflection, perhaps, upon the impunity of those attached to the great, with a hint at God's judgment against unjust judges?' No such thing: 'By this ye may see that every wyse man ought to take hede that he sende not a folyssche seruante vpon a hasty message that is a matter of nede.' Not a bad specimen of the morality of 'the good old times.' Have the goodness to laugh encouragingly at the following, if it is n't too much trouble:

'A MONKEY that was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece and throw a few grains into the fire, to make JEMIMA and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very lustily. PUG watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of sauce-pans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate.

'The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a smug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see of a summer's day; he came down a carbonadoed nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The *d'plomb* with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare-up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close-singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever PUG forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.'

Many other very amusing anecdotes of monkeys are related; especially of one who, sitting in a child's high chair at his master's table, (a peruked old bachelor,) saw the guests helped to a piece of delicious *pâtisserie*, while he was neglected. He was too well-bred to make any indecorous snatch at the attraction, as most monkeys

would have done; at last, however, he could stand it no longer; so looking to the right and left, and finally fixing his eyes on the guests opposite, he quietly lifted up his hand behind his master's back, and gave his tail such a tug as made the powder fly, withdrew his hand in an instant, and sat with a vacant expression of the greatest innocence. People do n't like to have their tails pulled. His master gave him a look, and JACKO gave him another, which said as plainly as look could speak: 'Do n't be angry; do n't thrash me; they did not see it; I beg your pardon, but I *must* have a bit of that apricot tart!' He was forgiven and helped.' The author mentions a singular compact entered into between a monkey and a pig, the latter of which was to carry the monkey across an orchard, to a favorite apple-tree, on condition that the monkey should climb the tree and give it a shake, for the benefit of the 'party of the first part.' A clever monkey is mentioned by HUMBOLDT, whom he saw obtaining his rides without any such understanding. He used to bide his time, and every morning caught a luckless pig, which he compelled to perform the part of his horse. Seated on pigback, he rode majestically about the whole day, clinging to his bristly steed as firmly as the 'Old Man of the Sea' clung to SINBAD, the veracious voyager. We subjoin one or two additional sketches, fancying that perchance our readers 'want to see the monkeys more.' The following is an incident in the life of one of the tribe from the old continent, a 'Wanderow' called, then at a London menagerie:

'He would run up his pole and throw himself over the cross-bar, so as to swing backward and forward, as he hung suspended by the chain which held the leathern strap that girt his loins. The expression of his countenance was peculiarly innocent; but he was sly, very sly, and not to be approached with impunity by those who valued their head-gear. He would sit demurely on his cross-perch, pretending to look another way, or to examine a nut-shell for some remnant of kernel, till a proper victim came within his reach; when down the pole he rushed, and up he was again in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the bare-headed surprised one minus his hat, at least, which he had the satisfaction of seeing undergoing a variety of metamorphoses under the plastic hands of the grinning ravisher, not at all calculated to improve a shape which the taste of a MOORE, perhaps, had designed and executed. It was whispered—*horrescimus referentes!*—that he once scalped a bishop who ventured too near, notwithstanding the caution given to his lordship by another dignitary of the church, and that it was some time before he could be made to give up, with much mowing and chattering, the well-powdered wig which he had profanely transferred from the sacred poll to his own. The lords spiritual of the present day, with one or two laudable exceptions, are safe from such sacrilege; now it would be nearly as difficult to take a wig off a bishop as it once was to take the 'breeks' off a Highlandman.

'But another Wanderow confined in the open part of the gardens in the Regent's Park was of a different temperament. There was melancholy about this creature. He would climb his pole, ascend to his elevated house-top, and there sit for half an hour together, gazing wistfully at that distant portion of the park which presented, when viewed from his position, the appearance of a thick wood, every now and then looking down, as if he were contrasting the smooth-shaven painted pole to which they had fettered him with the rugged, living 'columns of the evergreen palaces' of his fathers.'

A single anecdote of one of another species, that managed to escape from his cage into the enclosure of a menagerie at Paris, must close our *Monkeyana*:

'IRRITATED by the stubborn refusal of the baboon to return, his keeper, not very prudently, threatened him with a stick. This, instead of producing the desired effect, roused all the ferocity of the beast, and he flew at the unfortunate man, whom he wounded so severely in the thigh as to endanger his life. The monkey continued at large, though almost every expedient to make him return to confinement was resorted to. No; all would not do. At last it was recollected that the keeper's daughter, who had been kind to the prisoner, seemed to be a decided favorite; so the pretty Frenchwoman, *tirée à quatre épingles*, appeared at a grated door opposite to that of the cage through which the animal had to pass. But even so powerful a lure had no effect till a man approached the belle and pretended to caress her. This was too much; the poor jealous dupe could not bear the sight. He darted furiously through the open door of his prison at the hateful intruder, and was instantly secured. This was treacherous; but as the lords of the creation themselves, from SAMSON down to the MACHRATHS, have been the victims of the dear delightful deluders, a monkey has no right to complain.'

We have often seen a monkey leap upon an elephant; why then may we not take a similar leap from the monkey 'stand-point'? We shall; and we wish we had space

to copy the admirable description which Mr. BRODERIP gives of an elephant's trunk, that wonderful organ, which is almost equal to the hand of man, and one of the most elaborate pieces of mechanism in the world: 'The proboscis is the elephant's pump, his drinking-cup, his water reservoir, his *jet d'eau*, from whose fountain he besprinkles his broad back and ample body; his powdering apparatus, wherewith he puffs the collected dust over his moistened hide, to protect it from flies; his foraging instrument, with which he collects his food, from the enormous leafy branch torn from the lofty tree, to the stalk of grass, or the barleycorn picked up from the ground; his tooth-brush, (we have seen one rub his teeth with mud-dentifrice by its aid,) and his all-powerful arm. Such is this wonderful concentration of might and skill, capable of the most tremendous exertion and the most delicate adjustment, now dashing a strong living man against a wall, from which he falls a mashed and blood-stained inanimate mass, at the behest of an eastern tyrant, and anon gathering up the comfits granted as the terrible brute's reward.' So various are the uses to which the elephant puts his trunk, that some closet zoölogists have contended that an infant elephant nurses its mother with it! Not so, however, 'by a trunk-full.' The error of the 'trunk-sucking faction' arose from their having seen the young elephant-'calf' touching the breasts of its mother (which are situated on the chest) with its proboscis; but it no more nurses with that organ than a baby does with its hand. What is its mouth made for, we should like to know! It has a mouth, and almost as much 'openness when it smiles' as an anaconda. Here follows an instance of 'combined effort' on the part of elephants, without the direct guidance of man. The account is undeniably authentic:

'Two elephants had been directed to knock down a wall, by the direction of their guides, who had dismissed them to their task with their trunks guarded by leather, and with the usual promise of fruit and spirituous liquors if they performed it well. The elephants proceeded to their work, not singly, but doubling up their guarded trunks, they combined their forces, and swaying themselves in equal and measured time, these huge living battering-rams propelled their broad fronts against the building. As it shook under the repetition of their overpowering and uniform shocks, they watched the vacillating equilibrium of the tottering wall, and having made, at the precisely proper moment, one grand, simultaneous effort, suddenly drew back to avoid the tumbling ruins. This may be 'what we somewhat superciliously call instinct,' to use the expressive language of the author of 'Vathek,' but it looks very like reason. Two men could not have wielded their instruments of destruction with more efficiency and discretion. In the case of these elephants, the utmost possible advantage was taken of their own organization. The broad and massive forehead, expanded and fortified by the voluminous cellular sinus which separates the external from the internal table of the skull, the short, compact neck, and the impulse of the well-balanced, overwhelming weight, were all brought to bear in the most effective manner.'

An elephant left alone has often acted according to the necessities of the case, with the most remarkable intelligence:

'TAKE, for example, the story told by the author of 'Twelve Years' Military Adventure,' who declares that he had seen the wife of a guide give a baby in charge to an elephant while she went on some business, and had observed the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse, to his great amusement. The babe, with the restlessness of childhood, began, as soon as it was left to itself, to crawl about, getting in the course of its vagaries sometimes under the huge legs of the animal, and at others becoming entangled among the branches of the trees on which he was feeding. On such occasions the elephant would in the most tender manner disengage the child, either by lifting it out of the way with its trunk, or removing the impediments to its progress in the same manner. When the child had crawled so far as nearly to reach the limits of the elephant's range, (for he was chained by the leg to a stump driven into the ground,) he would protrude his trunk and lift the child back, as gently as possible, to the spot whence it had started. No old woman could have tended her charge with more show of reason.'

Our readers have doubtless read many instances of the humorous revenge taken by elephants upon visitors, or others, who have 'hurt their feelings' by discourteous or inhospitable treatment. The anecdote especially of the elephantine 'squirt' that

sprinkled with dirty water the tailor who pricked him with a needle, is familiar to every school-boy. But we suspect the following will possess the merit of novelty:

'A **VERY** intelligent elephant was shown, some years since, in a caravan of wild beasts at a fair in the west of England. One of those practical jokers, whose wit lies in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket, or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had been doling out some gingerbread nuts of the first quality to the elephant, who received the instalments, small as they were, with satisfaction and gratitude, manifesting the latter by the spontaneous performance of some of his tricks between the somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Suddenly his benefactor produced a large paper parcel, weighing some two or three pounds, and presented it *en masse*. The elephant took it as it was, and consigned the whole to his powerful crushing-mill. Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms of suffering severely from internal heat, handing—yes, *handing*, for the trunk acted as dexterously as a hand—the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching for water, which was given to him, and of which he continued to pour floods sufficient to drive a mill down his capacious and burning throat.

'Ha!' said the joker, addressing his victim, 'those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow, I guess!'

'You had better be off,' exclaimed the keeper, 'unless you want the bucket at your head; and serve you right, too!'

The dispenser of ginger and pepper took the hint; for there was an angry glare in the drinker's eye while the distressed beast was pumping up his sixth bucketful; and in good time he took it; for he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show, when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the elephant with such force and correctness of aim, that if he had been a moment later his joking would in all probability have been terminated with his life on the spot.

A year had passed away, and the wayfarers from the country villages trod over the withered leaves that had, when fresh, green and vigorous, shielded their heads from the burning summer's sun, as they again bent their steps to the same annual autumnal fair, where the elephant had been before exhibited, and where he was again ready to receive company.

Our joker was again among his visitors, and, forgetful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which at the time another wit observed he had been near kicking, came, as before, with one coat-pocket filled with 'best nuts,' and the other with hot nuts. He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the best sample, and then drew forth and presented him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant tasted it, than he seized the coat-tails of his tormentor, and with one whirling sweep with his trunk lifted him from the ground, till the tails giving way, the man dropped half-dead with fright, and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The elephant meanwhile quietly inserted the end of his trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and leisurely proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat-tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had finished the last, he tramped upon the pocket containing the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a mash; and then, after having torn the tails to rags, threw the soiled fragments at the head of his facetious friend, amid the derision of the assembled crowd.'

But we must pause. We have given the reader an ample taste of the quality of these 'Recreations'; and he that would read more, let him proceed to that noble institution, the 'Mercantile Library,' at Clinton Hall, and inquire of the courteous and gentlemanlike attendant there for the complete book, and if it be not 'out' it 'shall be given him.'

FINE-ARTS DEPOSITORY.—'Speaking generally, as a general thing,' we should say that our people probably have but a meagre idea of the modern French and German schools of art. For this, of course, they have not heretofore been to blame; as there were no worthy specimens of these schools accessible to the public, and our ideas of continental art, as of continental literature, dinners, kisses, and all other things continental whatsoever, have been dribbled into our brains through English goose-quills. But now we have no longer this excuse: the comprehensive and really choicely-selected gallery of GOUFIL, VIBERT, ET CIE., on the corner of Broadway and Reade-street, has fairly supplied this deficiency; and it will henceforth be an unpardonable piece of ignorance not to know something of such exquisite artists as DELAROCHE, ARY SCHEFFER, LANDILLE, WALDMULLER, COURT, GRÖNLAUD and MULLER, some of whose finest original works adorn this gallery. Beside the truly sublime 'Dead CHRIST,' by the great religious painter of modern Europe, ARY SCHEFFER, you may see here an 'Undine' by MULLER, some fruit and flower painting by GRÖNLAUD, several female figures and faces by LAUELLE and COURT, with a wealth of other beautiful things, not to be conjured out of our ink-stand at the present sitting.

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Ho! for California!' 'Ho! for California!' Oh, certainly; 'ho! for California!' But let us ask those who are 'well off,' and only desire to be 'better off;' who are about leaving wives and children, to seek for the 'gold that perisheth;' to read the following '*Lines to a Gold Coin,*' written at Chérical, India, by LEYDEN, a Scottish poet:

'SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
Where mirth and music went to charm.

'By Chérical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Tevlot loved while still a child;
Of castle rocks stupendous piled
By Eek or Edin's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

'Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime.
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

'Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear:
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear:
I cannot bear to see thee shine!

'For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true;
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new:
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered stars: the grave
Dark and untimely met my view —
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

'Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipped with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regret the prey;
Vile slave! thy yellow dress I scorn —
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

How many who shall brave the 'sun-rays tipped with death' that reveal the yellow 'slave of the mine' in California, will look back upon the scenes and friends they have left perhaps forever behind them! . . . Has it come to *this*? 'Well, if *has*:' painting the human face has certainly come in vogue again among certain belles of the metropolis; ay, and among certain ci-devant married beaux, too, if we may trust authentic report. The art has its disadvantages, however. A 'well-painted woman,' take she never so much pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if brought too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss surreptitiously snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer — and that would 'make it bad.' Apropos of this: what fine black hair, and glossy sable moustaches some of our young friends and contemporaries, who have been counterfeiting gray hair and whiskers so long, have lately permitted to assume their natural appearance! As PLACIDE says in 'The Man of Nerve,' they are now 'MILES G. ASPENS, twenty years of age!' . . . Isn't the ensuing epistle rather a good hit-off of the figurative or comparative style, so common in certain portions of this good republic of ours? Just scan it, reader, and see if you don't think so:

'I now take my pen in hand to write to you, to inform you that I got here as safe as a thief in a mill, two days after I left you and the rest of my friends. I was crammed into a stage-wagon, where the passengers were as thick as crows in a corn-field, and the jouncing' of the carriage made me as sick as death; yet I am now, by the blessing of Heaven, perfectly recovered, and feel as hearty as a buck. I have bought a new suit of clothes, which sit as slick as a whistle; and sure as a gun, if you should see me now, you would grin like a 'painter.' The gentleman that I live with is as sour as a crab; but to make some amends for his ill-nature, his wife is as pleasant as a basket of chips, and his daughters are as lively as a pea on a hot

shovel; though, to tell the truth, one of 'em is as homely as a carpenter's chest of tools. I know I shan't like him, for he is as snappish as a mud-turtle if I let a customer go out of the shop without tradin'. He says a merchant's clerk should have a tongue as smooth as goose-grease, and be able to lie without blushing; and he should be as limber as a weasel, and as full of bows when a lady comes in as a dog is of fleas. When he tells the women how much his goods cost him, he winks like a toad under a currant-bush. On Sunday I went to hear Mr. S — preach, who, boss says, is the only man that knows how to preach the gospel; though I thought he was no more up to our parson than chalk is to cheese. Monday was muster day, but I was as busy as a bee, and so did n't train; but if I had, I should have been as wet as a drowned rat, for it rained all day. Some of those who did train, looked as sour as bonny-clabber; but they had to go, as they were 'in for it,' as the toad said when he saw the man a-comin'. Mr. LINCHPIN, the teamster, is waiting for this, and I must break off as short as a goat's tail.

We have ourselves heard our eastern fellow-citizens use almost every simile contained in the above epistle. They sound oddly enough, however, when brought together in one document. . . . ADMIRE with us, reader, the following most 'flowing' stanzas. You will remember them a long time; for, to say nothing of the sentiment, there is such a happy collocation of words in the piece, that somehow or other it is impossible to forget it. We read it for the first time twenty years ago nearly, and it is at this moment as vivid as ever in our memory:

'ONE eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of that mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated —
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

'She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
You would have sworn 't was silver flowing:
Her words were three, and not one more;
What could DIANA's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
'Death! not inconstancy!'

'And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, the devil take me!
I set the stream on fire with sighs,
And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint FRANCIS would have been deceived
By such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed!
As much the woman as the sand!'

A FRIEND tells us, that sitting in an inn in Baltimore, the other day, he was struck with the singular appearance of an old Guinea negro, 'black as the ace of spades,' who was attending to some menial duty in the travellers' room. His face was scarred and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seemed almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color resembled more than any thing else the paws of a wild animal, or the hands of an orang-outang. Our informant inquired of POMPEY what had occasioned these deformities. 'Wal, dey is beformities, massa, dat 's fac'. Wal den, I'll tell you how dey come, massa. 'Good many years ago, I was in lub wid a handsom black gal, and we was same as married; and one day I see a nigger comin' out o' de house. I knew dat man, an' uf I am a nigger I hab my feelin's. I was full ob de debbil in my heart ag'in him, 'cos I know'd him, and I know'd where he worked — e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder-mill; and next day I went up dar. I went to de door and looked in, and dar I see him; an' I took a coal o' fire dat I

had brought along, and frow'd it in on to de floor. Gor-amighty, massa, 'fore I could get away *myse'f*, dere was de biggest flash o' lightnin' I ebber see, and dat was de last I know'd any t'ing 'bout dat business for two months. 'T would a-been all right, dough, but de man 't was dar was not de nigger I t'ought! He's a dead nigger his-se'f, dough, long ago; and I was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he 'd got de best ob it; and he *did* got de best ob it, massa, dat 's fac'; for I was n't de han'sumest nigger den dat dar was in Maryland—dat 's sartin sure. E'yah! e'yah! He shambled away, and our friend saw him no more. . . . Is there any one, among all our readers; in the silence of the night-watches, or when the first thoughts of morning rush upon the re-awakened mind; who has not *sometimes* felt with Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, in his 'Salmonia': 'I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a *firm religious belief* to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths; the gardens of the blessed; the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.' . . . STAMMERING, although somewhat inconvenient to those afflicted with it, and often exciting our sympathies for the sufferer, is sometimes witnessed under circumstances so ludicrous as to cause us momentarily to forget its true character. We heard a friend relate the other day the following authentic anecdote. A countryman, an inveterate stammerer, trading at the city of St. John, New-Brunswick, among other articles on his list of 'wants' had a file. Stepping into a shop near at hand, (the owner of which happened himself to be a stuttrer,) he hastily addressed the man at the counter with: 'Ha-ha-ha-have you g-g-gò-go-got any f-f-f-files?' 'N-n-n-no, Sir, we have n't g-g-gò-go-got any f-f-f-files.' Quick as thought the sensitive and excited countryman's fist was seen in immediate and dangerous proximity to the affrighted shop-keeper's nose, while he thundered out: 'You inf-f-fernal sc-sc-oundrel you, what do you mean by mo-mo-mocking me?' . . . In the Euphuistic style of compliment, we do not remember ever to have met a more felicitous thing than this:

'PROMETHEUS stole fire, the poets all say,
To enliven the image he'd modelled of clay;
Had fair MARY been with him, the beams of her eyes
Would have saved him the trouble of robbing the skies.'

'Knocking head, in token of respect and thanks,' as the Chinese have it, the EDITOR hereof wishes 'ISAAC WATKINS, Jr.,' (a 'weak invention,' though not of 'the enemy,) health and happiness. A better 'budget' is seldom opened:

'Down-East, December, 1848.

'MR. KNICK: Overhauling the pigeon-holes and sly corners in the office of one of our village attorneys, for the purpose of cleaning up and 'setting to rights,' I fell upon divers 'cobwebs,' some of which I have been tempted to send to you. Thus:

'HOW I GOT INTO BUSINESS.—About three months after my admission to the bar, my door was opened for the first time by a client. Long and dreary days were those during which I listened in vain for the foot-falls of my first client. He came at length, in the person of a Green Mountain boy, who had been arraigned for an assault on one Snow House. Hastening to the office of the prosecuting attorney, big with the importance of a case, I found there the attorney,

the magistrate, (a shrewd Scotchman, who knew ROBERT BURNS, and had read 'Tam O'Shanter' in the poet's manuscript,) the complainant, and sundry anxious spectators. The attorney for the prosecution, having read in magnificent style the complaint and warrant, proceeded to say: 'May it please your honor: it cannot have escaped the court's attention, although it may not have been noticed by the young gentleman who appears to be for the defence, yet, I say, it cannot have escaped your attention, that I have departed from the usual form in drawing this warrant. I have not caused it to be issued in the name of 'THE STATE OF MAINE,' as is the common practice. On making inquiry of the complainant into the circumstances (he always pronounced it so) of this case, I was of opinion that they were not sufficiently aggravated to authorize me to grant a warrant in the name and behalf of the State, but would justify me in issuing one in the name of the gentleman injured, which I accordingly have done. With this explanation, which I hope will be perfectly satisfactory to the court, I will now state 'all and fully' the evidence which we expect to offer, and on which we shall rely for a conviction.' Having finished his 'opening,' the learned counsel took his seat; when I ventured a motion to quash the 'documents,' for that they were not 'in the name of the State of Maine.' 'I shall allow that motion,' said the justice, before the complainant's counsel had time to make any remarks thereon. The warrant was 'squashed.' *I got my name up that day.*

'My next call was from a young man, a son of one of the 'merchant princes' of Boston, who was at that time (in 1835, the season of the 'land fever,') stopping in 'our village,' where his father had recently made some 'heavy' real-estate purchases. He was a wild boy, and would tittle. One day he came into the office, a little 'tight' and greatly excited. 'Squire,' said he, 'I want a warrant against J——, the shoemaker, as quick as you can make it.' 'What has he been doing?' I asked. 'Why, he's abused me shamefully, and I won't submit to it!' 'Well, what has he done? Did he strike you?' 'No, but he abused me; he called me a d—d scoundrel, and I want to make him prove his words!'

'Among other things I found in an old brown-covered note-book the following, which, relating as it does to the worthy deacon mentioned in a late number of your 'useful' Magazine, I transcribe; remarking, however, that he was no deacon—only a Methodist. On the conclusion of a long and fervent prayer at one of the nightly prayer-meetings in his own city, in a season of great awakening there, having dwelt on the mercy and goodness of GOD, as manifested in His works and His presence among them, he wound up his outpouring of gratitude by adding: 'And now, O LORD, we would not wish to dictate, but would humbly suggest the propriety of a revival over in B——r!'

'And another: Two members of the same society had become sureties to a contract for building a church, and one of them had been compelled to pay a large sum thereon; and not being able to get his money from the society, the principal in the obligation sued his co-surety for contribution. At the trial, which was before Chief-Justice WH—N, (one of the great men of Maine, now about to descend from the bench he has so long honored and dignified; a rare, true man; never coaxed nor scared from what he believed to be right, and a genial humorist withal;) the ex-governor, of whom you have heard, was counsel for the defendant, and our deacon friend (but I insist he was n't a deacon,) was a witness for the plaintiff. The plaintiff desired to prove by the witness that at a church-meeting the defendant had, at least by implication, admitted his liability in the suit then pending. The witness stated that the defendant complained to the meeting that he had been sued for moneys which they had agreed to pay and ought to pay; that they had neglected and refused to do what was right, and he was in consequence in danger of being hauled in and made to pay a large amount. 'He used,' said the witness, 'a great deal of hard language toward the brethren, and we thought he *a-bused* some of them.' 'Well, Mr. witness,' asked the ex-governor, 'what did you do?' 'Why, he talked very hard about us, and used unchristian language, and we—ah—ah——' 'Did you agree to pay the debt?' interrupted the ex-governor. 'No: he talked very hard, and we could not get along with him; and so we had to—to turn him out!' 'Oh,' said the judge, looking over his double specs, 'you could n't pay him, and so you excommunicated him!'

'I am, I hope,

'Excusably yours,

'ISAAC WATKINS, JR.'

We sat the other day for a little while to see a free-spoken, ingenuous young man, who had few concealments of plan or purpose, have his brains picked by one of your still, designing persons, who dignify selfish meanness with the name of 'tact' or

'policy.' These are the sort of worldly gentry that we like especially to meet. There is only one game to play with them. Fix a full round eye unwinkingly upon theirs; follow no 'lead' of conversation; exchange words *equally* with them; and if they close a brief and careful sentence with an inquiring 'I suppose?' or a conservative 'You will do so, perhaps?' answer to the first, 'Indeed?' and to the second, 'Perhaps.' We say it with a full consciousness of the self-satire conveyed in the remark, nevertheless we say it, that this kind of inquisitors would find *our* brains 'very poor picking.' . . . 'PLEASE tell your correspondent,' says a friend, in a note to the Editor, 'who writes you on the subject of *American Hereditary Aristocracy*,' that the whole thing has been done extremely well in three stanzas by that very clever satirist, your old correspondent, JOHN G. SAXE:

'Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our 'ferce democracie!'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers;
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

'English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry HARVEY will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

'Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted Line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

We have received some lines from Schenectady, entitled '*The Dead know not Anything*.' So far as a knowledge of what constitutes poetry is concerned, our correspondent has shown that there are some of the living who have very little advantage over the dead. . . . THE following lucid exposition of what constitutes an 'interrogatory' in law was lately made to a juvenile 'inquiring mind' by a distinguished 'lawyer at law': 'My dear, an interrogatory is a very explicit method, used principally in chancery proceedings, for obtaining a correct answer to a simple question. Thus: 'Whether JOHN JONES, on such a day, and at such a place, did, should, could, would, might, or ought; or whether he did n't, should n't, could n't, would n't, might n't, or ought n't; or if he did n't, should n't, could n't, would n't, might n't, or ought n't, *why did n't he, should n't he, could n't he 'would n't he, might n't he, or ought n't he; and if not on such a day, and at such a place, then whether at some other, and what, day and place he did, should, could, would, might, or ought; or whether he did n't, should n't, could n't would n't, might n't, or ought n't; or under some other, and what peculiar, or if not peculiar, under some other and what circumstances; and if not, why not, or how otherwise, do it.'* Certainly, BUNSBY; 'if so be, then therefore; why not?' Our friend DAVID GRAHAM, and ARPHAXED his 'pardner,' might, would, could — 'least-ways' they *should* — help to put an end to this utterly ridiculous formula. . . . In a stirring and eloquent address delivered before the New-York Mechanics' Institute by

Colonel ZADOCK PRATT, on the occasion of his recent inauguration as President of that flourishing institution, we take the subjoined pregnant passage:

'I wish to call your attention for a moment to the present condition of Great Britain, the most stable of any European monarchy. I find from authentic memoranda, that the number of persons owning lands in England is thirty thousand; in Scotland, three thousand; and Ireland, six thousand; only thirty-nine thousand in the whole; leaving more than twenty-five millions of the whole population, who do not own a single foot of God's creation. In 1780, no farther back than that, the number of landed proprietors was two hundred and fifty thousand; so you may see how rapidly all the lands in Great Britain are passing into the hands of the few; into the hands of the nobles, and favorites of Church and State. And I may add in this connection, that while here, in our country, every man has a voice in the government, and the choice of his rulers; in England, only one in nineteen is allowed the privilege of voting; in Scotland, one in thirty; and in Ireland, one in forty-three. Is it strange, then, that under such institutions, where labor is degraded, and industry deprived of its reward; where the poorly sheltered and poorly fed millions are compelled to toil for landlords, priests and aristocrats; is it strange that there should be misery and starvation, bloodshed, riots, and revolutions? No; it would seem more strange if there were none. The truth is, the people cannot always remain down-trodden and oppressed. Their efforts during the year that has passed, have excited our sympathy. The great God of Battles will yet, we trust, crown their efforts with victory; and we may still hope to see our light shine across the ocean, and our great example pointing ever to the polar star of liberty and happiness.'

'I SEND to you my last song. You will be kind to examine and said of him what you think it deserve in your estime paper.' Thus writes to us that distinguished composer and musician, our friend Signor DE BEGNIS, in a note accompanying a copy of '*When to Sad Music you Listen*,' a Song by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. It is a charming production, and its notes have been sung and its praises chanted many times in our hearing by very beautiful lips. It is dedicated to the composer's friend, LUMLEY FRANKLIN, Esq., himself an excellent judge and exemplar of vocal skill and taste. Signor DE BEGNIS, although he speaks English only 'a few,' understands well the universal language of music, and can make *that speak to the soul*, irrespective of the word-clothing of different nations. His compositions are all deservedly popular. Messrs. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY are the publishers of the 'Song' before us. . . . '*Old Bowdoin*' is quite right. PANCKO himself, that eminent color 'gembium' and poet, 'uf he is a nigger,' excels the author of the '*Song written for the Portland Ocess Fire Company*' in felicity and power of versification. But let not our partiality for Mr. PANCKO mislead our judgment. Our readers shall decide for themselves. Air, 'LUCY LONG:'

'OLD Four' was made in six weeks,
And they made her mighty strong;
There aint no other 'tub'
With her can come along.

'Brake her down, bullies,
Brake her down stout;
Brake her down, my bully-boys,
And we'll the fire put out.

'Portland firemen they are good 'uns,
Though sometimes they act silly;
There is n't one among 'em
That can shine with Captain WILLET.

'Our pipemen too are good 'uns,
And they make the others stare,
When they see 'Old Ocean's' stream
A-flying through the air!

'THERE is a corpse at the door for you!' said a wag of a carman the other day, with the frost sparkling on his whiskers, and his breath congealed on his long hair; frozen stiff and stark, said he, 'and with its skin on!' 'Of course,' we thought; 'if it is a corpse, why not?' We went down to look at it. Ah! it was a sight to make one's mouth water: a noble deer, fat as a seal, with the loveliest dappled skin; holding forth promise of such toothsome 'saddles,' such delicious steaks, as might make APICIUS himself smack his lips with even the foretaste. 'Who hath done this?' we exclaimed: 'it can be none other than Colonel SEYMOUR, of Port-Jervis; and is one of the fruits of that great iron thoroughfare which penetrates the deer-haunts that line the New-York and Erie Rail-Road.' Yea, verily, and it ~~was~~ that generous

gentleman; and we 'blessed him unaware,' as have many friends since; for a more savory doe never laid down an innocent life at the feet of the hunter. . . . 'THE following,' writes a Philadelphia correspondent, 'is a copy of a sermon delivered at a meeting of the 'colored brethren' at Willistown in this state, and was taken down at the time by an old friend, who keenly enjoyed and still enjoys any thing quaint or original. I have transcribed it for you, in the hope that it may contribute to the mosaic of the delightful 'Gossip.' Thanks, 'G. D. S.' for both the 'Sermon' and the compliment :

'MEMBA dat now, memba *dat*, my friends; we mus all be bawn'oba 'gain; an if you no bilief *dat*, you may go Philadelpy an see. I spose you wonda *dat* brack-a-man 'peak; dere 't is now, dere 't is; you looks for great ting; but I spect you disappint.

'Well, letta us hear what JOHN BAPATIS say: why he tella you CHAISE mak a Balamass 'peak; yes he make a Brack-a-man 'peak too! De cripture tellay ou our SAIBOUR wa' temp' 'irty year by de DEBIL who follow him all 'bout de wilderness, and offa him de hole world; (for de DEBIL was President of de hole world den) but our SAIBOUR wa' greater dan he; an he say 'Get dee hin' me, SATAN.' Now I 'm juss gwine for say sumting — juss gwine to say, sumting, my friends; you member NICDEMUS; ah! now I touch de great folk! Well, you member NICDEMUS; poor, low, humble, in a manga; our SAIBOUR come to NICDEMUS, not proud as I, an dee, an doe; HE cure an' work a meracle; an say to de deaf, take up dia bed an walk; you kno for what people muss take up dere bed and walk? I tella you; cause dey so 'tiff an wicked. Ah, ah! you can no run 'way from our SAIBOUR; if you go up to Heaven, he pulla you down; if you go to de place torment, he pulla you up; an if you go into de sea, he find you! Oh! 't is fine, beautiful t'ing for be a Christian! Now an idea jussa come crossa my min; I war lookin for him; I war lookin for de house JUDA. Wella, you member de house JUDA; how men lub darkness an fraid de light, cause he deed ebil. Dere 't is now, my friends, dere 't is now. Well, watta possel PAUL say? Why he bapatise wid water, but say one comma 'hind him whose latchet not wordy for buckle; he bapatise wid fire, an water of de HOLY GOSPE. Now I comin to de marrow of it. You member de white 'tone in de cripture wid letta; well *dat* tone for bruise de serpent MOSES held by the head in the wilderness! wella! 's pose, indeed I 'spect, dere some dere in dis audience ob my voice no bilief in GOD: jussa like wicked man I was wid yes'day afternoon in our yard? He tella me de cripture lia, an CHAISE lia. Ah! but he had bottle rum in he hand! Dere 't is, my friends, dere 't is. Bess' he dies; I warrant you he dies!

'Now my dear tender female sista's, now I 'peak to you; an wa' 'tinking bout de Jews; de wicked Jews. I hope dere no 'tiff Jews 'mong you, my dear tender female sista's. Ah! some of you ma laff, but 't is solemn ting; an you an I hab to ansa for it. I hab to ansa for preach, you hab to ansa for listen to me. Oh! 't is beautiful ting for be a Christian! Wicked man shake when he dead; but good man, if he no tief, no lia, when he dead he say: Oh! death where are dou ting? Grave, where are dou victory!

One cannot help respecting the fervor and evident sincerity of this appeal, while it is as impossible not to laugh at the jumbled matter and odd manner which characterize it. The whole is 'negro, all over.' . . . 'HE is an English lad, of good character, just arrived in America; his father is dead; his mother, in the near prospect of an increase which is a blessing to the rich but not always to the indigent, is very poor and very ill. The little boy who hands you this is himself far from well, as you can see; but he is anxious, if he can get an opportunity, to be of service in a printing-office, with a portion of the duties of which he is already acquainted. Can you procure him something to do in the printing-office of the KNICKERBOCKER? If you can, you will confer a great favor upon him, and a greater upon his mother and her little family—all 'strangers in a strange land.' We don't pretend to 'quote,' exactly, in the foregoing; but we *do* pretend to give the spirit of a note which was brought us one inclement December day in the winter of '46 by a pale, thin, soft-voiced English lad, from an 'old-country' friend resident in the metropolis, whose 'heart is in the right place.' The kind-hearted gentleman by whose side we have sat for so many years,

reading with him the proof-sheets which he has printed for us, made the lad quite happy by giving him a situation, from which something was gained toward the support of his mother and his little brother and sisters. After the lapse of three or four months, 'one morn we missed him from his accustomed place' at the office, and on inquiry were informed that he had gone with his mother and family to 'the west.' One of the little fellow's office-friends has just shown us a note from him, dated at Milwaukee, and written on the back of a 'Carrier's Address to the Patrons of the Milwaukee Sentinel and Gazette,' circulated by himself on New-Year's day, from which we learn that he is now doing well in the office of that flourishing journal, and that he is the author of the address, a copy of which he says he 'takes great pride' in sending to his friend. That as a mere boy, in pursuit of knowledge under such difficulties as we have indicated, he has good reason to be so, we think will be apparent from the following incidental picture of some of the 'glories' of war, which we take from the performance in question :

'PEACE reigns throughout our land ; no more the car
Of blood-stained Glory rushes on 'mid war,
Striking with ruthless hands one soldier down
To give another little more renown ;
What are the 'glories' that surround the sight,
When the dim lantern, at the dead of night,
Seeks through the corpses scattered o'er the plain
The friend we loved, who ne'er shall speak again ?
What are the 'glories' of the scalding tear,
Torn from the wife at her dead husband's bier ;
Though the striped flag that dabbled in his blood
The first he bore to heights where last he stood ?
What are the 'glories' that the path surround
Of the sick soldier, sinking on the ground,
Struck by the sunbeam on the red-hot sand,
Or straggling shot down by some fierce brigand !'

This, to be sure, is but a mere fragmentary 'sample' of the Address, which contains many felicitous political 'hits,' with which of course it does not become us to meddle. 'Macte virtute,' 'J. H. E.' . . . SINCE the slightly contradictory passage which we quoted recently from the '*Spirit of the Times*' weekly journal, (may the shadow of WILLIAM T. PORTER never be less !) we have seen nothing more forcible in that kind than the following: 'Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a sixpence-custard for a shilling, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it broke his ankle right off above the knee, fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying-pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down, and killed two dead pigs at Bosting, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt PETER.' . . . THERE is a hit or two in the private note of our New-Orleans correspondent, which reminds us of the adroit satire conveyed by FIELDING, through JONATHAN WILD, in one of his Newgate conversations, previous to his execution: 'I confess,' says that worthy, 'I look on this death of hanging to be as proper for a hero as any other; and I solemnly declare, that had ALEXANDER the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect for his memory!' . . . NEVER can we hear too often from the most esteemed friend who wrote us in early December as follows, from one of the very prettiest villages on 'old Long-Island's sea-girt shore:' 'A howling storm has been in process for the last twelve hours. The tide is so high, that it is within twenty

feet of the chamber where I write. I can look out of the window, and by the light of the moon see the vessels writhing and struggling in the waves of the Long-Island Sound. On such a night the 'Lexington' steamer went down, not far from this very spot; and those who embarked upon the Atlantic perished. It is bitter cold. I hear 'the wind walking over the dry leaves.' I have closed the windows, lighted up the fire with pine-knots, trimmed the argand, prepared the sedatives, and indite this epistle to you. In the early part of this evening I encountered a very narrow escape, not to say singular adventure, which I proceed to record. I was walking up the hill to the hospitable mansion of a friend, the moon not yet risen, the night pitchy-dark; wet, snowy; the wind howling as aforesaid; when I encountered in the middle of the path, which was very steep, (on the left was a high fence, on the right a close thicket,) something which made me start. Although small, and near to the ground, it was really ghost-like; a small body, of a deep and dismal black, with a snow-white rim of white about its neck. It started from the dry leaves and bushes, in a hurried way, which made me jump two feet out of the path. As soon as presence of mind was restored, 'thinks I to myself,' 'I zee zome'sing.' The whole narrative formerly contained in the KNICKERBOCKER burst at once upon my recollection. Whatever the sprite was, by a sort of intuitive perception I recognised him as the same which appeared to the HERO of YAPHAUK, when a new suit of broadcloth was thoroughly spoiled. My first thought was to act on the offensive; to cry 'Shu!' and let fly a stone; but reflecting that his name was spelt S-K-U-N-K, and that I was no match for him in offensive tactics, I desisted. So I spoke not a word, and

— 'I rais'd not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.'

And it *was* glory: abounding in a superfluity of musk, which I felt thankful was distilled upon the surrounding bushes, and not on a cloak which was lent to me. I stood stock still, and as I did so, this offensive 'crittur' tottled away down hill, with the airiness of a volatile essence.' 'Ah, ha! mon ami—suppose what he was, eh? . . . We have lost sight of 'PUNCH' for some months, save so far as glancing hastily at its illustrations went; and truth to say, it seemed to be flagging in interest a little. But it is now 'recruiting' in a good degree; and we learn that DOUGLAS JERROLD is again a prominent contributor to its columns. California and the gold-mines constitute very important literary and pictorial themes with PUNCH 'about these days.' Here is that great philosopher's 'New-Year's Carol.'

'The daylight lengthens, and the sunshine strengthens,
And things in general also look more clear;
Trade growing brighter as the skies get lighter:
Thus, in its cradle, smiles the new-born year.

'Snow-drops now sleeping, shortly will be peeping
Forth, and the crocus lift its yellow cup;
But faster thriving, sooner still reviving,
The markets are already looking up.

'To its meridian, with rise quotidian.
More highly soars the rolling orb of day;
And looms are spinning quicker, mills beginning
With fresh velocity to whirl away.

'From hill and mountain, and from crystal fountain,
Each dawn more early sweeps the fog and mist;
The gloom dispelling, too, which has been dwelling
So long on yarn and wool, and cotton-twist.

'His arms unfolding, better times beholding,
Old Business takes his pen from o'er his ear,
His ledger spreading, and a clean page heading,
In hopeful flourish, with another year.

'And PUNCH, the undrooping, all the public whooping,
Shouting with might and main for joy and mirth,
Rears these new columns on his former volumes,
'To teach, reform, and jollify the earth.'

We have laughed 'somedele' over the '*Trial of the Horse-Guards Clock*,' which had fallen into evil habits, keeping 'bad hours,' and conducting altogether in such a wayward manner as to alienate the confidence and regard of those who had been accustomed to 'look up to it' as an exemplar of high character. We extract a few paragraphs from the 'trial.'

'THE prosecution was conducted by Mr. BRIEFLESS, and the Clock appeared in person for its own defence.

'After opening the pleadings, in a loud voice Mr. BRIEFLESS proceeded to observe, that this was the most miserable moment of his existence. He was called upon to impugn the character of one who had long been looked up to as a pattern of correctness and probity: he meant the Horse Guards Clock. He felt it to be an awful sign of the general derangement of the Times, that the defendant should have been detected, after so many years of regularity, in going astray. He should not dwell upon this painful theme, but would proceed to call the witnesses that would prove this distressing case.

'The first witness called was LORD DENHAM, who said he had known the Clock for some years, and had been in the habit of looking up to it with great respect. Witness had lately observed a marked alteration in the habits of the Clock. It had stood with its hands joined together, in which position it had remained motionless for many hours. At other times witness had seen the Clock spreading out its hands in opposite directions, as if there were something internally wrong; and this fact was clearly perceptible by what was depicted on its face.

'*Cross-examined.*—Believed the Clock intended well, and generally acted well; but had been given to understand that it refused to be wound up for it, even when its actions were regular. Considered the Clock double-faced, and in future would not believe it, as he had done formerly.

'This being the case for the prosecution, the Clock was called upon for its defence; and after a brief address, in the course of which it declared it was the first time it had ever stood in that position, or been known to stand at all, it called several witnesses to character.

'LORD SILBOY was a clerk in the treasury, and had frequently watched the Clock; that is to say, had set his watch by it.

'*Cross-examined* by Mr. BRIEFLESS.—Watched the Clock because he had nothing particular to do. He often—like the Clock itself—had a good deal of time upon his hands. Would not say this was a cause of any particular sympathy between them. But such was the fact.

'After a few other witnesses, whose evidence went to nearly the same effect, Mr. CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH proceeded to sum up, and the jury returned a verdict of *Guilty*, but strongly recommended the Clock to mercy, on account of its previous character. Mr. CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH then passed sentence in the following words:

"You have been convicted by a jury of your countrymen, upon the clearest evidence, of an offence of a grave character—that of obtaining credit under false pretences. There may be some grounds for recommending you to mercy: you have not taken advantage of the recent revolutions to join in any precipitate movement, it is true; but you have made a stand against regularity and order, by refusing to move at all. There is no evidence of any policeman having told you to move on; but you know it was your duty to have moved on, and therefore that is no excuse. The sentence of the court is, that you be bound over to keep the time for twelve months, and that you be kept to hard labor upon your own wheel during Her Majesty's pleasure."

If you observe the foregoing closely, reader, you will see that it is very adroitly done, being possessed of great correctness in a legal point of view, and much delicacy of double-entendre. . . . AN English friend, elsewhere more particularly designated in the present number, repeated to us the other evening the following stanza, which in the original version of BRUCE's Address opened that celebrated 'call to battle.' It was shown to our friend by a Scottish gentleman named STUART, who held the original in the hand-writing of the author:

'THE sun was peeping o'er the heath,
To light them to their field of death,
When BRUCE, with soul-inspiring breath,
His army thus addressed:

'Scots wha hae wi' WALLACK bled,
Scots wham BRUCE has often led,' etc.

We marvel that the stanza was not retained. It opens the scene sublimely, to our

conception. . . . Looking accidentally the other day over a number of the '*South-ern Literary Messenger*,' printed some eleven years ago, when our esteemed contemporary and friend, the lamented T. W. WHITE, was the editor, we encountered, in a well-written essay entitled '*Spring Joys*,' by HENRY J. BRENT, Esq., the distinguished landscape-painter, the following admirable sketch. Observe what a little thought can do with so simple a thing as a fly buzzing upon a window, and a spider setting a trap for him:

'How the morning sun glides over the window panes; and lo! an old weather-beaten spider is crawling forth from his wintry lair, with steady and ferocious steps. I will watch the assassin-giant. He spins out his coil of deadly rope, and takes a survey of his dominion. The glassy surface is his slaughter-house. He seems to prick up his ears, that Arab of the window, and his long black legs are tremulous with ecstasy as he hears the murmuring buzz of his victim. Fool of a fly, keep off! His eyes are glistening, and his sides distend with his hungry panting, and rapidly he whirls out his net. Nearer and nearer comes the child of frolic and of sugar; the ridiculous and sensual fly. He cleaves the air with his sonorous wings; he sees a thousand prismatic and beautiful colors in the glass; he sees the distant and glorious fields; the rose bushes in their incipient bloom; the cherry blossoms and the apple flowers; the green grass; and he longs to perch himself upon the tapering ears of my browsing steed, and rapidly he darts against the glass. He cannot break the sand-blown barrier, and forthwith, with an aching pate, (so hard was it thumped, that I wonder his brains were not scattered out,) he commences his dance on his fore-legs. How he kicks and cuffs and grumbles and growls, and then bursts forth in a wild and romantic bugle-note; finally he settles in a corner and smooths down his ruffled front, and strikes up his angular music with his elastic legs. Meantime the black giant is busily engaged. He keeps as silent as the grave; his fuzzy back is raised, and his ferocious eyes sparkle with savage joy; he swings himself along the glass by one of his cables, and apparently without noticing the fly, he spins out with greedy haste the death-trapping seine. The fly is dreaming by this time of love and sugar-candy, having buzzed himself to sleep. Gently a thread is passed over one of his wings; he feels it not, for his noddle is filled with harmonious memories of the last summer's glories. The spider works on; another and another impalpable thread is passed over his pinions; the cord is tightened round his legs, and fully caught, and awake, the poor fly sets up the wail of the prisoner! His gentle and heart-rending appeal is lost upon the desert air; he is alone with the fly-eater, on a wide and desolate field of ice! — not another fly is seen to speed to the rescue. A group of savage young spiders crawl out of their corners, and smirk at each other: they gaze around and watch from afar the victory of their monarch: they sharpen their fangs for the first banquet of spring.

'The tragedy is drawing to a close: my heart is touched at the ghastly picture of tyranny, and I feel now that I have read of such scenes in Roman and Grecian history, in English and Spanish annals, in French and German story, and I long to exercise the attributes of mercy and of vengeance. Just as the despot is about to pounce upon his entangled prey I will save him. To accomplish my purpose, I have slyly loosened my slipper from my left foot. Ha, the monster! he is now for the death-spring! It is now my time. Mercy! I have smashed the glass into a thousand atoms! The spider's bloody carcass is crimsoned and mangled upon the heel of my shoe, and the fly is away upon the wing through the soft air, without one buzz of gratitude. That same fellow will bite me on the nose, as in the mid-day heat of June, I poke it into a tumbler of iced punch or port. Such, alas! is the gratitude of flies and men.'

If you can't *see* that scene, reader, and feel that it happened precisely as described, you want a pair of spectacles. Your 'eyes are failing.' . . . *St. Valentine's Day* will soon be upon us, and how the tender love-missiles will fly upon the wings of—the wings of—of the penny-post! Take this excellent one, instead of the silly verses which are 'made' and written or printed 'to order.' There is a *meaning* in these lines:

'Love is no light, fantastic, trivial thing,
Child of an idle fancy, born in dreams,
That timeless withers like a flower in spring,
If chance the sun withhold awhile his beams.
It is the offspring of a truthful heart,
Nursed by the best affections and pure thought,
Reared up by Hope till it becomes a part
Of man's religion, which can ne'er be bought
Or sold, but freely gives as it receives
Its joy back in itself; and if not so
'T is recompensed, still it doth give, and weaves
New blessings which it glories to bestow.
Such is true love, and that such love is mine
Let Time be witness for thy Valentine.'

a. c.

THERE is great pleasure to us in thinking, while jotting down these disjointed gossipings of ours—which are, after all, but mere *talks* with our readers, whom we

very much desire to consider our personal friends—that there are many who recognise the fact, that what interests *one* person—supposing him of course to be ‘a person as is a *person*’—will interest others. Every such man or woman is but an epitome of the men-and-women public. ‘Leastways,’ so we have been thinking, while reading the subjoined from a congenial correspondent who dates his missive from Troy, in the ‘down-east’ State of Maine: ‘While engaged in scribbling, to while away the tedium of a snowy afternoon in the ‘ked’ntry,’ it occurred to me that perhaps I might send you something not altogether unworthy of your notice. If therefore any of the following ‘jerks desperate’ (as I once heard an old woman pronounce the phrase ‘*jeu d’esprit*,’) would not disgrace the ‘Gossip,’ etc., of your ‘valuable periodical’—as newspaper correspondents invariably say—possibly you may find them of use in filling out a page, ‘for the want of something better.’ So ‘here goes.’ A short time since there was seated in a car of the rail-road which leads from Portland ‘down east,’ a young man who ‘scandalized’ his fellow passengers by a constant use of profane language. At last an old deacon, of the ‘Free-will persuasion,’ who had been listening in silent horror, approached, and commenced lecturing him for his wickedness; remarking, among other things, that he was ‘on the straight track to perdition.’ The young man drew a ticket from his pocket, and after carefully scrutinizing it, said, with a look that ‘mendicants description:’ ‘Just my d—d luck! I bought a ticket for *Brunswick*!’—THE poetical post-office addresses in the last two or three numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER brought to my mind one which I encountered some years since:

‘To the town of Belmont, State of Maine,
I’m sent, and shall not fall,
For I’ve implicit confidence
In Uncle SAMUEL’s mail.
Postmaster! fall not, at your peril,
To give me to Miss S. D. MERRILL!’

‘AN attorney in this vicinity once addressed a man against whom he had a ‘small demand for collection,’ requesting him to ‘call and settle.’ Not receiving any answer, however, he again wrote him, but with no better success. After having sent him a number of letters, he at last obtained one in return, in which the debtor said he would ‘try and dew somethin’ when sleddin’ came,’ and closed with: ‘But for God’s sake, ‘Squire, do n’t write any more letters, for it will *take all the debt to pay the postage*!’—I HEARD the following anecdote related a few days since: An avaricious landlord threatened to turn a poor widow out into the street for non-payment of rent. After beseeching him not to expose herself and ‘fatherless children’ to the peltings of the pitiless storm, and finding that her supplications had no effect to move his stony heart, she ejaculated: ‘Have you no bowels of compassion?’ ‘No, Ma’am,’ he replied; ‘not a bowel!’—A FEW years since there was a professor at a neighboring college, with whom punctuality formed a part of his religion. Among other things, he was particular that every member of his class should be present at the first recitation of every term, and if any were absent he called upon their class-mates to state, if they could, the cause thereof. It once happened that one of his pupils had died during the vacation, of which ‘the old man’ was not aware; and noticing that his seat was vacant, when the class had assembled, he inquired after his whereabouts. Being a little deaf, he misunderstood the person, who answered, ‘He is dead, Sir,’ and proceeded with his customary remark: ‘Not a sufficient excuse, Sir; and I am astonished that any student should render such a one in *my* recitation-room!’—I have been amused with reading a volume of poetry, by THOMAS RANDALL, ‘of this

ilk,' who is one of the laureate bards, 'and no mistake!' If I can procure a copy, I will send it to you, that our 'native poet' may acquire a 'glorious immortality' by a notice in the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. The brief extracts which I give below can afford you no better idea of the entire contents than a drop of water would of the Atlantic ocean. I should like to transcribe the 'Ode to NAPOLEON,' which traces the whole career of

— 'That proud exile,
Who scoured old Europe like a file!'

'BONAPARTE was an 'old file,' was n't he? LOUIS NAPOLEON, however, is 'a young file,' and do n't 'bite' much. Here are some 'Lines on Winter:'

'THE winter is stormy and cold,
We tremble at BORAS' breath;
He seizes the poor *leaving* steer,
While the fowls are a-freezing to death!'

What a pity it is that this 'warm friend of humanity' had not a warmer hen-house! . . . We have been thinking to-night — while selecting from a great store of 'floating literature,' the accumulations of years, a desultory literary collection for a friend departing for California — we have been thinking, what a treasure by-and-by, as years roll on, will be the newspapers and magazines of this era. Fancy, pathos, affection, humor, breathe in them, which 'time cannot destroy.' Even ten years have sanctified to our fancy and to our heart much that we have casually glanced over to-night. Here, for example, in an ancient issue of the '*National Magazine and Republican Review*,' printed at Washington years since, are some '*Lines to my Young Brother in Heaven*,' which have brought up the hours of memory in long review. When they were written, the sad event which now sends them home to our own heart was 'yet in the onward distance of unknown fate.' The simplicity of the poem is the simplicity of all true emotion; its brevity of expression the brevity of unfettered heart-feeling. We select a few stanzas:

'He left us when his heart was high,
With Hope's effulgent flame;
And Glory's fire was in his eye,
To light him on to fame.

'How little thought we then, that he,
'The youngest of us all,
The victim of the grave would be —
The very first to fall!

'His mound is green; a kinsman's hand
Has raised it o'er his head,
And nightly does my spirit stand
By my young brother's bed!

'I think when we together played
About our father's ground,
Or arm in arm in manhood strayed
The city's walks around.

'I hear his voice, that mellow voice,
That never spake unkind,
Or if it did, so soon 't was down,
No pang was left behind.

'Dear Brother! — years may pass away,
And fire may scathe my heart,
And other memories decay,
But *thine* shall not depart!' E. J. D.

WE have had the pleasure, in the course of the month, of attending two very pleasant public entertainments. The first was *The Printers' Festival*, held at the Coliseum in Broadway. The hall was close-crowded during the literary exercises, which were of much interest, as well as during the supper. Mayor HARPER presided with his accustomed ability, and the meeting was addressed by several gentlemen connected with the daily press. The poem by Mr. BOURNE, and the oration upon FRANKLIN by Mr. JEWETT, were both excellent productions; but the latter, being delivered in a clear, solid voice, had a marked effect upon the audience. It has been published, and will receive attention at our hands in the next number. Many eminent writers were present, chief among whom we noted Mr. IRVING and Mr. BRYANT, the

latter of whom 'came to call,' and made an excellent speech. '*The Burns Anniversary*' was celebrated at the Hotel de Paris in Broadway on the twenty-fifth of January, the birth-day of the renowned bard. We have seldom witnessed a more agreeable gathering. WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, Esq., the President, officiated as chairman, assisted on his right by Mr. BARCLAY, Her Majesty's Consul for New-York, and Mr. YOUNG, Editor of the '*Albion*' weekly journal; and on his left by Dr. J. S. BARTLETT and L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor of the *Knickerbocker*. The toasts, regular and volunteer, were given and received with great enthusiasm; 'honest mirth and genial sentiment' were the order of the evening; which was enlivened by many admirable Scottish songs, admirably sung; to say nothing of an entire Italian opera, 'instrumentation' and all, sustained singly by the PRESIDENT; a most unique performance, which will not speedily be forgotten by any who had the gratification to hear it. The 'season' was one to be 'marked with a white stone;' and when next it occurs, 'may we be there to see?' . . . We have just remarked a man on the 'other' side of Broadway, walking up pensively and alone, to whom the sudden acquisition of wealth has given the power and the inclination to 'give up business' and to 'do nothing' for the rest of his life. Ah! whether it be 'the ton' or not, it is evidently the hardest work in the world to do nothing. We know of at least a baker's dozen of persons, in our own range of acquaintance, who are trying to 'kill time;' 'kill time!' How they will pray one day for the *life* of the time they would now kill! Do you remember CHARLES LAMB's description of his sensations on being emancipated from his daily labor in the India House? 'It was like passing from life into eternity. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, but feeling that I was not. When all is holiday there are no holidays.' Think of this, thou man of sudden wealth; and if it shall so chance that thou hast been a tallow-chandler in thy days of usefulness, make a clause in thy bill of sale that shall reserve to thee the right of still assisting at the 'factory' on 'melting-days!' . . . 'THE merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and it speaks well for the good feeling of our northern correspondent, that amid the holiday festivities he could think of the wants of so unpoetical an animal as a juvenile porker, touching which he has indited a 'Christmas Carol,' from which we segregate a few stanzas:

'I ENCLOSE you herewith a short tale of a pig,
Who although he was small, yet felt himself big;
He went Christmas-eve, and a door-bell he rung;
At the door, for a stocking, a meal-bag he hung.

'On the night before Christmas, in satire he said,
'If the folks are not pigs, in the morn I'll be fed.'
After making this speech, he ran to the hay,
And there, with his fellow-pigs 'spoon-fashion' lay.

He sees in his slumbers an 'ocean of meal,' and is indulging in such a dream of 'provant' as visited ICHABOD CRANE's steed in the stable of old BALTUS VAN TASSER, when 'the pale morning chills his eye;' he rises, and repairs to the door to see what SANTA CLAUS has done for him. The catastrophe is touching:

'WITH high expectations, he ran for his stocking;
And such disappointment! — for a pig it was shocking:
For instead of corn-meal, as the story now goes,
The poor fellow got naught but a ring in his nose!

'And now, my dear friend, I must charge you remember
All the poor and the needy, in dreary December;
And while you have plenty, ay, thousands in store,
O, drive not unblessed e'en a pig from your door!

WE have received the prospectus of a new weekly journal, to be entitled '*The Spirit of the Union*,' to be edited by J. W. BRYCE, Esq., and published by Mr. A. CUNNINGHAM. We shall have occasion to speak of the paper on its appearance. We have much confidence in the tact and ability of the editor, and doubt not that he will succeed in establishing his journal upon a permanent basis. He has our best wishes to that end. . . . JUST been over-looking, from one of the windows of the sanctum, the noble grounds of the 'Bishop MOORE Place,' so long the admiration of the denizens of the north-western section of the metropolis. *There*, at least, is the original soil of Manhattan island; there stand the trees which were fanned by the free winds that swept over the bosom of the Hudson two hundred years ago. With commendable spirit, the worthy proprietor declined the de-'grading' system which has brought the thoroughfares of New-York to a dead level; and when the commissioners were 'sinking' streets in all the squares around him, he built a massive stone wall to protect the home of his fathers and his 'native soil.' But what is he *now* doing? It is a still morning; not a breath of air is abroad; but as we live, there goes one of those old ancestral trees; and we hear the sound of the fall thereof, 'like the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods.' Eloquent author of 'Christmas;' son of a noble sire; good old KNICKERBOCKER! tell those 'hack'-men to disperse, go away, clear out, and 'get along!' Our malison on them! They are destroying in half an hour what GOD himself, in the 'course of nature,' could not create in seventy years! 'Fore heaven, there goes *another* monarch of the primitive forest! Shut down the window, KERRY: we can't be an innocent and at the same time unresisting witness of such sacrifice! . . . THAT was a clever song (written too by a young fireman attached to one of the engines) which was sung on board the 'Oregon' steamer, when our merry party were returning to town, after the late excursion on the Erie Rail-Road to Binghamton. We have not space for it, however, at the late hour at which we receive it. It was sung half a dozen times by Mr. HOXIE, standing up on a dry-goods' box, above the passengers, who joined enthusiastically in the chorus, until the stormy welkin fairly rang again:

'THEN carry me back to Lackawack,
To Lackawaxen shore;
O carry me back to Lackawack,
And I'll come back no more!

It sets forth the disasters attending the clearing of the track, at Big Eddy, of the snow and ice which had accumulated upon it; in doing which, the water in the engine gave out; 'nine men froze their toes;' and the stokers

'HAD nothing to eat, except bears' meat,
And nothing to drink at all;

while sleep was out of the question. It was truly a matter-of-fact song, which vividly illustrated to the stock-holders, and other guests of the company, some of the difficulties which had been overcome in securing their gratification and comfort. . . . 'I happened to be in Baltimore,' writes a friend, 'a few days ago, and called in at a hotel, opposite the Railway Station, to take a — *seat*, to rest myself before the fatigue of a New-York rail-travel, when there passed me, away down on the floor, amid the quids of defunct tobacco and the cracks, a dwarf-man, aged about forty years. He swaggered across the large expanse of the travellers'-room, and climbed up into a chair. I looked at him, and saw that the little wretch was gloriously drunk. The hotel-keeper, whom I knew well, came to me and said: 'Do you see that man?

that little rat? He is the noisiest, most troublesome fellow I ever knew. On the steps, going up or down, he makes the dreadfullest fuss: when he is down, no body can have any peace — howling, yelling, fighting, drinking! Good Lord! My dear Sir, I would pay his bill at any other hotel in the city, if I could get rid of him! All this time the little 'dwarf under review' sat with his boots dangling near the floor, and his queer old-fashioned phiz shaking and twisting about like a duck in a thunder-storm. It was really the most discrepant cause-and-effect case I ever saw in my life; and I thought in a moment how 'Old KNICK' would have laughed had he seen the 'subject under notice.' . . . 'The Oregon Trail' is concluded in the present number. It has attracted much attention at home and abroad; and it will soon appear, simultaneously in London and New-York, in an illustrated edition. It well deserves that honor. . . . THE beautiful 'Odd-Fellow's Certificate of Membership,' of which we made mention in a recent number, is to be had of the agent, Mr. ALBRO LYONS, Number 144, Centre-street. Nothing half so tasteful has been got up for the same purpose; and its price is exceedingly reasonable. . . . You will have, I think, a pleasant bit of reading in the newspapers presently, (if so 'disposed,' as 'SAIREY GAMP' would say,) in the detailed account of the prize-fight between two gentlemen of 'the fancy,' well known in Gotham. HYER will 'open the ball;' SULLIVAN will 'rattle in right and left;' on 'konks' heavy 'deliveries' will be made; good 'fibbing' and 'tidy in-fighting' may be expected; each will 'get it on the muzzle;' 'renewed visitations' will 'tap the claret;' an 'upper cut' will 'sever the cuticle;' there will be 'good counters' and 'getting well home' on 'nobs' and dexter and sinister 'ogles,' while other blows may 'lack powder.' Well, well; 'it takes all sorts of *'sport'* to suit all sorts of people;' and on this stupendous truism, if you please, gentlemen of the jury, 'we rest.' . . . Our attention has recently been called to several articles published in the daily and Sunday papers, written over the nom-de-plume of 'HENRY.' We do not know when we have read a more striking and truthful story than one called 'The Young Widow and her Daughter,' which has appeared in recent numbers of the 'Sunday Mercury.' The style is very peculiar. Other stories from the same pen are appearing in 'The Sun,' which have attracted much attention. Mr. 'HENRY' seems to have hit upon a new 'vein,' and he is evidently quite at home in working it. Mercantile or commercial literature is a new article in the New-York market; and yet we do not exactly know why it should be. We shall be happy to hear from 'HENRY;' and if his time is not too much occupied with the daily and weekly press, we shall be glad to give a 'taste of his quality' in the KNICKERBOCKER. . . . 'The Last Words of a Wife!' — what a touching theme, and how exquisitely is it treated in these two stanzas. Alas! that in some devoted circle DEATH should keep them *always* painfully apposite:

'REFRESH me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet:
Shed not another tear;
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

'Touch me once more, beloved! ere my hand
Have not an answer for thee; kiss my cheek,
Ere the blood fix and stand,
When flits the hectic streak,
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the cold white folds of funeral swathing-band.'

'I must tell you a 'good one' which happened this summer on the same day that I went up the North River on board the 'Hendrick Hudson.' After the passengers had retired to their berths, the following dialogue ensued in the ladies'-cabin, of which the door was left partly open to promote the circulation of air. A rheumatic lady and an asthmatic old lady could not each be satisfied with reference to the door. They kept singing out in alternate strains from their night-caps: the rheumatic, 'Chambermaid, *shut* that door! I shall die.' the asthmatic, 'Chambermaid, *open* that door — I shall die!' So the contention went on for some time, and the yellow maid, with a bandana handkerchief on her head, was fairly flustered. At last an old gentleman, disturbed by the altercation, and not wishing to show any partiality, sang out from his own berth: 'Chambermaid, for Heaven's sake open that door, and kill one of those ladies, and then shut it and kill t'other!' . . . We have been talking with our readers for some fifteen years; saying all sorts of things, upon all sorts of subjects, in all sorts of ways, 'as they sholde comen into y^e minde.' In personal presence, thousands of us have never met; and perhaps a great majority of you fancy that the old gentleman with the pipe and pen, who presides on the cover of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, is a faithful 'counterfeit presentment' of the Editor thereof. Shall we undeceive you? Shall we let you know what manner of person we are of? Our objections to this consummation have been overruled by those who are entitled to a voice in the matter; and therefore 'Old *KNICK*.' will soon be among you. An engraving, in the very first style of the art, will be immediately commenced of *ELLIOTT*'s portrait of the individual who, with no small reluctance, pens this subsection of his 'Gossip' which announces the 'circumstance.' It will have at least one agreeable effect. It will set forth, if indeed that were at all needed, the great genius of *CHARLES L. ELLIOTT*, a native townsman and a cherished friend, who in seizing and transferring to canvass the lineaments of the human face has no superior on this side of the Atlantic, if he has on the other — which we doubt. . . . EXTRACT of a letter from 'Our Own Correspondent': 'My man of the house has just come in, shivering with the cold. He has been exhuming a baby, for which he received five dollars. He says he would like to dig up a baby a day for that price, cold as it was!' 'Humanity, where is thy blush!' . . . 'Goßnō'L am came!' said a round blue-eyed German to us in Broadway, the other day. 'No! — *has* he though?' we inquired, not knowing *GUNG'L* from a jungle, with another musical 'lion' in it at the same time. 'He is ver' goot music,' said our friend; 'goot? — he is more better ash *goot*; he is *nische — nische!* I go see him now!' And he went. . . . WHAT a glorious book is 'Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus!*' We have just been reading over *PUTNAM*'s beautiful edition of this work, with renewed admiration. So clear and pure is *IRVING*'s style, so natural his descriptions of scene, character and event, that we may say of his hero with *COWPER*:

'He travels, and I too — I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries; with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.'

Yes, 'at home,' here in the sanctum, (and thousands of homes beside,) with only a book; a 'silent yet eloquent companion.' Mr. *PUTNAM*'s edition of Mr. *IRVING*'s collected works is meeting with an extraordinary sale, both in England and in this country. . . . 'WHEN I came north to take passage for Europe, four or five years ago,' said a plain-spoken southern-born friend to us the other day, 'I had an inveterate

southern prejudice against men and things north of MASON AND DIXON'S line. After a few years' residence abroad, in which my love of country was constantly increased, I returned to my native land. And when, after long riding the wild blue waves of the Atlantic, in our noble steamer, we approached the American coast, how it stirred my very soul to feel the land-wind from off my native shores! It did not blow from Carolina, nor from Virginia, nor from Maryland; it came from *my country*; and I have long since ceased to find, in any mere geographical division, a line of demarcation that should separate Americans and brothers! . . . W. T.'s note — a never-forgotten school-companion of our boyhood — brought the water-drops to our cheek. Well do we remember his

— 'gray eyes, lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
Brim full of summer warmth.'

Alas, WILLIAM! all things must change: 'friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom — perhaps no more. Forever and ever, in the eddies of time and accident, we whirl away!' . . . '*Love-Points for the Valentine-Writer*' is the name of a charming miniature book by Miss FRANCES GREEN. There are very few among the various valentine-writers to whom some one of these 'Points' will not be 'in point.' Bashful swains and sentimental maidens, here is your *vade-mecum*. Miss GREEN, the author, also edits '*The Young People's Magazine*,' a work which is commendable for many distinctive merits, which we may find leisure hereafter more particularly to set forth. . . . A very copious '*Literary Record*,' embracing notices at length of the 'Memoir of DR. MILNOR,' of the 'American Quarterly Register,' of LELAND'S fine critique upon STEINHAUSER'S 'Head of Christ,' BASCOM'S 'Methodist Quarterly Review,' YOUNG'S 'Songs of BERANGER,' 'The Mother's Journal,' 'Southern Quarterly Review,' 'The Patron,' etc., etc., placed in type for the present issue, will appear in our next. Among several brief articles omitted from the 'Gossip,' is an obituary tribute to the late JOHN BLAKE. Correspondents, literary and personal, will be presently attended to. 'Anon, anon!' ladies and gentlemen!

TO THE READERS OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

It will be seen, by reference to the first page of the cover of the present number, and to the 'Contents'-leaf, that the interest of Mr. ALLEN, the former publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER, has passed by purchase into new hands, and that the work will hereafter be published by Mr. SAMUEL HURSTON, from the same office as heretofore. We have great pleasure in informing our readers that arrangements have been made not only to continue, but greatly to enhance the interest and attraction of the Magazine. It will be made, as it has been, the medium for the best minds in America; it will be promptly issued by the first day of every month, in a style of typography unsurpassed by any similar work in America; an engraving, in the very best style of the art, will be given occasionally, commencing with a portrait of the EDITOR; and should the encouragement be commensurate, valuable etchings of interesting American scenes, by distinguished native painters, will now and then be 'thrown in,' for the gratification of our subscribers. And now, reader — you, dear Sir, we mean — will you personally show this to *one* friend, (*sic* would be better;) and if for years, or for a shorter period, you have enjoyed pleasure in the perusal of the KNICKERBOCKER, impel others to share monthly with you the same enjoyment! Then would it surely bless him that gives, not less than him that 'takes' it! 'Do you take, stranger? If you, then shall there be full reciprocity between us. Try it, friends!

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 3.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TALENTS.

SAUL OF TARSUS AND NAPOLEON.

IN this fair and noble creation, where variety is unbounded and individuality stamped upon every thing, whether physical or intellectual, there appear at intervals men whose strong energies and mighty minds prove that they were formed not only to bless or curse the land in which they dwell, and to dazzle mankind during the brief period of their mortal existence, but to stamp their impress upon a *world*, and to be held up as beacons to guide or warn all future generations. HE who is the source of thought, from whom the most brilliant human intellect is but a feeble emanation, a ray of the sun's light, bestows these powers, and leaves their possessors in a measure free to use them either for good or evil; setting before them however the rich rewards intended for the diligent, and the fearful punishments reserved for those who with the miser bury their talents, or with the prodigal 'waste them in riotous living.' The strong bias to evil which belongs to our corrupt nature too often leads to the perversion of God's most precious gifts; and thus intellect, the distinguishing mark between man and the brute creation, the connecting link between man and his CREATOR, is by many turned as a keen weapon against HIM who bestowed it, and exhausts itself in fruitless efforts to disprove his existence or subvert his authority. There are however those who knowing the value of the treasure committed to their trust, and feeling their deep responsibility for its proper employment, burn with an ardent desire to expend their intellectual wealth for the glory of HIM who has so enriched them, and who will well repay their labor and devotion.

SAUL of Tarsus was a choice specimen of human nature: his kingly intellect has rarely found an equal, his powerful energies have

never been surpassed; ere his mind was illuminated from above, ere his heart had been purified from the grossness of earthly passion, or his human pride had bowed down before the loftiness of the MOST HIGH, he devoted his activity and strength to what he *believed to be* the right, for in persecuting even unto death the lowly followers of the lowly JESUS, he 'verily thought that he was doing GOD service:' indeed the misdirected zeal of Saul of Tarsus teaches us how infinitely important it is not only to press vigorously *onward*, but to be sure that progress is made in the right direction. The unflinching severity which the agony and death of the holy Stephen could not unnerve, the burning zeal which sought to crush the Church of CHRIST, the firmness of purpose which 'haling men and women' drew them forth to judgment and to martyrdom, if left to their own unchecked and unguided strength would have been as scathing flames to consume and annihilate; but the treasures contained in this chosen vessel were not destined to be thus lavished in the service of the Prince of Darkness; for the glowing affections of such a heart there was but one worthy object. While on his way to Damascus, commissioned to destroy, Saul of Tarsus was suddenly arrested in his course by a voice of ALMIGHTY power. The spirit of truth descended to dispel the dark clouds of error, the spirit of love to overcome the hardness of the unrenewed heart, the spirit of humility to bring down each high imagination and self-exalting thought; and he who was thus checked in his stern career 'was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision;' but sinking to the earth, and casting the crown of his pride at the feet of the very Being whose followers he had come forth to blast and destroy, he exclaimed from the depths of an humbled heart, 'LORD what wilt thou have me to do?'

The pure and lofty character of Paul the apostle was the fruit of this work of God's most Holy Spirit upon the heart of Saul of Tarsus. He whose high intellectual powers had been cultivated by the hand of an able master and invigorated by active exercise, now brought his *all* — the strength of his powerful reason, the force of his noble eloquence, the beauty of his chastened imagination, the fervor of his glowing heart — and laid them like the royal gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh at the feet of the holy JESUS.

In the inspired story of his after life, who can read without emotion of the perfect self-renunciation which was the peculiar characteristic of St. Paul? Crucifying the flesh, he devoted himself body, soul and spirit to the service of his LORD, and rejoiced in HIM who had called him to these 'abundant labors;' 'in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,' he pressed onward, exerting every energy of his powerful nature to spread through a perishing world the knowledge of an all-sufficient SAVIOUR; setting his foot upon the powers of earth, the prize for which he contended was an imperishable crown; deaf to the syren voice of pleasure, but thirsting for the rich melodies of Heaven, he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words which 'it is not lawful for a man to utter;' refusing to yield even to the sweet claims of friendship and affection, he replied to those who

would have turned him from the rugged pathway which led to the attainment of a martyr's crown : ' What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart ? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the LORD JESUS.'

With a manly courage he met every danger, and faced every foe ; with a heavenly wisdom he confounded the subtle, and convinced the unbelieving ; and although with lowliest humility he spake of himself as the ' chief of sinners,' he yet seemed constrained before he ascended to take possession of his waiting throne to give his own testimony to the energy of mind and fidelity of heart with which his work had been accomplished. ' I have fought a good fight,' he exclaims, ' I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.'

What nobler pattern save *one* can we set before us than that of the holy Paul ? What merely human being ever better improved the talents committed to his care, or devoted himself to the highest and noblest objects with more earnest zeal and untiring energy ? Would each in his measure emulate this bright example, and renouncing every thought of *self* bring his *all*, whether it be treasured hoards of gold and jewels, or but two poor mites, so it be his *all*, and expend it freely and wisely for the glory of GOD, and the good of man, how would the sterile desert blossom as the rose, and the parched earth be refreshed and watered, as the garden of the LORD !

YEARS, ages, centuries, had rolled away, when another master spirit appeared upon earth. Placed in the middle rank of society, he yet seemed born to command, and was early recognised among his fellows as the guiding mind. Living at a period of most extraordinary confusion, when infernal spirits seemed to have taken possession of fair and beautiful France, and made it their home, their battle-field and dwelling-place ; where every preëxisting institution was overthrown, and Christianity herself derided, despised, and denied ; Napoleon Bonaparte, with resistless power, seized upon the strange and conflicting elements by which he was surrounded, and constructed for himself a lofty throne, and most extended empire. Nation after nation was brought under his dominion ; crowns and sceptres were his play-things ; his renown filled the earth, and men trembled at the name of one whose iron-frame shrank from no fatigue ; whose indomitable soul dreaded no danger ; whose heart of steel melted not at human suffering ; whose lavish hand spared neither blood nor treasure to accomplish his designs ; who ruthlessly tore away the tender chords of affection, and at the voice of stern ambition, even startled from her resting place in *his own* bosom the only dove which had ever made her nest there, and condemned himself to a cheerless and solitary grandeur ; and thus, dwelling in his gorgeous palace of ice, he could feed upon the thought of his greatness and renown, while the heart that had trusted him lay bleeding at his feet.

Napoleon Bonaparte, like the sainted Paul, was endowed with lofty powers ; but the talents taken from the rich treasury of Heaven,

and intrusted to him for improvement and increase, were debased by being employed for earthly purposes and selfish ends. The untiring energy of the holy Apostle fainted not, as he passed through perils by sea and land, pointing out the road to eternal life, and urging men to press onward in its steep and rugged pathway. The same quality in the warrior was engaged in leading his fellow-creatures to scenes of carnage and death. The one 'endured hardness as a good soldier of JESUS CHRIST;' the other braved fatigue and danger to obtain universal empire over men; the one crucified the flesh and sacrificed human affections to promote the glory and win the favor of his LORD; the other cast out all softer feelings, and tore away the clinging tendrils of his heart, that he might sacrifice all other passions upon the altar of his insatiable ambition. The one trode upon the pomp and grandeur of earth as toys unworthy the regard of an immortal spirit; the other enshrined them in his heart of hearts, and made them the gods of his idolatry. The one submitted to be looked upon as the 'off-scouring of all things;' the other sought supreme dominion. The one rebuked the vices, shared the anguish, pitied the weakness, and strengthened the hearts of his brethren, and in his widely-diffused, yet tender sympathy, became 'all things to all men;' the other, renouncing human fellowship, made himself the centre of his thoughts and ends. The far-seeing vision of the one glanced over eternity, and aimed at the ever-increasing expansion of his faculties and affections; the eagle eye of the other sought a fame wide as the earth's limits, and enduring as time; but was closed to the prospect of unbounded space and never-ending duration. The one aspired to a heavenly throne—a diadem of clustering stars; the other sought a crown of earthly glory—a sceptre of temporal power.

As the close of life drew on, with what different sensations must those two immortal beings have awaited its approach! One looking forward, the other backward; one dwelling in thought upon his mansion of rest, the green pastures and still waters where his worn and weary soul would find a sure repose, and feasting his mind's eye with coming scenes of unimaginable beauty, and his ear with the harping of many harps, and the joyous welcome of those who would crown with ready hands the hero of so many well-fought fields, and the glad 'well done' of his LORD, and waiting eagerly yet patiently for the unbarring of the golden portals, for the laying aside his faded garments, and putting on the robes of grace and purity and life; the other chained to a rock, with the vulture of disappointed ambition gnawing at his vitals, looking back upon his lost dominion, his throne in ruins, his affections stifled, his subjects ruled by those of other blood; listening to the voice of a reproving conscience and the wail of agony ascending from his many fields of carnage; humbled by the littleness of those who ruled this once mighty ruler; and thus awaiting death. Let us hope that the voice of power which arrested Saul of Tarsus in his wild career made itself heard too in this lion-heart before the chain was broken which bound the immortal spirit to its mortal dwelling, saying 'Peace, be still!' to its fierce passions, and awakening more lofty desires, a purer hope, a strong, undying, holy FAITH.

IN observing the career of these athletic spirits, we cannot but perceive that while one presses earnestly and steadily onward, with hand outstretched to grasp the prize, the other has mistaken the goal and been lured from the straight path by a glittering bauble dropped from the hand of one who is ever watching for his prey, and who even attempted to win the homage of the high and holy ONE by showing him 'the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.' He in his mighty strength resisted, but the weaker creature yielded to the seduction; and how fleeting were the glories which he won! His pomp and power have passed away; 'dust has returned to its kindred dust, and the spirit unto God who gave it,' and we know no more; but in the track of light left by the 'chariot of fire and horses of fire' by which the sainted Paul ascended, we can almost see his onward path from one degree of glory to another, throughout the circling ages of eternity.

Now which example is most worthy of emulation? Shall the glowing exhortations and steadfast life of the victorious apostle prevail on those who are yet in the battle-field to strain every nerve for conquest, having the eye fixed upon a heavenly prize? or shall the hungering for this world's fading splendor lead them to follow the track of him who, after attaining the height of earthly glory, has passed away, and left nothing behind him but the name of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE?

M. E.

STANZAS ON A PORTRAIT.

WORLD! I turn mine eyes from thee,
Thy dreams of California gold;
And with devoted ecstasy
A scene of *present* bliss behold:
For Beauty's smile, her Parian brow,
And loveliness, inspire me now!

By that look there is a thought,
Half mystified from mortal sight;
By some creative impulse wrought,
Imagination veiled from light!
And I would give a world to know,
Doth it token joy or wo?

I am spell-bound; for that look
In life could waken up the fire
Of high ambition; scorn to brook
A tyrant's thralldom; and inspire
The warrior and the bard to brave
Peril to win thee — or a grave!

Still there is a gentleness
Awakening a milder strain;
Those lips which now each other press
Could in their pressure soften pain,
And chase away all worldly care —
An angel's smile is beaming there!

HENRY J. BRADFIELD.

A P L A N E T A R Y D I A L O G U E .¹

BY LUCIUS E. SMITH.

THE hours had circled the busy earth,
 The king of day sought his western bed,
 Obsequious clouds at his bidding stepped forth
 With gold and with crimson to curtain his head ;
 And now, as the light of his chamber grew dim,
 Till blown out for his majesty's special repose,
 The world thought with no more concern upon him,
 Unless now and then his dread majesty's nose
 Chanced to wake up the mountains and woods with a snore,
 Portending, the wise thought, a terrible shower.

But his sleep was too heavy to trouble them long,
 And the couriers of Night, being sure of the fact,
 Ordered out the black carriage, which trundled along
 On the firmament's broad and shadowy tract,
 Announcing to all the approach of their lord
 With retinue sable, in silence profound :
 Then the autocrat spoke his imperial word,
 And sudden there broke on the darkness around
 His million stars, through his empire beaming,
 And comets wide their meteor banners streaming.

Of the principal courtiers that honored his state
 A bright one² had wandered to regions unknown ;
 One's curtains were drawn as his car drove elate,³
 Without excellent spectacles witnessed by none ;
 But four, in full dress, drove openly on
 In the gaze of the multitude thronging below,
 Lending lustre unwonted to Night's dusky throne,
 And setting the firmament ' all of a glow :'
 Those who saw it inquired, in a rapt admiration,
 What occasioned this wondrous illumination ?

There was JUPITER, chief of the peerage of Night,
 With his four brilliant stars,⁴ and his ribbons⁵ to match,
 There was MARS, a choleric, bloody old knight,
 Always ready for battle, and ' up to the scratch ;'
 His grandfather, SATURN, (a blade in his day,
 Who had turned all his family into the street,⁶)
 Bejewelled and ringed, in his bravest array,
 Came out with the rest his liege monarch to greet ;
 Also VENUS, the belle of all seasons ; between us,
 The court were all moonshine without the said VENUS.

¹ THOSE who are observant of celestial phenomena, or of the newspapers, may recollect that an unusual number of planets have been visible during the past winter.

² MERCURY, not visible.

³ HERSCHELL, visible only through a telescope.

⁴ His satellites.

⁵ His belts.

The four maids of honor were not left behind,
 CERES, PALLAS and VESTA, and chief of them, JUNO ;
 But their ladyship's office the fair ones confined
 Somewhat in the rear, as undoubtedly *you* know.
 To spare farther description, the chronicles show
 That seldom, if ever, the court of old Night
 Has displayed to the gaze of his subjects below
 A pageant so wondrous, so dazzlingly bright.
 The procession moved on, majestic and slow,
 While the spheres discoursed music harmonious and low.

But hark ! a deep voice ; O, how thrilling its notes !
 Like Æolian melody, hushes all heaven,
 The soul of all music, the gush of sweet thoughts,
 A whisper of joy to the firmament given !
 All eyes to the west were admiringly bent,
 Where, gliding along in full beauty and power,
 Fair VENUS, erect in her chariot, lent
 The charm of her presence to crown the glad hour
 Of imperial revelry. Thus she addressed
 Her brave cousin MARS, whose towering crest
 She saw grimly flashing some leagues to the west :

‘ Well met, my cousin, once again !
 Where in the universe hast been ?
 ’T is many a night and many a day
 Since last I saw thy waving plume,
 And a long, lonely, weary way,
 In solitude and silent gloom,
 I’ve wandered through the boundless sky,
 Longing, but all in vain, for thee.
 My path was paved with starry light,
 But what is day, and what is night ?
 Where every face is strange to me,
 And where no voice is heard to bless,
 All heaven is but a wilderness !

‘ Time was, ere we were called away
 Up to our destined sphere above,
 ’T was ours amid the flowers to play,
 Or on the sounding sands to rove.
 Canst thou forget one sunny hour,
 Soon darkened to tempestuous night,
 It trembled at the ocean’s power,
 Thou chided my infantile fright ?
 ‘ Wherefore from thy mother fled,
 Fair daughter of the briny sea ?’
 Now, after so long absence met,
 Why do thy chariot-wheels delay ?
 Thy coursers in the race are fleet,
 ’T is VENUS calls thee — haste away !’

THERE was silence. MARS waved his towering crest,
 As his chariot drove o’er the star-paved road,
 And thus the brave knight his fair cousin addressed,
 As a chivalrous warrior undoubtedly should :

‘ Fair Queen of Love ! I bless the voice
 Whose kindly words my coming greet ;
 Once bidden, I’ve no other choice
 Than to obey commands so sweet.

Forget thee! 't was my liveliest dread
 That when far absent from thy sight
 My form had from thy memory fled,
 Like the day's dying light!
 Oft, coursing o'er the farthest verge
 Of Night's domain, where dreary waves
 Of desert light unshadowed surge,
 I've envied the most abject slaves
 Whose base employ lends bliss so high
 As toiling underneath thine eye.
 No longer chide me then, I pritheo,
 I die, fair VENUS, to be with thee!

VENUS.

'Die! 't is well said! Methinks thy life
 Is most invulnerably secured,
 On that poor score, from danger, if
 Absence like thine may be endured.
 Long 'out of sight' as thou hast been,
 If thou wert also 'out of mind,'
 It would not have been strange, I ween,
 And scarcely could be thought unkind.
 But where has been thine embassy?
 What quarrels dire have called for thee?
 Sure, nothing but thy warlike trade
 Of thee has such an exile made.'

MARS.

'O, lady fair! I pritheo cease
 With cruel, causeless words like these,
 More venomous than Indian dart
 To wound my true and loyal heart;
 Driven, by our sovereign's dread commands,
 To wander far beyond thy sight,
 A sentinel of distant lands,
 From my watch-tower's accessless height
 I've gazed on fields of rugged fight
 On many a continent and isle,
 That made my blood wax young the while.

'O! in the days now past and gone,
 When in my youthful prime,
 My sword Vulcanian would alone,
 In a brief moment's time,
 Have swept the field like a mountain wave,
 And made the dark ground one terrible grave!

'I've seen the ocean dyed with gore,
 Heard shrieks above the tempest's roar,
 And strength and beauty sink beneath
 The chill of all-devouring Death,
 Under my fixed and watchful eye,
 Intently gazing from the sky;
 Yet, far as I have fled away,
 My heart hath never learned to stray;
 Loyal and true it lingered still,
 And waiteth now for VENUS' smile;
 Therefore frown not, but smile again!
 Shall I long, long sue in vain?

VENUS.

'Fie! fie! You warriors all presume
 We're weak enough to adore your might,
 As if a helmet's gaudy plume,
 And trophies of victorious fight,
 Were all a lady need require
 To set her poor weak heart on fire!
 Ah, me! of those whose loss has proved
 Thy valor in the murderous strife,
 There have been hearts that vainly loved,
 Vainly; for thou hast drank their life;
 Robbed their sweet breath to swell the cry
 Of victory through the listening sky!
 O! to inspire Fame's trumpet blast,
 What hapless myriads breathe their last!
 And those who hear it, let them fear;
 The notes that thrill upon their ear
 Were wrung from agonizing hosts—
 The expiring sigh of parted ghosts!'

MARS.

'Nay, my sweet cousin! this good sword,
 By thee so suddenly abhorred,
 Once thine own hand with garlands hung;
 Do not my valiant heart such wrong,
 But backward thy deep curses spell ——'

VENUS.

'Backward my true curses spell!
 Wherefore? These curses are not mine,
 But Love's ——'

MARS.

'O, joy! they are not thine!
 Then say not Love's, nor with such ire
 Let Furies thy pure heart inspire ——'

VENUS.

'Peace! I will curse! I curse not thee,
 But execrate the cruelty
 That dares fell slaughters to proclaim,
 And call the awful echo *fame*!'

MARS.

'Fair mutability! 't is plain
 I seek to move thee, but in vain.
 Thou bidd'st me hasten to thy side,
 Only with cruelty to chide;
 To mock my ear with words that bless,
 Then blast with venom'd bitterness!
 Once 't was thy joy to hear me tell
 What now is spurned and cursed by thee.
 Enough! 't is death to say farewell—
 Death doomed by Venus' cruelty.
 Farewell! if that my deeds in arms
 Have lost for thee their wonted charms;
 If Mars is hateful to thy sight
 Fear not lest thy preferred delight

His thankless presence should destroy.
 A goddess's jest! a lady's toy!
 I go; but language ne'er can tell
 What thoughts are hidden in that word *farewell!*"

VENUS.

Stay, stay, my hero! nor depart
 So hastily, so angrily;
 Thou art a warrior — can the smart
 Of a few words compel to flee
 One whom a thousand fields of fight,
 In heaven and earth, ne'er turned to flight?
 Return, and if thy tongue can bear
 To speak of things I love to hear,
 Together through the sky we'll rove,
 And not of battles talk, but love.
 Canst not for once thy helmet doff?
 Canst thou not lay thine armor off?
 And be as when in youthful glee
 Wandered by the bright blue sea?

She said, and smiled with more than mortal grace;
 Deep blushes mantled in her speaking face;
 A tear of joy suffused her dark blue eye,
 When Mars enraptured hastened through the sky.
 A moment, and a veil of misty light
 Hid their celestial raptures from our sight.

HE WANTED TO MARRY A FORTUNE!

BY J. M. CHURCH, ESQ.

'V: piace molto Philadelphia?
 Abbastanza bene ed ella? — ITALIAN, WITHOUT A MASTER.'

READER, you love money, of course; but did you ever try to marry a fortune? The hero of this sketch did; and if you will be patient a few moments, I will tell you most succinctly with what result.

It was the winter of 1836, and the people of our good clean-faced Philadelphia were in the full enjoyment of the avocations and pastimes peculiar to that season of muffs, tippetts, oyster-suppers, balls, concerts, and cold noses. Mr. JOHN KENT BLACKSTONE lived at an excellent boarding-house in Arch-street, and occupied his time between reading law and human nature. That is, he devoted his waking hours to lounges among the habitués of Chestnut-street, and lollings in an arm-chair of 'Squire Coke in Walnut-street.

Now Mr. Blackstone was a 'good-looking fellow.' This was the opinion of all who marked his well-known form and features in Chestnut-street in 1836, and he now indicates strongly the fact to the small and select circle of friends who stop at his gate in one of the prettiest towns of adjacent New-Jersey. John knew that he was good-

looking in 1836, too ; John knows that he is good-looking now. His glass and admiring friends told him this in 1836 ; his glass, a charming little home-bird of a wife, and the facsimile of his own face in that of an only child who sits at his family board, tell him so now. But I was to inform you how John tried to marry a fortune.

It was at the period when we introduced John Kent Blackstone to our readers, 1836, aforesaid, and during the winter aforesaid, that John Kent Blackstone as aforesaid, first saw the much-desired object of which he had been some weeks in search ; and he saw her only to resolve to carry her heart by storm. She was *en bon point*, handsome in face and figure, and what was a chief recommendation, *very rich* ! John met his Dulcinea of fat cheeks, hazel eyes, full-developed bust and shoulders, substantial figure, and large pecuniary expectations, at a public ball in the Chinese Museum. She was dancing with a grocer's clerk of Market-street ; and he was struck dumb by the beautiful graces which she displayed in her 'chassez-de-chassez,' her 'balancez,' and her 'promenade ;' especially as an acquaintance had just intimated to him that she was a veritable heiress. Mr. Blackstone was caught. He at once sought an introduction to the lady, and he obtained it. He asked her to dance, and the grocer's clerk abandoned the field at once. John's first step was to beg the honor of taking charge of Susannah's bouquet, for Susannah was her name ; he then launched into a dialogue, in the course of which, he had the pleasure of perceiving that he had made a most favorable impression. Susannah was most delicately complimented, and the shots fired by the skilful Blackstone went home to her heart. John had frequent evidences of this during the evening, and particularly at the close of the sweet interchange which happened at the door of Susannah's home, in Filbert-street, when, before saying 'good night' the young creature looked him straight into his eyes, and fetched a sigh, which tested most fully the strength of her bodice-fastenings. It was a long sigh ; it was a deep sigh ; it was a sigh which declared emphatically, 'My hand and my fortune are yours.'

I shall not pause to dwell upon the particulars of all the interviews which succeeded that of Blackstone's introduction to Susannah. They were frequent and uninterrupted, until the young lady's father began to observe the tendency of all these things. Then there was trouble for Mr. John Kent Blackstone ! The old gentleman was a retired master-carpenter and builder. His only child was a precious object to him ; and he could not think of giving her away to a professional man ! He wanted something more practical ; something better calculated to make a good use of the money he intended to bestow with his Susannah's hand. Before this stunning fact was developed to Blackstone, he was in an elysium of happy realization and glorious expectation. He loved Susannah from the first ; but his love took higher and higher stilts as report fastened upon her expectations an increase of thousands ; and when it became a cool hundred thousand, he was in a very sea of California gold and Golconda diamonds. He then saw springing from his intended, not only beautiful companionship, social delights, and the sweet prattle of children, but the future was

spiced and seasoned by horses, carriages, liveried servants, and trips to Europe. He even began to devise an entirely new plan of a dwelling-house for the city and of a *cottage ornée* for the country. Indeed, it was quite a pleasant study for him to contrive some new shape for his carriage — some new color for his horses.

But ah! cruel fate! luckless John Kent Blackstone! The obstacle which interposed cooled off these heated anticipations, even as doth a bucket of Schuylkill a red hot poker. Susannah's father was inexorable. He believed in the virtue of the veto power, and he brought it down upon the comfortable little plans of Mr. John Kent Blackstone with sledge-hammer emphasis. He told John he had nothing against him personally, but that he had no knowledge of business. He liked his appearance well enough; but he had no 'visible means of support.' He was a very 'well-edicated' gentleman, no doubt; but then he was n't good for anything, and he must n't think of marrying his daughter. He wanted a man for Susannah who had been brought up to habits of industry; 'none of yer snipper-snappers; none of yer do-nothings; none of yer silly dandies!' Susannah's mother (who cottoned to John, hoping to crawl over his shoulders into fashionable life,) looked daggers at her husband, while he was firing this grape-shot into her daughter's lover; every now and then exclaiming, 'Why, hussy, ain't you ashamed;' while Susannah herself, after making three futile attempts, at last fainted, and Mr. John Kent Blackstone left the house; curses struggling to find utterance from his compactly-closed lips.

On reaching his little room in the fifth story of the boarding-house in Arch-street, John first thought he would run away with Susannah. This thought was overruled, however, by an intimation that if he did so her father might cut her off with a shilling; and then in what respect would he be better off than he then was — free and unencumbered? Again he resolved to become a practical man; learn, in other words, a trade, and walk in a green-baize jacket through streets which he had all along trodden in elegant attire and patent-leather boots. At last an entirely original idea struck him. It was to introduce a silly, coxcombical, but eminently fashionable acquaintance, to Susannah, and induce him to show her great attention, when he should withdraw himself indignantly from the family, thus leading the flinty father to suppose he had been supplanted, and forcing him, from the ineffably disgusting vapidity of his rival, to seek him out, and bestow upon him at last the much-desired hand of Susannah, as a choice between two evils.

S. Rolando Timmings was the object selected by Blackstone to carry out his plan; a perfect bouquet of sun-flowers and holyokes. Timmings was ridiculously exquisite in dress; and the colors which he wore all at once combined the whole catalogue of a prism. His hair was long, coarse, and ever plentifully drenched with Maccassar; his eyes were large and filmy; his mouth was spacious, and he never closed it, whether sleeping or waking. He had but few ideas, and those were all connected with the inflation of his own trumpet. John did not think there was the slightest danger of Timmings steal-

ing Susannah's heart away from him — a circumstance which, by the way, required some hesitation, considering the intimate relations about to exist between the two. Oh, no! he had too high an estimate of Susannah's good sense for that.

Susannah and her mother, when advised of the plan which Blackstone had laid for the accomplishment of his desires, applauded it, especially as Mr. Timmings was of most excellent family, and would not injure their hopes in ultimately attaining the top-most platform of fashionable consideration. Timmings, too, entered into the arrangement willingly, and expressed a determination to play his part as well as could be wished, not knowing, all the time, what Blackstone meant.

Susannah's last interview with the devoted and self-sacrificing Blackstone, before Timmings commenced his masquerading, was an impressive scene :

'Do you sense what you are doing, Jack?' said she.

'Sense it, Susy?' replied Blackstone; 'I do, to the letter. It is the only thing I can do to carry my point with your d—I beg your pardon—odd-notioned masculine progenitor. Excuse me, madam, for thinking any thing disrespectful or profane of your good man, but——'

'Oh, I know how you feel, Jack,' interrupted the mother; 'you are in as desperate a state as is Claude Melnotte in the play, when Pauline finds out that he is nothing but a gardener's son. But how long is this thing to go on?'

'Only a month,' replied Susannah; 'as the poet says, one little month; 'O gallop in space, ye fiery-fettered steeds!'

'Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,' my dear,' said John, in the gentlest tone of voice.

'Well, gallop apace ye ——. But never mind the words of the poetry, Jack, so that I have the soul of it here, in my beating heart. We are then to be parted one month! I am not to see you for a whole month! I hope your friend Timmings is tolerable. Does he sing?—does he waltz?'

'He does,' said Blackstone, 'and nothing else.'

'Well, if he does, then I can endure him—perhaps like him—till we meet again,' replied Susannah.

'But I do not want you to like him.'

'Well, then, I won't, Jack.'

'Good-by, Susannah!'

'Good-by, Jack!'

And thus the two parted; the one to cover up his sorrows by an unusual in-taking of law; the other to be apostrophized by the verdant Timmings.

TWENTY-EIGHT days had passed away, and Blackstone had not even seen Susannah. He heard of her, however, at home and abroad, in the parlor, at concerts, in the street, at theatres and operas. Timmings was 'ever by her side,' and both, from all accounts, were acting their parts to perfection. The father appeared to be quite docile

under the Timmings-infliction; seeming to take the doses of devotion, which he incessantly poured out upon Susannah, with wonderful equanimity. Blackstone began to feel that his scheme was not working well; and on the twenty-ninth day had fully made up his mind to adopt some new device. He formed this resolve while preparing to go to his law-books, after breakfast, and had hardly seasoned it with a strong word or two, when the servant entered his apartment, and told him that an elderly gentleman had called, and wished to say a few words to him in the parlor.

John hurried down stairs, and there he confronted Susannah's father; just the man he wanted to see; for his appearance argued a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.'

'Good morning, Mr. Blackstone,' said the old gentleman.

'Good morning, Sir.'

'Mr. Blackstone, my daughter worries my life out of me. Instead of being a blessing to my old age, she is a very curse!'

'Sorry to hear it.'

'Sorry, are you? Well, Sir, who in the name of common sense is Mr. Timmings?'

Blackstone was in ecstasies as he replied, for he seemed to see the breaking of what he so much wished, 'He is a gentleman, Sir, of good family.'

'Oh, burn the family!' shouted the father, his face reddening: 'what does he do for a living? Has he any better means of obtaining a livelihood than yourself?'

'That I cannot say, Sir; but for myself, Sir——'

'Never mind yourself; what of Timmings, Sir?'

Blackstone was confused, as he replied: 'Well, Sir—really, Sir, I do n't know.'

'But you *should* know!' said the father; 'you should not have introduced to my daughter any man whom you did not know; a man who might win her affections. Indeed, Sir, I believe you are a man of sense.'

Blackstone bowed.

'I believe,' continued the father, 'that you might have made a tolerably good husband for Susannah; at any rate, a better one than this Timmings.'

'Thank you kindly,' replied Blackstone; 'I love your daughter; I will gladly take her from Timmings.'

'That can't be!' said the old gentleman, with a look of sorrow; 'read that letter, Sir.'

Blackstone took the note which was handed to him, and with very nauseous emotions read as follows:

——— *Hotel, Philadelphia, January, 1837.*

'DEAR PA: Forgive me for an act of seeming rashness. You opposed my marrying Mr. BLACKSTONE, and, obedient to your wishes, I at once sought to banish him from my heart. The effort, you will rejoice to know, was successful; but the place he left in my affections was soon filled by Mr. TIMMINGS, a dear, sweet gentleman; and as we were both determined to be married, Alderman SMITH has this day joined us together in the holy bonds of wedlock. ROLANDO intended to write a letter announcing to you this fact; but he could n't find a pen fit to write with, and was afraid, if he took the one I use, you might find fault with his chirog-

raphy. He is a dear, sweet husband, and makes love to me in the prettiest language you ever heard. You know he writes the sweetest poetry. I am certain you will overlook my marrying him without your consent, especially when you reflect how fashionable it will make us all, and above all, when you consider that your particular aversion, Mr. BLACKSTONE, will thus be prevented from becoming one of the family. I used to like Mr. B., but he is not half so pretty a behaved man as ROLANDO. You should see him as he sits now by my side, curling his beautiful brown hair, and kissing my cheeks and lips every opportunity he gets. Ma knew we were to be married, and was to see us this morning. She hopes you will forgive us. She says that ROLANDO will be useful to you to run of errands, shop for us, and copy your letters, and that he can carve for us when you are detained down town. Now do forgive us, and tell Ma to send round to the hotel my laced pocket-handkerchief and the black pomatum, beside two or three pairs of long stockings and my hair-bracelet. Do not call down to see us till noon, as ROLANDO wants me to go out with him to order a new suit of clothes, and I want to go and buy a new bonnet; all of which will be charged to you. Please send me up twenty or thirty dollars: ROLANDO came off in such a hurry that he forgot his purse, and I have n't had a dollar for a week. Alderman SMITH said he'd look to you for the marriage-fee, and we told the hackman who took us off to call upon you to-day and get his pay. Now do forgive us, that's a dear Pa!

Your affectionate,

'SUSANNAH TIMMINGS.'

The reader may judge of John Kent Blackstone's feelings when he perused this remarkable epistle. Reflection upon its contents, however, satisfied him that he had made a lucky escape; and he has told me that he never envied Timmings the woman he had stolen from him, notwithstanding her large expectations; especially as since that time she has left him, and ran off with a moustached trombone player, of the Italian Opera orchestra; fleeing with her musical admirer to parts unknown. Whether Timmings ever got more than a place to hang up his hat, 'this deponent saith not.'

Philadelphia, January, 1848.

E L E G I A C L I N E S .

BY R. H. BACON.

Yes, thou art lying in thy grave! And now
 The rushing blast sweeps o'er thy resting place,
 And in the naked forest moans thy dirge.
 Yet soon the summer-time, all beautiful,
 Will plant thy tomb with flowers,
 And the glad bird will sing above thee,
 Drinking the soft air that o'er the prairie
 Comes, bending with fairy tread the flowers
 And throbbing grass along its verdant way;
 And the bright sun will smile upon thee, when
 He fixes in the western sky his crown,
 That to the zenith flings its glowing points,
 The rosy evening's gorgeous diadem!
 And here thy couch shall be, perhaps for ages,
 Until there come the day of promise. Farewell, my friend!
 Friend of my bright and glowing youth, farewell!
 'Calm be thy rest, and peaceful be the dreams
 That play in thy mysterious slumber.

February, 1849.

Our Winter Birds.

THE CROW.

—
 'LIONG thickens,
 And the crow makes wing to the rocky wood.'
 —

THEIR icy drums the polar spirits beat,
 And dark December, with a howl awakes,
 But on I wander, while beneath my feet
 The brittle snow-crust breaks.

The fleecy flock to find one juicy blade
 Scrape, with their lifted hoofs, the snow away ;
 Ended the long, loud bleat of joy that made
 So blithe the meads of May.

With wildly-mournful bellowings around
 Yon fence-girt stack the hungry cattle crowd,
 For the drear skies on their old pasture ground
 Have dropped a heavy shroud.

Housed in some hollow beech the squirrel lies
 Scared by the whistling winds that scourge the wold ;
 The hardy fox is not afoot, too wise
 To brave the bitter cold.

Far in the gloomy cedar-swamp to-day
 The ruffed-grouse finds a shelter from the storm,
 And fearless grown, the quail-flock wing their way
 To barns for cover warm.

One bird alone, the melancholy Crow,
 Answers the challenge of the surly North ;
 The forest-tops are swinging to and fro,
 But boldly goes he forth.

His pinions flapping like a banner-sheet,
 While high he mounts above the forest tall,
 Shake from their iron quills the pelting sleet
 With measured rise and fall.

The sinning court of bards an evil name
 On the poor creature long ago conferred ;
 It was a lying judgment, and I claim
 Reversal for the bird.

I know that with a hoarse, insulting croak,
 When planting time arrives and winds are warm,
 On the dry antlers of some withered oak
 He perches safe from harm.

I know that he disturbs the buried maize,
 And infant blades upspringing on the hills ;
 That man a snare to catch the robber lays,
 While wrath his bosom fills :

But is he not of service to our race,
 Performing his allotted labor well ?
 Although a bounty on his head we place —
 The rifle-crack his knell.

Warned is the reaper of foul weather nigh,
 When the prophetic creature, in its flight,
 With a changed note in its discordant cry,
 Moves like a gliding kite.

While louder grows that wild, presageful call,
 Sheaves are piled high upon the harvest wain,
 And the stack neatly rounded ere the fall
 Of hail, and driving rain.

Be just, then, farmer, and the grudge forget,
 Nursed in thy bosom long against the bird ;
 Thy crop would have been ruined by the wet
 Had not that voice been heard.

Health-officer of Nature, he will speed
 Croaking a signal to his sable band,
 And dine on loathsome offals, ere they breed
 Contagion in the land.

When the round nest his dusk mate deftly weaves,
 He sits a warrior in his leafy tent ;
 And the fierce hawk prompt punishment receives
 If near, on mischief bent :

Thus at the door-sill, guarding babes and wife,
 'The dauntless settler met his painted foe ;
 Love giving, in a dark unequal strife,
 Destruction to his blow.

He is no summer coxcomb of the air,
 Forsaking ancient friends in evil hour,
 To find a home where Heaven is ever fair,
 And the glad earth in flower.

Though man and boy a warfare with him wage,
 He loves the forest where he first waved wing ;
 Awaiting in its depths, though Winter rage,
 The bright return of Spring.

That love is noblest that survives the bloom
 Of withered cheeks that once out-blushed the rose ;
 True to its fading object in the gloom
 Of life's dull, wintry close :

And the poor Crow, of that pure love a type,
 Quits not the wood in which he bursts the shell
 Though fall the leaves, and feathered armies pipe
 To the chill North farewell !

W. H. C. H.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

PORTO PRAYA—CATERING.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20. — Ashore this morning, providing mess stores, having been recently elected, against my will and consent, to the post just vacated by the resignation of our esteemed and veteran ex-caterer, the Fleet Surgeon. There was a good deal of merriment among my mess-mates on the occasion, but it was all on one side, for it was but another repetition of the fable, where it was fun for the boys, but death to the frogs. From some observation, and the experience of other sufferers, 'pro bono publico,' it may well be said, uneasy rests the head that wears a caterer's crown. So I made my *début* ashore to-day, and have, with the rapidity of a midnight conversion, become very learned in culinary quadrupeds, bipeds, vegetables and fruits. Thanks to the energy and resources of the gifted Tazzi, our experienced steward, much trouble and delay had been spared me; for he had collected, before I reached the market, a goodly group of pigs, turkeys, chickens, ducks, oranges, bananas, sweet potatoes, and that famous Yankee comestible, the squash. Then, surrounded by a still noisier group of dirty-looking men, women and their precious offspring, confused by the hubbub of these chattering people, I settled right speedily for the goods, well pleased to relieve myself from the portable sub-treasury I was forced to make my travelling companion for the nonce. And then again, while waiting at the custom-house on the beach, for the boat to take me aboard, we had a second edition, with amendments and addenda of the scene that had occurred during our bargain with Francisco up in town. For the cabin, ward-room and steerage stewards had concluded all their purchases, and the noisy live stock and luscious fruit lay piled up in glorious confusion, amid another collection of male and female natives, black, white and yellow, in full-dress, half-dress and not a few in no dress at all. The squeaking of obstinate gruntes, the cackling and crowing of fowls, and all the noises and vile racket usual on such stirring occasions among these destined victims to our appetites, were more than equalled in melody and sound by the babel uproar of that motley crowd. Each intent on 'dumps,' and some not loath to steal, the gesticulating *Diegos* gathered anxiously around, in a perfect tempest of excitement and confusion. Leaving the watchful and scolding stewards to fight it out, and tired of this rumpus and bewilderment, I forthwith made my escape when the boat was ready, and returned on board, well worn out and egregiously annoyed by my operations of the morning. As some tidy and frugal housewife may perchance peruse these lines, in proof of my newly-acquired knowledge in these matters, and with a view to comparison with prices over the water, I may state

that fowls bring three dollars the dozen, small sized turkeys, fifty cents, large, one dollar each. Porkers cost from fifty cents to three dollars; bananas, one dollar for four bunches. I purchased six hundred and fifty fine oranges for one dollar and seventy-five cents, and forty dozen eggs for five dollars. So you may, as Jack Downing says, 'figure it all up,' if you please, and let me know when we meet the result of the comparison.

It is quite amusing to see how eager the people are here for money, and how little they are content with. A 'dump' seems to be the standard of value among them, and a few heavy coppers will get you a ride on a stout negro's back, purchase a basket of oranges or bananas, and make male and female, black and white, old and young, high or low, quite happy and for the moment all grateful, if offered as a present. They must make the most they can from strangers, for among themselves, it is Greek meet Greek, diamond cut diamond. The copper harvest is brief and uncertain, so they make hay while the sun shines, and small favors are thankfully received and appropriated.

Lieutenant D —, one of our future mess-mates, joined us to-day. He was weak and feverish when he came aboard, but has already felt the benefit of the change, and will I trust in due time be himself again. It is rather a singular fact that here we are, within a few hundred rods of shore, and yet during the nine days we have swung at anchor, in constant communication with the town, not one single case of Island fever, here very common and virulent, has developed itself among us. While on shore, cool and dry as it now is, a stranger dare not sleep in town, under penalty of running almost a certainty of catching the deadly, insidious disease. Such preserving and salutary qualities have the salt air and water, and so much are we protected from the fever exhalations of the marshes in the rear of Porto Praya. May such good fortune and proof of Divine protection ever attend us in our exile on this dull, trying station!

We have been now three months out from Norfolk, whence we sailed on the twenty-first September, and have only been at anchor twenty-three days during that lapse of time. So far, we may well congratulate ourselves on our comparative exemption from the ills attendant upon those who go out on the great deep in ships; for not a man has 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' not a sail been rent, not a spar lost, and not one accident ended seriously of several that have occurred aboard. We have had nothing that can be strictly called a gale, but for the most part dry, pleasant weather, and passed through a violent thunder gust without hurt or damage. So that every thing considered, I deem myself not boasting or presumptuous when I say that we have been highly favored, and should be truly grateful to the Giver of all good gifts for his mercy and protection.

PORTO PRAYA—CHRISTMAS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25. — Christmas! a blessed and cheering word; but here away from home and home friends, with a wet day, I

calculate but little on our chance of amusement. At home the warm fire, 'the feast, and flow of soul,' preside over these pleasant times, and my feelings and thoughts are all centering and clustering there.

I was engaged writing in my room, about five o'clock, when a sound fell upon my ear which seemed to cause quite a sensation throughout the ship. To the uninitiated the boatswain's hoarse call, 'All hands to splice the main brace!' would have carried other tones, and quite another meaning than to the jolly Jack tars. To the former it would have sounded like a summons to take a pull at a rope, but to 'all hands,' its echo was music, for it invited them in trumpet tones to take a pull at the grog-tub instead of a further acquaintance with hemp. In honor of the day an extra 'tot' is served out to the crew, and the officers, from cabin to berth-deck, have a right to a swig. Brief indeed the pleasure, but it is enough to distinguish the day from others on board a man-of-war, and to justify the exclamations which awoke me bright and early, of 'A merry Christmas to you here, and a cellar full of beer.' The word has a spell in it, and evokes the memory of former days, when Santaclaus was a presence we religiously believed in, and 'Christmas Gift, Christmas Gift,' brought me something quite as welcome as 'Splice the main brace!' to the thirsty sailor.

An appropriate and national conclusion of the day's proceedings, was our 'egg-nog' feast in the ward-room. Our worthy commodore and commanders of 'The Flag' and Boxer gave us the encouragement of their countenances; and cabin, ward-room and steerage, at mahogany convened, did ample justice to the rich mantling beverage which made so many trips to eager lips. We were sociable and gay, and the company adjourned at a fitting hour, well pleased that we had made, to the extent of our ability, 'a merry Christmas' of it, on the occasion.

—

PORTO PRAYA.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1848. — The fair budding of the New-Year is still sweeter and more agreeable than on its first day's existence. The wind has gone down, and the sea with it, and the arrival of the Actæon, a British Jackass frigate, from Sierra Leone, has added another item to the gay appearance of the Roads. Sunday flags are waving on shore and water, and this out-of-the-way place is really quite waked up and beautified by a gathering of masts which would do credit to many of our sea-ports.

After dinner accepted Captain Mercer's polite invitation to accompany him ashore. The Fleet Surgeon was of the party, and we picked up Captain B — , of the Boxer, on the way. The walk we took to the American cemetery, a short distance out of town, was an exercise which we much needed, and was very agreeable and acceptable. The ground adjoining the town grave-yard was purchased by the officers and men of Commodore Perry's squadron, and contains four or five graves, one of them that of Dr. Lewis Wolfley, of the Decatur, who died at this place on the twenty-first of July, 1844. The cemetery is full of weeds and looks bleak and neglected. It

is well walled in, and might be made a very respectable spot for one's last home, were some pains taken with it, and trees and walks introduced to improve and adorn it. Here in this solitary and remote spot sleeps poor Wolfley, whom I knew so well and esteemed so highly, some few brief years past in Paris. Far from home, and among a strange and unsympathizing people, he took his leave of life, and in the spring of promise, just entering on the fruition of his talents and honorable profession, was he stricken down, and naught but a plain marble tablet records his death and guides us to his early grave. I stood by his modest tomb with feelings of sincere sorrow and regret. I thought of him as I knew him in the gay metropolis of France, and how strange it was that circumstances should thus have brought me so far off to pay this passing tribute to a valued friend. But life is full of change, and reality is stranger than fiction.

As we returned from the cemetery, at the foot of the Custom House Hill we found a bevy of dark-skinned damsels washing at a stream which flows through the ravine. Some few rejoiced in good forms and faces, and though of 'loose habits,' and not over-loaded with costume, did not seem at all abashed, but showed their teeth, and chatted away just as coolly as in their own dirty hovels.

PORTO PRAYA—AT SEA FOR MONROVIA.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9.—Weather still delightful. Both vessels gliding through the water at a comfortable and easy pace; the 'Boxer' looking really quite pretty and graceful under a crowd of sail, while we look bare and awkward under shortened canvass. We keep so near each other, and the sea is so tranquil, that, were it otherwise convenient, some of the 'Boxer's' might have attended our service, or given us the light of their countenances at dinner.

Appropriate reflection is it for this holy day to reflect how much we have reason to be grateful to a kind Providence for our exemption from the usual ills of sea-life. And truly do we of the 'Flag Ship' have peculiar cause to congratulate ourselves, and return grateful thanks for God's great goodness; for the surgeon, in conversation this morning, informed me, that out of the fifteen patients in the Sick Bay, seven are casualties, contusions from falls, and the drifting articles from the ship's lurches. It would seem that some of the escapes were almost miraculous, and the results exceedingly unexpected and surprising. One man was jammed against the bulwarks on the fore-castle by a heavy blacksmith's table getting adrift, and catching him by the thighs to leeward, and yet, though the injury was thought to be at the time a bad one, he is expected to be about again in a day or two, ready for duty. One of the messenger boys tumbled yesterday down the main hatch, fell into the hold, having thus traversed some eighteen feet, and striking against ladders and other hard substances on the way; and yet, strange to say, he was not even stunned, but only slightly contused, and will be at his work again in a few days. Another instance of our good fortune, and I

shall have cited enough to prove what I have asserted. A marlin-spike, hung upon the main-top, having fallen yesterday from a height of some thirty feet, came down in the midst of a group of men clustered at the mast, and yet, luckily, hurt no one; for had it struck a man, the result might have been very disastrous. Accidents and occurrences like these are frequent on board men-of-war; and whether we are more favored than others I cannot say; but matter it is enough to make us consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate and to afford us ample cause to make us thankful to God for the past, and hopeful of his care and kindness for the future.

To pass from 'grave to gay,' what a source of unflagging amusement is 'Fanny,' the master's dancing monkey, to officers and men! Every Sunday morning when the ship's crew are called to muster, there sits the funny beast, in flannel uniform bedight, with sugar-loaf cap on head, and, tar like, chewing a sailor's quid, ready to receive the captain and first lieutenant, as they make their tour of inspection through the ship. Fanny's post is the larboard side of the forecastle, and she belongs to the spar-deck fourth division. Gravely and demurely she awaits the usual visit; and, as the captain halts to pay the morning salutations, affectionately extends her arms, to offer a kind embrace, or, if not sufficiently encouraged, confines herself to a civil touch of the cap, or a passing shake of the hand. When rigged out in full dress, with cocked hat and toggery to match, and more learned in the sailor's life and duties, taking her ration, and drawing her grog, she will be quite an acquisition to the ship, and an ornament to the service.

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AT SEA FOR MONROVIA—TARGET-SHOOTING.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12.—Scarce a breeze to ruffle the gently-palpitating ocean, and an African sun to bake us. Thermometer at eighty-three in the cabin, and fresh air a commodity very much in demand. Target-shooting to-day, and great preparations for consumption of ball and gunpowder. First of all the guns being reported ready for work, a barrel, with a flag on it, was cast overboard, but, unluckily, when short of the proper distance, it was reported to have sprung a leak, and to be settling fast. Before a gun could be made to bear, it went down without standing fire, with its starry-bunting waving bravely at its mast-head, without a poet to chronicle its fate, or tell its whereabouts. But this untoward event was not to balk us of the sport. Again a box was made ready, with another piece of bunting fastened to it, and the gig manned to carry it to the proper distance. Left by the carpenter at its assigned position, the 'moral persuaders' were soon blazing away, and the shot dancing about right merrily over the deep. Larboard and starboard had each a chance, and some very close shots were made, and many 'liners,' affording proof enough that, under ordinary circumstances, were a fight required, the Jamestown boys might do some mischief. Long did my ears ring with the loud report of the perilous guns, and the sharp, hissing, whistling music of the skipping balls and shells; while the

odor of villanous saltpetre, and the wreathing smoke, were any thing but agreeable to nose and nerve. To add to the excitement and interest of the scene, the 'brig,' drifting down toward us, and seeing what we were about, followed suit, and was soon banging away at another target with her six 'persuaders,' some of her shots, like our own, having claims to accuracy and effect. This little affair over, which some stranger at a distance might have taken for an engagement with a slaver, we have subsided, officers and men rather fatigued by the exercise, to our old lounging habits. We are now about twenty-five miles from Cape St. Anne, and forty-five from Shebar River, with small prospect of getting much nearer for some time to come, unless a breeze should spring up to aid us.

AT SEA. FROM PORTO PRAYA TO MONROVIA-LAND.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13. — Land was made this morning in the vicinity of Shebar River, at daylight, thanks to the squally, rainy weather which has haled us to the coast. We were boarded about two o'clock by a boat, which had first visited the Boxer, a short distance from us. It turns out to be the 'Dingey' of H. B. M. brig, the 'Dart,' navigated by six men, five of them Kroomen. These latter had been sent about a week ago to Sierra Leone by the Dart's commander, for provisions, and were now in search of the cruiser. They took the Boxer to be their brig, and both of us British cruisers. They had been three days coming from Sierra Leone, distant about one hundred miles, and having been robbed of their own provisions on the way thither by the natives on the coast, and, as they stated, more than a day without food, you may well suppose they enjoyed that which was furnished them from the ship. But as there was fruit in their boat, beside turkeys, ducks and chickens, I do not attach much credence to their story. With them was a mulatto, named Thomas, who calls himself a trader at York Island, in Shebar River, also in quest of a British cruiser, to complain of his canoe, bringing articles of trade from Sierra Leone, having been taken by the natives of Plantain Island, and converted into a kind of privateer, after her crew were put in irons, and his property stolen. As he represented that he could not get in to-night, owing to the heavy surf, the commodore instructed the commander of the Boxer to take charge of him and the boat, to land them in the morning, and join us at Monrovia. For one, I am glad that the commodore has taken this course, for such acts of friendly aid toward the distressed subjects of a friendly nation, tend, in a material degree, to encourage and secure that cordial and courteous intercourse which so much becomes Christian and civilized people.

We have been almost stationary for the greater portion of the day, the only thing that helps us being a one-mile current, which happens to be in our favor. As for breeze, there is hardly enough to fill a pocket-handkerchief, and the sea, save the long heave of its huge bosom, is placid as a mirror. Here we are resting almost

without motion, in a close, clammy atmosphere, with a constant and unchanging routine of ship duty, the vast ocean-horizon on one side, and the low, uninteresting, monotonous stretch of coast on the other. But going farther, we may fare worse; so it is wisest to take things as they are, and lay in as large a stock of philosophy and comfort as the case admits of; a theory intrinsically good, but hard to practise. But trying as detention in these dull latitudes must prove to every one concerned, how preferable our lot when compared with that of the officers and crews of British and French cruisers! For months, for years, the poor exiles have to cruise in a narrow theatre, off and on the insipid coast, to them made doubly insipid by familiarity, the victims of *ennui*, exposed to hurricanes and thunder-storms, to the hot glare of the summer sun, the drenchings of the furious rains and parching breath of the desert winds, liable to and suffering from the deadly fever, and all the diseases of tropical climates, their only relief the excitement of a chase, and the reward of prize-money, with the distant prospect of promotion and repose should they survive all these ordeals and reach their homes again. To console, however, those whom 'the States' send hither to suppress the 'slave trade' and protect our commerce, but with little prospect of efficiency, prize-money, honor, or promotion, (all palliatives to the Englishman's and Frenchman's otherwise unbearable service and exile from the world,) mainly in consequence, as I humbly venture to opine, of our government being so eager for the harvest and so chary of the means and workmen, the hope of visiting the classic Mediterranean, and the consoling anticipation of feast so rare, present themselves with pleasing colors to the fancy, and cheer the spirit when sad and weary.

MONROVIA.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15.—A breeze, light but favorable, which sprang up and gradually freshened until we got six knots at times out of it, cheered us with the prospect of coming to anchor at Monrovia before morning. Accordingly the anchor was let go at eleven, nearly in the same position we occupied at our last visit, and a couple of Kroo canoes were soon alongside, always the first as they are to welcome ships to the harbor and bargain for employment. We were disappointed in not finding the 'Liberia Packet,' she having sailed a few days before for the States. A French man-of-war brig is near us, and the only other vessel is a trader, supposed to be a Dutchman; so the roads look deserted enough, and our arrival will create somewhat of a sensation among the Monroviens.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16.—Captain Pelletreau, of the French brig 'Comete,' came on board on an official visit to the commodore. He is a gentlemanly person, has been a couple of years on the station, and after cruising two or three months off the Gallinas, will turn his face toward 'la belle France.' He spent some time in the ward-room, partaking of our homely hospitality. The French squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral De la Roque, is limited to twenty-six

vessels, but in point of fact seldom exceeds twenty; the balance being generally kept at home for repairs, etc. Captain M. and myself went on board the 'Comete' after dinner, to return the visit of the 'lieutenant commandant.' The brig, although small, about two hundred tons, mounting but four guns, and about eighty-six men, looked quite neat and comparatively comfortable. He proposes sailing in the morning for Cape Mount, etc.

The redoubtable Liberian scribe, Colonel Hicks, has begun his epistolary productions, and two or three rare specimens of his head and hand came off under charge of his dusky Mercury, Kroo-boy John, early this morning.

As there is a prospect of my being kept prisoner on board for several days by official business, I shall have but little leisure to visit shore, extend my inquiries about the people, and cultivate the acquaintance of the colonel, his tidy lady, and the numerous other distinguished gentry of Monrovia.

The 'Boxer' came in and to anchor about midnight.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20.—Our session was brief this morning, if not brilliant; so the court took holiday, and your humble servant, anxious to tread dry land again, though hot the sun and close the day, accepted Captain M.'s polite invitation, and accompanied him, Captain B. and our first lieutenant, to the city of Monrovia. After halting awhile at our friend Colonel Hicks's residence, to give notice that we should partake of his good dame's culinary preparations, we spent the time that elapsed until the interesting ceremony of dinner in attending the sessions of the Liberia Senate and House of Representatives. The former sits in the upper room of the court-house, the latter in the Baptist church. The Senate is composed of two members from each county, Mesurado, Bassa and Sinoe. It was engaged in the discussion of the revenue bill; but as it was a matter principally of amendments and dry business details, about which the members had no doubt made up their minds in advance, there was no display of oratory or argument. Thus were we denied the gratification of enjoying the eloquence and logic which beyond question are often and strikingly exhibited by the honorable senators of the new republic. The questions of the loan, the tariff and revenue, I am told, create quite an excitement, and naturally enough, too, among the people. Being rather low in funds just now, many of the leading men look to England as their main reliance for 'raising the wind,' and to that effect propose to send an agent to that country, and also to the continent and America; while others, though conceding the necessity of procuring the 'needful,' are afraid that if the English loan is negotiated, their creditors, should the republic prove dilatory or unable to refund, will foreclose the mortgage, and her British Majesty come in, as have many of her predecessors, for the lion's share. Again, some are for a government monopoly on most imported articles, 'à la Mèhemet Ali,' and for a high restrictive tariff, while, on the other hand, many follow the example of our free-trade folks in the 'States,' and are in favor of throwing open the doors and encouraging foreign trade and manufactures. So that it

is a time of trial for them; and from what I heard and observed, though both in Senate and House the members behaved with great propriety, and evinced some acquaintance with parliamentary usage, and quite a respectable share of business capacity, yet I fear much that this infant democracy will find it a doubtful matter whether the ship of state shall be navigated safe and wisely through the stormy voyage it has just begun. But by their works must we judge them, and as a certain venerable Virginia editor so originally observes, '*Nous verrons*;' we shall see what we shall see. The President attended as one of the audience during the session of the Senate.

The House is composed of eight members; four from Mesurado County, three from Grand Bassa, and one from Sinoe. The subject before it was the same as that under debate in the upper chamber, and the proceedings quite as dry and unexciting. The President's father-in-law, Judge Brander, presided over the Senate, and Major Brown, of Virginia, over the House.

The dinner set before us by the worthy host at 'Hicks Hall' was decidedly a good one, much to the gratification of those who flourished knife and fork on the occasion, and to the great credit of our Boniface's better half, whose taste invented means and skilful hands prepared the viands and comestibles to tickle our palates and satisfy our whetted appetites. It is most devoutly to be hoped that the sturdy marshal will long continue to keep 'mine inn,' and that all our naval officers and friends who follow in our wake to this hot place of honorable exile, may find as good provender and comfort as did our peckish and wearied party at the 'Metropolitan Hotel.'

Going and returning, we looked in at several huts, principally occupied at the time by women and children. From these, and some few other specimens of a similar character, in other parts of the town, I should conclude that there is not an inconsiderable amount of poverty and suffering among the 'under crust,' the 'people,' whether proceeding from misfortune or idleness, I cannot say. There are some well-built stone, brick and frame edifices in the 'fashionable' part of the town, which here appears to be the heart or centre, indicating easy circumstances, and pretensions to taste and comfort; but the majority of houses, fences and gardens, look decidedly seedy and neglected. The wet season, of which we had a small specimen while clambering up the steep, stony cow-path, which leads to the Light-House Hill, through the thick, luxuriant grove that hems it in, destroys frame-buildings so fast here, and so discolors them, that in about fourteen years they begin to get rickety and rotten, and look dingy, dirty and uncomfortable.

On the beach, upon arrival and departure, we found the ever-present Krooman. 'Tony Veller,' a colored relative of 'Samivel,' no doubt, had taken charge of a basket of oranges, (which a very respectable and polite colonist, named James, who has a flourishing school of sixty boys and girls, had presented to me,) and made himself very useful, in other respects, during the jaunt; for he helped to free me from those stinging pests, the drivers, or black ants, which infested the stony cow-path down the hill, and, despite all our activity,

invaded our persons. It was a funny thing to see us getting down the hill, dashing through the dense foliage, having no time to select a stepping place, and going it with a hop, skip and jump, through the swarming myriads that beset our passage. Sam, alias Tony Veller, another good-looking, sturdy, broad-shouldered Krooman, who has upon one of the ivory bracelets around his wrist 'Tom Freeman 'good Nefooman, U. S. Ship Yorktown, savey all American ships carried us in their arms through the surf, and bundled us safe and dry into our respective boats, which soon, with 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' rendered us aboard our vessels.

THE SPIRIT'S AILMENT AND REMEDY.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

I.

THE AILMENT.

For many days I walked beneath a cloud
 Which no sun-ray found any passage through:
 The mid-noon, like the depth of midnight grew,
 And my faint soul was in the darkness bowed.
 Uncomforted, I wandered 'mid the crowd,
 Where all were busy, eager, earnest, gay;
 Some idly chatting, others laughing loud,
 And friend saluting friend along his way.
 Amid them all, I was alone — alone;
 A yearning man, and with a human heart,
 From other men set seemingly apart;
 Mine ear receiving not a friendly tone,
 Mine eye perceiving not an answering gleam;
 And life was nigh become a dim and dreary dream.

II.

THE REMEDY.

WHEN overcome with darkness and dejection,
 And wintry clouds o'ercast the mental sky,
 'Tis good to stir the ashes of affection,
 And gather up love's embers ere they die,
 And breathe upon the coals, and add new fuel —
 The fire of love needs frequently renewal;
 Supplies of tenderness and deeds of kindness,
 And tones of sympathy and gentle meaning —
 A brother's faults benevolently screening,
 (For love is nurtured by a purposed blindness.)
 Thrice blessed he who finds it in his heart
 To follow CHRIST! Then sadness spreads her wings,
 And pleasantly the soul within him sings;
 And of the good he does, he shares a double part.

Philadelphia, January, 1849.

T H E Y M E T .

'In one of their frequent skirmishes, WILLIAM the Conqueror, and his son ROBERT, alike in adventurous courage, plunged into the thickest of the fight, and unknowingly encountered each other. ROBERT, superior by fortune, or by the vigor of youth, wounded and unhorsed the old monarch, and was on the point of pursuing his unhappy advantage to a fatal extremity, when the well-known voice of his father at once struck his ear, and suspended his arm. Overwhelmed with the united emotions of grief, shame, and returning pity, he fell on his knees, poured out a flood of tears, and, embracing his father, besought him for pardon. The tide of nature returning strongly on both, the father in his turn embraced his son, and bathed him with tears.'

BURNS.

THEY met, but not in stately halls,
Where circled round were sculptured walls;
Where banners o'er them wide were streaming,
And gorgeous gems forever gleaming;
Where stately fane, and tombs of old,
Rose in majestic grandeur bold.

Nor yet amid the ruined walls,
Where fading sunset lingering falls,
Of many a palace old and gray,
Passed with the lapse of time away;
Which echoed once the stately tread
Of England's bravest, noblest dead.

Nor far beneath the green arcade
Of clustering Banian's dark rich shade,
Where mountain-forest, wild and bleak,
Has nightly heard the tempest shriek,
'Mid Nature's scenes of grandeur wild,
The father clasped not there his child!

Not where the golden sun-light falls
On stately dome and pillared walls;
Where the loved spells of home entwine,
And throw their wealth on friendship's shrine,
Bidding its inmates never roam,
But quaff deep draughts of bliss at home.

Nor where the young and light have swept,
'Mid regal crowds with airy step,
While burning gems illumed the hair,
Which waved and left the forehead bare;
High foreheads, stately in the pride
Of intellect's unbounded tide.

Nor where the full harmonious flow
Of music, ever murmuring low,
Arose at twilight's gifted hour,
Within high hall or trellised bower;
And o'er glad scenes enchantment spread,
A joy from music only shed.

Not where the ruby wine was poured,
Where broad was spread the festive board,
And bridal scenes illumed the air,
And dance and song met gaily there;
Or conqueror's paths with flowers were spread,
Or wreaths shone o'er the victor's head.

But where the trumpet loudly pealed,
 And banners waved o'er battle-field,
 And shield and spear were glancing high
 In war's wild, fearful revelry ;
 Where men in steel-clad armor bright
 Were gleaming in resplendent light.

And where around them thickly fell,
 Like forest-leaves 'neath tempest-spell,
 The brave of heart, the fierce of eye,
 Who raised their serried spears on high !
 Where clashing steel in strife was riven,
 Beneath the high free arch of heaven.

There met they : arm to arm was raised,
 And dimly-burned affection's rays,
 Till sank that monarch, in the hour
 Of fearful strife, by loftier power ;
 Till rose his voice, 'mid tumult high,
 And stirred deep founts in memory.

And stayed the glittering weapon, raised
 By recreant child, to dim its rays
 Within his blood, which freely then
 Coursed through his royal veins, as when
 That self-same child, in former years,
 Had heard his voice with joy, not tears.

Ay, stirred the fount, that voice came back,
 Through buried years, on memory's track,
 As he, the recreant, stood beside
 His aged sire in humbled pride,
 And visions bright and blessed of yore,
 Came o'er his mental gaze once more.

He stood as erst a boy beside
 His mother's knee, in youthful pride,
 And felt the strong o'er-mastering flow
 A parent's love can only know ;
 Then gaily through the ambient air
 Sought the loved scenes of childhood there.

And in each fount and pearly stream
 He saw his brother's image gleam ;
 For they, carressing by his side,
 By mount and hill, or streamlet's tide,
 Where in their spirit's joyous flow
 Their brothers love to share and know.

Ay, swiftly o'er his spirit came,
 As vivid lightning's lurid flame,
 All memories of vanished years,
 A father's love, a mother's tears ;
 A home where love's rich boon was given,
 Life's choicest gift beneath the heaven !

They all swept by ; but with them came
 Deep thoughts wherewith to link the chain ;

Affection's chain, which, severed long
By years of strife and contest strong,
Had swept the rainbow-hues away,
Which garnished once life's brilliant day.

And then his lofty brow was seen
Relax at once its haughty beam,
As o'er him swept the burning thought
Of sorrow which his hand had wrought;
And forth he cast his spear and shield,
As worthless on that battle-field.

But what was victory then to him?
No more affection's rays glowed dim,
For former years came rushing by,
And tears bedimmed the warrior's eye,
And strife and ire were freely given
Unto the passing winds of heaven!

He knelt, and clasped in long embrace
His father's form of manly grace;
Then traces blest, of feeling high,
Again re-lit that monarch's eye,
As with the gush of feeling's tide
Forgiveness flowed on every side.

Towanda, (Penn.)

J. W. W.

'THE SPIRIT OF THE FALCON.'

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN OF ALI MIRZA.

BY J. P. BROWN, ESQ., CONSTANTINOPLE.

ABD EL MALEK relates the following sketch in the history of that celebrated huntsman Ali Mirza:

'I was one day sent for in haste, and commanded by the *Kibleh Alem* (Centre of the Universe) Abbas Shah, to proceed to the mountains of the Sultanick, and bring him one of the young wild goats of which His Majesty was so fond. To hear was to obey; and so pressing my forehead upon the dust of His Majesty's footsteps, I mounted my fleetest steed, and was soon far away on the heights where the report of my rifle had so often resounded and brought down the swiftest of the wild game that roam in their solitudes. The perpendicular rays of the sun reached even the bottom of the deep clefts of the mountain, melting the snows accumulated among the crags, when I reached the spot where I desired to secrete myself and lie in wait for the passing game. I hobbled my tired steed and left him to graze upon the scanty verdure of a spot at some distance beneath that selected for my seat. Concealed behind a projecting rock, with my loaded gun lying across my knees, I waited from noon until the hour of the third prayer, without however hearing or seeing any of the flocks of wild goats which usually abound on the ridges of the Sul-

tauck mountains. Above me arose an elevated crag of dark rock, against which the waning sun shed its beams with unmitigated fervor; to its summit my eyes were often turned with the eager expectation of seeing it surmounted by the nimble-footed wild goat, or its kid, and by one successful shot, to be enabled to return to the presence of my benevolent patron and master, the Centre of the Universe.

'Tired with watching, and inconvenienced by the heat of the sun, I quite despaired of meeting with success, and was fearful lest my visit should result in failure. While in this state of mind, suddenly a falcon, of that large, strong and keen kind which only frequents the wildest parts of the mountains, after making a turn round the spot on which I sat, descended and perched upon the extreme point of the crag, whence it looked down at me with its bright piercing eyes, and seemed to reproach me for intruding on its hunting-grounds. It had apparently just dined on some object of prey, for after eyeing me for a moment, it leisurely cleansed its beak with its claws, adjusted its plumage, and then turned its head to gaze, as it were, at the now fast declining luminary of the world.

'I had full leisure to examine its graceful form, its crooked bill, even the keenness of its black and yellow eyes, its varied plumage, and the length of its strong claws. It seemed to look down upon me in perfect consciousness of security, with a proud look of defiance. But the bullet is a swift messenger of fate, and death comes with appalling doom upon the proud heart, upon the being which, forgetful of its borrowed existence, believes itself everlasting. And I, disregarding of that divine decree, which gives to all things an equal right to life, let fly the cruel emissary of destruction; the proud, brave falcon fell before the arrow of destiny, and its bright eye soon closed forever upon the wild scenes where it had so often and so recently gazed with piercing keenness!

'At the sight of the deed of my commission, I felt a pang of remorse. The brave bird that had within the same hour looked up even into the face of the sun; which had soared heavenward through the blue atmosphere of the skies, now lay at my feet in all the cold, motionless, silence of death. I could not divest myself of the conviction that I had acted ruthlessly, and that the deed would not be disregarded by the Lord of all creatures.

'Pained by these reflections, and overcome by the heat, I fell asleep where I sat; and my mind wandered back to the Sultanick, to the palace of Abbas Shah. But in so short a time, what a change had come over the condition of my family! Ayesha, the heart-binding, the world-seducing, the beloved and pure wife of my home, was no more the pure and virtuous woman I had always thought her to be; and the child she had borne, the fair and guileless Lulu, whom I had ever cherished as my own daughter, was not my own; but the fruit of the illicit intercourse of her mother with one whom I had hitherto honored as my friend. Then, with the rapidity of lightning in my mind, passed the sad scene of a divorcement, and the restoring to my wife of her marriage portion, and my bosom now burst with the worst feelings for her whom I had just loved even to madness; and her

recently-adored figure now only gave rise to sentiments of the deepest aversion, hatred and revenge. And *my* child, that angel child, which had been dearer to me than the pupil of my eye, my heart, my existence itself, though no longer mine, still was my soul's attraction, the Kibleh of all my longing hopes. I saw her leave me, borne away to her guilty mother ; her little arms outheld toward me, her blue eyes filled with tears, clearer than the dew-drops on the white roses of Kashan, and more precious than the fairest pearls of Bahrain. I beheld the hated figure of the man whom I had cherished as a friend, lead away my wife, and, acknowledging my child as his own, force her from the arms of her aged nurse.

'This was not all. My home, close by the palace of the Centre of the Universe, had been held in the name of my late wife ; and as if her own conduct had not brought sufficient misery upon her unerring though too confiding husband, she reduced him to abject misery, and drove him forever from the scene of past happy hours, by disposing of it to an unforgiving rival, who now succeeded me in the esteem of the Shah, and passed it over legally to his name. I was thus turned out into the public streets to seek another home and happiness wherever I could find it.

'Bending my steps toward the eastern gate of the city, I was hastening to beg a shelter in the cell of the solitary Dervish, who watches at the holy tomb of the martyr, the Said Abd el Ghezi, and spend the remainder of my wretched existence in constant prayer and devotion, when I heard a noise above my head, resembling the swift passage of those departed ones on their way to eternity ; and looking up, I distinctly beheld the Falcon I had murdered, and heard a voice saying :

'As a mortal, thy cruelty caused me but the momentary pang of expiring nature, but thou as an immortal being hast just suffered that deeper agony of the mind which knows no dying. Awake from thy slumber, ruthless man ; thy wife is still pure and virtuous, and her child is thine own offspring. Return to thy home, and its inmates, for the spirit of the Falcon is revenged !'

Ali Mirza adds : 'All mysuffering had indeed been only in a dream ; and thus was I taught that the evil deeds which are not punishable after death are nevertheless atoned for in that state of existence, half life, half death, which connects the two together by a mysterious and incomprehensible link.

T I M E .

UNFATHOMABLE sea ! whose waves are years,
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep wo
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality !
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;
 Treacherous in calm and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable sea ?

SHRELLY.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

BY CARITA.

OH! take these volumes from me,
I'm sick of this dull lore;
Sweet Memory! untomb me
A simple tale of yore.

It is the twilight hour,
And fancy would be free;
Then bring not, at such moments,
These heavy tomes to me.

Tasks of more worldly hours
I would awhile forget;
The teeming sea of letters,
Unknown, unfathomed yet.

I would recall the visions
Now playful, now sublime,
I saw before I labored
In the deep rich mines of Time.

I would give up all my spirit
To their influence again;
I would feel that I know nothing,
Think nothing, more than then.

I would have that faith in story
With which my heart would glow,
When I was nearer heaven
In the days of long ago.

I had an old friend then,
When friendly hearts were few;
For death had early taken
My loved ones, fond and true.

And often in the evening
To her side I'd softly press,
And bribe her for a story
With a flower or a caress.

And close I'd nestle to her
While the wondrous tales she told,
The beautiful sweet legends
Of the golden days of old.

I could tell them now, those stories
Of giants, knights and kings,
Of fairies at their revels,
And sweet and mournful things.

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But the one I loved the best,
Amid these legends wild,
Was a little simple story
Of an Angel and a Child!

And oft in all its beauty
It draws upon me now,
Till again I feel the sadness
That it left upon my brow.

It was a tale of pity,
Told in a plaintive tone,
About a lovely orphan
Left in the world alone.

And how, when hearts were cruel,
And hands denied her bread,
She'd go beneath the starlight
To the grave that held her dead.

And there would come an Angel
With wings of silver light,
And it would sit beside her,
All through the lonely night.

And it would sing so sweetly,
Though nobody could hear
But the little orphan lying
Upon the hillock near.

One cold bright night she asked it,
'Oh! tell me whence you come,
Who are you, lovely angel?
And where is your far home?'

And the angel answered softly,
'High heaven is my home,
And I am sent to bring you:
My ELLEN, will you come?'

And ELLEN, looking nearly,
Knew, through the veil of night,
The form of her dear mother
Wearing the wings of light!

And she sprang and clasped her, saying,
'Oh mother, is it thou?
Then take me up to heaven,
Oh mother, take me now!'

At morn the people sought her,
And lo! the child was laid
On the fresh grave of her mother,
Beneath the cypress shade.

White frost was on her ringlets,
And her eyes, so blue and bright,
Were covered by the fringed lids
So close and soft and white.

And her little hands were folded
Upon her gentle breast,
And she looked as if she slumbered
In a deep and quiet rest.

And they gathered round and called her,
But not a word she said;

Baltimore, February, 1849.

And when they stooped to raise her,
They saw that she was dead!

Then would a sigh escape me,
And soft a tear-drop glisten;
And I would lean more closely,
And breathlessly would listen.

For I too had a parent,
Who left me for the sky,
And the story took me upward
Among the stars on high.

Thus in my lonely childhood,
In the evening still and mild,
Would I thrill at the sad story
Of the Angel and the Child!

A Y O U N G B O N A P A R T E .

S I N G U L A R D E A T H O F A Y O U N G B O N A P A R T E I N G R E E C E .

BY CAPT. HENRY J. BRADFIELD.

'Those eyes which oft flashed at the hero's renown,
Which were wont to rekindle at Liberty's breath,
Are darkened forever; their spirit hath flown,
And the heart is all cold, and those eyes sunk in death.'

DURING a blockading cruise off Navarino and Pahas, we heard that a young foreigner of distinction, moved by an ardent enthusiasm in the cause of Greece, was about to volunteer under our banners. Of course we were all on the *qui vive* to discover who this chivalrous youth might be, what country claimed our hero as her son, and what fortune he possessed; a matter of no small consideration to the Greeks, where money was what the fountain of the desert is to the parched-up, mummied Arab pilgrims of the desert. The morning of the nineteenth of August, however, removed all doubt upon the subject. About mid-day, when off the island of Cerigo, we were hailed by the captain of an Ionian merchantman, to whom we had given chase. On proceeding on board, a scene of the most admirable disorder presented itself. We found the Greeks perfectly *a la Grecque*, arranged pell-mell around the capstan on the quarter-deck, agreeably discussing the merits of a *collazione* composed of the ordinary Turkish pilaw, hard biscuit and pickled mackerel. Amid this picturesque group sat our 'illustrious unknown' adventurer, who, on being introduced to us, proved to be no less a personage than Paul, the son of Lucian Bonaparte. Of course we made the necessary arrangements for exchanging his uncouth berth for the more agreea-

ble quarters of the 'Unicorn,' a beautiful pleasure-yacht, purchased by the Greeks for the private use of Lord Cochrane. A gentleman of our party, well acquainted with the person of the emperor, immediately recognised a strong resemblance of features in this scion of the stock, especially about the head and neck, which approached the admired Roman model in Napoleon.

Two days were spent in mutual inquiries; ours as to the then existing state of affairs in the world of European politics, while our young crusader's inquiries extended to the nature of our immediate pursuits. Being 'eager for the field,' his first question was as to the whereabouts of Sir Richard Church, general in command of the Greek forces, and who at this period was encamped on the classic plains of Corinth. Having learnt at Zante that the general was about to march against the enemy, our young friend appeared most anxious to join him. Shortly afterward we fell in with Lord Cochrane, who, won by the chivalrous bearing and fascinating address of Paul, took him as a travelling companion toward the camp of the general.

On their arrival at Corinth the army was found to be in so disorganized and inefficient a state as to preclude the possibility of executing the contemplated hostile measures against the Turks in that quarter. This was a source of grievous disappointment to our young adventurer: resolved, however, that his energies should not lie dormant, he eagerly accepted Lord Cochrane's offer to join the fleet in a contemplated attack on a squadron of the Ottomans, then at anchor in the Bay of Navarin; he consequently returned to the harbor of Spezzia, and removed with the admiral on board his flagship, the 'Hellas,' a beautiful sixty-four gun frigate, built in America. She was at this time lying at anchor off the islands, waiting her complement of Spezziate and Hydriote sailors. Here it was, while awaiting the ulterior arrangements for the expedition, that he met with his untimely end. The catastrophe I shall now proceed to relate:

On the morning of the sixth of September, feeling somewhat indisposed, he remained in bed later than usual. By the side of the bed hung his pistols; they were loaded, and had been thoughtlessly suspended by the triggers. While in the act of rising, he heedlessly took one of them by the barrel, which was immediately discharged. The sudden report alarmed the officers in the gun-room, who, on proceeding to his chamber, found the unfortunate youth stretched upon the bed, mortally wounded! Surgical skill proved of no avail, and he expired at about two o'clock on the following morning, after laboring under extreme suffering, which he endured with the most extraordinary fortitude to the last.

On examination, it appeared that the ball had entered the abdomen, and after perforating the intestines in four places, had lodged in the spine.

Thus perished the generous and unfortunate Paul Bonaparte, in the vigor of youth, and in the possession of an heroic devotion for a cause which, had he lived, would have been honored by his enterprising valor, and perhaps more noble death. It would appear from

what I was informed by a friend who accompanied him from the coast of Italy, that following the naturally romantic impulse inherent in him, he had determined on pursuing the chivalrous career of a soldier; this resolution, however, was strongly opposed by his father, who it seemed had destined him for the less adventurous profession of the church; which pursuit being so totally at variance with the disposition and inclinations of the son, was by him courteously declined. Hence arose a dissension between them; and ecclesiastical arguments availing naught, he left his father's mansion, never to return! On his first quitting the paternal roof, he for a time, and the better to conceal his intentions, sojourned with a celebrated mountain chief, leading with him a life of romance and adventure, well suited to prepare him for a Grecian campaign.

On his ultimate departure for that classic land, trampled on by Turkish despotism, he sailed under an assumed name, and remained the 'mysterious stranger' until we were honored with his presence. He had won all hearts by his frank and amiable disposition. Had he lived, the world might have beheld him a hero crowned with laurels gained in the cause of Greece, and following a career less elevated, but equally honorable with that of the immortal Emperor.

A S H T A B U L A .

MINI own romantic stream!

Long years have rolled a dimly-gathered mist
Between us, as far sep'rate we pursue
Our sev'ral ways. You (bright as when you kissed
The mellow bank which, clothed in various hue,
Had lured my careless footsteps to its side,)
To dance along, light-hearted, buoyant, free,
Making such music in thy swelling tide
As wakes the feeling heart to minstrelsy:
I, to recall each sunny-favored hour
I passed in roaming where thy waters flow,
Each stately grove, each summer-haunted bower
Casting its shadow o'er thy wave below
To bid my soul renew its youthful glow,
And let the light of other days above its darkness gleam.

Joys of long-vanished years!

Oh, how ye gather round me once again!
Yet hardly may ye gladden me, since now,
Tossed on life's restless, ever-heaving main,
With anchor weighed and onward-pointed prow,
I seek another haven, on a shore
My dreams had pictured gloomily and lone;
But Faith put forth her wand, and lo! it wore
A hue as pure and bright as Eden's own.
Mark him who watches for the morning hour,
The sun's warm beam, the glorious flush of day;
Fair LUNA's eye hath lost its witching power,
His heart moves not beneath her gentle ray;
For hopes and thoughts are centred far away,
And visions of the morrow's sky claim all his smiles and tears.

A R E M O N S T R A N C E T O B Y R O N .

THE following poem was addressed to Lord BRON, by Mrs. ELLIOT, a Scottish lady, soon after the appearance of his Eastern tales. They express a remonstrance against the Bard for his desertion of the fair ones of his own country. The effect was not very great upon the Poet: for the manuscript (which was retained by Lady DOUGLASS, of Rose-Hall, Lanarkshire, at whose mansion BRON was a frequent guest,) was returned to the authoress, 'with his compliments.' The 'hand of write' is fair and good: the paper polished but yellow, and ragged with 'time and tear.'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pines of the forest for ages have stood?
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rocked on the high cairn-gor'm?

Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which her blue waters lave?
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light, and their actions are free?

Know'st thou the land where the sun's ling'ring ray
Streaks with gold the horizon, till dawns the new day?
While the cold feeble beam, which he sheds on their sight,
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the long sombre night?

'T is the land of thy sires — 't is the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glowed with honor and truth;
Where the wild-fire of Genius first caught thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roamed free from control.

Ah! why does that fancy still dwell on those climes,
Where love leads to madness, and madness to crimes?
Where courage itself is more savage than brave,
Where man is a despot, and woman a slave?

Though soft are the breezes, and rich the perfume,
And 'fair are the gardens of Gul in their bloom,'
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they rear,
Speak peace to the breast of suspicion or fear?

Let PHŒBUS' bright ray gild the Ægean wave,
But say, can it brighten the lot of the slave?
Or all that is beautiful in Nature impart
One virtue to soften the Moslem's proud heart?

Ah, no! — 't is the magic which glows in thy strain,
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene;
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,
Enchant us alone by the power of *thy* spell.

And is there no spell in thy own native earth?
Does no talisman rest in the spot of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Britain less worthy thy care —
Less soft than ZULEIKA, less bright than GULNARE?

Are her sons less honored, or her warriors less brave,
Than the slaves of a prince, who himself is a slave?

Then strike thy wild harp — let it swell with the strain ;
Let the mighty in arms live and conquer again ;
Their deeds and their glory thy lay shall prolong,
And the fame of thy country shall live in thy song.

Though the proud wreath of victory round heroes may twine,
'Tis the poet that crowns them with honor divine ;
And thy laurels, PELIDES, had sunk in thy tomb,
Had the Bards not preserved them immortal in bloom.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH OVER PHILOSOPHY.

A GERMANIC SKETCH: BY HENRY J. BRENT.

AMID a thousand joys lived FREDERICK VAN ARTELDI, son of a distinguished German scholar. His days were spent in intellectual pursuits, his nights in far travelling beneath the mighty forest that spread itself near his paternal roof. Beautiful in person, and endowed with the highest qualities of genius, Frederick lived the idol of his father and the admiration of his friends. His eyes were those eloquent eyes that might move an Athenian populace by a flash ; his forehead shone like marble, and his mouth was wreathed with captivating smiles. His voice was sweet and deep, and his figure was symmetry itself. Who could look upon and listen to the gifted youth, and withhold their friendship ? Interesting from his own character, he was almost hallowed by the fame of his distinguished father. All Europe had heard his parent's name ; and the plaudits of distant countries sounded softly and soothingly to his ears. Wherever Frederick moved, respect, mingled with love, made life a transport, existence a bliss.

He studied deeply the lore of his mystic father-land, and he drank, with a vivid enthusiasm, of those dark fountains that well up amid haunted castles and sombre woods ; and in the falling or the fixed stars he fancied he could read prophecies of himself and others. Shut up in the old tower, in which was his father's library, he peopled the air with phantoms, and threw a hideous yet glorious halo around life, by evoking the mightiness of the tomb.

He read from old tomes that were gray with melancholy age, and his eyes pored over the cabalistic manuscript of pens that had long since withered, and whose ink was dim and shadowy, like the memory of good deeds.

Ere he came into the extraordinary tutelage of his father, of which we shall hereafter speak, the black forest was his home ; the rolling

waters also, where the river in its majestic flow heaved and poured along; there he erected his shrine of adoration, and Nature the mysterious was the enchantress of his Ideal.

Thus passed the uncollegiate days of Frederick, for his father, too deeply read in the lives of German students, kept his son at home, and taught him himself. He was a stern preceptor. To him the hey-day of youth had long since passed—those days crowned with roses; and the poet and the man of many passions had sobered down into the curber of the temper, a wise and ascetic philosopher.

From him came the light and the darkness that filled the mind of his son with hopes as high as the mountains, and despondencies and doubts deep as the o'ershadowed and unfathomable abyss that lies between them. He saw the wild genius that dazzled amidst the architectural beauties of his son's mind; and in the true spirit of German speculation, he determined to build up in his offspring a being wholly contemplative. Vain desire!—horrible ambition! To give to a mortal the means of rushing forth with unbounded intellectual gifts to affright society and bewilder mankind with the unearthly spectacle of a man born of woman, *without a human wish!* Such was the dream of the German enthusiast—the dream of that aged sage, who had himself spread glory over his country, and filled all hearts with wonder and admiration.

His son responded to the wishes of his father. He felt the tremendous emotions of the Pythoness, and he watched in the cave of his own mind for the stars and the other planets that were to give him light amid his gloom. Thus passed away the hours of his fresh youth; thus in dreamy mists, and almost sepulchral metaphysics, arose his moon of manhood. How profound the thought in that old man's mind, to rear amid the whirlwind a lamp that should burn and brighten unfed by earthly fuel!

The seasons rose and fell like the waves of many seas; and amid the flowers of passionate Germany came inspiration to the heart and promptings to the mind. The winter had passed away; that season which had inured, amid barbaric woods, the bold warriors that in other days mounted the high walls of Rome, and thence looking over the mother-city, doomed her to the sacrifice. Spring had come. The rivers had been loosened from their gelid sleep, and leapt once more to the green banks, breaking their white waves into a thousand pearls, and scattering them amid the golden sands. Old Germany in the Spring! The trees put out their buds and leaves; the hedges donned their emeralds and pearls; and fresh uprising to the morn, the birds of that intellectual land poured rapture on the clouds. In Germany, venerable for its ghastly and wild memories, for its winters of dark and melancholy bondage, for its aristocratic grandeur, and its popular degradation, Spring is a mighty season. Then comes forth the mind of her cabalistic children, girt with unutterable wisdom, like Moses descending from the thunders of Sinai. An emotion, one and individual, rules the land; the emotion of poetry. It is the god of the spring of the German year.

Sitting in his lonely tower one evening amid his books, Frederick,

with a pale face and flashing eye, looked forth upon the beautiful face of nature. He threw back the clustering ringlets from his brow and throwing down his book, he communed aloud :

‘ Have you come back again to our fields, to fill our quick hearts with passion, and throw into our veins the sap of animal nature ? Have you burst, Venus-like, from the bosom of the deep wombs of the earth, to scatter the softened perfumes amid the flowers — those poisoners of thought ? Would that nought but Winter was mistress of the German climate ; then the same cold that inured the conquerors of Rome might in these days of mental light bind up our natures in the iron armor of a proud and selfish inhumanity.’

He leaned his beautiful and sculptural head upon his hand, and gazed through the glass upon the bespangled skies. The air of night was unfelt by him, and he was languid from the confinement he had undergone. He rose and opened the casement. Oh ! how his heart expanded as it felt the fragrant current of the outer life rushing to its recesses ! He threw his ringlets back again, he pressed his hands against his temples, and closing his eyes, drew his breath and inhaled the balmy breath of the glorious night. Was it his first draught of nature ? For a moment his stern course of study was forgotten ; the injunction of his father lost in the contemplation of the lands, the stars, and the beauty of the perfumed night ; and when the moon had flashed over the loftiest summit of the hills, while the waters beamed back her rays, Frederick stood at his window ; and the ancient clock in the castle tolled one, ere he sought his rest.

A new creation had dawned upon his mind — rather upon his heart. With the enthusiasm of the German character, he had devoted himself to the philosophy of his father with a self-devotion that bordered on the sublime. He gave up the glory of his youth and merged it in the profound misanthropy of the intellectual hermit. He was the proud student, goaded by an unconquerable ambition to outstrip the myriads of others who, spread over that remarkable country, were dreaming of improvements in the human system. He was to bound forth Minerva-like, armed for the fearful combat. With lance and buckler cemented to his heart, he was to walk the world, the ghost of the sensations. In his twentieth year, on that night, a new mantle had fallen around his heart, and thus another woof of the human feelings was to be eradicated ere the moral ossification could take place. The breath of an hour had dispelled the marble battlements reared by his father ; a breath of a bud had charmed away the shadows of despair, and given in their stead the first emotions of a new inspiration. It had breathed poetry into a German soul.

Frederick still walked his usual rounds ; he looked over his accustom'd books, and felt no abatement of the dark delight with which he had formerly perused them. But he looked more upon the earth ; he walked abroad, not to contemplate the cold stars, as a dreamer, but as a profound worshipper. He began gradually to disrobe himself of the shackles of a remorseless education, and he breathed freer, and holier — and was happier.

There lived in his neighborhood a solitary man with an only daugh-

ter. Frederick had heard that she was beautiful, but coupled with that intelligence, he heard that she was beloved. As the gentle bird that pauses in its ocean flight upon a rock, so came the news of beauty and of love to the heart of Frederick. He heard it, and the next moment he saw his father's figure approach. That lordly brow was dark with thought. He was the embodiment of mortal grandeur, for his firm limbs were elegant, and over his temples rolled his hair in curls dark as night. He was a man famous amid his own and other tongues. Frederick was inspired. He saw the genius of his life, and he bowed as the idol passed. He thought no more of woman.

We have said that he walked abroad into the forest; and as he threaded the rich avenues of its woods, he felt the same sensations that had filled his heart, when he drank in the odour of the purple night. As he crushed a flower, its rich perfume would softly spread itself upon the air, and he inhaled the '*poison of his thoughts.*' With his head erect, and his hands clasped behind him, he would walk slowly along the vista, and while his eye kindled at the magnificence of Nature, his heart admitted her as the true divinity.

A being is in sight: he starts! Is it one of the phantoms of the Rhine? Is it one of those olden spirits of beauty that walk the earth when in its spring, to cull the invisible moats of gold that float the impalpable air? Is it some spectre of the tomb, some spirit of dust that has broken the barrier of its immortality, and risen from the sod? It approaches — it stands before him. Its hair is rich as the golden sunbeam; its face, pale as the marble, is beautiful as an angel's. Its eyes are beaming like two stars, and its lips are opened like the leaves of a parted rose. It speaks: Frederick catches the sound as it comes with a delicious melody to his ear; his senses reel; the pyramid of his education is uprooted by the delirious throb; and to Woman, as to a spirit, he bows the inmost iron of his heart. He could not speak; he could scarce breathe; and when she passed up the long avenue, receding from him, he caught her smile as she turned to wave her hand, and he staggered and fell back against a tree.

Ah, ecstasy of bliss! — the bonds are broken, the scales have fallen from his eyes. He studies no more the ancient tomes of his father's library; he reads no longer from the soul-stealing volumes that had girt his nature with bonds of adamant. He shuns his father; he buries himself amid the embowered trees; he watches the lake and the young streams that spring gladly toward its tranquil waters; he feeds upon the sunny air of day and the dreamy zephyrs of the night; he loves the phantoms of the woods, and Frederick is a changed man.

It was the Solitary's daughter who had wrought this change. It was her of whom he had heard, but whom he knew not. Could he meet her once more! O could he but gaze upon that young and transcendent brow, and kiss the air that had encompassed her form; could he but see the pressure of her tiny foot upon the leaves; could he but find it on the sands of the lake shores! He visited the spot where he had first seen her; he stood where he had stood when first she flashed upon his vision; he heard, in fancy, the few words of salutation, the womanly remark upon the season; and his memory,

true to the strong dictates of affection, drew her glowing features upon the vacant air. But she came no more. That vision of unequal loveliness had passed away, far beyond the enchanted limits of the woods. It had fled the lake shore, and the student wandered and sought in vain for her who had thus invoked the nature of his life into activity.

His father missed him from his books : his eyes darkened, and he felt that the plan of his philosophy was now at the crisis. The trial was at hand. Now he was to mould the temper of his son into the iron ; or the soul, acting according to the dictates of its instincts, was to shatter the prison-structure into atoms, and bear away the palm from the stern philosopher.

Frederick is once more reduced to the dungeon-library ; he pores with vacant eye upon the page ; he turns the leaves slowly ; his long black hair is unremoved from the printed pages ; he cares not whether it shadows truths that may lead him to the gates of paradise or the portals of hell. The tear wells slowly to his eye ; it trickles down his cheek : he clasps his hands like a dying man, and with a heaving sob he falls back into his chair. The lamp grows dim ; its flickering light throws shadows far and near upon the tapestry ; not a sound issues along that solemn house, when suddenly he hears his father's foot upon the steps. He rises again to his book ; he turns his lamp, which now throws forth a gilding halo, and he stoops his beating temples over the mystic page. His father enters. He sits opposite to his son, a proud yet melancholy smile plays upon his face, and he takes a volume from the shelf. Late do they read, or only one, for that young heart is busy with other things. His eighteen-summer'd heart is with other spirits than of the past. His eyes are fixed on the confused book, but they see other objects than those which are written there. Love triumphant over ambition, and Despair, monarch of the moment, are busy at his bewildered speculations. The hours glide on apace ; his father throws down his book, and with a stately step, like a warrior, leaves the room. Frederick is free once more. He opens the window ; he scans the sleeping landscape ; tower and tree, woodland and lawn, are steeped in the beautiful but saddening shade. Echo floats along, catching the distant bay of the watch-dog, and multiplying those mysterious sounds that float upward from the dreamy earth, like its silent prayer to God.

Weeks have flown by, and still the vision of that beautiful girl haunts the memory of the student. His cheeks have grown paler, and his dress is neglected. He mutters in his waking moments, and in his sleep he speaks of the unknown in terms of passionate love.

In a high ancestral hall, sit two persons : the one is of great age, and dressed in black velvet ; a lamp is placed on an ebony table by his side, while a being of exquisite beauty reads aloud from a heavily bound book of poems to him. It is a volume of Frederick's father's poetry, and while she reads, the tears flow from her eyes. The picture is beautiful : the old man sitting in that ancient hall, with armor hanging from the walls, the helmets and breast-plates, and swords and

spears, of his warrior race, and his daughter reading the verse-commemoration of their glory.

A stranger enters : he is young, and of a pale complexion. In stature he is tall and elegantly proportioned ; his movements are gracefully ; and as he enters, he pauses upon the threshold to examine the scene before him. His eyes are on the female : they melt with love and admiration. He moves slowly toward her ; he places his hand upon the book ; he kneels to her. She rises, her face flushed, and her whole action agitated and alarmed, but no sound escapes her lips, while her ancient father, unconscious of the stranger's presence, sits with his eyes fixed upon a plumed helmet, while his heart teems with the trophied recollections of other days. She looks wildly at the intruder ; he speaks not, but gently drawing her hand in his, he points to the door. She gazes in his face, but hesitates not, for in that countenance how much of honor, of love, of beauty, does she not see. They leave the venerable man, mingling the present with the past, and as they depart they turn and see him kissing the helmet in which his father had breathed his last on the field of battle.

Beneath the moon and the silent stars the two communed. The hours of the night fled by, yet there they stood, gazing intently from each other's face to the skies. The youth spoke long and earnestly : he told the maiden of his history, while she listened with a face vivid with interest. She had heard of him—had seen him ; she had thought often of him, and wondered who he was. He had excited in her a desire to know how one so young and fair had lived within that region without having become acquainted at her father's house. She spoke of her father, and he of his. *Hers* lived upon the unfaded memories of the departed, while *his* built the castles of his ambition upon the vast limits of the mind-peopled future. They spoke of themselves, and of their own feelings and sentiments. They walked amid the silent night as if they had sported in childhood amid these scenes ; such confidence does Innocence create ; and when he led her back to her father's house, they stood at the portal to take farewell. His polished brow bore no marks of care ; his eye flamed with no harrowing doubts ; peace reigned within his nature, and glory and love painted the skies of deeper hue, that the earth might receive their more resplendent shadows. She waved her hand in the shades of the portico, and disappeared. Gone ! gone ! the enchantress—but not forever. That ancient father, when she entered, had not missed her ; and his white locks were mixed with the plumage of the helmet, which he had taken from the wall and placed upon the table, and near which he now rested his sleeping head.

Frederick once more was in the library. His temples throb, his pulses beat, and his heart is wild with the intoxicating sensations of his new and only passion. Pale as death, he sits in his accustomed chair, and awaits the approach of his father. It was not long before the German mystic appeared. His step was rapid, and his countenance flushed and excited.

' You study no more, Frederick,' he said, as he stood before the young man, and fixed his strong eyes upon his face. ' You are not

ill, and yet you look pale. Why throw down your books and your ambition, that would have hewn down mountains, and made you the conqueror of your own heart? But you have time to wander away from the shrine where you should worship; you ponder upon something that even now feeds upon your life. What ails you of late? speak!' The old man drew himself up to his full height, and his face assumed a cold and angry expression. Frederick arose from his chair, and stood with his head bowed upon his bosom; those glorious ringlets waved like rich drapery over his delicately-chiselled head, while his father regarded him with a harsh and forbidding eye.

The youth raised his head and looked his father in the face; the tears stood in his eyes, and his lips in vain essayed to utter his words. 'Speak, fool!' cried his father, abruptly; 'speak! what has befallen thee?' Frederick gasped for breath; old memories of his father's sternness passed rapidly over his mind; and he trembled when he heard that harsh voice ringing in his ears. He placed one hand upon his father's breast, and with the other pointed out over the distant woods. The father's eye followed the gesture, and then turned to his son with surprise and anger.

No answering look came from the marble countenance of the youth. His eyes were closed, and he stood like a statue, cold and motionless. The old man was enraged; he grasped his son by the throat; he shook him fiercely; the whirlwind of his long-smothered passion had broken out; his eyes flashed, and his powerful arm smote his son upon the forehead. A groan and a heavy fall, and Frederick's senses fled, and stupefaction followed. The old man rushed from the room, raving with passion. He had been trifled with by his child; his wild and daring schemes of philosophy had been circumvented; and where he had expected to find the adamant he had discovered the burning lava. A servant entering afterward found his young master stretched upon the floor, and taking him in his arms, laid him on his bed.

Could that stern old mystic have seen the boy's young heart, and known the being that had elevated it from stupor into love; could he have soared back on the wings of his own early feelings to the sympathies of earlier nature, and left the dark abodes of an educated contempt of the emotions, he would have bathed the sufferer's aching head in tears, and moaned the misery he had inflicted. But it was not so. Haughty, fierce and unfeeling, the German author stood aloof; he visited his son's room no more; he inquired no more after his health; but devoting himself to his fearful studies, he tried to forget the bonds that nature had imposed upon him.

The curtains are drawn around his bed, and a dimmed lamp burns steadily on the hearth; not a whisper breaks the solemn silence of the apartment, save the faint murmurs issuing from the bed. An old servant sits by the pillow and watches with a moistened eye the form that lies before him. It is Frederick. From the night of his fearful interview with his father he had not arisen: a sickness of the mind had fallen upon him, and day after day he grew worse and worse. No pain of body shook his frame; no fever, no chill; but

still he faded away, and in silence and in awe he seemed to be gliding gently down to the melancholy grave. Tumultuous causes had reduced him thus. His father's conduct, so strange, so sudden, had smitten him to the heart, while a deep and absorbing passion preyed upon his mind. He had seen that idol of his thoughts, and had parted without breathing in her ear the story of his love. Why had he not seized the favorable opportunity, when, like a knight of old romance, he had entered her father's house, and borne her forth into the silent groves? But he had seen and looked into her eyes, and seen them play and beam; he had basked in their radiance, and felt the enchantment of her celestial presence. As he contrasted the gentleness, the confidence, the beauty and feminineness of her character with the cold and ghastly lineaments of his father's nature, his senses became darkened, and in his delirium he called upon her name; he spoke his love — his endless, his consuming passion.

The faithful sentinel of his bed, the old servant, heard the ravings of his young master with astonishment; he pondered what course to pursue; to tell his master, would be rashness; to call him in, would be but to make him witness of a weakness he could not pardon; and in the midst of his dilemma, he resolved to acquaint the recluse and his daughter with the whole matter. To determine was to perform. Calling up his wife to sit by the bed side of the young man, he wends his way to the dwelling of the Solitary. The daughter is the first to hear the story; she acquaints her father with the history, and they take their steps accordingly.

That young girl had parted with Frederick with feelings new and interesting. Never had she seen a face so perfect, nor listened to music like his voice. She had seen many an other youth, but none had ever touched her heart, albeit many had loved her; and until she saw Frederick, her mind was free as the zephyr, and undisturbed as its mysterious sigh. When she met him for the first time in the woods, she was struck with the sadness of his countenance, and that youthful but majestic face floated constantly before her. Which way soever she turned, she saw those eloquent eyes looking so tenderly and inquiringly into hers, that her heart fluttered, and then stood still like the young bird essaying its flight. His glowing language, so full of poetry, and chivalry, and high-toned sentiment, as she listened to him on that strange interview, struck her with no less force than his personal beauty. A sentiment of love and admiration took possession of her heart; but its temper was delicate and refined, and she saw him in her mind's eye but as some bright visitant from the realms of bliss. Sweet sympathy of the young; redolent of affection that should not fade, but that like the mute stars that see the seasons come and go in regular succession, should watch over the changing vicissitudes of life, yet see the heart still firm and faithful to its early vows.

In the eastern wing of the mystic castle strange visitors have arrived. They came in the early twilight, and are now in the room of the invalid. They are the recluse neighbor and his daughter. She is bending over the pillow of the young student, and she parts the hair from his lofty brow. She smooths the coverlid and draws the

curtains close around the sufferer's bed. Her gentle eyes meet his; and years of devotion could not have wrought such intensity of gratitude as did that single look in the bosom of the youth. The room is just light enough for him to see her fairy form hovering beside him; to catch the motion of her eyes; and, languid as he was, he put forward his hand and pressed hers in thankful joy. His was a strange disease — the preying of a morbid sensitiveness upon a frame uninured to the shocks of life. His feelings had been outraged by the conduct of a harsh father; and superadded to which was the extraordinary revulsion of sensation incident to the novel bursts of the affections upon the cold region of his mystical studies. It was a glorious scene, that bed-room then. The old man sat apart, watching with veneration the form of his child, as it hovered over the couch of the guiltless victim of her charms.

The sun had set, and the air of the night waved upward from the forest, and filled the apartment with a bracing atmosphere. Around that gloomy house broke no sound. All was still as if the velvet trees were dead even to the organ-like music of the winds.

How eloquent is silence to the heart! Far along the impalpable air is seen by the dreaming mind the shades of other scenes. It is the only hour when the metaphysical organs can speak and find their element. The harsh accents of the mind are calmed in weariness, and up in the heavens, and down upon the earth, floats the drowsy spirit that charms the physical nature to repose; while buoyantly the soul plumes its unmeasured aspirations, and floats to the regions where imagination, endowed with form, takes the semblance of reality. Silence is the inspiration, as it is the music, of the spirit.

Thus thought the languid student, as he lay with his head raised and his hand clasped by Gertrude, and his eye wandering upon the old scenes stretching over the distant hills and the extensive forests. Through the medium of his sufferings came the spirit of consolation. While he lay in this ecstatic state of mind, conscious of the happiness derived from her presence, and revelling upon the calm brought to his mind by the contemplation of the slumbering face of Nature, a distant and confused sound rings along the passages leading to his chamber. It approaches nearer. It is his father's voice in debate with the old nurse: 'I will enter; what! keep me from the boy? Is he not my child — the flower of my life? What care I who they may be that are with him? back, serf — I *will* enter!'

The door was flung open, and pale and agitated, the scholar enters. At first he does not perceive that any one is in the room, but advances quickly toward his son's bed. It is Gertrude whom he meets there, but whom, in the gloom, he cannot distinguish; and throwing himself upon his knees, by the side of the bed, he seized his son's hand, and bathing it in tears, poured forth a strain of agony, seemingly doubly violent as coming from such a breast. Whatever of pride that had formerly made the scholar so austere, now disappeared. He no longer felt the force of prejudice and education; but there, in that solemn hour, he yielded his whole soul to parental love, and begged forgiveness of his child.

The recluse was the first to help him from his kneeling posture. The scholar noticed him not, but continued to kiss his son's hand.

The lamp that had been dimmed and shaded behind a screen, is now brightened, and its light is diffused throughout the chamber.

The scholar and recluse stand confronting each other; both of lofty stature, yet vastly different in appearance. The recluse appears to be much older than the scholar, but he is not. Disease had done its work upon him; and his long white hair was more the result of bodily suffering than the frost of age. The scholar's face was moulded as if in steel—beautiful and sublime; and now, as he stood gazing at the venerable stranger, he seemed more like a warrior of former days, questioning some necromancer or saintly sage.

'Roderick Van Arteldi!' exclaimed the recluse; 'Philip, Baron of Osburg!' cried the scholar; and they clasped each other in their arms. In years long since departed they had been scholars together, and had parted on their different paths of life. The loss of a beloved wife reduced the baron to the verge of phrenzy; and with his only child, the image of that wife, he had buried himself in seclusion. The scholar had stemmed the tide of popular commotion; had been banished in early life for having killed a nobleman in a duel; had returned at the expiration of his term of banishment to his native land, loaded with the wisdom of many climes, and had illumined the world from the hermit-like seclusion of his castle. They had not met before.

Gertrude was soon in the arms of Arteldi, and long and affectionately the parties communed that night; and when the baron and his daughter were about to depart, the scholar insisted upon their remaining; the next morning the young student left his room, and leaning upon his father's arm, he accompanied his friends to the villa of the baron.

By the glare of torches, to the sound of delicious music, when the moon was dim, but yet beamed forth the stars, a large party had assembled beneath the grove in front of the baron's mansion. This was several months after the occurrences that took place in the sick chamber. Before an altar, raised on the soft turf, and entwined with flowers, stood two beings young and beautiful. Their hands are joined together. Three other figures stand near the altar; the one the priest, the others, the fathers of the twain.

A strain of melody breathes over the scene—soft, gentle, scarce whispering to the air, yet sounding like a harp to the heart.

The priest raises his hands; he blesses the bride and the bridegroom, and Frederick and Gertrude are united. Thus Love is triumphant over Philosophy; and bliss derived from the affections is more natural than peace begotten by education.

AN 'INDEPENDENT' EPITAPH.

READER, pass on!—do n't waste your time
O'er bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I see, this crumbling clay insures,
And what I see is no affair of yours.

T H E D E A T H O F N A P O L E O N .

'T WAS night : upon his curtained bed
 The conqueror of Europe lay ;
 Not tranquilly, as when his head
 At close of some victorious day
 The battle-couch in slumber prest,
 With triumph flushed, and lulled to rest
 By the still sentry's measured tread :
 Far different now the hero's bed !
 He struggles with a deadlier foe
 Than ever dealt the battle-blow ;
 Conflicting in a fiercer strife
 Than ever met his gaze through life ;
 And martial forms glide round his bed,
 With voices hushed and noiseless tread,
 To mark, so wildly-pictured there,
 The fading triumph of despair !
 Around his death-pale brow he clasps
 The crown of nations, earthward hurled ;
 While with his fevered hand he grasps
 The iron sceptre of the world !
 He sleeps ; a wild and restless sleep ;
 The hero of Titanic strife ;
 And thoughts that bid him smile and weep
 Brighten and dim his closing life.
 He smiles — his victor-eagle sits
 Upon his flag at Austerlitz,
 That waves above the slain ;
 And echoing from shore to shore,
 The deep-mouthed cannon's staggering roar
 Booms o'er its blood-red plain :
 He smiles again — the exulting cry,
 The triumph-shout of victory,
 Echoed from lip to lip, swells high,
 Marengo's field is won !
 On ! on ! — a conquered army's groan
 He hears o'er icy Russia moan ;
 Again, another lengthened wail,
 And Austria's battle-star is pale,
 Quenched is her once bright sun !
 And wildly-mingled, shout on shout,
 Bursts on his ear at Jena's rout,
 And Lodi's crimson field :
 He sees his banner's wavy flow
 Above the Alps' eternal snow ;
 He sees it proudly float where stand
 Opposing ranks on Egypt's sand,
 When earth with slaughter reeled.
 His brow is knit ; what fires are those
 That flash like meteors on the snows ?
 Why, ere the battle, shout his foes ?
 'T is Moscow's lurid blaze !
 He pales : where now the dazzling crown ?
 Why wears his brow that dark'ning frown ?
 What dims his eagle gaze ?
 'T is thy dread struggle strikes his view,
 Lost, carnage-covered Waterloo !

Thus swiftly o'er his closing eyes
 Whole years of stormy conflict roll,
 While on his ear the mingled cries
 And groans of slaughtered millions rise
 To knell his parting soul.
 The strife is o'er, and unconfined,
 Back to its viewless chaos hurled,
 The quick, illimitable mind,
 Whose grasping power had awed the world:
 Quenched is that eye whose living gaze
 Was like the eagle's glance to heaven,
 That meets undimmed the sun's fierce rays;
 And monarchs quailed before the blaze
 Which to that eye was given;
 And he (oh, human fate!) whose brow
 The laurel bound but yesterday,
 Whose voice moved millions, lieth now
 A nothing — pulseless, senseless clay!
 The storm raged wildly as before,
 Increasing still the waves' mad roar;
 The clouds that shut the sun
 Bore on their stormy pinions wild
 The death-groan of Ambition's child —
 The last NAPOLEON!

A. S. C.

 SKETCHES FROM THE EAST.

 BY OUR ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN a Turkish youth is sent to school for the first time, it is the first holiday of his life, and is looked forward to with much anticipated pleasure. Early in the morning his mother decks him out in a new dress; a new *Fez*, or red cloth cap, is put upon his head, around which a Cachmere shawl is bound, stuck full of his mother's jewels, or those of her neighbors, borrowed for the occasion; another shawl is wrapped round his waist; his little jacket and full pantaloons are of some gay color, generally red; yellow or red shoes are put upon his feet; and suspended over his right shoulder, in an embroidered velvet satchel, is his primer, full of great golden letters and roses. At an early hour a pony (perhaps a borrowed one,) or a tall, fat horse, with a gay saddle-cloth and decorated bridle, is brought to the door, where already the Imaam of the adjoining mosque and the Khadjiah, or teacher, to whose instruction he is to be confided, accompanied by the children of his school, have assembled.

As the new student, smiling with delight, appears at his door, attended by his father and perhaps his mother—the latter concealed beneath the folds of her cloak and veil—the future companions of his studies commence chanting verses, which they have learned from their teacher, or prayers appropriate to the occasion. Now he mounts

the pony, led by his father and the Imaam, and immediately followed by the teacher and his scholars, who, marching two by two, continue their chant. The cortége proceeds up one narrow street, descends by another, passes through the public square, where every one makes room for it, and all seem to take part in the happiness of the young tyro, who from his mounted seat smiles in youthful glee upon the passers-by. Thus he makes his first visit to school, and the event is lastingly impressed upon his mind.

After this introduction he continues to visit the teacher daily, either alone or with his brothers and sisters. It is a pleasant sight to see four or five boys and girls in the beautifully-picturesque costume of the children of the East, with their satchels suspended over their little shoulders, proceeding on their way to the public school of the quarter of the city in which they reside. No children in the world are prettier; no where are childish play and frivolity more amusing, and no where do parents dote more fondly on their offspring, than in Constantinople. The traveller will often turn from his research after the remains of antiquity, or from gazing at the lofty buildings and other 'lions' of the capital, to admire the innocent prattle and spirit of young Alys, Mehmeds, Ayeshas and Hadijahs, who shuffle past him in the streets, on their way to school. In the early spring almost every family in the city possesses a little lamb, or a kid, whose fleece is spotted over with red henna, and which is led about by the children, tethered with a silken cord. It either attends them to school, where it awaits the termination of their lessons, or accompanies them to the many green spots of the city, there to frisk and frolic until the heat of the sun or evening shades drive them back to their homes.

It is with such associations as these that Turkish children commence their education. From their mothers they learn but little other than neatness, mildness and affectionate sensibility. Until the age of ten or twelve they are brought up in the harem, or female apartments of their home, attended by servants or slaves, who often set them bad examples, upon which to found their ideas of propriety, and humored by their mothers, who look upon them generally as the only tie which binds upon her her husband's affection. The father demands of the mother and son abject obedience to his will, and the latter is elevated with sentiments of the deepest respect for his parents. From the father the son learns something of religion and regard for the great, more by example than direct tuition, and even in his youngest age he is taught to look upon Christians and Jews as unclean objects, often possessors of talent, but to be made use of when needed, though never placed upon the same scale of humanity with himself.

In the school the master is usually seated at the head of two low parallel benches, or cushions, facing the entrance. Each youth, male and female, has a primer before him or her, and in articulating the letters of the alphabet pronounces them in a loud tone of voice. As there are few or no vowels used in Turkish, the second lesson of the child is to spell the consonants, with their three accents, called *ustun*, *ussura* and *uttura*; the first being a dash *above* the word, the

second a dash *under* it, and the third a comma *above* the word ; thus B\`d spells *bad*, B\`d spells *bed*, and B'd spells *bud*. The same are used in words of two syllables, but seldom in greater. There is no writing them in sand, nor yet on paper ; at the close of the words of two syllables the scholar forthwith commences reading a prayer in the Arabic language, which is invariably affixed on the last pages of his primer, and whose words are accented. This prayer is also read out aloud, and the metred pronunciation of Arabic, and the musical tone of the children's voices, lead strangers to suppose they hear poetry recited.

After the *aliph-bay*, or primer, the scholar next commences reading and copying the *incha*, or letter-book, containing forms of letters such as are addressed to persons of every degree of life, complimentary, consolatory, or on business, the first rudiments of arithmetic, and promissory notes and receipts. The *incha* is also written in an elegant and approved style of penmanship, and the student copies it upon blue, red or yellow paper, which can be washed and re-written upon. When writing he is seated on the floor, and holding the paper in his or her left hand, traces the letters from right to left with a reed held in the right.

Books for children in the East are composed almost wholly in rhyme, and though treating on science in a superficial manner, they are intended to instruct them in that religion which is the basis of all knowledge to the Mussulman, and language, Arabic and Persian, so that he may the better comprehend the Koran and its numerous commentaries. Elegant literary composition is therefore much more studied than the sciences, and metaphysics than common morality ; but of this more will be spoken in its appropriate place. An *incha* now before me commences with a list of Arabic words explained in Turkish, which words the writer says are mostly made use of in epistolary composition. It then offers a few words of instruction, such as here follow :

'It is not hidden nor concealed from those whose minds are enlightened by knowledge, that the science of composition is one of much sweetness and beauty ; so much so, that the excellent Ali (one of the caliphs) said : 'Teach thy son the art of writing ; for it is the most useful and entertaining of all the arts.' Apply yourself attentively to it, for it is the most holy and elevated occupation. Firstly, it is requisite that the writer know the grade of the individual to whom he is to write, so as to address him with that respect and veneration which his grade calls for. Let your letters be close, and your lines distinctly traced ; the words of your letter such as are in common use among men ; and remember that *comprehensible eloquence* is the first art to which the writer should direct his attention ; for simplicity and choice of phraseology are the summit of composition. Write the date of your letter at its close to the right of your seal, for it is the base and the column upon which its contents are founded ; also do not forget to trace the initial B above your letter ; it signifies the mystical word *BDOUH*, and the pious exclamation of *Bismillah*, (in the name of God.)'

Afterward follow several letters, such as are addressed to pachas, governors, judges, priests, and the book closes with a few pages of arithmetic, all in manuscript.

The young Turk is next taught to read and commit to memory small works, which may be compared with our catechism, and books of prayers. They are mostly extracts from the Koran; and like the students of Catholic countries, he does this without knowing the language in which they are written (the Arabic.) There are several small books, in the form of vocabularies, to which his attention is next directed. They are Turkish and Arabic, or Turkish and Persian, to which he is now set, as if these closed his literary career, which indeed is really often the case. Beyond this, the children of indigent parents seldom advance; and while they are committing these to memory, they also spend much of their time, reed in hand, learning to write a fair and legible calligraphy. The vocabularies commence with a rhythmic preface, generally giving some account of the author, or to invoke the Deity and the Prophet. Perhaps a conception of them will be more easily formed by the perusal of a sketch or two from one called the *Subhay-Subian*, or *Anglicè*, 'The Children's Chaplet.' It commences by saying in rhyme:

'Let us commence by the mention of God's name; by that name which is the first of all words; one that rejoices the heart, and is the name of the Creator of all idioms and tongues. He gave speech to man, so that he might offer HIM his thanks and prayers for the bounties which he bestows, as plenteously as there are objects on the earth's surface, or drops in the bed of the ocean.'

Passing over the invocation of the Derry, and the prayers and blessings offered upon the Prophet, who is the guide and the intercessor of all 'True Believers,' we come to the commencement of the vocabulary. The first lesson is an invocation in favor of the book, which is characteristic:

'Oh! thou who art full of mercy and benevolence, accept of, I beseech thee, this my prayer: May this book be a means of gifting with talent, and vouchsafe to me, the servant who composed it, thy forgiveness for his sins. May that person who offers up a 'good prayer' for me, have a happy close of life; I beg also of those who may look it over, to be so good as to correct any errors which they may see. *Meptailen, meptailen, failen*, is the book of rhythm into which the student will embark upon the sea of learning.*

To give an idea of the plan of the work, it would be necessary to imitate its style in versification, which I could only do in a very limited manner, using Latin in place of Arabic. In addition to language, the verses teach prosody, and what, in the minds of Orientals, is considered religion, or good morals.

SUCH vocabularies as these comprise all the learning which many an intelligent Turkish boy receives; and it is surprising with what a degree of accuracy the verses are retained in their memory through

* THE measure of the invocation. — Tt.

life, even until they reach great age. My master, a Mussulman of some fifty years, will, when he meets with an Arabic or Persian word, in our reading of which I do not know the meaning, at once repeat the line in the vocabulary where he committed it to memory in his earliest youth. This creating of an artificial memory might be adopted with regard to geography and arithmetic, with success and benefit, until the mind of the child, by continued study and application, becomes strengthened, and can retain names and figures without the aid of versification. The system is like that of mixing unpleasant medicines in sweetmeats, so as to deceive the palate of the invalid; and children are indeed too often 'indisposed' to study.

Girls seldom go so far as these vocabularies in their studies: to read and sometimes to write, is the fullest extent of their acquirements. Few, in after life, cultivate the knowledge which they attain in school: they leave the latter at the age of seven, eight, or ten years; and putting on the *Yashmak*, a veil for the face, are seldom afterward seen in the streets with their faces exposed to the eyes of passers-by. Up to this time the children of both sexes mingle freely together; they sit at the same low bench, on carpets or skins spread for them on the floor; and each learns his lesson, or recites it in a loud tone of voice. How often have I been arrested in the streets of Constantinople by the 'hum of many voices' proceeding from a room adjoining the mosque of the city, or from a low stone edifice, close by some public fountain, the work of a departed benevolent Mussulman, and lingered as long as politeness would permit me, to enjoy the spectacle of some forty or fifty little *Ayeshas*, *Fatimahs*, *Ahmeds*, *Mustaphas*, *Mohameds*, cheerfully, even merrily, reciting their lessons to themselves, or repeating them before the venerable *Khadjah* or *Imaam*, who rules over the youthful flock without any of the implements of torture or terror which are so freely used in the schools of more civilized, christian lands. Instead of the school being a place of reünion for evil spirits, the origin of strife and quarrels, it is one of youthful friendships, love, and tender regard. All the love-tales of Eastern language, (and they are quite as numerous as those of the Western) commence with the meeting of the parties in school; there their tender affections began to form and flourish; and though at the commencement of the age of puberty they were separated, the remembrance of their childish intercourse laid the foundation of after scenes of happiness or sorrow, which Fate and Destiny may have allotted to them.

J. P. B.

L I N E S

COPIED ON A BLANK-LEAF OF 'MAN IN A REPUBLIC.'

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From elephants to mites in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race:
 From bad to worse and worse they fall,
 But who can beat the worst of all?

M.

S O N N E T.

FAR above the habitations of man, no living thing exists, no sound is heard: the very echo of the traveller's footsteps startles him in the awful solitude and silence that reign in these dwellings of everlasting snow.

Mrs. SOMERVILLE'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

WHERE first the beams of morning meet the embrace
Of earth's aspiring peaks, for ever crowned
With fleecy splendors, like a girdle bound,
And shadows born ere evening twilight trace
Their lengthening circuit round the mountain's base,
There not a print of beast is ever found,
Nor scream of plumed marauder doth resound;
The foot-fall on the snow-crust's flinty face
Half awes the traveller in his skyward march,
For SILENCE there, in her sublime abode,
Dwells like a monitor anear heaven's arch,
And seems to whisper of a lofty road,
Afar from sands the pilgrim's feet that parch,
High o'er life's glaciers — leading on to God.

J. CLEMENT.

Buffalo, February, 1849.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

'I MAIE not tell you all at once;
But as I maie and can, I shall
By order tellen you it all.'

CHAUCER.

WE must now take a retrospective view of certain events which occurred some two months before the liberation of Herman, as related in the preceding chapter. We do not intend to reverse the hour-glass of old Tempus, nor move heaven and earth to set the sun back from Taurus to Pisces, like the hand of an ower-fast horologe, nor take an imaginary flight sixty times around the globe toward the west, whereby a day would be lost for each circumterreneous revolution; nor communicate a counter-gyratory motion to the earth, so that the sun should rise in the west until we revolved back through that interval; nor borrow the aid of those metallic Ben Franklins, the telegraphs, (do they not perpetuate the elements of his life, electricity and printing?) arch-annihilators of time and space; nor introduce a 'Year of Confusion' with intercalary days, like Julius Cæsar; nor do a great many other things only permitted to lovers, poets, and transcendentalists; but shall be content to chronicle certain circumstances, with the timely warning that they occurred some two months before the events just related.

In one of those old mansions which formerly reposed in aristocratic grandeur in the lower part of Pearl-street, Mrs. Mortimer Squiddy was anxiously awaiting the arrival of her guests from Greysburgh. It was toward night fall, and slight flurries of snow swept through the rapidly-darkening streets, like 'seeds of orient pearl,' adding to the cathedral-like gloom of the rooms, which even the cheery glow of the hickory fire upon the walls failed to relieve. The slumbrous crimson window-curtains, the grave high-backed chairs, the solemn side-board, the cumbrous harpsichord, suggestive of dismal tunes, and constitutionally averse to light and trifling music, the dull pictures upon the walls, that seemed to wince with weariness in their tarnished frames, the huge sofa, with carved legs—cruel-looking legs for children to bump their heads against—and the massive silver branches upon the mantel, gave a peculiar air of heaviness to the apartments, that subdued the feelings without the tincture of pleasant sadness which is sometimes sweeter than joy. Still the fire was grateful to behold, as it rioted in redness and warmth, sending up broad columns of smoke besprent with sparks into the ample chimney, glancing upon the polished brass andirons, and sometimes playfully darting little jets of flame in the direction of Mrs. Squiddy's feet, which rested upon the burnished fender. There was enough light too, to show that Mrs. Mortimer was neither young, nor pretty, nor small, nor possessed of 'interestingness, the best test and characteristic of loveliness.' Nor did her face indicate either refinement or amiability; it was passive, however; one of those society-indurated faces, which the great wave of the world had swept over and worn as smooth as a pebble. Nor were her eyes shadowed and deep, or mild and radiant; but rather, opaque, and of a light porcelainous blue, eyes that were neither poetic, sympathetic, nor devotional; but there was a great deal of 'speculation' in them, as we shall see anon.

'It is a wonder they do not come,' she said to herself; 'there can be no doubt about the mortgage. If *that* should be discovered, there would be an end; an end of house and name, and position in society; which would be dreadful'—here she mused a long while, and then said very softly to herself—'damages! they would be large, *respectable*. Damages,' she repeated, half closing her porcelain eyes, 'from my position in society would be heavy: and as *he* and Mortie have already signed the articles of partnership,' continued Mrs. Squiddy, clenching her hand, and biting the back of her forefinger, 'there would be something too in that quarter. Let the affair turn as it will, I will be comfortable in my old age, and once more I can put Mortie on his legs.' Here a large stick of hickory broke in two, and turned up two red cones of fire on each side of the andirons. It put a stop to Mrs. Squiddy's meditations; she rose and pulled the bell-cord. 'More wood, Spangles,' she said, as the door opened.

'More caloric? yes 'm,' and Spangles vanished.

Job Spangles had followed the fortunes of the house of Squiddy from his boyhood. Who his parents were he never knew; but he had grown up under the maternal care of Mrs. Mortimer (howbeit not noted for charities except in the published reports of societies) until he attained

his thirty-second year. Yet to look at him, one might suppose him to be fifty, as his spare, angular figure, solemnly habited in a loose black coat, shiny black breeches, black stockings, black waistcoat, and a whitish neckcloth, leaned over the fire; nor did the serious expression of his face, nor yet the scanty thatch which covered his cranium, belie such an opinion. Although Job was but an humble servitor in the house of the Squiddies, yet his education had not been neglected. At an early age his mind had a peculiar bias toward the arts and sciences, and his tastes had been indulged to a certain extent by Mrs. Squiddy, which had given rise to many strange surmises and dim hints among her most intimate friends. Some had even questioned Job concerning his early life, in hopes of getting some clue to the mystery; but in seeking for the origin of every thing else, Job had somehow overlooked his own; and the obscurity of his birth, and the strange nature of his studies, led him to believe that it might be *chaotic*—referable to the period of the trilobites; and if any one had said 'Job, you are a fossil,' Job would have been puzzled to disprove it. The studies with which Job had enlightened his 'pericranicks' embraced every thing celestial and terrestrial; he even dabbled a little in astrology and alchemy; had played upon the clarinet until his nose was blown level with his cheeks, and then started his eyes from their sockets with practising upon the flute; objects seen with his analytical optics resolved themselves into their elements at once; a rose was not a rose to him, it was a thing of stamens, pistils, pericarp and petals, of the order polygynia; instead of looking through a pane of glass, he looked through silix, alumine and potassa; and he washed his face every morning in hydrogen and oxygen. His little room in the attic was a complete laboratory; and there, until the late watches of the night, his lamp might be seen, as he was diligently solving some mighty, but useless problem in chemistry, or breathing his soul out through a giant bassoon, which he had lately added to his stock of musical instruments. Such was the character of the queer being who hovered over the fire like a huge vampire, while Mrs. Squiddy gazed upon him with a strange expression of complacency and pity. 'Spangles,' said she, softly, 'do you think that you will like your new master?'

'Yes 'm, if he do n't interfere with my chemicals and testacea. I think I'd give up minerals if it was an object, or even botany; but I'm great on shells now, and pyroligneous acid. Wait a few days, and I'll give you a bottle of my own making.'

'What is it for, Spangles?'

'What is it for? Well, I do n't know any use you can make of it. It smells like pitch; if you fancy that flavor, you can put it on your handkerchief.'

'Why, Spangles!'

'O, it wo n't burn it; you need not be afraid. I've been making experiments below this afternoon among the bivalves.'

'What are they?'

'Oysters. I was after pearls; I only opened the large ones. If I could find a pearl it would be valuable, because it would establish

the fact; but there is a small chance among the little puny ones that are left.'

'Job,' said Mrs. S., looking up with a frown, 'how could you do such a thing? We wanted those for our guests.'

'Bless me,' said Job, adjusting the last stick, and raising himself on one knee, 'I never thought of that. Light up, m'em?' Mrs. Squiddy nodded, and Job proceeded to illuminate. 'Phlogiston,' muttered he, as he lighted the candles, 'being the principle of inflammability, and perhaps vitality, for the lungs resemble a furnace, fed with the oxygen of the atmosphere, whence warmth is derived and life; for when a man ceases to breathe—when his fire (so to speak) is out, when he is cold, then he's dead—that's it; warmth is life! every thing that lives being warm down to the lowest—no, oysters are *not* warm, nor lobsters; hang me, if there's any phlogiston in a lobster. That's the way with theories; when you get 'em started, you find there's a screw loose. If it had n't been for that, I would have been a great man. Close the shutters, m'em?' Another nod. 'O, m'em,' said Job, with his head out of the window, 'there's a sleigh coming down this way; I think it's them.'

'Close the windows then, Spangles,' replied she, calmly. 'If it is, they can knock.'

Job obeyed, Mrs. Squiddy adjusted her cap, the chime of the sleigh-bells approached, then stopped, and there *was* a knock at the door. 'It's them,' said Job, joyfully darting out into the hall, while his mistress drew herself up to receive her guests with becoming dignity. There were footsteps in the entry, and then the ever smiling Mr. Grey presented himself at the door, followed by Aunt Patty and Mr. Mortimer Squiddy, with the lovely Edla hanging upon his arm; and the gallant Mr. Grey saluted the lady with the porcelain eyes upon the right cheek, and called her 'dear Fanny,' and Aunt Patty was duly presented, and Edla was kindly welcomed, and Mortimer affectionately embraced. Meanwhile Job made himself wonderfully busy over a half-acre table in the back parlor, laying the ample cloth, and putting the silver branches in the centre thereof, and there was the sound of preparation below, and savory smells wound their way up the staircase from the kitchen, and the party gathered around the fire, and furs were removed, and cloaks laid aside, and it was very pleasant to behold.

'I've been a-lookin' at that chair with the two pigeons on the back,' said Aunt Patty, during a lull in the conversation; 'it's very—is it worked?'

'The real Gobelin, my dear,' replied Mrs. Squiddy.

'Bless me,' said Aunt Patty; 'well, I never! I've heard of ghosts and hobgoblins, but I never saw one of them chairs before. And who's that over the mantel?'

'A Madonna,' said Mrs. Mortimer, with a perceptible smile.

'McDonough?—why, how young he looks.'

'A Madonna, auntie,' said Edla; 'the Virgin Mary.'

'Dear heart! I thought it was too young for—is it considered a good likeness?'

'I do not know,' replied Mortimer, with a sneer. 'It is by Dominichino.'

'That,' said Aunt Patty, 'is a Dominie I never heerd on.'

'Dinner's ready, m'em,' said Job.

It was really delightful to see the sprightly manner in which Mr. Grey assisted the two elderly ladies to the table, and the elegance of his carving, and the assiduity with which he helped every one, and his pleasant bow at every remark, and his smiles, which were in full bloom. Job, too, was in all his glory. He astonished Aunt Patty with 'muriate of soda, capsicum, acetic acid, and aqua pura,' inso-much that at last the old lady gave up eating in despair, sat upright in her chair, with a very prim countenance, and gave an indignant shake of the head whenever he asked to help her to anything. 'I don't like that Frenchman at all,' she said, in a low whisper to Edla; 'he puts me in such a fluster ——'

'Champaigne?' said Job; and then added, in a low voice, 'vinous fermentation going on; beautiful evolution of carbonic acid gas ——'

'Keep away,' said Aunt Patty, losing all patience; 'I do n't want nothin'.'

'And do n't know nothing,' muttered Job, as he replaced the wine in the cooler; 'there are three things yet to be discovered, the quadrature of the circle, the perpetual motion, and — a lady in love with philosophy!'

Here Job mused a long while, for dinner was nearly over and his services were not required. 'But bless me,' said he, 'if they do n't love philosophy, what else is there that they do not love? Flowers and music, light, and sweet smiles, courage, wit, refinements, beyond our sex, (for man is grosser and more material), children! what can equal a mother's love? reverence, filial and devotional — home! woman herself being the ark of that sanctuary, charities, sympathies; why bless me! her affections cover the whole ground of our speculations; it is the universal oxygen which pervades and vivifies the world!'

During the remainder of the evening nothing occurred to disturb Aunt Patty's serenity, and the party soon separated — Edla to dream of the absent, her aunt to compose herself in sleep, Mr. Squiddy to take a critical survey of himself in the glass before retiring, and his mamma and Mr. Grey to exchange those little promissory notes of endearment which after marriage are generally — protested!

Mrs. Squiddy and her son were alone in the parlor on the succeeding morning. The Greys had gone out to make some purchases for the approaching wedding.

'Mortie,' said his mother, 'I have been thinking about that mortgage; there can be no possibility ——'

Mr. Mortimer stood in front of one of the windows with a forefinger in each pocket of his white vest.

'Not the slightest.'

'For if that should be discovered, you know there would be an end to it all.'

'Of course,' replied the son with a smile, 'an end to all the love and romance.'

'It is not a proper subject for a jest,' said the mother, and then added in a whisper, 'do you know that we are nearly reduced to beggary? that we are but one step removed from degradation and want?'

'I have reason to know it,' replied Mortie, unpocketing one finger and making a circle on the frosted pane, 'for if it had not been for Spangles, curse me, if I believe we could have entertained the Greys at all: by some mystery he managed to turn several chairs and an old bureau into cash; whether he took them to his laboratory in the garret or to some gentleman with a tri-orbed symbol over the door, I know not, but he got the money and we may be thankful.'

'Spangles is invaluable to us,' said Mrs. Squiddy.

'So he is; is it not strange, ma', that there should be no clue to his parentage?'

'Very strange indeed,' replied Mrs. Squiddy, looking at the fire.

I N D I A N S U M M E R .

CALM is the air and still:
 A sabbath quiet rests on hill and dale,
 Uninterrupted, save that now and then
 Rings the sharp echo of the woodman's axe,
 Or sportsman's gun, in yonder forest deep.
 The russet leaves lie motionless and dry,
 Where the last fitful gust, or partridge drum,
 Or swift flight of startled quail hath swept them.
 A genial light pervades the atmosphere,
 Clothing the landscape with its golden hues.
 In this old wood, where through the summer long
 A leafy roof had kept the sun at bay,
 He comes and goes as freely as the wind:
 And the bare woods and fields alike are bathed
 In his warm flood. Old sheriff Winter now
 Hath loosed his frosty grip, with which of late
 He seized on Nature: and with seeming grace
 Grants her a respite brief from his cold reign.

With what a smile she thanks him for the boon,
 And decks herself anew for his embrace,
 Alas! too soon to be renewed. Her thousand rills
 Run sparkling with delight; the smoky air
 Again is cleft with wing of bee and bird;
 The buds again are swelling on the trees;
 Flowers are peeping from their wintry beds,
 Waked from their slumber by the warm wind's kiss;
 And all around, the green and tender blades
 Pierce through the matting of the withered grass.
 Rejoice! while yet ye may, O trusting birds,
 And flowers bright, and tiny insect throng!
 For, sitting on this mossy rock, I feel
 The frosty breath of him who soon again
 Will, in his icy fetters, lock you all.

w. c.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

THE casement is open. The delicious perfume of Summer finds its way hither unbidden. The still, solemn pines tower up in the twilight. Across the Avon the 'New Forest' stands lonely and silent. The river runs between, dark and deep, always flowing, flowing. Season after season, year after year, age after age, the river flows on; a singular emblem of permanence and change.

I feel like labor. Go to! I will spoil this beautiful twilight. 'Thomas, bring candles.'

Now comes the moth to seek destruction in the flame. Hark! the cricket is chirping its unvaried note; the nightingale whistles his sweet but melancholy strain. The owl and the bat, the fire-fly and will-o'-the-wisp, are busy enough too.

Where is the lively squirrel that has been springing all day from bough to bough? where the pigeon and the hawk? where the lark and the vulture, the linnet and the eagle, the coney and the fox?

The snake no longer glides across the path, and the toad has found a resting-place. But the owl hoots from the tree, and the bat flits crazily through the gloaming; the fire-fly and will-o'-the-wisp—see! there they sparkle and flicker and brighten again!

'Where is God my MAKER, who giveth songs in the night?'

Reader—whoever you are—who have borne me company thus far, if indeed you have entertained a sympathy in this narrative, then let you and I stop and rest a moment here.

Perhaps you are young, and if you *are* young, stand up! and bless God that now, just at this very instant, you are brought to a pause.

BRING OUT YOUR HOPES AND LOOK AT THEM. *Look at them*, but not through a Claude-Lorraine-glass. Look at them, and tell me, do they belong to the petty future of earth, or to the Infinite of another life? Can you not answer? Alas! what an unhappy thought that you know not yourself; that you should be always journeying on, journeying on, with—a stranger; yourself a stranger to you, and you a stranger to yourself; an awful and a mysterious companionship. Great God! what if you should be destined to live thus forever!

Perhaps, reader, you are young no longer. Nevertheless, you have hopes—ay, hopes still!

BRING OUT YOUR HOPES AND LOOK AT THEM. *Look at them*, but not through the dark vapor of disappointment or despair. Nay,

shake not your head so gloomily, but arouse ; and do you too thank God that you are brought for a while to this stand-still, as the world rushes on and leaves you behind. Do not be impatient ; do not say to me : ' Hands off ! I must overtake my comrades youder ; see how they get the start of me.' Stay ! something better is in store for you than this unnatural race which you are running ; and oh ! what balm is there in that word '*better* !' Let it continue always better, better, and how will you approximate by-and-by to the *TO BEATISTON* !

Come, then, youth and man and maiden ; come and sit ye down with me, just as the evening deepens into night. There, I have put out the candles, and the moth is safe.

Let us bring out our hopes and look at them. Let us do it in a cheerful, hopeful, heartfelt way. Thank God we are here yet, safe upon the earth ; and the earth *does* seem safe to man ; the enduring earth, the kind mother, the patient nurse, which yields us sustenance and supports our life. While we talk of a *BEYOND*, we would not forget Thee, Prolific Parent, with thy changing seasons ; glorifying and renewing thy days in the hoar-frosts of winter, in the balmy breath of spring, in the triumphant maturity of summer, and in the fading glories of the fall. Earth, we bless Thee ! Surely we may bless thee, if the *CREATOR* pronounced thee 'good !' Shall we not forgive thee the bearing of a few 'thorns and thistles' for all the fruit which we have pressed from thy bosom, or shall we complain, that in the sweat of our face we have to till the ground, since it yieldeth us her strength *by* tilling ?

But to our hopes. These hopes shall indicate our destiny. Arrest and cut off all that are anchored *here* ; strip the heart of the vain promptings which flutter around it ; silence the busy whisperings of passion and self-love ; then tell me—youth, man, maiden—what have we remaining ? Is there a void—an utter void—left in these hearts of ours ? nothing had, nothing enjoyed, and no residuum but the bitter ashes ? Is it even with us 'as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth ; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty ; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and behold he drinketh ; but he awaketh, and behold he is faint, and his soul hath appetite ?' Then indeed have we made shipwreck before the voyage has scarce commenced, and we have only to look to it that such shipwreck be not irreparable. To the work ! quick ! quick ! that the voyage may not be lost !

But arrest and cut off and silence these whisperings and promptings and hopes, and do our hearts still beat with their usual time ? Do we behold a broad expanse beyond the extreme limits of the actual ? Is our gaze into this expanse only rendered brighter and clearer by the cutting away of the superfluous foliage ? and can we with a lofty look and a courageous heart and a trustful spirit, lay our hands upon our breast and feel the Infinite stirring within us ? Oh ! youth, man, maiden, I give ye joy if this *be* so ; for then indeed are we safe ! Safe, though the possibilities which surround us are fearful to contemplate ; though we may not control the hour or the circumstance ; though grief may be preparing for us a potion in the

same cup from which we have drunk delights and joys ; though every thing about us seem dark and unpropitious ; though every thing *be* dark and unpropitious, yet are we *safe*— safe !

Farewell, youth, man, maiden ! Perhaps we shall meet in another world ; perhaps we may then call to mind how, for a few moments, here upon the banks of the Avon in gentle Warwickshire, we stopped and communed together.

What had become of Kauffmann ? I was to meet him on the second day after our interview ; several weeks had elapsed and he had not made his appearance. At first I wondered at his prolonged absence, but I soon became so interested in Wolfgang Hegewisch and by the society of Theresa Von Hofrath, to say nothing of studies which I pursued systematically under the learned Professor, that I had almost forgotten Kauffmann, and his company of FREE SPEAKERS.

One morning after breakfast I was seated in my own room. Whether I was thinking of my last evening's conversation with Theresa, or of the latin *thesis* upon which I was engaged, would be difficult to say, for the two were so blended in my mind that I had accomplished little or nothing, although I had been an hour at the task. My door was open, I held my pen in my hand, and a partly finished sentence, began half an hour before, had dried in upon my paper, together with sundry attempted continuations, which had been corrected, written over and dashed out. I heard a step upon the stairway, and then a step through the hall, then a step into my room, a bold, manly, hopeful, straightforward step ; but I did not look up, I did not feel like looking up ; for just at that moment the strong elastic *physique* of the step was discordant to my feelings ; so I held my head over the paper, brought my pen to a line with the sheet, and was about changing a participle into a gerund by way of emendation, when I received a friendly blow upon the shoulder, at the same time a hand was held out for me to shake. Then I looked up — it was Frederick Kauffmann.

'I see I must announce myself — my name is Kauffmann, once a friend to you —'

'Now a friend *of* me !' interrupted I, laughing. 'How could you expect to be recognised after running away, staying away, and breaking an engagement to boot ?'

'Spem bonam certamque reporto,'

exclaimed my friend in a cheerful tone.

'Se non è vero è ben trovato,'

returned I, looking him full in the face, and discovering that hope was indeed in the ascendant there.

'How are you metamorphozed, my friend ; what has happened to you ? Give me your hand again. You are happier than you were ; better than you were, your mind is in health ; it was not in health when we separated. Kauffmann, I rejoice with you, although I know not the cause of this change.'

Kauffmann's countenance assumed a serious expression. It was

evident that he had something to communicate. Shutting the door, he proceeded to seat himself close by me.

‘St. Leger, I have settled in my own mind a matter that has always perplexed it.’

‘Well.’

‘It is the relation of the sexes to each other.’

‘Ah!’

‘So sure am I that I am right, that I do not fear to tell you all.’

‘Pray go on.’

‘I will. Do you remember our last discussion? Do you not recollect — some wizard must have put it into your head — you told me that I had had in my time a love affair, and had quarrelled with my friend because she would not yield to me?’

‘Yes.’

‘St. Leger, every word was true; true *verbatim et literatim*. And had you struck me to the earth with a blow I should not have been more astounded.’

‘Surely,’ said I, ‘something must be wrong in what I have done, if a mere acquaintance lights upon it in this way. So I went home and locked myself into my room, and I said after I had turned the key: ‘Friederich Kauffmann, thou goest not out hence till thou hast sifted thyself as wheat. Self-confident though thou art, thou *shalt* yield if thou ought to yield; and I communed with my heart, and I tried to commune with God; I brought to mind every thing that took place at that last interview — that unfortunate interview, between Margaret and myself. I weighed every thing truthfully. I had done the same before, but in different scales. Then I thought of creation and life, and happiness and unhappiness, and what should cause the one and the other; and I asked myself; to fit us for a hereafter, must we of necessity suffer — suffer, always suffer? Dare I blame my Maker before I have searched in myself for cause for blame? And so I came — standing up alone before God — to believe and to *feel* and to *know* that much as I had loved Margaret, I had not loved her aright, or thought of her aright, or treated her aright; and then a new light broke in upon me, and I unlocked the door and ran out, and earth was bright. The next day I had seen Margaret and all was explained.

‘But ‘the relation of the sexes to each other,’ said I.

‘I intended that for another interview, when we both had more leisure. I come now on a special mission.’

‘Nay, but I am curious to have a synopsis at least of your theory.’

‘Very briefly then, it is this: The most perfect spiritual happiness consists in the spiritual union of two of different sex, just as the most perfect domestic happiness consist in a well-adapted temporal union. How rarely are both kinds of happiness blended! How are we taught from youth up, that man’s province is command, and woman’s submission! Is it not absurd — absolutely absurd — to suppose that the Creator should make one sex to be under subjection to the other? The Great and Good God, to ordain and perpetuate an eternal tyranny! Beside, is it not folly to suppose that friend-

ship can exist except between beings mutually free! The spiritual union of man and woman makes the perfect life. And there cannot be spiritual *union* where one spirit is the master-spirit and the other the subservient spirit. I spurn the idea, the cant idea of our times, that difference in sex is an organization of earth, with reference only to the continuance of the race. So sure as there is another life, so sure will male and female be male and female through all eternity; they are destined to seek and find happiness in each other; destined together to fill the object of creation, to wit: *perfection in unity*. But I can stay no longer at present; I came to engage you for this evening.'

'But Margaret and yourself, and this perfect life, including the spiritual and the domestic, are they so happily blended that you have no fears of another —'

'None, fellow student—none,' interrupted Kauffmann, rapidly. 'St. Leger, had I not felt sure of your sympathy in this matter my lips had been closed,' continued he, suspiciously.

'You have it—believe me, you have it, my friend. And—and if your theory requires a little fuller development at your hands before I embrace it, remember I am not a jot the less rejoiced at the renewal of your hopes.'

'I believe you, take my hand. And now say; will you be at my rooms at seven, precisely?'

'For what?'

'To accompany me to a meeting of the Free Speakers.'

'I fear I must decline: on the whole, I cannot join your company.'

'O, Father Jupiter!

*'Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora caeca
Noctis habent!'*

Who asks thee to join us? What a cautious, calculating wretch you are. But you are an Englishman, and I will not condemn you for the vandalism that is part of your nature. Know then that I have obtained the consent of our society, that you, undeserving as you are, should be present on one of our mystical nights, when you will see no one but the scribe, and hear all that your ears shall catch. This is a distinction never before granted to living man. By heaven, we refused Goethe himself, who wanted, as a matter of curiosity, to be present on one occasion.'

'Say no more; I go, and thank you, upon my knees, for the privilege. Will that do?'

'Yes. Live well.'

And so saying, Friederich Kauffmann left the apartment, with the same elastic, cheerful step, as he entered it. I rose, and looked out into the garden. I beheld Theresa in a small arbor, engaged in securing a vine which had broken loose from its fastening. Snatching up the *thesis*, I tore it into a hundred pieces, and the next minute I was assisting Theresa to train the vine!

So I concluded to go with Kauffmann to the 'mystical meeting.' At the appointed hour I was at his rooms, and we set out together.

'Have you no instructions to give me,' said I, 'before we enter? How am I to act? — what shall I do?'

'You are not to act, and you are to do nothing but listen with all your ears.'

'And what is the meaning of 'mystical night?'

'The night when we speak 'unsight, unseen,' and treat generally of hidden things. We then venture often upon daring suggestions, not to say assertions, believing that some truth will be heaved up among the error.'

'But who is truth-sister to the society?'

'Hush! we shall get into a discussion, and it will spoil my sybil-line tranquillity. Beside, here we are at the door. Go in at this entrance; you are expected. You will find the scribe in his seat, and a vacant chair for you; take it, and say nothing.'

'But you?'

'I enter from another direction. You will not see me again to-night. Farewell.'

So saying, Kauffmann turned and left me. I pushed through the door, and found myself in a dark, narrow passage. I had nothing to do but stumble along till I came to the end of it, which I did presently, and discovering another door, I opened that, and found myself in a moderate-sized room, tolerably well lighted, containing twelve little chapels, or recesses, across which curtains were suspended from the ceiling, so that the occupant could remain unseen.

In the centre of the room sat the scribe, with a large book upon a desk before him. Near the scribe was a vacant chair, the only one to be seen. I marched in boldly, and took my seat, with as much *nonchalance* of manner as I could assume. The scribe did not appear to observe my entrance; he did not look up, or alter a muscle of his countenance. Not supposing that I was literally limited to the use of my ears, I took the liberty of casting my eyes around this strange apartment. Directly over the door at which I entered was inscribed, in large letters:

'Worship God.'

Upon the wall opposite the door was the following:

ELEMENTS.	NATURE.	COMPLEXION.	PLANETS.
Water.	Cold and moist.	Phlegm.	Venus and Mars.
Fire.	Hot and dry.	Choler.	Sol and Mars.
Earth.	Cold and dry.	Melancholy.	Saturn and Mercury.
Air.	Hot and moist.	Sanguine.	Jupiter.

Over the scribe's table I read:

'Chacedin. Asaphim. Chatumim. Mecasphim. Gazarim.'

'Qui contemplatione creaturarum cognovit creatorem.'

There was also an inscription at the top of the curtains, over each recess, such as :

'Renounce—Renounce.'

'Love, but desire not.'

'Enjoy, but seek not to possess.'

'Be tranquil—be tranquil.'

'Grapple with and unmask yourself.'

'Dare to be wise.'

'Nothing without its equivalent.'

'Every action shall have its recompense.'

'Every procedure shall have its vindication.'

'Always a result.'

'Are you contented with yourself?'

'It will be the same story to-morrow.'

Looking through the room, I could see nothing but the curtains before the recesses, the scribe, and the scribe's desk.

In a few minutes the mystical meeting commenced by the scribe's striking upon the desk with a small hammer. I was all attention, and prepared to take my friend's advice and use my ears. Presently a voice was heard from behind one of the curtains :

FIRST VOICE : 'No one can be better than the being he worships ; therefore worship the Perfect Being.'

SECOND VOICE : 'He who fulfils what he designs not, is a machine ; he who fulfils not what he designs, is a driveller.'

THIRD VOICE : 'DEITY cannot sin, because DEITY cannot be tempted. For with what could DEITY be tempted ? What could DEITY gain by sinning ? Man, poor wretch ! is badly enough off ; he carries both deity and devil in his bosom. He has every temptation to sin, and every inducement to keep from sin. The temptation is pressing, close at hand ; the inducement is weak, afar off. Therefore a man who in the midst of besetting temptations still preserves his integrity, is the greatest possible object of moral contemplation.'

FOURTH VOICE : 'True enough. For angels are but milk-sops, after all. An angel would be all the better for a good night's carouse in honest Moritz's wine-cellar ; even to the ruffling of some of his feathers. What a sorry appearance, though, would the dreadful next morning bring ! But your MAN—quotha, *he* is the creature !'

FIFTH VOICE : 'And your devil is more of a milk-and-water affair than your angel. One looks on, smiling and good-tempered ; the other, grinning and grimacing and whimpering—an inverted dog-in-the-manger ; caught himself, he snarls because every thing created is not caught. Verily, the devil *is* a milk-sop !'

SIXTH VOICE : 'No more, gentlemen, of what does not concern us. I would speak of man. God created man perfect. The

Tempter gave him a hint of the pleasure of sin ; man took the hint, yielded to the Tempter, and gulped up sin like a flood. A perfect being could not have yielded ; therefore God did not create man perfect, for he carried within him the elements of imperfection, viz., the power to sin.'

SEVENTH VOICE : ' That is masterly ! Now let us know for whose sake was man made : for the sake of God the Creator, or for the sake of man the created ? If the former, it seems to have been a bungling piece of business ; if the latter, why worry the poor devil with your moral salves and cataplasms, your nostrums, salts and smelling-bottles ? Let him have his own way, if a free agent ; and beyond all, let him have his own way of having his own way, say I.'

EIGHTH VOICE : ' Gentlefolks, pray forbear ; we are certainly getting beyond our depth. We shall have to mount stilts at this rate. Therefore seek helps. Remember the proverb : ' A dwarf on the shoulders of a giant can see farther than the giant himself.''

NINTH VOICE : ' Still, let me be the giant. I would find another giant, and mount him.'

TENTH VOICE : ' Verily, this is a strange assemblage ! Behold an illustration of the old saying : ' Children, fools and drunken men speak truth.''

ELEVENTH VOICE : ' How of drunken men ?'

TENTH VOICE : ' *In vino veritas !*'

TWELFTH VOICE : ' I am truth, truth, truth ! I am pale and slender, but unchangeable ; I am poor, needy, and a wanderer ; I can promise nothing, for nothing comes of promises. Whoso gives me shelter gains nothing here ; nay, he loses much ; to wit, the excitement of false images, false shows, false honors, false symbols, false words, false deeds. The man who shelters me must lose all this !'

FIRST VOICE : ' A word, neighbor, about this same truth. Why is this commodity subject to so much alloy, when of all commodities it is most injured by alloy ? Why is it necessary to make truth palatable by a seasoning of make-believes ? Why is it considered a mark of wisdom to conceal our thoughts, and a mark of folly to expose them ? Why is it, as our brother has said, that but three classes stand charged with telling truth : children, fools and drunken men ?'

SECOND VOICE : ' I will have none of you, Mistress Truth ! What could I do with you, naked as you come to me ? Clothe yourself with the befitting and graceful drapery of prevarication, and you may perhaps pass current among us. But to take you as you are—I would as soon walk about naked myself !'

THIRD VOICE : ' Nay, but strip *man* of all his vanities, and what is *he* ? Take from him what sin has entailed upon him, and what is *he* ? Relieve him from the care of maintaining life ; the care of providing clothes, food, and a place to sleep, to eat and to rest in ; the care of preserving life and of enjoying life ; from education, and the need of education ; and you arrest all the busy occupations of humanity, and make man——'

FOURTH VOICE, (interrupting :) Go on, go on, brother ; work away at man ; you have but just began. Strip him of *all* his vanities ;

strip him of his follies ; strip him of his deceits, strip him of his pretences and his shows, strip him of his feelings, strip him of his thoughts, strip him of himself—then what is he? Pahaw! man is as his Creator intended him to be ; a capital chap, after all, is man ! Go on and prosper, mad fellow !

FIFTH VOICE : ' Not so fast, not so fast : cease this trifling, and be serious, for the feelings we are now cherishing are defining the spiritual world in which we shall live forever.'

SIXTH VOICE : ' True. How many lives are going on at this moment together !—how many hearts are now beating with a stirring selfishness !'

SEVENTH VOICE : ' And the man who revolves about himself as a centre is a lost man !'

EIGHTH VOICE : ' Why are you not better ?'

NINTH VOICE : ' Why am I not worse ? Answer me *that* !'

TENTH VOICE : ' After all, is there not something unendurable in man's condition ?—groaning under laws which he had no voice in enacting, and forced to live with instincts and passions and desires and impulses which he had no agency in creating ? Surely man is not himself.'

ELEVENTH VOICE : ' Hearken to me. You do err greatly. Man may or may not be himself, but man is only himself when necessity no longer binds him ; but necessity always binds the sensuous man. It is when his moral nature asserts its superiority that man fears no necessity ; for he rises superior to necessity.'

TWELFTH VOICE : ' Well spoken !'

I HAVE put down enough of what passed at the mystical meeting of the Free Speakers to convey some idea of their proceedings ; these went on without intermission for two hours, during which the wildest ideas were started, while often the best sentiments were uttered. The medley was truly a complete one. At length the scribe struck with his hammer upon the desk. Silence succeeded. The scribe then rose, and turned to leave the room. As a matter of prudence, I thought it best to follow ; so I pushed on after him, but he disappeared at a side-door. I marched straight into the street. And thus ended my first and last visit to the Mystical Society of the Free Speakers of Leipsic.

AN EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AFTER DINING WITH A CATHOLIC FRIEND UPON FISH ON A FANT-BAY.

Who can believe, with common sense,
A little meat gives God offence ;
Or that a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapped up in majesty divine,
Does HE regard on what we dine ?

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of JAMES the Second. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Second volume. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We gave in our last number a somewhat brief notice of the first volume of this interesting and powerful work. Vivid and striking as were its historical delineations, however, it falls short of the vigor and picturesqueness which characterize the volume now before us. It begins with the base, corrupt, tyrannical reign of JAMES the Second, and the change it wrought in the temper and spirit of the English people. At the proper point comes in a grand and strongly-drawn portrait of WILLIAM, and thenceforward he becomes the central figure of the great drama, and all the other characters, though grand and striking in themselves, derive their chief importance from their relation to his advancement. We cordially endorse the appreciative commendations of the 'Courier' daily journal, of this superb historical essay: 'To our mind it seems, in its tone and temper, as well as in grouping and in general effect, the very perfection of history. Abounding in details, it is never dry. Often philosophical, it is never dull. Its pictures of men are as full of life and as true to nature as those of KNELLER; and its descriptions of events are as graphic and as stirring as the events themselves. Its style is peculiar, and will be deemed faulty by those who judge it by the long, rich and magnificent sentences of MILTON, HOOKER and BURKE; but it is stirring, strong and effective. Each sentence tells one thing; strikes one blow, and no more. But the blow is truly aimed; it hits with a quick, sharp, ringing stroke, and it never fails to tell. Many writers can strike as often, and some can strike more weighty blows; but in none do they fall at once so rapid and so heavy as in MACAULAY: they ring and crack like a roll of musketry, but they crash and demolish like cannon-balls. MACAULAY's history will have ten times as many readers as any other ever written of the same events. Its chief merit is that it is *alive*. His men and women live and love, move and hate, and fill those who read of them with all the passions which their actual vision might inspire. He has clothed the skeleton of historical facts with flesh, breathed into it life and vigor, and given to it the ruddy glow of his own warm and brilliant imagination. Nobody who reads it will deem English history dull or uninteresting. No one of SCOTT's novels is more fascinating, and few of those novels will be more widely read.' We gave in our last number a specimen of Mr. MACAULAY's style in the first volume. Let us now show, by a single passage from the second, that being, in sporting phrase, 'well in harness,' he 'goes' better and

better. The following sets forth the result of the trial of the seven bishops for a 'seditious libel':

'It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their verdict. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are extant which were despatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. 'It is very late,' wrote the papal nuncio, 'and the decision is not yet known. The Judges and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle.'

'The solicitor for the bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors, for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jurymen, raving with thirst, soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighboring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices, high in altercation, were repeatedly heard within the room, but nothing certain was known.

'At first nine were for acquitting and three for convicting. Two of the minority soon gave way; but ARNOLD was obstinate. THOMAS AUSTIN, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. ARNOLD declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied; and he should not acquit the bishops. 'If you come to that,' said AUSTIN, 'look at me. I am the largest and strongest of the twelve; and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here will I stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe!' It was six in the morning before ARNOLD yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed, but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

'At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness.

'Sir SAMUEL ASTAY spoke: 'Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?' Sir ROGER LANGLEY answered, 'Not guilty.' As the words passed his lips, HALIFAX sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping; for the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point, that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the judges to commit those who had violated by clamor the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized; but the tribunal felt that it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

'It was vain to think of passing at that moment to any other business. Indeed, the roar of the multitude was such that for half an hour scarcely a word could be heard in court. WILLIAMS got to his coach amid a tempest of hisses and curses. CARTWRIGHT, whose curiosity was ungovernable, had been guilty of the folly and indocency of coming to Westminster in order to hear the decision. He was recognised by his sacerdotal garb and by his corpulent figure, and was hooted through the hall. 'Take care,' said one, 'of the wolf in sheep's clothing!' 'Make room,' cried another, 'for the man with the Pope in his belly!'

'The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury, meanwhile, could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. 'God bless you!' cried the people; 'God prosper your families! You have done like honest, good-natured gentlemen. You have saved us all to-day.' As the noblemen who had appeared to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the bishops and the jury.'

Such is the style of MACAULAY's history; a style which is indebted for its attractions to the author's knowledge of the 'art which is not an art' of putting proper words in proper places. And the reader can easily see, even from the two brief extracts which we have given, in the last and the present number, the admirable qualities which we indicated as eminently characteristic of the work, which, we may remark in closing, is made doubly delightful to read by the white paper, and large clear types upon which it is impressed for present and future generations.

FRANKLIN: HIS GENIUS, LIFE AND CHARACTER. An Oration delivered before the New-York Typographical Society, January 17, 1849. By JOHN L. JEWETT. pp. 37. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE had the pleasure, as we have already mentioned, to hear this excellent oration read at the recent celebration of the birth-day of FRANKLIN, known as the 'Printers' Festival;' an occasion which will be remembered with pleasure by many a guest present. And we have, in the wide lines and large clear types of the Address before us, a similitude, as it were, of the manner of delivery of the orator of the evening; the clear, *plump* enunciation of the speaker bringing every word and sentence, and without undue emphasis, to the ears of his auditors, as the printed symbols of the pamphlet will to the eye of the reader. We cannot altogether agree as touching the 'consequences' which are predicated of FRANKLIN's familiar writings for the youth of America. While we admit, as all must admit, that many of 'POOR RICHARD's' prudential maxims are calculated to exert a beneficial effect upon all who read and practise them, there are still others, which if followed out by every man, in his dealings with his fellow, would make us a nation of mean hoarders and 'cute bargainers, without enterprise and without ambition, except to make a 'penny saved' earn 'two-pence more.' In the infancy of our republic, it was well, perhaps, to 'do evil' by inculcation, that present 'good might come;' yet it was not the height of enlarged philosophy, notwithstanding. But these were merely 'spots upon the sun.' We annex a passage from the oration, descriptive of the influence of FRANKLIN's presence at the French court:

'THE appearance of so eminent an advocate for America at the court of Versailles, and the prospect of an offensive and defensive league between her colonies and her most ancient and inveterate foe, was the cause of no little uneasiness to England, and excited against FRANKLIN the jealousy and hatred of her ministers. They accordingly set in motion all the well-known machinery of diplomacy to destroy his influence and induce him to abandon his mission. Flattery, promises and threats were again resorted to. Agents were specially deputed kindly to inform him that he was surrounded by French ministerial spies. When at length it was hinted that even his life was in danger, FRANKLIN thanked his informant for his kind caution; 'but,' added he, 'having nearly finished a long life, I set but little value upon what remains of it. Like a draper, when one chaffers with him for a remnant, I am ready to say, 'As it is only a fag-end, I will not differ with you about it; take it for what you please.' Perhaps the best use such an old fellow can be put to is to make a martyr of him.'

'FRANKLIN was now in his eightieth year. A painful disease had fastened upon him; and his earnest desire to spend the remainder of his days in his native land induced him to solicit his recall. The Congress granted his request. On the occasion of taking his leave of them, no mark of attention or respect was omitted on the part of his ardent and numerous friends in France. His departure was anticipated with regret by them all. His bodily infirmities not permitting the motion of a carriage, he was conveyed to the sea-port of Havre de Grace in the Queen's litter, which had been kindly offered him for his journey. His leisure during this his last sea-voyage was occupied in writing valuable papers on scientific subjects, which were afterward read before the American Philosophical Society, and published in a volume of the Society's Transactions.'

With the ensuing estimate of the characteristics evolved in the career of FRANKLIN, we must take our leave of this interesting Address: 'He united in himself the two great principles of wise conservatism and enlightened progress. He was free alike from a blind worship of time-honored error, and a superficial contempt for those monuments of wisdom and experience that have survived the storm and wreck of centuries of desolation. While he maintained the position of a bold experimenter; of a man who feared not to question, by a rigorous logic, even things that had been held almost too sacred for human scrutiny; yet no one ever stood in less danger of being hurried away by the mere current of innovation. All other things might admit of change, modification, or re-construction; but the great principles of Truth, Justice and Integ-

city could never yield in his mind to further the success of any cause, however beneficial its apparent character. These, with him, admitted of neither change nor improvement. They were fixed, immutable, and eternal; and though he witnessed with interest the first throes and upheavings of that great revolution, whose shocks have been felt since his day in nearly every country on the globe, he yet felt assured that the transient only and the perishable would yield to its convulsions. He had a deep and abiding faith and conviction in the legitimate supremacy of moral principle: a faith not merely of the head or the intellect; not a bare formal assent to the commonplace axioms of philosophy or religion; but a faith that descended to the heart and the affections, and became the rule and guide of all his conduct. This it was that enabled him to view with complacency, and even with joy, the breaking up and passing away of hoary institutions, on which more timid minds were fain to believe that even the foundation of human society reposed.'

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY of the City of Brooklyn, (L. I.) on the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. By JAMES HUMPHREY. New-York: C. M. SAXTON.

THIS address, we are given to understand, was composed only two days before the evening of its delivery, in the midst, moreover, of pressing professional engagements. The reader would scarcely have inferred this from the address itself, which is written throughout with simplicity and force, and rises at times to impassioned eloquence. It is a thorough resumé of the Puritan character and career; and while it admits that what were virtues in the first-comers degenerated in their descendants into austerity and asceticism, it dwells withunction upon the stern and grand outlines of the 'real SIMON PURES'; their 'strength of intellect, force of will, fervid impulses, simplicity, constancy, courage rising into the highest heroism, resolution deepened into a resistless purpose, and fortitude sublimed into the martyr's tranquil endurance.' Nothing is said, we are surprised to see, of the exhibition of the aforesaid 'fervid impulses' in the persecution of unoffending Quakers; nor is the effect traced of that 'strength of intellect' which led to the hanging of innocent women on strong suspicion of being witches. One thing, however, seems well-established by the Address before us; namely, that the Pilgrims are entitled to the honor of having, for the first time in the world's history, established a form of government springing out of the will of the whole people, resting upon the consent of a majority of the governed, and secured, guarded, and perpetuated by a written constitution. A single passage from the close of the address will justify the encomiums we have passed upon the fervid eloquence which characterizes portions of the performance:

'THE Puritans had not the cunning hand, to cause the mimic scene to glow upon the canvass, but they could fill the eye of the world with a hundred pictures which will never fade away. They had no skill to cause the inanimate marble, under their plastic touch, almost to breathe and glow with life; for they were engaged in the nobler work of preserving from degradation that form which came living and breathing, from the hand of a mightier artist.

'Our hearts to-night rush back to the shores of Plymouth. The scenes of that ever-remembered month come crowding upon our memories. As they pass before us, let us read the sublime lessons which they would teach us; lessons of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of fortitude, of faith. We see the weary company casting their anchor within the sheltering arm of the Cape. We follow them in their first searches for a place to build their houses; we see them digging into the frozen ground for food, finding some fair Indian corn which they carefully preserve for seed, but for the most part finding only Indian graves. We see them in their exhausting marches through the tangled forest while 'it blowed and did snow day and night, and froze withal, and some of them took the originals of their deaths there.'

' At last they land upon the bank at Plymouth, and commence to build their humble cottages, and now death is among them. Before the end of March, half their number are buried. Death deepens the sadness which always rests on the face of savage nature; adds painful intensity to the lonely silences around them :

' And breathes a browner horror on the woods.'

' And the dead ' are buried on the bank at a little distance from the rock where they landed and lest the Indians should take advantage of the weak and wretched state of the colony, the graves are levelled and sown, for the purpose of concealment.' What an emblem is that first seed-field of a New World, thus planted in sorrow and in tears! — what a harvest has sprung up from that precious seed! How has it extended over our wide land; around our mediterranean lakes; along our globe-embracing rivers; across prairies broader than kingly provinces; over states larger than royal realms! How has it spread from the resounding sea to the vast central mountains! — ay, and over and beyond them; even now, while I speak, encircling the silent shores of the great Tranquil Ocean!

We have omitted to state that the Address is published at the request of the New-England Society of Brooklyn, and that its execution reflects credit upon their care and liberality.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By THOMAS B. SHAW, B. A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial College of Saint Petersburg. In one volume. pp. 435. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THIS is a valuable and very interesting volume, which for various merits, will gradually find its way to all libraries. It is all that it claims to be, a 'useful outline introduction to English literature, both to the English and the foreign student. It is a successful attempt to describe the causes, instruments, and nature of those great revolutions in taste which form what are termed 'Schools of Writing.' In order to do this, and to mark more especially those broad and salient features which ought to be clearly fixed in the reader's mind before he can profitably enter upon the details of the subject, only the *greater* names, the greater types of each period, have been examined; while the inferior, or merely *imitative*, writers have been unscrupulously neglected: in short, the author has marked only the chief luminaries in each intellectual constellation; he has not attempted to give a complete catalogue of stars. This method unites the advantages of conciseness and completeness; for, should the reader push his studies no farther, he may at least form clear ideas of the main boundaries and divisions of English literature; while the frequent change of topic will render these pages much less tiresome and monotonous than a regular systematic treatise. The author has considered the greater names in English literature under a double point of view: first, as glorified types and noble expressions of the religious, social, and intellectual physiognomy of their times; and secondly, in their own individuality. The sketches of the great BACONIAN revolution in philosophy, of the state of the Drama under ELIZABETH and JAMES the First, of the intellectual character of the Commonwealth and Restoration, of the romantic school of fiction, of BYRONISM, and of the present tendencies of poetry, will be found to possess great interest; and it is the first attempt to treat, in a popular manner, questions hitherto neglected in elementary books, but which the increased intelligence of the present age renders it no longer expedient to pass over without remark. The present volume will be followed by a second, nearly similar in bulk, and divided into the same number of chapters, containing a selection of choice passages from the writers treated of in these pages.' So well pleased have we been in the perusal of the present volume, that we shall look with interest for the other, here promised. The author has shown himself fully competent to the task which he has imposed upon himself.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'FOOT-PRINTS OF IZAAK WALTON.' — Many hearty thanks to 'J. T. F.' for the sketch which ensues. 'I will now lead you,' says the gentle and pious IZAAK WALTON, in his '*Complete Angler*,' to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' Let us, in a kindred spirit, follow our appreciative and nature-loving correspondent to one of the scenes immortalized by WALTON himself; where he and his piscatory confreres full often 'wiled from the silver stream the speckled prey.' And, good Gothamite, as we so follow our friend, let us think of the chained streams, now 'silent as the ground,' which the blander airs of March shall liberate to the sun; which the soft showers of April shall 'dissolve in music;' and which May shall people with the beautiful, the 'vari-spotted trout!' Ah, it is a pleasure, on this water-cold, boisterous February day to think of these things, in connection with the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, and the hundred trout-streams which will soon throw themselves into the Delaware, and the Susquehanna, and the Chenango, along the line of that great iron thoroughfare! We venture to predict, that within three months from this present writing there will have been a thousand persons 'gone a-fishing' in those streams and their tributaries.

—
ED. КРИКВАРОВКА.

'I AWOKE in London one fine sunny summer morning, possessed with that same longing for the river side which filled the breast of honest VIATOR when he heard the wind singing in his chamber window nearly two hundred years ago. I determined to stretch my legs up Tottenham-Hill and follow on toward Ware and the river Lea, before night-fall; and though I could hardly hope to find an evening welcome at the Thatched-House in Hoddesden, where the Master and Scholar turned in at the close of that still May-day and refreshed themselves with a cup of drink and a little rest, I resolved to reconnoitre the haunts of old IZAAK, peradventuring I might be so fortunate as to take a trout from one of those clear cold streams on whose flowery banks he had so often mused.

'It is delightful, says GEOFFREY CRAYON, to saunter along those limpid streams which wander like veins of silver through the bosom of this beautiful country; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery; sometimes winding through ornamented grounds; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, where the fresh grass is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retirements. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the spot gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing; which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of the peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of

the still water, and skimming transiently about its glassy surface. 'When I would beget content,' says IZAAK WALTON, 'and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of ALMIGHTY GOD, I will walk the meadows of some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not why) by the goodness of the God of Nature; and therefore trust in him.'

'I had engaged a burly youth to call at my lodgings before sun-rise with his clumsy vehicle, intending to stop on my way through the country at one or two places on the road. One of these spots of interest, which lay directly in the route, is the Bell-Inn at Edmonston, immortalized by COWPER in JOHN GILPIN's ride; and the other the town of Enfield, formerly celebrated for its chase, and more latterly the residence for a season of the author of Elia. My sleepy urchin outstaid his hour so abominably that I was obliged to push on with barely a glance at these places; passing rapidly also by Waltham Cross and Cardinal WOLSEY's manor-house.

'Seventeen miles and a half distant from London, standing at the farther end of Hoddesden in Hertfordshire, we came upon a low cottage, surrounded by a honey-suckle hedge, which promised a shady retreat from the heat of the day, and we accordingly asked the privilege of a seat in the ample back-room, whose nicely-sanded floor, seen through the window, invited the passer-by to repose. As the little hostess bustled about the apartment, switching here and there a dusty spot with her apron, (we had taken the good woman by surprise,) I delighted to imagine this the identical Thatched-House to which the hunter acknowledged himself to have been 'angled on with so much pleasure.' I took out of my pocket a little copy of 'The Complete Angler,' and commenced reading as I sat lolling out of the low windows. The afternoon was calm and delightful. The perfumed vines, during a gently falling shower, filled every nook and corner of the cottage with their delicious fragrance. Verdant meadows stretched away to the right as far as the eye could follow their ample bounds while above them, trilling a thousand cheerful melodies, rose high 'the nimble musicians of the air.' No wonder the contemplative spirit of the devout old angler recognised so much hearty satisfaction in these rural scenes, and that he thought of them as CHARLES the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'

'Look,' says IZAAK; 'under that broad beech tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea. . . . As I thus sat,' he continues, 'these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it:

'I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possessed joys not promised in my birth.'

'With what an honest, earnest zeal, too, the good old man discourses of the innocence of his pastime, insisting all the while that there is no life so happy and pleasant withal as the life of a well-governed Angler; winding up his strain of eulogy with a sweet little poem, prefaced with:

'Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of Angling as Dr. BOTTLER said of strawberries: 'Doubtless GOD could have made a better berry, but doubtless GOD never did;' and so, if I might be judge, GOD never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'

'After refreshing ourselves with an ample portion of the fruit so highly extolled by the worthy BOTZLER, to which the good dame of the cottage added a bowl of her richest cream, we proceeded leisurely along the flower-enamelled road-side to Amwell Hill. It was here, down at the bottom of that hill, in that meadow chequered with water-lilies, the dogs 'put down an otter,' to the great delight of Mr. WALTON and his companion. Here too he wandered in his old age with OLIVER HENLEY, 'that noted fisher,' who anointed his bait so secretly with the oil of ivy-berries, incorporating a kind of smell that was so irresistible to trout. Leaning over that little bridge, spanning so prettily the swift current below, we can imagine him busily occupied with his line, especially in such days and times as he tells us he was wont to lay aside business and go a-fishing with honest NAR and R. ROZ; 'but they are gone, he adds pathetically, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow, that passes away and returns not.'

'About a mile from the village we fell in with a couple of lads returning home with a fine basket of trout, the largest I had ever seen. We joined this lucky party and went on toward Ware, conversing with these small gentlemen on the fishing merits of the River Lea compared with other English streams. Of course *their* river was the only water worth mentioning; and I was glad to find these young disciples of the rod knew how to appreciate fish whose ancestors had been tickled nearly two centuries ago by the great master of Angling. They had heard their fathers say there was a WALTON once who lived in Amwell, and knew his art.

'Although the author of the 'The Complete Angler' visited many of the noted fishing places all over England, and knew the Wye, the Trent, and the Dove by heart, no doubt, it is certain that he most frequented the River Lea, which has its source above Ware in Hertfordshire, and falls into the Thames a little below Blackwall. Before he removed from London his favorite recreation was angling, which he seems to have pursued with increasing zest till within a short time of his death, which happened at the age of ninety, in Winchester, in 1683, at the house of his friend Dr. WILLIAM HAWKINS.

'In the old Norman south transept of one of the chapels belonging to the cathedral, lie entombed the bones of this good old man. As I read the poor inscription to his memory, chiselled on the large black marble stone at Winchester, I felt a momentary regret that a more fitting resting-place had not been allotted him. There is a quiet nook in Staffordshire, near by a spot where he was accustomed to pass much of his time, where a smooth stream runs murmuring round a sloping bank. On this green declivity he has rested no doubt many happy hours during his earthly pilgrimage. It matters little perhaps where repose the mortal remains of a meek, cheerful, thankful heart, but it seems to me there would be a peculiar fitness in appropriating to the memory of ISAAC WALTON a simple unostentatious monument by the side of one of his favorite rivers.

'We drove up to the 'Saracen's Head' at Ware, just as the old village clock was tolling the hour of eight. It was too late to rig our lines, but being in a mood for tasting trout, I negotiated with our young fishermen-friends for a mess of shiny fellows, and invited the lads to be my guests at the Inn. After satisfying my hunger, and their eager curiosity about America, a country 'they remembered,' by the way 'to have seen marked down on their maps at school,' I retired to rest, dreaming all night of baiting hooks with artificial flies, and taking myriads of trout from the sunny River Lea.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We acknowledge the courtesy and appreciate the kind spirit of 'The Independent' weekly religious journal, in its comments upon our last number. While we are well pleased that the 'choice articles' from our 'Original Papers' should have found favor in the editor's eyes, and not a little gratified that he should include the 'polished and graceful pen' that records this unpremeditated 'Gossip' in a kindred category, we are yet grieved that he should have found matter for condemnation in 'the earnest and devout exhortations of a negro-preacher, at variance with the rules of grammar and rhetoric, and the imputed inconsistencies of a nameless deacon.' The editor, let us hope, will do us the simple justice to believe that we should greatly reluct at doing violence to the 'religious feelings' of a single reader of this Magazine. It is almost impossible to preserve the *characteristics* of persons concerning whom, on the authority of correspondents, anecdotes are related, without employing the rough-hewn terms which they themselves used. As to the 'consecrated cobblers,' the 'sacred and silly gentlemen,' as the Rev. SIDNEY SMITH terms them, who bring contempt upon the religion they deem themselves especially anointed to proclaim, by ignorance and presumption such as were displayed by the 'nameless deacon' aforesaid, we consider them fair subjects of exposure. We are glad to see that in the same columns of 'The Independent' in which our humble labors are commended and our taste rebuked, there are two religious passages taken from the same pages in which these indicated qualities are said to be exemplified. . . . THEY are beginning in England to disaffect the idea of the QUEEN'S having a pensioned poet-laureate to sing her praises and extol her government. Hence it is that that cleverest of parodists, 'BON GAULTIER,' imparts to ALFRED TENNYSON this bit of verse :

'T is I would be the laureate bold !
When the days are hot and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her MAJESTY'S footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord,
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth, green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds as listless as I,
Lazily, lazily !

'Oh ! that would be the life for me !
With plenty to get, and nothing to do,
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,
Trance-somely, trance-somely.
Then the chambermaids that clean the rooms
Would come to the windows and rest on their brooms,
With their saucy caps and their crispéd hair,
And they'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
And say to each other, 'Just look down there
At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
Handsomely, handsomely !'

THAT is a very curious and entertaining booklet, recently issued from the press of our old friend REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall ; the liberally-illustrated treatise, namely, entitled 'Outlines of a new System of Physiognomy,' by J. W. REDFIELD, M. D. The author's arguments are not founded, like LAVATER's, upon merely general delineations of different features of the human face. He is particular and specific in the designation of all his physical and mental resemblances, and insists, always with a strong array of proofs, that his theory cannot be shaken. The closest study of the

human face for years, the most complete examination into the minutæ involved in his system, has emboldened the author to announce it as a science, standing upon an irrefragable basis. Our author is very strong in the 'article' of noses. He gives us drawings of the combative, the relative defensive, the large self-defensive, the aggressive, the imitative, the acquisitive, the reflective, the interrogative, the metaphorical, the secretive, and the suspicious proboscis, with a dozen other distinctively-characteristic noses, which we cannot conveniently 'take hold of' at this present writing. 'We beg leave,' as newspaper advertisers say, 'to call the attention of our 'customers' to the sign or symbol of 'analogy,' as indisputably demonstrated in the 'fore-going' (who ever saw a 'following?') nose :

'THE sign is seen to be large in this profile of LAVATER. The deficiency of this faculty and its sign is to be observed in those who incline to think of the mind as if it were a development



from the body and external circumstances; and who thus, in studying the mind, proceed from effects to causes, and fail to discover truth. One who has a large sign of this faculty regards the mind of chief importance, and as acting upon the body and manifesting itself in and through material organs. It is very easy for such a person to see that every thing of the body is an index of something prior in the mind; and although he may not discover the exact science of Physiognomy, he will be a firm if not an enthusiastic believer in the existence of such a science. The followers of the BACONIAN method in mental philosophy could never gain much knowledge; and those who study the mind abstractly, and not in its relation to and action upon the body, have been as unsuccessful as the others. But GALL, LAVATER, and many of the ancient philosophers, as ARISTOTLE and THEOPHRASTUS, pursued an opposite method in relation to the mind, and studied character in the features and expressions of the face, the form and size of the head, and other external developments. The sign of this faculty is

larger in the ancient philosophers, who excelled in moral and intellectual science, and less in the modern philosophers, who excel in physical science.'

Now any body knows, who knows what every body knows who knows what 'a nose that is a nose' is, that if the fore-going nose expresses character, sagacity, and, 'in point of fact,' nearly all that a nose is capable of expressing, the ensuing nose is quite another affair. It is not of the longest, and is certainly *rather* 'retroussé' than otherwise. But let us hear what our author says of this 'high old nose.'

'By the side of a nose like this, a largely-developed forehead shows to a very poor advantage in an intellectual point of view, and in respect also to that force and sagacity which should accompany intelligence, as we see by comparing this figure with the fore-going. There is hardly any person to be found so deficient in a talent for physiognomy, unless it be one with such a nose as this, (ah! the satirical knave!) as not to perceive that the grand fault of this face is the nose, and that the fault in the nose is a deficiency in most of those faculties the signs of which have been pointed out. You will remember, however, that the signs of character in the face do not contradict the discoveries of GALL. They explain the exceptions; and it is most true, that if a fine development of the intellectual lobe of the brain accompanies large signs of intellect in the nose, there is more intelligence indicated than if the case is otherwise. The face indicates the voluntary action of the mental faculties; the brain indicates their endurance, without which they could not sustain long-continued exercise.'



Never follow a man who follows such a nose as the 'subjoined;' have nothing to do with such a proboscis as 'the annexed.' Cur'ous, is n't it, that the habit here indi-

cated of touching the end of the nose should be the very sign of suspicion conveyed by what DICKENS terms the 'visionary coffee-mill;' the 'No-ye-do n't' expression, which is *italicized* by joining the little finger of the other hand to the little finger of the hand represented in the cut, and then 'gyrating,' with a 'sinistere looke out fro' the eyn?' Does n't this nose say, as plain as a nose can speak, (and many a keen 'Yankee,' as the English call us, speaks through this organ entirely,) 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

'The faculty of *Suspicion* is indicated in the length of the nose from the root downward, at a right angle with the sign of inquisitiveness, as we see in the accompanying engraving. When a person touches the end of his nose in this manner, he points out the sign of suspicion, without being aware that he is a physiognomist. Such a nose indicates a person of quick apprehension, one too inclined to suspect the motives and intentions of others, and too apprehensive of dangers and difficulties. It is easily seen that this faculty enables a person to judge well of character, except when morbidly active. Even in some of the lower animals it gives a wonderful insight into character, as in the crow, the raven, the fox, the dog, the elephant, and many others, which have the sign of suspicion or consciousness very large.'



Step in, reader, at the publisher's, Clinton-Hall, and purchase a copy of these physiological 'Outlines.' They will instruct, amuse, and perhaps 'convict' you. . . . PUNCH has been trying his hand at English hexameters, after the manner of LONGFELLOW's 'Evangeline.' The imitation is entitled 'Dollarine, a Tale of California,' by Professor W. H. LONGSHORTFELLOW, of Cambridge, Connecticut.' It 'opens rich':

'In St. Francisco located was NATHAN JERICHO BOWIE;
Down by the wharf on the harbor he traded in liquors and dry-goods;
Darned hard knot at a deal, at Meetin' a powerful elder.
There at his store, in the shade, they met, embraced and enlightened
Traders and trappers and capt'ns, and lawyers and editors also.
Freely they liquored and chewed, indulgin' in expectoration,
Rockin' with heels over heads, and whittlin', laborious, the counter.
Like dough-nut at a frolic, or yellow pine stump in a clearin',
Sharp as a backwoodsman's axe, and 'cute as a bachelor beaver,
Glimmered, through clouds of Virginny, the cypherin' mug of NATHANIEL.'

'Came from the diggin's a stranger, with two carpet-bags full of goold-dust;
NATHAN discovered the fact, as he traded a pinch for a gin-sling;
And as that stranger loafed, through the bar, from parlor to bed-room,
Streams of the glorious sand oozed out through a hole in his trowsers.
Gathered the rumor and grew, and soon rose a sudden demand for
Calabash, can, keg and kettle; and NATHAN's prime lot of tin fixin',
Crockery also, went off at figgers that beat to eternal
Smash all prices he'd thought, in dreams even, of e'er realisin'.'

Good flowing hexameters these, and otherwise noteworthy. . . . Do you remember 'Mocha Dick of the Pacific?' — the great whale, whose 'memoirs' were published a long time ago in these pages? He cruised for years about the Pacific, and was not unfrequently mistaken for a small island. He had been made the 'depository' of some two or three hundred harpoons; and their broken lines, green with sea-moss, and knotted with barnacles, streamed like 'horrid hair' from his sides. The old fellow has undoubtedly made his way through BERING'S Straits into the Arctic Ocean; for the captain of the 'Superior,' arrived at Honolulu, reports having seen, while cruising there, a whale so large that they did not dare to attack him. Although he

would have yielded some three or four hundred barrels of oil, yet the 'King of the Arctic Ocean' was permitted to go quietly on his way. Vive 'MOCHA DICK!' . . . THE MESSRS. HARRIS have published an illustrated '*Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, embracing the Theory of Statics and Dynamics*, by AUG. W. SMITH, LL.D., of the Wesleyan University. As an authentic work on analytical mechanics, it is doubtless a very valuable and reliable treatise; but it is to the uninitiated that it will present the most lively attractions. We were much struck with the beauty and force of the ensuing passage. It cannot fail to carry conviction to every candid mind:

'LET the centre of force be at S, the origin of coördinates, $SP \Rightarrow$ the radius vector of the particle at P, $P'P = ds$ an element of its path, coinciding with the tangent PT, $w = \angle PST$ the angle made by the radius vector with the axis of x, $P'SP = d\omega$ the angle described by the radius vector in the indefinitely small time dt , and $mP'dr$ the increment or decrement of the radius vector in the same time. Let the P ∞ be described with S as a centre, and radius SP, and the arc $m\pi$ with the radius $S\pi = 1$.'

Certainly; *that's* the way to do it, where the 'area of the sector' is left out; which ought always to be done, if possible, where either the increment or decrement of the radius-vector equals the x-crement of a plane rectilinear-triangle at AB! This case is well stated by a Welch writer in the following passage:

'Y MAE boddlonrwydd yn troi pobpeth fyddo yn agos ato i'r perffethrwydd uwchaf y mae yn ddichonadwy lldo gyrhaedd. Pelydra bob metel, a chyfoethoga y plwm â holl gynneddfau yr aur: gwna y mwg yn ffiam; y ffiam yn oleuni, a'r goleuni yn ogoniant: un pelydr o hono a wasgara boen, gofal, a phruddglwylfni, oddiwrth y person y dysgyna arno. Yn fyr, y mae ei bresenoldeb yn newid yn naturiol bob lle i fath o nefoedd.'

We hope 'here be truths,' and that all doubters will now 'possess themselves in much contentment.' But burlesque apart: as we stood the other day up to our knees in the snow which filled the deep valley crossed by the New-York and Erie Railroad, over which springs the largest single arch in the world, at a height of nearly two hundred feet above the spectator, we could not help wondering where the architect first began to work, when as yet all was one vast rocky gorge. How many figures and diagrams, mysteries to the uninitiated, were employed in getting ready even to *begin* to work! . . . WHEN we read, as we do on the arrival of every British steamer, of the hundreds of deaths by cold and starvation in Ireland; of mothers rejoicing over the death of their youngest children, that the burial-fee awarded the parents may assist to save from the grave the elder; when we hear of these things, we are reminded of DEAN SWIFT'S '*Modest Appeal to the Public*' in favor of the 'home-consumption' by the landlords of the children of their poor tenants. Having been assured, on the best authority, that a young healthy child, at a year old, made 'a delicious, nourishing and wholesome dish, whether stewed, roasted, baked or boiled,' he proposed that they should be offered for sale to persons of quality, as articles of food: 'A child that is plump and fit for the table will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish; and seasoned with a little pepper and salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day!' 'The mother, he ascertains by calculation, will 'make eight shillings, neat profit out of every 'two head' of children. The landlord need have no scruples to adopt this course; since having already devoured most of the parents, they seem to have the best title to the children.' 'Let this system be but once thoroughly established,' he adds, as a clinching argument, and 'we should soon see an honest emulation among the married women which of them could bring the fattest child to market!' . . . 'I HAVE just been reading,' writes a congenial friend and welcome correspondent, 'that queer mosaic of SOUTHEY'S, '*The Doctor*,' (the un-

disclosed authorship of which I remember you so clearly established 'by induction' in the KNICKERBOCKER,) which was lent me by a lady, lovely and literary; and it reminds me of an old common-place book, wherein I had 'some combinations of disjointed things,' which may find a place in your admirable 'Gossip.' Here is a little Spanish love-song, somewhat in the style of the madrigal in your last:

'In Sevilla! in Sevilla!
Where the fairest maidens dwell,
Of all who wear the dear mantilla
None can vie with dark-eyed ZILLA;
(O, I know her lattice wall!)
Never did so bright a maid
List to moonlight serenade.

'Summer roses! summer roses!
Fresher far than thine the bloom
Her laughing lip and cheek discloses,
Than those eyes, where light reposes,
'Neath the fringes' tender gloom;
Stealing upward like the gleam
From a dark o'rsadowned stream.

'Summer breezes! summer breezes!
Sweet ye sigh at evening's close;
But sweeter far when ZILLA pleases,
Is her voice of song, that seizes
On the soul, and o'er it throws
Chains like those the syrens wove—
Magic bonds of bliss and love.

'Lovely ZILLA! dearest ZILLA!
Often do I think of thee,
And the bowers of sweet Sevilla;
Now I'm far away, dear ZILLA,
Now wilt ever think of me!
Soon thou 'lt cease each vain regret,
Soon—alas, how soon!—forget.'

To my ear there is a sweet melody in these love-verses, like the chime of a glass-harmonic. . . . We have just risen from the perusal of a new edition of *Plato on the Immortality of the Soul*, from the press of Mr. WILLIAM GOWANS, of this city. It is Madame DACIER's translation from the original Greek, with copious notes and emendations, a *Life of PLATO*, by FENELON, together with the opinions of ancient, intermediate and modern philosophers and divines, on the immortality of the soul. It is impossible to read the work without the highest admiration of the author, thrown back as he is into what we are too prone to call the 'dark ages.' Dark ages!—read the following:

'As for the soul, which is an invisible being, that goes to a place like itself, marvellous, pure and invisible, in the eternal world; and returns to a God full of goodness and wisdom, which I hope will be the fate of my soul in a short time, if it please God. Shall a soul of this nature, and created with all these advantages, be dissipated and annihilated as soon as it parts from the body, as most men believe? No such thing, my dear STRABONAS and CASSIUS. I will tell you what will rather come to pass, and what we ought steadfastly to believe. If the soul retains its purity, without any mixture of filth from the body, as having entertained no voluntary correspondence with it; but, on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itself within itself, in continual meditations; that is, in studying the true philosophy and effectually learning to die; for philosophy is a preparation for death; I say, if the soul depart in this condition, it repairs to a being like itself; a being that is divine, immortal, and full of wisdom; in which it enjoys an inexpressible felicity, in being freed from its errors, its ignorance, its fears, its amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other evils pertaining to human nature. . . . 'But if the soul depart full of uncleanness and impurity, as having been all along mingled with the body, always employed in its service, always possessed by the love of it, decoyed and charmed by its pleasures and lusts; inasmuch, that it believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal; what may be seen, touched, drank, eaten, or what is the object of carnal pleasure; that it hated, dreaded and avoided what the eyes of the body could not descry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by philosophy. Do you think, I say, that a soul in this condition can depart pure and simple from the body? No, SOCRATES, that is impossible. On the contrary, it departs stained with corporeal pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual commerce and too intimate union with the body at a time when it was its constant companion, and was still employed in serving and gratifying it.'

'Do n't disparage the heathen philosophers,' said an eminent divine of the Church of England more than a hundred years ago, in a letter to one of his young fellow-laborers in the cause of CHRIST, 'without first inquiring what those philosophers have to say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages falls undoubtedly very far short of that delivered in the gospel, and wants beside the divine sanction which our SAVIOUR gave to His; yet a better comment could no where be collected upon the moral part of the gospel than from the writings of those excellent men. Even that divine precept of loving our enemies is

* PARAC., et al.; 'sault et bat.

at large insisted on by PLATO, who puts it into the mouth of SOCRATES' . . . The reader will be struck with the beautiful picture drawn by our Oriental correspondent of the pleasing 'accompaniments' by which the Turks surround their children, on their first going to school. A friend of ours, to whom we read the opening of the article in manuscript, vividly illustrated the different light in which first going to school is regarded in this country. 'I remember,' he said, 'that in my boyhood I had a great deal of trouble, in a variety of ways. Every body was served at the table to the best parts of the turkey and chicken, while I was 'fobbed off' with the gristlies of the drumstick. The most dreadful event of my childhood, however, was when I was introduced to the horrors of school. Repeated efforts had been made to induce me to leave the house, and proceed into the presence of 'the dominie,' but I placed my heels against the door-sill, and 'lo! I did resist!' as DOMINIE SAMPSON, our school-master's prototype, observes. One morning, however, the coachman appeared with a huge grain-sack; I was thrust into it, amidst the merriment of the household, and was literally *taken to school in a bag!* Did n't that school-room resound with laughter when I was shaken out of that canvass receptacle! . . . HERE we have the evidence of true appreciation, if not of fair emulation, of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; one among the most terse, epigrammatic, and picturesque of our American poets. He has power, wit, fancy, and feeling; and all, it would sometimes seem, in a double measure:

O. W. HOLMES.

I was sitting in my easy chair, a comfortable rocker,
Feasting from the 'Table' of November's KNICKERBOCKERS,
When I saw a splay poem there, that quivered through my bones,
And put a mental query, 'Who the deuce is Dr. HOLMES?'

'Who is it has a fancy-tree so watered at the roots,
Prolifically bearing such incomparable nuts?'
And will he raise another crop, and round about us stack 'em,
For all the hammer-headed ones to pick 'em out and crack 'em?'

I had lounged within a library, a place of holy dust,
Where they store the wheat of knowledge to preserve it from the rust;
But I knew that in the catalogue, the 'P' or 'H' partition,
There was n't any entry of your primary edition.

And I had dipped in many books, and read some one or two,
And often quoted poetry that appertained to you:
Not knowing who the author was, or where I'd seen or read it,
I wanted much to know to whom to give the proper credit.

And having brought the matter to a fixed determination,
I re-perused the poem with an inward cachinnation;
That pleasant sort of feeling that fills your heart about,
And you sit and smile in silence—if you move you let it out.

That hazy sort of happiness, and gentle sort of calm,
That steals upon the feelings exorcised by HOOD or LAMB:
And so I sought a stationer's, although the town was sloppy,
'If you have HOLMES' poems——' 'No!' 'Well, order me a copy.'

A week or two rolled round, and then the precious copy came,
Rather weak about the vertebrae, but TICKNON is to blame;
A quiet, back-shelf sort of book, that I delight to see,
And bound in paper colored like the strongest sort of tea.

The leaves unseparated, as if saying, 'We are stout,
And if you get what's good in us, you've got to cut it out.'
A very modest title-page, that does n't raise your qualms,
With a fancy illustration of—of CUPID catching clams.

And then and there I found again those jewels with whose sheen
My fancy had been dazzled since I entered my first 'teen;
Those jewels that the 'Daily' sets in lead upon his 'form,
When his patriotism's cooling, and the devil's getting warm.

Those 'fleshless arms' for many years had beat about my brain,
And greatly had I longed to feel that fire-pulse leap again:
Your boat was lost; no wreck of it about my memory stirred,
Save a word or two, (as see above,) and all of stanza third.

And I had seen the 'Poet's Lot,' and read some one's reply,
But then the thought had less of grace, and more acerbity;
For the pretty village maidens had no 'urns' to reinforce them,
But were told to sleep in church-yards, with 'maudlin cherubs' o'er them.

A scrap or two of lyric this, and line of poem that,
Had lain for years within the place on which I wear a hat;
And when they were non-apropos, I'd 'bore' my friends, and quote 'em.
Yet never knew, (or cared, in truth,) who moved the pen that wrote 'em.

'As one may show a toy he has,' some jewel or bijou,
From Guinea, or resulting from the 'Conquest of Peru';
Or twist the wire that's wrapped about a cork until it cracks,
And never care who vintaged it, or who put on the wax.

But here I have them all again, 'a goodlie companie,'
Truth and wit and humor joined to graceful poetry:
I knew in course of time they'd have their paper resurrections,
For such conjunctions never die, like common interjections.

'Tis odd what little taste there is in most of the 'cuisine'
Of mental dishes meant to keep our hearts from growing lean;
They're always serving cheeses in a crusty sort of coat,
On BRONIC bonny-clabber, when we want a spicy float:

Or beef-steak sort of poetry, where one must use a mallet,
And pound away the toughness before it suits the palate,
Unlike your juicy 'delicates,' each one a dainty 'bit'
Of pathos mixed with sportiveness, and feeling joined to wit.

So many pen-like pencils have been nibbed upon the fields,
The birds and woods and flowers, that outward nature yields,
That pastoral and autumn leaves must both remain uncured,
Unless invention's strong enough to make another world.

Modern didacticisms too may vainly try to cope,
Appropriate or modify from VIRGIL or from POPE,
But I'd rather read a page of yours, in calm and quiet pleasure,
Than drink whole draughts of Helicon from MILTON's gallon-measure.

So I thank you for a thousand quiet natty little lines,
As full of gold as if they came from California's mines;
But when we seek your gold we do not dig your pages through,
And wash a cubic foot of words to get a grain or two.

When the colonists at Lexington had first got up their bile,
They poured their shot upon the rank, and rather 'cut the file';
Like our very great forefathers I am moved in my 'internals,'
And pray to meet more nuts like these, to pick out all their 'Kernels.'

Kentucky, February 12, 1849.

C. A. PAEN.

JOHN CONRAD FRANCIS DE HATZFELD, who lived in the time of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, must have been a stupendous philosopher. We have just been reading a volume of his, 'imprinted for himself by THO. CHURCHILL, over against Exeter Exchange, in the Strand, London,' more than an hundred and twenty years ago. His work, which is called '*The Case of the Learned Represented*,' was written to put down NEWTON, whose notions in relation to attraction and gravitation are pronounced as 'erroneous as they are marvellous,' and calculated to overturn both natural and revealed religion.

It did n't take him long to 'do for' NEWTON, according to his own idea. 'I have been very short in the matter,' he says in his preface, 'because I don't design to confound my readers by the ambiguity of a long discourse, as most authors use to do; and I shall always look upon an author who produces a long-winded discourse about whatever subject he writes upon, not to have known any thing of what he was about, or else to have designed to impose upon the world.' He intimates that had the ALMIGHTY, previous to making the world, called NEWTON into his council, that gentleman might have given HIM some hints which would have made his theory a little more reasonable; but that as long as nature 'was as 't was,' his philosophy was a 'prodigious absurdity.' His own principle may be designated as the *Fermentive System*. The bowels of the earth, he tells us, are in constant fermentation, and so are the heavenly bodies. Let us have some talk with this learned Theban; especially let him inform us 'what is the cause of thunder;' in which he 'begs the question,' and a very foolish one, that he may the more easily demolish it:

'In respect to Thunder, we see out-of-the-way Notions; for if the Noise which goes under that name did depend on the Clouds striking against one another, or on the escaping of the Air they include, there would be more Thunder in Winter than in Summer Time; for in the Winter, the Earth is not only surrounded by more Clouds than in the Summer, but we do likewise see them in a more violent Motion. Besides we never find sprung Bodies occasion any considerable Noise, however violent they are struck together; neither do we find by the Air-Gun, that the Air which escapes out of it occasions any considerable Noise, how then can it be supposed that such like Effects can occasion so terrible a Noise in the Clouds as that which is called Thunder. Whence I conclude that Effect to depend on the bursting of solid Bodies, which in Summer Time are most apt to be formed of the Exhalation of the Sun, and that of the Earth, which by their own Fermentation they are subject to take Fire and to dissolve, some with, and others without Noise; the latter of which I am satisfied of by an Eye Witness, and the more such like Bodies contain nitrous Humours, the more Noise they will produce in their Dissolution, and thereby occasion what we call Thunder. As to Lightning without Thunder, I look upon it to be nothing but a sudden Motion in the Air, occasioned by the Heat of the Sun.'

Mr. HATZFELD did n't like NEWTON overmuch personally; the 'moving why' whereof is perhaps easily explained: 'I went and showed him a draught relating to the Perpetual Motion, for to know his opinion about it; and I found him so far from seeing any light in it, that he pretended even the machines by which I proposed to move the wheel were incapable to move themselves! How is it possible for arts and sciences to obtain their point of perfection, as long as they have the misfortune of depending on the discretion of such like men? And how is it possible the world shall be put into any thing of a true light as long as such short-sighted professors come to be the tutors of it?' He thus 'puts down' the theory of circular motion in nature: 'When through a hole we let the sun's light come into a darkened room, we see all the perceptible particles of matter continually move in a strait line, which is an evident demonstration that there is no such thing as a continual circular motion in nature. The principle of attraction and gravitation has no share in the motion of the planets.' This great philosopher, it would seem, annoyed NEWTON not a little; for he speaks of his getting into a 'towering passion' at his house, while he was endeavoring to 'set him right,' and ordering him to 'go his ways;' so that we may attribute to 'the infamy of his notions and the usage the author received of him' this very 'learned' treatise. . . . Is there not something touching and beautiful in the fact recorded in '*The Grave of the Twins*,' which ensues? We have thought so in reading it:

'ONE winding sheet enveloped them,
One sunny grave was theirs;
One soft green plat of silken grass
Received their mother's tears;
And lightly did the night winds breathe
Their resting place above,
As if it feared to wake them from
Their deep repose of love.

'The rains came down, and forth there sprang
One bright and early spring,
Two rose buds on a slender stalk,
And closely did they cling;
Yet never did they blossom there,
But all untimely shed
The young leaves on that holy grave,
Meet emblems of the dead.'

From a hasty note from a friend and correspondent, from whom our readers hear only too seldom, ('frons' enough here?) we segregate this passage: 'Did you ever see the house in Union-Square which has a gallery supported by *Cantharides*? So I was asked by a young lady the other night. On cross-questioning her, they turned out to be colossal women, with their toes pointed, and a jet of gas from each toe; *light-footed* females. Perhaps she meant *Caryatides*.—What is the English song, or glee, that begins 'Down among the dead men'? Is it bacchanalian or political? A cavalier ditty, is n't? If you can't tell me yourself, ask the correspondents in your notices.' We 'could n't say, indeed.' We have heard our old friend BROUGH sing a bacchanalian song thus entitled, in which the 'dead men' were supposed to be represented by bottles which had 'survived their usefulness in society.' More than this 'cannot we now rehearse.' . . . An old odd-looking person joined the passengers on the New-York and Erie Rail-Road the other day at a distant western station. When he entered the spacious car, he looked round in utter amazement at its extent, and the comfort and elegance of its accommodations. And now he began to talk to himself, which he continued 'by the way' until the cars arrived at Piermont. 'Wal,' he commenced, 'this is what they call a 'car,' eh? Wal, it's the biggest b'ldin' I ever see on wheels! Thunder a-n-d *light-nin*! how we du skit away!' In this way he ran on, staring around, and talking *at* every body, but finding nobody to talk *to*. At length he saw his man. A solemn-visaged person, with a 'white choke' tied at that exact point where 'ornament is only not strangulation,' a strait collar'd coat, and a flat, broad-brimmed hat, sitting on a distant seat, 'caught the speaker's eye.' 'Hello, Dominic! be *you* there? Goin' down to 'York? How do they do down to L—? How's Mr. WILLIAMS gittin' on now? Pooty 'fore-handed, aint he? Where be *you* goin'? Goin' to preach in 'York? Aint goin' to Californy, be you? Did n't know but you *might* be; 'most every body seems to be goin' there now.' As soon as there was a sufficient pause in this avalanche of unanswered queries, the grave passenger replied: 'Yes, I *am* on my way to California.' 'LORD-a-massy, you *aint* though, be ye? You aint 'gin up *preachin*', hev ye? 'Pears to me I would n't. I was to camp-meetin' when you tell'd your 'xperience and strugglin'. You had the dreadfulest hard time gittin' 'ligiont 'at ever I see, in *my* life! Seems to me, a'ter so much trouble, I would n't give it up so. None o' *my* business, though, o' course. So, goin' to dig gold, eh?' As soon as the roars of laughter, which now filled the car, had subsided, the grave gentleman explained, that deeming California a fruitful field for missionary labor he had determined to go forth as a pioneer in the good work, and he was therefore to sail from New-York in three days for San Francisco. . . . THE following capital Latin version of '*Oh! Susannah*' was written a day or two after that of '*Dulcis Mae*,' published in a late number, from the pen of another correspondent:

'HEUS SUSANNA!

'PASSIVUS haud pigris Alabama prata relinquo;
 In genibus porto barbiton ipse meam:
 Ludovicique peto gaudet quem nomine terras:
 Delicias venio rursus ut aspiciam.
 Nocte pluit tota, hos fines quo tempore ventum est,
 At nebulas prorsus pellit aprica dies:
 Frigore me feriunt haud sequi apicula Solis.
 Ne lacrymam ob casum, funde, SUSANNA, meum,
 Casus, cara, meus ne sit tibi causa doloris:
 Nam cithara huc domino venit amata suo.
 Conscendo fulmen; rapior mox amne secundo;
 In nosmet lesi numialis ira cadit.

Innumeros subitas repuerunt fulgura flammae,
 Et nigros homines nigrior mors perimit;
 Machina dirupta est, sonipes volat inde caballus,
 Acturusque animam (crede) mihi videor.
 Quam retinere volens mea demum lumina clausi.
 Ne lacrymam ob casum, funde, SUSANNA, meum !
 Sceptum nuper dulcis me lussit imago ;
 (Nec vox per noctem, nec sonus ullus erat)
 Obvia præcipiti decursu colle secundo
 Visa est ante oculos nostra SUSANNA vehi.
 Gutta vagabundæ turbato stabat oculo,
 Pendebat labris ægypyi popanum ;
 Ecce, alo, properamus, et Austri linquimus arva
 Ne lacrymam ob casum, funde, SUSANNA, meum !
 Aurelios mox inde Novos Austrumque revisam,
 Undique delicias querere nempe mea,
 Quam si non possim contingere lumine claro,
 Hulece nigro infausto nil nisi fata manet ;
 Et quando in placida constrictus morte quiescam
 Ne lacrymam ob casum funde, SUSANNA, meum !
 Causa, cara, meus ne sit tibi causa doloris !
 Huc veniens, mecum barbiton, ecce ! fero.

He was a man of sense who wrote the following; and if we knew who it was we should n't consider it 'confidential' exactly: 'A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to every body; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general system is materially affected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate or inflame the mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again.' . . . 'I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake among the younger practitioners in the clergy,' said, years ago, one of the most eminent of that profession, 'than the use of what the women term hard words, and the better sort of vulgar 'fine language.' I know not how it comes to pass that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe. A common farmer shall make you understand in three words that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken; whereas a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, shall still leave you in the dark. It is the same case in law, and many of the meaner arts. A writer has nothing to say to the wisest of his readers that he might not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest of them. Nineteen in twenty of what are termed 'hard words' might be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to the very writers who used them. Avoid also flat, unnecessary epithets, and old and thread-bare phrases. 'Think your own thoughts, and speak your own words.' True style consists of the disposition of proper words in proper places. When a writer's thoughts are clear, the properest words will generally offer themselves first, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. Simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is no where more eminently useful than in this.' Having said thus much, we wish to call public attention to the fact, herewith set down, namely: that a man went into Maryland for a doctor for his father, but the river Potomac being frozen, he did n't arrive in time to bring the physician to his father until his father was dead. 'The intense fridity of the circumambient atmosphere had so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most superlative reluctance

I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egression into the palatinate province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical and Galenical coadjacency and coöperation of a distinguished sanitive son of ESCULAPIUS, until the peccant deleterious matter of the Ethrites had pervaded the cranium, and ascended from the inferior pedestal major digit of my paternal relative, whereby his morbidity was so exorbitantly magnified as to exhibit absolute extinguishment of vivification! Is n't that clear? . . . Here is a 'very nice' antique:

'I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(EMVY, be silent and attend.)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

'Not warped by passion, awed by rumor,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humor,
, And sensible soft melancholy.

'Has she not faults then,' EMVY says, 'Sir'
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.'

'SWIFT says: 'We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest and then dispose of them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.' Item, a rose for this anthology:

'EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven.'

'I never knew any man,' says an old author, 'who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a christian,' which reminds us of the old lady who thought 'every calamity that happened to herself a *trial*, and every one that happened to her friends a *judgment*!' . . . HOMERSEN criticism is sometimes grateful. Take the following as an instance: 'An old gentlemen was invited by an artist to look at a large landscape. There was a statue of AQUARIUS introduced in the fore-ground, with his urn and trident. After looking at it for some time, the old man turned round to the artist with a very impressive countenance, and uttered these remarkable words: 'That is the most natural thing I ever saw.' 'I am glad you like it,' said the delighted painter. 'I thought the scenery might recall some recollections of——' 'Pshaw!' broke in the old man; 't is n't the scenery that strikes me; it's that fellow there with the pot and eel-spear! *That's* the most natural part of the picture.' Apropos of pictures; did you ever exactly 'realize' what a beautiful tableau that is in SHELLY of an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight:

'A SHAFT of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein;
Feather and scale inextricably blended.
The serpent's mottled and many-colored skin
Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined within,
By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustained a crested head, which warily
Shifted and glanced before the eagle's steadfast eye.'

How marvellously the crinkling scales live and move in the word '*inextricably*!' By-the-by, 'speaking of SHELLY,' did you ever know a little fellow by the name of NATHANIEL SHELLY? — one of the crustacea? He was complaining that some one had insulted him by sending him a letter addressed 'NAT. SHELLY.' 'Why' said a

friend, 'I do n't see any thing insulting in that: 'NAT.' is an abbreviation of NATHANIEL.' 'I know it,' said the little man, 'but curse his impudence! he spelt it with a G, — GNAT!' 'That was taking liberties with a man's cognovit,' as Mrs. PARTINGTON would say. . . . Who is 'H. MELVIL,' the eloquent divine, who in preaching from this text on Heaven, '*There shall be no Night there,*' has the following admirable sentences? We would fain know more of him:

"*THERE shall be no night there:* children of affliction, hear ye this: pain cannot enter, grief cannot exist in the atmosphere of heaven; no tears are shed there, no graves opened, no friends removed; and never, for a lonely moment, does even a fitting cloud shadow the deep rapture of tranquillity. '*There shall be no night there:*' children of calamity, hear ye this: no baffled plans there, no frustrated hopes, no sudden disappointments; but one rich tide of happiness shall roll through eternity, and deepen as it rolls. '*There shall be no night there:*' ye who are struggling with a corrupt nature, hear ye this: the night is the season of crime; it throws its mantle over a thousand enormities which shun the face of day; but there shall be no temptation *there*, no sinful desires to resist, no evil heart to battle with. Oh, this mortal must have put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption, ere we can know all the meaning and richness of the description which makes heaven a place without night! I behold even now man made equal with the angels, no longer the dwarfish thing which at the best he is, while confined to this narrow stage, but grown into mighty stature, so that he moves amid the highest, with capacities as vast and energies as unabating. I behold the page of universal truth spread before him, no obscurity on a single line, and the brightness not dazzling the vision. I behold the removal of all mistake, of all misconception; conjectures have given place to certainties, controversies are ended, difficulties are solved, prophecies are completed, parables are interpreted. I behold the hushing of every grief, the wiping away of every tear, the prevention of every sorrow, the communication of every joy!

The sustained eloquence of this passage is seldom exceeded in modern pulpit discourses. Its characteristics are simplicity and perspicuity. . . . 'C.'s '*Pathetic Tale*' is not genuine. We would wager, if we ever laid or accepted wagers of any kind, that the story recorded by 'C.' is the offspring of a 'pumped-up' feeling. If personally we knew him, perhaps we might say of him (hardly, though,) as a gentleman did of an affected clergyman, of whom a lady asked, coming out of church, 'Was not that a very *moving* discourse?' 'Yes,' replied the other, 'it *was*; and I am extremely sorry for it, for the man *was my friend!*' The fact is, that 'C.'s '*Pathetic Tale,*' to the incidents of which he was 'an eye-witness,' was published in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine eighteen years ago! This little circumstance 'makes it bad' for the man who saw so long ago what 'C.' witnessed 'some five or six years since in one of the most lovely villages on the Saint Lawrence!' . . . A 'DOWN-EAST' correspondent, from whom it will always be a pleasure to hear, tells a good story of a certain counsellor in his vicinage, who commenced practice in the Court of Common Pleas. The judge had a 'rule' that no action should be continued on motion of defendant, unless his counsel would state upon his honor that he verily believed there was a defence, and he was usually called upon to state the *nature* of that defence. 'Once upon a time' the counsellor wanted a continuance: the plaintiff's lawyer objecting, he was requested by the court to say whether there was a defence to the suit, and if so, to state what it was. 'I have, may it please the court,' was the reply, 'four defences to this action: *First*, the note declared on is a forgery; *secondly*, my client was under age when he signed it; *third*, he has paid it; *fourth*, it is outlawed!' You may enter a con-tin-u-ance, Mr. CLARK,' said the judge.' Thank your honor; we *have*. The same legal wag was riding in the cars of a down-east rail-road the other day, when he fell into conversation with a Boston 'jobber.' Coming to a crossing, he pointed out to his neighbor a road which had just been opened, with the remark: 'That's a very important road to this part of the country — *very important.*' 'Ah,' said the other; 'there are a good many settlers in there, I suppose?' 'N-o; there *were*, before the road was made, but now they're all *moving out!*' . . . 'Is it likely' — we sometimes ask ourselves, after walking away from the immense front-

windows of MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, in Broadway, nearly opposite the Carlton-House—is it likely that these gentlemen are aware how much priceless and yet costless pleasure they are every day conferring upon the Broadway 'predestinarians,' as MRS. PARTINGTON terms them? Yet if standing for ten or fifteen minutes, leaning comfortably upon the railing, benevolently provided for the arrested passer-by, is fruitful of so much enjoyment, what shall be said of the pleasure 'realized' by those who 'freely enter in,' and survey at leisure the treasures of art in the extended and well-lighted halls of the interior; now pausing to study a rural picture by MORLAND, the 'LANDSEER of pigs,' who can evidently say of an old or a juvenile porker, that he is 'acquainted with every lineament of his mind;' or lingering over 'Love's Estrangement,' by CLAXTON, (a charming picture, worthy itself of an elaborate criticism;) or studying in dreamy mood ZEITLER'S 'Hungarian Fair;' or gazing with irrepressible admiration upon BONNINGTON'S literal *transcripts* from nature, in calm and storm; or turning from these, *recalling* the awful sublimity of 'Niagara in Winter,' by the truthful picture of GIGNOUX, and *fascying* that you recall a scene 'in kind' by TUCKER'S 'Alpine Cataract.' All these, and 'nameless numbers more,' foreign and native, and excellent in their degree, may be daily seen, and are daily sold, in the great establishment in question; an establishment, let us add, which has supplied a most important desideratum in this metropolis. In the department of engravings, the supply is early and complete. All of LANDSEER'S noble works, as soon as reproduced in London on steel or stone, are at once found here; indeed there have been some half dozen of his very best recently received. HERBERT and HERRING, so fast rising into favor, are also immediately represented here in all their most admired productions; and so too are ARY SCHEFFER, EASTLAKE, and their contemporaries and compeers. One has no need to look at gorgeous and tasteful mirrors, or rich toilette or drawing-room furniture, by which he (or she) will be surrounded at MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS'S; but they 'cannot choose but look' at, nor can they help admiring, the splendid works of art with which the place is replete. . . . 'ONE of my neighbors,' writes a correspondent, 'has a vocabulary somewhat of the richest. The following conversation took place between him and a neighbor a few weeks ago: 'What is your opinion of our Congress?' 'I don't think much of it,' was the reply. 'Nor I, Sir; they're p'ison; p'isoner than the Bohan-Rufus tree on the island of Java!' Meeting another, who was about starting for the gold region, he thus addressed him: 'Well, I understand you are going to Calliforny; which way do you go, Sir? round the Horn, or through the Straits of Marymagdellan?' . . . A CALIFORNIAN ('slave of the dark and yellow mine,') has stopped his subscription to the KNICKER-BOCKER in the following endorsement on the wrapper:

'OLD KNICK. and I at last must part,
Fate rends us both asunder;
My pocket's empty, and my heart
Is sad therefor — by thunder!

'Those pleasaat hours I've often past
In reading o'er thy pages,
Are now all gone; I've spent the last
Five dollars of my wages!

MESSRS. TIFFANY AND YOUNG have secured a very important addition to their renowned establishment in Monsieur M. CHRIST and assistants, from Paris. Nothing in choicest and most tasteful designs of jewelry and bijouterie that can be produced in Europe but can now be *originated* here. M. CHRIST'S designs, of which we have seen a great number, we have never known surpassed. With their vast assortment of precious stones, and such an artist as M. CHRIST, MESSRS. TIFFANY AND YOUNG may defy all competition . . . A FRIEND OF OURS, with the capacity to appreciate and

the ability to record a 'good thing,' has often told us that nothing affords him more pleasure than to look over the startling daily intelligence from Philadelphia, that clean, calm, large village, which metropolis in no sort is not, and never was. A man hurt in a fireman's-riot, a child injured by an omnibus, or an old woman slipping down on the ice, and dislocating her arm, being the most important incident recorded in the course of a year. We have been reminded by these remarks of our friend of similar intelligence given a century or so ago in the '*News from the Country Post*,' of which we preserve two 'items': 'It is very creditably reported that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red Cock and the pyed Hen, they having of late appeared very much together. He yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.' 'It is reported that Dr. CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND christened a male child last week, but it wants 'confirmation.' . . . WELL, we are rather gratified at the interest which is manifested about 'Old KNICK's' 'counterfeit presentment.' It is in the hands of one of the very first engravers in the Union, who will be engaged upon it for four months. It will be issued with the first number of our thirty-fourth volume. Apropos of this: we may say to our Mobile friend, in the words of the colored divine, quoted in our last number: 'Dere 't is, now — dere 't is; you looka for great 'ing, but I spects you disappint.' . . . 'A GREAT fuss generally' is being made about the HARPERS' mode of spelling in MACAULAY'S '*History of England*.' We propose a compromise in favor of DEAN SWIFT'S '*Literalia*' style of orthography, in his 'Address to a Lady': 'Dear Lady, you are a beauty. I esteem you a deity. Your empire endures; O be your beauty endless! By JUPITER! your beauty defies APOLLO,' etc. This SWIFT spells thus: 'Dr ld ur a but. I stm u a dit. Ur mpr ndurs; O b ur but ndlea. B guptr! ur but dñs Apls,' etc. . . . 'W.S.' is adroit. What is more, he is clever. His 'Serenade' shows him to be so. Exceedingly pretty are these stanzas:

'How shall I picture thee, ladye-fair,
How thine enchantments tell!
How shall I sing of thy raven hair,
How of thy bosom's swell?
Duskily drooping o'er summer seas
Lowers the moonless night;
Gently the waves with the morning's breeze
Heave in the rosy light.

'Soft is the sigh of the ravished shell
That moans for its parted seas;
Sad is the clang of the passing bell,
As it dies on the evening breeze;
Sweetly arising from twilight trees
The notes of the night-bird swell:
But softer, and sweeter, and sadder than these
Are the murmurs of love's farewell.

DURING the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching to 'see the elephant,' but he had n't the desiderated 'quarter.' Having made up his mind to go in 'any heöw,' he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited until the rush was over. Then, assuming a patient, almost exhausted tone, and with the fore-finger of his right hand placed on the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, 'For Gon's sake, Mister, aint ye goin' to give me my change?' 'Your chango!' said the door-keeper. 'Ya-ees! my 'change!' I gin ye a dollar as much as a half an hour ago, and haint got my change yet.' The door-keeper handed over three quarters in change, and in walked the Yankee, 'in funds.' Now this true anecdote is sent to us as a 'cute' Yankee-trick, and so it is; but we should like to know wherein it differs from the meanest theft. Whip us such scoundrelly wits! . . . WHAT a valuable endowment is *worldly* 'discretion!' How it assists a mean and selfish man to 'rise in the world;' and how, while it does so, it marks out his path through it, in which he walks with all the respect which he can 'command' — and no more. Understand us; we do n't speak of proper caution and timely forecast. We allude to that sort of discretion which SWIFT terms 'a species of

lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals pass through the world famously. Persons endowed with this kind of discretion, he says, 'should have that share which is proper to their talents in the conduct of affairs; but by no means to meddle in matters which require genius, learning, strong comprehension, quickness of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sagacity, or any other superior gift of human minds. Because this sort of discretion is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few scruples about the way of obtaining it, with servile flattery and submission, 'having no measure for merit and virtue in others but those very steps by which themselves ascended.' Is n't this as 'true as the gospel?' . . . 'The Sugar Bush' has vividly recalled to memory the reddening maples, the melting snows, the pale-blue smoke curling up from the 'sap-works,' the bass-wood troughs or sweet-smelling cedar buckets, and all the sights and sounds of sugar-making in the country, in the spring of the year. In this regard 'The Sugar Bush' of 'C. C.' is poetical, but its execution is not exactly what we would have it. The author, however, will please accept our thanks for the reminiscential pleasure he has afforded us. . . . 'G. H. C.' sends us a 'Sonnet on Liberty,' containing upwards of forty lines! It is the longest sonnet we ever read; and we must say that we consider fourteen lines as good a length for a sonnet as any other number. The present lines are very good, however. . . . HERE is an anecdote of old MICHAEL PAFF, who is now with MICHAEL ANGELO, probably. He was one day showing a gentleman a picture which was 'an undoubted original of the great architect of St. Peter's.' 'How do you know it is by him?' said the gentleman. 'Why,' replied PAFF, 'dere is his signature on de picture.' 'Where? I see nothing of the kind.' 'Oh,' answered the 'dealer,' 'you must look for it in de right place. You see de marble floor there? Well, you see de little slab, and den anoder not so big, and den one long one?' 'Yes.' 'Well, dere it is; de leetle one is MICHAEL, de one not so big ANGELO, and de long one BUONARROTI! Well den, you see in de corner dere a basket! Come tell me what you see in de basket.' 'Why they look to me like carrots,' was the reply. 'Well, so dey are; and what is carrot? Is it not a root?—a good root?' 'Well, good root in Italian is *Bona-rotti*.' HAMLET would doubtless consider this very 'choice Italian.' . . . Most welcome is the 'Chapter on Women.' It shall have a 'place of honor' in our next. 'The Dark Hour,' 'The Actress,' 'Our Winter Birds,' and 'The First Kiss,' are filed for insertion. . . . THAT cleverest of musicians, and 'best of good fellows,' GIUSEPPE BURKINI, or 'JOE BURKE of Ours,' relates a characteristic anecdote of 'Deaf BURKE,' the pugilist. Our JOE, then 'Master BURKE,' was crowding nightly the principal theatre of New-Orleans, and was at the zenith of his popularity. One morning 'Deaf BURKE,' who was giving lessons in the same city in 'the noble science of self-defence,' called to see the young 'Master.' Before going away, he said, in his thick way: 'I say, Baster BURKE, therde 's three greadt BURKES; therde 's EDBU'D BURKE, a'd Def BURKE, a'd Baster BURKE. Do you dow ady thi'g about de sciedce, be boy?' said he, squaring off, and going through the pugilistic manual; 'cobe dowd a'd let be give you a lessod or two; I 'll bake a reg'lar you'g Def-'Ud of you!' The great prize-fighter himself was called 'The Deaf 'Un,' it will be remembered. . . . NOTICES of the 'American Dramatic Association,' (a noble institution, to whose objects we hope hereafter to do justice), BOURNE'S 'Catechism of the Steam-Engine,' TACITUS' Histories, Judge CHARLTON'S Lecture before the Young Men's Library Association of Augusta, Georgia, Professor AGASSIZ'S Lectures at Cambridge, 'How to be Happy,' VIRTUE'S superbly-illustrated 'Devotional Family Bible,' and two or three other publications, received at a late hour, shall have 'immediate despatch' at our hands.

LITERARY RECORD.— We have had great pleasure in examining the sheets of a splendid volume, now passing through the press of PUTNAM in Broadway, who is fast becoming the MURRAY of American publishers, entitled '*Hints on Public Architecture; containing, among other Illustrations, Views and Plans of the Smithsonian Institution.*' The volume is prepared, on behalf of the building committee of the Smithsonian Institution, by ROBERT DALE OWEN, Chairman of the Committee, who has performed his share of the work in the most faithful manner, as the volume, when it presently appears, will abundantly testify. It is illustrated by upward of one hundred wood-cuts, by the best artists in the Union. We can testify in the strongest terms to their great delicacy and beauty. The form of the work is what is called 'long quarto;' the types large, neatly cut, and double-leaded; the paper of the very best quality that could be procured. Mr. PUTNAM furnishes to the Smithsonian Institution a certain number of copies, retains the copy-right, and of course will have the book for sale. The object of the work is chiefly to serve as a guide to building committees, vestries, and other similar bodies, charged with the erection of public buildings. The different styles of architecture, ancient and modern, are compared with special reference to their adaptation to modern purposes. The cost, as compared with accommodation, of some of the principal public buildings in the United States is also given; and the general conditions which go to make a pure style are clearly set forth. Some idea of the general plan and scope of the work may be derived from the following extract from the author's preface:

'WHILE the committee offer the result of these researches not so much to the profession as to the public, and to public bodies, as vestries, building-committees, and the like, charged with duties similar to their own, they indulge the hope that the architect may find occasional subject for inquiry and material for thought. Much of what is here written must be familiar to every well-read student; there will occur to him the very sources whence it is derived: but a portion of the pages are of a character less common-place. A strict recurrence to first principles in art, a distinct recognition of the conditions, not transitory nor conventional, but changeless and inherent, that go to stamp upon architectural creations purity of manner and excellence of composition; these are matters wholly omitted in many works on architecture, and but slightly glanced at in others. It may not be without its use to the profession, to withdraw their thoughts, for a moment, from the routine of architectural codes set up by various schools as law and doctrine, and bestow them on the deeper sources, whence these laws were derived; on the *leges legum*, to use BACON's phrase; for thus they will penetrate to causes, not gather up a mere bundle of results. 'The mindless copyist studies RAFAELLE, not what RAFAELLE studied.' Purity of style in architecture is a point of progress not to be suddenly reached. In a new country especially, in which the necessary and the strictly useful property have precedence, refinement in art is commonly of tardy and gradual growth. There is usually a period of transition, during which the wish to excel precedes, at some distance, the perception of the means of excellence. Money is expended, even lavishly, to obtain the rich, the showy, the common-place. But this period of transition may be shortened. The progress in painting and sculpture, which in other lands has been the slow growth of centuries, has been hastened in our country, thanks to the genius of a few self-taught men, beyond all former precedent. To stimulate genius in a kindred branch of art; to supply suggestions which may call off from devious paths, and indicate to the student the true life of progress; and thus to aid in abridging that season of experiment and of failure, in which the glittering is preferred to the chaste, and the gaudy is mistaken for the beautiful; are objects of no light importance.'

In such considerations as these are found the motive and the purpose of these '*Hints on Architecture.*' The work will appear early in March, when we shall take occasion again to refer to it. . . . We have before us, in a large and handsome volume, from the press of the American Tract Society, a '*Memoir of the Life of James Milnor, D.D., late Rector of Saint George's Church, New-York;*' by Rev. JOHN STONE, D.D., rector of Christ-Church, Brooklyn. It is an exceedingly interesting and instructive work, fortified and illustrated by liberal extracts from Dr. MILNOR's own diaries, journals and letters, which 'depict him faithfully, as it were under the authentic record of his own hand.' There are, in fact, two memoirs in the work; the one of the lamented subject as a man of the world, a lawyer, a politician, and a legislator, and the other as an active Christian man, and a beloved minister of the Gospel of CHRIST. Those to whom the details of his early history will present strong attraction, will perhaps find one of the strongest to be the account of a duel which was at one time projected between him and Hon. HENRY CLAY. The lights of likeness and contrast in the character of this eminent prelate so combine, or stand out in such distinctness, as to afford a very vivid portraiture of the whole man. An excellent likeness of the subject of the memoir, engraved on steel, gives an added value to the work. . . . '*Sartain's Union Magazine,*' for February, came to us nearly a month in advance, well freighted with reading matter and illustrations. Among its articles is an admirable critique on the '*Head of Christ,*' by STEINHAUSER, now exhibiting with the '*Hero*

and *Laender*' of the same artist, in Philadelphia. The critique gives many curious and interesting facts relating to the first representations of our Lord, from which we extract the following :

'The first representations of our Lord are to be found not in the origin of CHRISTIAN, but, as M. MASURE correctly remarks, in the latest period of classic art. For the relics of the fifth and sixth centuries, at Naples and Rome, in the catacombs and cemeteries of St. CALIXTUS and PRISCILLA, though representing Christian subjects, are essentially heathen, as far as spirit and execution are concerned. . . . These early representations of our Lord are distinguished by a touching, child-like simplicity, which has nothing in common with the subsequent melancholy spiritualism of Gothic art. We find CHRIST in them at times represented as a beautiful youth, with golden hair and a long, floating tunic, treading under foot the dragon ; occasionally under the form of a lamb, and still oftener as a fish, this being, in fact, the most familiar of all early Christian symbols. The initials of the Grecian words JESUS CHRIST, the Son of God, forming the word ΙΧΘΥΣ — 'a fish ;' which symbol was at a later period applied to the soul of any Christian whatever, as illustrated in the imposts of St. GERMAIN DES PIES, in Paris. But the artists of this, and a later period, availed themselves still oftener of these symbols of heathenism, in which they found an accidental or traditional identity with certain Scriptural texts, or parables. Such, for example, was the old Grecian myth of MEACURY, bearing a goat, which presented to their minds a striking analogy with the parable of CHRIST, the good Shepherd, bearing home the lost sheep. Such was the myth of ORPHEUS, charming the brute creation with his music ; an image forcibly recalling that of the charmer who could not attract the deaf adder, 'charm he never so wisely ;' and such were the numerous parallels of identity discovered between APOLLO and CHRIST ; just as the Scandinavians of a later day found our SAVIOUR under another name in their God Balder ; the incarnation of Love, Gentleness and Beauty ; and we accordingly find CHRIST at this early period represented under one or another mythological form. But a new form was destined to find its way into Christianity. From the Eastern Empire came the Byzantine school of art, which was in reality but a new exponent of Oriental asceticism, quietism, and transcendental world-aversion. It came with those long-faced Oriental-eyed images of CHRIST, so repugnant to all ideas of personal attraction, and yet so deeply inspired with spiritual, unearthly beauty. In these works the absolutism of art was shown by the ease with which the most incongruous elements may be united under one law of harmony. But the stern spiritualism of this school had nothing in common with the material ease and beauty of the heathen mythology ; and we accordingly find that a council of quini sextus, held at Constantinople, A.D. 692, forbade, in its eighty-second statute, all artists to employ 'any symbol whatever in the representation of Christian subjects.' The great similarity of feature which we find in all the portraits of our SAVIOUR, of this and a later period, is, however, too striking to be accounted for by referring them to the spirit of the age ; and RUGIER is undoubtedly right, in referring it to certain traditional accounts of his personal appearance, which I candidly believe are not altogether unfounded. The first of these is the celebrated letter of LEXVULUS to the Roman senate, given in several authors of the eleventh century, but undoubtedly written about the end of the third. In this letter our Lord is described as being 'a man of commanding stature, agreeable to behold, with a noble countenance, capable of inspiring both love and fear. His hair is dark, curled and shining, and parted in the middle, according to the manner of the Nazarenes, and flowing over his shoulders. His forehead is even and pleasant, the countenance without wrinkles or spots, and agreeable in being slightly ruddy. His nose and mouth are faultless, the beard strong, and like the hair, slightly red, not long, and divided. His eyes are changeable (oculis variis) and shining.' This is similar to the description given by JOHN OF DEMASCUS, about the middle of the eighth century, which he declares is selected from accounts given by early Christian writers. 'Jesus,' he asserts, 'was of commanding stature ; his eye-brows grew together ; he had beautiful eyes, a large nose, and curling hair ; was in the flower of his age ; wore a black beard, and had long fingers, and a yellowish complexion, similar to that of his Mother,' etc. These descriptions correspond nearly enough with the portraits of CHRIST given by the later Byzantine and Gothic artists, to indicate their influence. In the CHRISTs of GUIDO DE SIENA, of CIMABUE, of GENTILLEDA FABRIANO, of GIOTTO, OSCAIGNA, the VAN EYCKS, HEMLING, and the celebrated St. VERONICA, of the Boissecro collection in Munich, we invariably find a common resemblance.'

Our limits forbid farther extracts ; but we have quoted enough, we think, to induce a perusal of the critique in question. As to the attempt of STEINHAUSER to combine the highest and most perfect spiritual expression with the formal beauty of Grecian art, we think that he has succeeded as far as success can be predicated of such an effort ; an effort inconsistent with the subject, and, in our judgment, impossible. We would by no means undervalue 'classic art ;' but the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain ; and as there was nothing higher (we speak generally) in the character of Grecian civilization than a refined and ennobled sensuality ; and since to the Greek, human nature was all-sufficient, so in 'art' the Greek never attempted more than a natural harmony and proportion between all the powers ; a unity of form and matter, in which, however, his success was absolutely perfect. How then may this earthly perfection, so to speak, be united with that mysterious something which struggles to express another and a loftier ideal, illustrated in the character of One 'who spake as never man spake,' and who referred every thing to the INFINITE in opposition to the EARTHLY. Of the character of CHRIST the Greek had no conception ; and much as we admire this work of STEINHAUSER, we do not recognise in it the 'SAVIOUR of Sinners.' Before we close this hasty and desultory notice, we would say a word of Mr. CHARLES G. LELAND, the writer of the critique. This gentleman has just returned from a four year's sojourn at the German Universities, where he devoted himself

unremittingly, under the most cultured professors, to the study of 'art.' We are persuaded, from the tone of this article, that Mr. LELAND has studied 'art' to some purpose. His views are discriminating, and his ideas are advanced without any of that dogmatic spirit which degrades the writings of some of our best critics. He is at present engaged in preparing a series of articles upon the works of American as well as foreign artists, and we look forward with interest to his future productions. . . . 'The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church South,' for January, shows that well-established work to be increasing in interest and value with every issue. No better number than the present has been published for many months. Three of its articles we have read attentively: the 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte,' the paper on 'Philosophical Atheism,' and the admirable and Catholic exposition of 'The Sacrifice of Christ,' from our friend and correspondent, Rev. E. S. MAGOON, of Cincinnati. 'The Witness of the Spirit' is another well-reasoned paper, to which we invite the attention of our readers. The number is accompanied by an excellent engraved likeness of our friend the Rev. H. B. BASCOM, the accomplished scholar and inimitable pulpit orator, who presides with such marked ability over its pages. Will he permit us to say, that the sternness which the face exhibits reminds us of the sanctity which occasionally stole like a dark shadow over his features one day, many years ago, when he was doing us the honor to take meat with the then entire 'Old Knick.' family—the day before the occurrence of the most interesting event—an event too long delayed—of his life! 'Wae's us! wae's us! wae's us!'—how old TEMRUS does fugit! . . . We have received a neat compact volume, from the press of Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, London, containing 'One Hundred Songs of Pierre-Jean De Béranger, with Translations by William Young, Esquire'; the latter gentleman being our esteemed contemporary, the editor of 'The Abilon' weekly journal. We have read the entire contents of the volume with sincere pleasure; encountering, as we advanced, many especial favorites, which it was a delight again to meet. The original is faithfully rendered into the English, without being so exactly literal as not to preserve the grace and ease essential to the free use of our good old vernacular. . . . THE last number of the 'Southern Quarterly Review' is a very good one, judging from the articles which we have found leisure to peruse; chief among them, an interesting paper on CHAUCER, another on 'Legal Education,' by an old friend and correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, and the detailed account of 'The Siege of Charleston,' which is valuable from the facts and incidents collated and brought together in a single paper. We trust our Southern contemporary flourishes as it deserves. . . . WE were about to say a word or two for 'The Paroon,' a little volume from the press of PUTNAM, (from the pen, as we shrewdly suspect, that recorded 'The First of the KNICKERBOCKERS,) when we found that our friend and contemporess, (why not, as well as 'anthoress?') Mrs. KIRKLAND, had made a 'curtailed abbreviation, compressing the particulars: 'A sprightly, good-humored, and withal not a little humorous book, well fitted to interest and amuse the present dwellers in Manahatta. The LIVINGSTONS, SCHEMMEHOENS, BLEECKERS, and VANDERSFRIGELS, figure here, and old Dutch customs and feelings are well described.' . . . MESSRS. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY have issued a neat and well-illustrated volume, entitled 'A Tour of Duty in California,' by J. W. REVERE, U. S. N.; edited by Mr. J. N. BALESTIER, New-York. The work was written before the gold fever broke out, and left with the editor for revision and publication, the time for which latter could not have been better chosen. The author gives us a good account of the voyage around Cape Horn, and clear descriptions of Lower California, the Gulf and Pacific Coasts, and of the principal events connected with the conquest of the Californias. He seems to have acquired a thorough knowledge of the people, the Indians, etc.; while his sketches of scenery, involving accounts of the climate and productions, quicksilver and gold mines, etc., of which there are many, are from the author's own pencil, taken on the spot, and may be relied upon as authentic. We commend the volume to our readers as one which, both as regards entertainment and instruction, will well repay perusal. . . . MESSRS. BELKNAP AND HAMMERSLEY, Hartford, (Conn.) have published a corpulent volume by Prof. FROST, of Philadelphia, entitled 'The Book of the Army.' It is compiled from authentic works, and comprises a general military history of the United States, from the Revolution up to the last battle in Mexico. It has a good many 'cuts,' and three or four to which we should advise the reader to give the 'dead cut.' They're 'pooty bad.' . . . THE volume containing 'Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress,' by the eloquent Dr. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, published by Mr. JOHN WILEY, Broadway, has reached its seventh edition. Emphatic praise, requiring no enhancement. The edition now published omits the engravings, and is correspondingly cheaper. . . . HARRIET MARTINEAU's new work on 'Household Education' is too valuable a one to be lightly passed over. We shall notice it at length in our next.

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CURIOSITIES OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

FROM THE TURKISH OF SHAHAR: BY J. P. BROWN.

No works written on the people of the 'East' have so signally explained their character and feelings, or described their manners and customs with so much correctness, as that called in common parlance 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' Without a knowledge of their language and literature, which few travellers ever attain, it is impossible to hold intercourse with them on a footing of mental equality, and a book-maker is as little capable of giving the world any correct information about the Turks or Arabs, after spending a few months among them, and watching them perform their daily occupations, as he is to describe their dwellings and domestic habits from the external appearance of their houses.

The writer, in his leisure moments, has made translations of some small works in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian; mostly of a historical nature, tending to elucidate traits of oriental character and exemplify religious principles. After the *Koran*, on which all the antipathy of Mussulmans for unbelievers, or as they are pleased to call them. *Giaours*, and which it is to be feared will never cease to exist so long as the cause is extant, their books of history, recording the noble, gracious, and generous characters of the Caliphs and other eminent individuals of their times, is the next greatest source from which they draw the pride and imaginary superiority, of which Christians yet complain, and always have complained.

It is easier to 'amuse than to instruct;' and if the writer succeeds, by means of the following translations, in amusing the reader, he will not only have benefitted himself, in a philological point of view, but also turned his humble labors to the advantage of others.

The work from which the following stories are taken, is entitled 'Historical and Literary Anecdotes from Eastern Works,' and speaks

mostly of the times of the Caliphs. The first two, however, appear to be antecedent to the Caliphats.

I.

'In the books of commentators and historians it is a fact frequently mentioned, and true without doubt, that one day two men entered the presence of David the Prophet to make a complaint. They were enemies the one to the other, and one of them said: 'This man's sheep entered my garden by night, and destroyed all the twigs growing on my vines; so that they and the branches of the vines were all destroyed.' The Prophet judged the case, and sentenced the owner of the sheep to compensate the owner of the vines for the loss which he had sustained by giving him the sheep. The parties left his presence, and when proceeding on their way, met Solomon the prophet's son, then only in his twelfth year. Solomon asked them from whence they came; and they forthwith told him what had occurred, and how his father David had adjudged the sheep to the owner of the vines.

'Solomon answered that there was a more just and proper sentence. 'Come,' said he, 'into my father's presence, and you will hear what he will order.' So they returned with him, and when they were before his father, they repeated their complaint. The prophet then asked his son what more just and proper sentence could be pronounced on their case? Solomon answered: 'This man's sheep entered that man's garden, and as far as they could reach them, cropped off the twigs and sprouts from his vines, but did not injure their roots. These latter being still in the earth, they will again produce in a short time. Let therefore the milk of this man's sheep be given as a remuneration to the owner of the vines, until such time as the twigs and sprouts having grown, they can benefit the owner, after which restore the sheep to their present owner.'

'The prophet David saying, 'May God be satisfied with thee and thy father, and be bounteous to them both,' observed to his son: 'You have judged justly and uprightly, and so be it done.' The complainants were satisfied with the judgment; and conformable to its injunctions, when the vines had again sprouted, the original owner again received his sheep. This circumstance God makes mention of in his book, the Koran, and says: 'When David and Solomon sat in judgment on the planets, they inquired in the subject of the sheep and the tribe. We were witnesses to their sentence, and made them to understand Solomon and he them. May God verify their deeds!'

'The disputants departed, praising the knowledge and wisdom of Solomon, and lauded the Divine greatness and goodness.

II.

It is related in the books of historians, and well known to men of letters, that Nezar ben Maad ben Adnaan had four sons, to whom he gave the names of Ayaz, Misir, Aumar, and Rebich, all of whom

became men of some celebrity. When their much-respected father was about to depart this life he divided his wealth and possessions among his sons; all adorned and red things he gave to Misir, the brown and black things to Rebich, the women and maids to Ayaz, and the furniture and such like things to Aumar. In this manner he willed his property to be divided; and if, added he, when I am gone any difficulty or dispute arises between you, go to the celebrated judge, Efa Jerhemee, make it known to him, and abide by his decision; for he will deal justly with you.

Now some time after this, these four brothers disputed, and forthwith set out for the residence of the subtle judge, mentioned in their deceased father's will. On their way they passed through a meadow where a camel had been grazing, though then departed and out of sight. Mizir, at the sight of the marks, observed that they were those of a one-eyed camel; Rebich, that it was crooked-breasted; Ayaz, that it was short-tailed, and Aumar, that it was astray.

While the brothers were yet talking on the subject of the camel, they met the person to whom it belonged, who, when he asked if they had seen his stray camel, Mizir asked him if it was one-eyed? Yes, answered the camel-driver. Was it crooked-breasted? asked Rebich. Yes, said the same. Ayaz, asked if it was not short-tailed? Yes, repeated the owner. Was it astray? demanded Aumar. Yes, said the driver. Mizir again demanded if it had not honey on one side, and oil on the other? Again the camel-driver responded in the affirmative. Rebich asked if it had not a sick woman on its back? Yes, said the owner. Ayaz asked him if that woman was not *ex-ciente*? to which the driver answered yes, adding: 'Pray, give me back my camel.' The brothers all now swore that they had never seen the camel; and on this they had a long altercation with the driver, ending it only by going with him to the judge. There the owner of the camel forthwith informed the judge that these men knew of his camel, and could describe its qualities; to which the brothers answered that they had never seen it.

'Now the judge spoke to the brothers and said: 'How do you know the description of a camel which you never saw? The brothers answered, that on their way they observed the grass on one side of the way was cropped, while on the other it remained untouched; from which, 'I,' said Mizir, 'understood that the camel was blind of one eye.' Rebich said, that having observed the print of one of its feet was deep, while the other was scarcely perceptible he knew the animal was crooked-breasted. Ayaz said, that seeing the camel's ordure was not scattered, but lying in heaps, he knew it must be short-tailed. Aumar remarked, that perceiving how the camel had grazed only one side, he knew it had but one eye. When they had finished, the judge exclaimed: 'Blessed God! what sagacity and observation! But from what did you know that the camel was loaded with honey and oil, and that the woman on its back was sick and *ex-ciente*? Mizir answered: 'I came to that conclusion from seeing the number of flies which seek after honey, and the quantity of ants on the way-side which search for oil.' Rebich said: 'I remarked

that the rider at times made the camel kneel down for her to dismount, and from the smallness of the prints of her feet knew that they were those of a female.' Ayaz concluded by saying, 'that beside the marks of her feet when she sat down, she leaned her hands upon the ground, making impressions like those of roses; and from this he inferred her condition.'

'The judge on hearing this praised their eloquence, and answered the camel-driver saying: 'These are not the men you thought them to be; go, search and find out your camel elsewhere.' After this he complimented the four brothers, and invited them to dine with him, at the same time inquiring of them the cause of their visit. They informed the judge of their late father's will, and how he had desired them, in case of any disagreement on the subject of their inheritance, to apply to him for its adjustment. The learned judge answered them by saying that it was not proper for any one to interfere between such wise and ingenious persons as themselves. You are welcome; I am most happy to see you; what your late father meant by the adorned and red, is gold and camels, which belongs to Mizir; the brown and black things are the utensils and other instruments, the same to belong to Rebich; the women and maids signify the sheep and other spotted animals, they belong to Ayaz; and the furniture signifies the silver and other white things, which in right belong to Aumar.' In this way he explained the will of their deceased father.

'One day the judge sent them a sack of wine, a roasted lamb, and seven loaves of white bread. He then seated himself near them, so as to hear their remarks over their food. Soon afterward they commenced feasting, and Mizir, as he tasted the wine, said: 'The vines which produced this wine certainly grew over a cemetery.' Rebich said: 'This lamb, assuredly was suckled by a dog.' Ayaz remarked, that the bread had been kneaded by a servant (female) who was ill; and Aumar remarked, that he who had given them the bread was of illegitimate birth, and the son of a cook.

The judge heard these words with astonishment, and perceived that the sum of their understanding bore collision with the touch-stone of trial. Their words, thought he, are not without meaning, and so calling aloud to his gardener, he asked him if the vines from which the wine was made did not grow over his father's tomb? The gardener answered in the affirmative. When he interrogated his shepherd, he learnt that the mother of the lamb having been killed by a wolf, a bitch suckled it; and so in reality it had been raised on the milk of a dog, verifying their words. The judge now sought his mother, and asked her who was his father, to which she, of course, replied, 'Your own well-known and respected father.' But he was not satisfied with her answer, but said he was particularly desirous of knowing from whom he had sprung, and must know the truth. So his mother answered him, 'Your father, though a man of power in other respects, yet was childless, and from this, and on account of his age, lest his office should fall into other hands, I permitted one of our attendants, a cook, to approach me, and you, my noble son, were the result.'

On hearing this, the judge's faith in the four brothers was greatly increased, and returning to them, took a lively interest in their conversation. He asked them how they knew that the wine which he had sent them had grown on a tomb, when Mizir answered, 'That the effect of the strength of wine was to disperse ennui and antipathy for conversation; but when I drank this, sorrow and low-spiritedness overcame me, from which I knew that it was grown over the tomb of a deceased person.' Rebich next spoke, saying, 'When I took this roasted meat in my mouth it was tasteless, and felt mucilaginous, and as all animal's fat is upon the meat, except dog's, which is under it, I knew that this one had at least been suckled by a dog.' Ayaz said, 'When I dipped the bread in the sop it did not swell, from which I knew that the kneader had been ill.' Aumar added, 'As the judge provided us with viands and drink, but did not honor us with his company, and as our story-tellers relate, that when a host gives a dinner he honors his guests with his company, be they great or small, I knew ours was of base extraction and illegitimate.'

The judge listened to these words with amazement; he showed them every attention and honor, and finally dismissed them with many presents.

Some of the following stories will remind the reader strongly of those of the Arabian Nights; and there is scarcely a doubt that that interesting work was compiled from sources like the one in which these anecdotes are found.

III.

ONE of the caliphs of the Abassides, named Metasid Billah, was a sovereign of great good judgment, and strictly just. One day, in company with several attendants, he visited a palace situated on the banks of the Tigris. At the water's edge was a fisherman, whom the caliph ordered to throw his nets into the river, which he did, and caught only four or five small fish. The caliph ordered him to throw them once more, 'And let us see,' said he, 'what my luck will be.' The man did as he was commanded, and on hauling them to the shore felt something weighty in them. The caliph's attendants aided him in getting them on the bank, and when they were opened, behold! they found in them a leather bag, tightly bound around its mouth. From this bag they first took out some broken tile, then some stones and rubbish, and finally a hand of a tender female, quite shrivelled. The caliph, on seeing the hand, exclaimed, 'Poor creature! How is this, that the servants of God (Mussulmans) should be cut to pieces and cast into the river without my knowledge? We must find the committer of this deed.' With the caliph was one of his cadies, or judges, who, addressing him, said, 'Oh! Commander of the Faithful! give your precious self no trouble in this matter; by your favor we will investigate it, and by circumspection and care bring it to light.'

The caliph in that same hour called the governor of the city, and giving the sack into his hands, said, 'Go to the bazaar, show it to the sack-sewers, and inquire whose work it is, for they know each other's

work. If you find the individual that sewed it, bring him to me.' The caliph that day neither ate nor drank.

The governor had the sack shown to the sewers, and an old man, of a grave and venerable appearance, on seeing it exclaimed that it was his own work. 'Lately,' said he, 'I sold this sack and ten others to one Yahya, of Damascus, and of the family of the Mehides.' The governor, on hearing this, said, 'Come with me to the caliph, and fear nothing, for he has only a few questions to ask you.' The old man then accompanied him into the presence of the caliph, who, on his arrival, asked him to whom he had sold the bag? The old man answered as before, adding, 'Oh! Prince of the Faithful! he is a man of high grade, tyrannical and cruel, and continually offers injury and vexations to the true believers. Every one fears him, and therefore no one dares to complain against him to the caliph. A lady named Maguy had purchased a female slave for one thousand dinars. The slave was very elegant, and likewise a poetess. This man said, 'Certainly her owner will dispose of her to me;' but the lady answered that she had already given her her freedom. After this, he sent and told the lady that there was to be a wedding in his house, and requested that the female be lent him; so she sent her as a loan for three days. Some four or five days afterward the lady sent to this man for her slave, and received for answer that she had already left his house two or three days ago; and notwithstanding the lady's cries and complaints, she failed in obtaining her slave, who in the mean time had disappeared.

'The lady, from fear of this man's wickedness, held her peace, and departed, for it is said that he has already put many of his neighbors to death.'

When the old man had done speaking, the caliph seemed greatly rejoiced, and commanded that the man should forthwith be brought before him. The man came, and when he was shown the hand which had been found in the bag, his color changed, and he endeavored to exculpate himself falsely. The lady was likewise brought, and so soon as she saw the hand she wept, and said, 'Yes, indeed, it is the hand of my poor murdered slave.' 'Speak,' said the caliph to the Mehide; 'speak, for by my head, I swear to learn the truth of this affair.'

The man finally acknowledged that he himself had killed the slave; and the caliph said, as he was of the family of Hashem, he should pay the owner one thousand pieces of gold for her slave, and one hundred thousand dirhems for the law of talion; after which he gave him three days to settle his affairs in, and then leave the city forever. When this sentence was known, the people loudly praised the caliph's judgment, and commended his justice and equity.

It is recorded in a celebrated Arabic work, entitled the 'Mirror of the Age,' that one of the Abassid caliphs, named Metasid Billah, was of a naturally observant disposition, and of close judgment and discernment. One day, as he inspected the erection of a palace on the banks of the river Tigris, as he was wont to do once a week, for

the purpose of encouraging the builders with presents, and other acts of favor, he perceived that each of the men employed carrying stones to the edifice carried but one a piece, and that with gravity and slowness. Among them, however, was a man of black hands and olive complexion, who, the caliph observed, lifted up two stones at once, put them on his back, and with evident joy and expedition of manner, carried them from the wharf to the workmen. The caliph, on noticing this individual, inquired of Hussain, one of his attendants, the cause of his apparent gayety. The attendant answered, that the caliph was more capable of forming a judgment of the cause than him; on which the caliph added, that the man was probably possessed of some large sum of money, and was rejoiced with his wealth; or he was a thief, who had sought employment among the other workmen for sake of concealment.

'I do not like his appearance,' continued the caliph; 'have him brought into my presence.' When the man came, the caliph asked him what his occupation was, to which he answered, that it was of a common laborer. 'Have you any money laid by?' asked the Commander of the Faithful. 'None,' replied the man. The caliph now repeated the same question, adding, 'Tell the truth, or it will not be well with you.'

But as the man still continued his denial, the caliph ordered one of his people to strike him a few times with a whip, and the man immediately cried out for pity and pardon. 'Now speak the truth,' said an under officer, 'or the caliph will continue to punish you as long as you live.'

So the man avowed that his trade was that of a tile-maker; 'and one day,' said he, 'when I had prepared a kiln and the fire, I perceived a man approach me, mounted on an ass, who got off of it before my kiln. Soon afterward he let the ass go, and began undressing himself. He took from around his waist a girdle, which he placed at his side, and began fleecing himself. I, seeing that the man was alone, caught him, and throwing him into the furnace, closed its door. I then took his girdle, killed the ass, and threw it into the furnace likewise. And see, here is the girdle.' The caliph had the man brought near him, and on examining the girdle, behold it contained some thousands of gold pieces. It had, moreover, the name of its deceased owner written upon it.

After this, the caliph caused criers to cry out in the city, and learn if any family had lost one of its members, or a friend, and if so, that it should come before him. Soon an aged woman approached and exclaimed:

'My son left me not long ago with some thousand pieces of gold, with which to purchase merchandise, and he is lost.' They showed her the girdle, and immediately recognising it, she exclaimed that it was her son's, and had his name upon it.

The caliph gave the old woman the girdle, and added, 'See before you the murderer of your son.' The woman then demanded talion, and the caliph forthwith ordered the murderer to be hung upon the door of the murdered man, which was done.

T H E D A R K H O U R .

The sun has set ; now gather heavy shadows
 In the soft stillness of the dusky west,
 While in the hush of snow upon the meadows
 Silence and dimness rest.

The breeze has died away with sunset's glory,
 The frozen dew upon the ground been shed,
 And from the misty brow of mountains hoary
 The lingering light has fled.

Now slumb'rous silence, like a spell entrancing,
 In pulseless stillness steeps the earth and sky ;
 The very shadows seem no more advancing,
 But moveless where they lie.

Against its banks the brook has ceased its beating,
 Chilled into dumbness by the bitter frost ;
 The wearied echoes have forgot repeating,
 Muffled, and quickly lost.

The slightest sound the startled list'ner thrilleth,
 Like fancied breathings from the shrouded dead ;
 The measured foot-fall of each moment filleth,
 Like words, the silence dread.

Earth is at rest ; but thou alone forever,
 Oh, restless human heart ! dost vigils keep ;
 Amid the hush of worlds thou slumberest never,
 But wakest still to weep.

Few have thy summers been, and few thy sorrows ;
 Thou ne'er hast watched beside thy dead in wo,
 Dreading the desolation of the morrows,
 That still will come and go.

Thy childhood was one glad and golden vision,
 The echoes of its lays are with thee yet ;
 Thy memories of the past are things Elysian —
 How hath that glory set !

O shadows of the future, darkly falling !
 Already do ye cloud this happy life,
 Still with resistless mandate sternly calling
 To sorrow and to strife.

O frail young heart, forever wildly beating !
 Thou trembling gazest in that future vast ;
 Thou mournest not that life should be so fleeting,
 But that it is not past.

Ah ! shrinking 'mid the shadows art thou quailing,
 Upon the boundary of that unknown shore ?
 Thou wilt not cease — thy strength is yet unfailing ;
 Would that the strife were o'er !

Still throbbing, throbbing, while the wail of anguish
 Goes up for happy ones who are at rest,
 Thy useless life fails not, while round thee languish
 Earth's holiest and best.

Darker the night hath grown with mournful changes,
 Darker the shadows on the spirit came ;
 When suddenly the distant mountain ranges
 Lit up as with a flame :

For from the rifted clouds, in splendor breaking,
 The crescent moon burst forth upon the sight ;
 A thousand stars in radiant glory waking,
 To gladden earth with light.

Then darkness fled, and hoping for the morrow,
 A voice seemed borne upon the moon-lit air,
 ' HE who hath guarded thy young heart from sorrow
 Will give thee strength to bear.

' Trust thou in HIM, and cease thy wild upbraiding,
 Shadows forever will not veil the skies ;
 When light and glory from thy life are fading,
 Then will the stars arise !'

LILY GRAHAM.

Albany, February 12, 1849.

A CHAPTER ON WOMEN.

ALL women are by common consent divided into two great classes, the married and single ; these again into wives and widows, young and old maids ; and in each of these capacities and relations possess and keep in exercise their own individual proportion of human nature. Few women are born angels, and contact with this naughty world often fails to increase natural virtues. We confess to a liking for varieties of character and manner, even if the degrees of comparison must run good, better, best. One would not live on the sweetest of butter and whitest of bread the year round, and to whose eyes does not an April shower make the sunshine the brighter ?

Old King Solomon was doubtless the wisest of men, but he began a foolish hunt after a *perfect* woman—advertised her in the most glaring terms, proclaimed her worth to be 'beyond rubies'—(query : is this valuation the reason why so many have joined him ?)—but 'he died, and gave no sign.' Others have continued the old monarch's search, until in one day some would-be-wiser-than-Solomons have hit upon the brave idea of converting the material on hand, poor as it is, into the perfect article. The plan has met with general approbation ; stripling youth and hoary head, learned divine and famous statesman, monarch and school-ma'am, have all enlisted in the enterprise ; and really they have raised such a hue and cry, and poured upon our devoted heads such an overflowing abundance of 'Essays,' 'Sermons,' 'Helps,' 'Addresses,' 'Guides,' 'Aids' and 'Exhortations,' that it is getting quite unpleasant to be a woman. If we may believe what is

told us, we have all power in our hands, and all responsibility rests upon our shoulders. Motives upon motives, high as heaven and wide as the earth, are placed before us, and we in our relations of sister, mother, wife and child are told that the destinies of nations are in our keeping. It is very charming to be thought of so much consequence. We have believed what was said to be true, and have worked accordingly; but is any body better suited with us? Fault-finding is no novelty in this nineteenth century of the world, and it is an easy matter to give advice; but suppose an intelligent, well-disposed woman is willing to be found fault with, and takes advice graciously: she seeks to attain personal perfection of character and manner. She looks first for a standard upon which to model herself. There being but a degenerate sisterhood in actual existence, she turns to the ideal one of the nobler sex. Alas! no two men have the same. She turns to the women, to find one called 'about right.' She finds that every woman is a 'standing wonder' to every other woman of her acquaintance, and is quite in despair, for she can suit nobody unless she becomes a sort of universal-patent-medicine, good for all things.

Now what is the matter with our women? Are they so very faulty? Which variety could we afford to lose?—which dispense with?

Certainly not those who seem made to act as Human Clothes-frames, and whose powers of locomotion are used to transport dry-goods to any amount from house to house. Merchants, manufacturers, milliners, dress-makers and jewellers would like to hear every child cry, as one did, 'Ma, the trainers are coming home from meeting!' for it tells of profits already made, in a brisk demand for their wares. Then, too, they make 'the wives who become *dearer* than the brides!'

Nor can we give up the class who may be called Human Spark-arresters. There is no denying the fact that matrimony is desirable for the mass of women. We think it as desirable for men. To both it gives a home, a place, a standing in society. Probably no man ever married the woman he first fancied, or into whose ear he whispered the first faint accents of the honeyed words of love. Ungrateful must he be who cannot appreciate an opportunity afforded him, perhaps a verdant youth, perhaps an unsophisticated juvenile, without doubt a man awkward at his business, to practise the art of making love with one who asks nothing more than the pleasure of rejecting him.

Then there is the blessing of Human Confectionary, so sweet, so luscious, and sprinkled up and down this earth with no sparing hand.

Side by side with the Sugar-Woman stands the Salt-Madam; not done up by exactly the same recipe as was poor Mrs. Lot, but one whose temper is acid; whose heart is crisp as a good pickle; whose tongue is sharp as proof vinegar, and whose words set your spirits on edge. But do not condiments give a relish to a feast?

Did you never see a Walking Newspaper? Births, marriages

and deaths, shipwrecks and murders, elopements and family jars, fights and fidgets—if not for the Gossiping Woman, how should we know about all these? You would not live in such benighted ignorance as not to know what your townswomen have for dinner, I hope, nor how they cooked it. It is important to be kept informed of the particulars of every poor family, whose misfortunes prevent their resenting intrusion in the garb of benevolence; and if we are kept unknowing of the way that Mrs. This makes soap, we are as unhappy as we should be if we did not know that Mrs. That could not go but three generations back before she stumbled upon a horse-thief as one of her worthy ancestors. Blessings on the gossiping sister, say I; for she keeps us all 'posted up.'

The family of 'I-told-you-so' is an interesting one. They are the accessories after a fact; dealers in knowing smirks and smiles, 'ahs!' and 'indeeds!' If VICTORIA and her babies should come to spend the day with them to-morrow, they would have been expecting her; and a sleeping weasel or a blazing river would gain from these gentry but a 'Did n't-you-know-that?' sort of look. Such women are not dependent upon others for approbation, so we let them go.

We have known women that were possessed with a spirit of neatness, or as Dean Swift hath it, 'a clean devil.' Their usefulness is well known, although they themselves are groaning all their days, bowed down with a sense of the responsibility that a world made of dirt imposes upon them individually, and fired with the laudable ambition to escape the digesting of their 'allotted peck.' Digging and delving, on they go, all their lives, as if creation itself were just on the verge of spoiling. To them washing-day is a delight, scrubbing is their amusement, and house-cleaning, that semi-annual agony, a semi-annual jubilee.

And we have seen economical women, who appeared to have had an inward 'call' to make up the poorest materials at the least possible expense. The 'taste of the ark' is perceptible at their hospitable boards. Their conversation consists in interrogatories, as 'Will it wash?' 'Will it turn?' 'Will it dye?' The price of eggs, and the blessings of soda, salseratus, etc., are matters of daily remark. At the most joyous festival such a lady is not unmindful of her best silk dress, nor if her husband should die would her grief forbid her looking out some *old* linen in which to array him for the grave.

There is the Get-along-easy Woman, whose aim, she says, is comfort. For this she waits and hopes, and in the meantime is at leisure; reads all the new novels, finds time for embroidery, dispenses visiting-cards, and is as hospitable as confectioners and pastry-cooks can desire. She likes the good old tipsy times, because it is so easy to turn a glass of wine. But she has her troubles, is rather apt to 'get into a heap,' and 'things come to a crisis' occasionally; but what cares she? In the possession of the waiting-maid Faith she quietly reposes. Every body uses her, and every body abuses her. Is she of no account?

There are the Human Rectifiers, who seem to consider their moral sense a species of filter, through which every body's words and ac-

tions must pass. Blessed with an opinion on all subjects, secular and sacred, of course what they know they know for certain.

There are your fine, Delicate Ladies, made up of exquisites; exquisite tastes, exquisite nerves, exquisite sensibilities. Their keen sympathies unfit them for action, and the thought of sorrow crushes their sensitive souls. In æsthetic indolence they while away their days, and hourly they pay worship to the god of Self, whose devotees they are. Two children stood watching a poor little kitten taking that peculiar exercise consisting of 'rotary motion and subsequent death,' to which a nervous disorganization gives rise. 'Oh, dear!' said Lucy, 'what are sich kittens made for?' 'Why,' answered Tom, 'do n't you know?—so we boys can laugh at them!'

Some women are natural nurses. For every ailment they have a specific, dealing generally in simples. For every ache they prescribe a plaster. Benevolent creatures are they! They walk into your internal arrangements with their eyes open and their tongues wagging. Bless me! how the doctors love them!

Mrs. Hurry-'em can never do any thing without a noise and bustle. Her movements are successive rushes; little stirs and commotions follow her footsteps. She is the getter-up of great excitements on small capital, and will create a regular hey-day in any family on five minutes' warning. She hastens to see her sick neighbor with great impetuosity, asks after her health with intense interest, and then runs home in a terrible hurry, and forgets all about it as fast as possible. Yet she is a more popular woman than one who always preserves the same slow, solemn course; who never departs from the practices of propriety. But they average each other, and thus is preserved the desired amount of enthusiasm and order in a community.

There is the Energetic Woman, who makes mole-hills of mountains, and is great at 'accomplishing;' and there is the regularly Lazy and Feeble, who always need help. The former is indebted to the latter for her employment, her happiness, and what is usually as dear to her, her reputation. Where would have been Caroline Fry's high-minded Christian benevolence, if those poor prisoners to-day had not been darkened and made sad by their sinful yesterday? What becomes of pity without misery? What of sympathy without sorrow? Every good action is drawn out by a corresponding evil; but whether the absence of the evil or the development of the good would be the greatest blessing, we leave for others to say.

There are those who are of no value in themselves considered, but are used as tools by others. There are the Impulsive, who do and say a thousand things without a shadow of a motive. There are Peppery Women, who spice life; some who are always writing little billets; some who have a mind of their own, and occasionally one who can tell what she knows; some who overrate their literary abilities, and some who indulge patience until it becomes indolence.

But there are many, very many, walking with and around us who are the true-hearted and the good. Such an one may have talent, or not; she has what is better—*good sense*. She lives to bless and be blessed. Her high destiny is not to achieve any great or wonderful

work, or to prove the perfection of her sex, but *to do what she can*; daily fulfilling daily duties, daily experiencing daily pleasures; her home her kingdom; a few loving hearts the objects of her untiring care; she moves on, and her influence will be felt. *Silently* compassionate toward human weakness, *actively* sympathizing with human suffering, the tribunal of neighborly criticism awes her not; for she acknowledges a higher, and bears about within her the testimony of her own integrity of purpose. With her there are no jealousies, no heart-burnings. High-minded principle has no need of policy or manœuvring, and a soul capable of relying upon itself has nothing to do with the affairs or opinions of others, but calmly, evenly pursues its course. Whether found in the bright circle of social enjoyment, or in the never-ending routine of domestic drudgery, there is that in woman's character which can dignify her position, which can lighten her monotonous labors, as with a willing mind, a loving heart, she exalts her vocation by fulfilling all its duties in a perfect way.

Endued with quick perceptions, and supplied with a good deal of *nothing* for capital, which is a favorite investment for feminine wits and feminine labors, what wonder is it that women are imperfect creatures? Their sphere is a small one; the greater part of the time and thoughts of our American women is taken up with domestic duties; in considering and making practical application of the great questions, 'What shall we eat? What shall we drink?' and 'Wherewithal shall we be clothed?' Whatever the popular opinion may be as to the necessity of this state of things, one fact is certain, that no breakfast or dinner ever came *by nature*; and we doubt not, that if the truth were told, the expression of thankfulness 'for the food now set before us,' which we rejoice to say is heard in so many American houses, is often accompanied with the lurking feminine desire that He who sends food would also send cooks. This employment, with a share of dusting and sweeping and taking care of children, is one of no extravagant realizations of enjoyment, varied as it may be with the restoring of buttons to the right places and the making of shirts to go with the buttons. The tendency of this life is naturally toward a state of 'masterly inactivity' of the intellect. A bright sunshine wakens thoughts of good *drying days*; a grassy bank is but a good bleaching-place; a waving field of grain, with its bowing bearded heads, wakens no thought but of bread-loaves, and a clear rippling stream suggests no idea save that of pan-fish. Before the 'kitten was spoiled into the cat,' there were more romantic thoughts; but to pursue romance after womanly life has begun were as vain as for a specimen of the feline race to expect success in her circling whirls after her own terminating appendage.

To what end is all this? Simply and only to beg that we poor women may be left to pursue our course in peace. We have had a surfeit of advice; we are gorged with excellent suggestions; we cry 'hold! hold! it is enough.' But in vain is our cry; our supplication is but further proof of our need. Then, good Sirs, wise gentlemen, hear a little theory of our own. Despite Mr. Caudle, the wise Mrs. Ellis, that traitor to her sex, the 'Looking-glass for Ladies,' etc., etc.,

ad infinitum, we beg leave to suggest, that though the hearing of the ear may be a good thing, the sight of the eyes is better, and that man can bring woman to his model of perfection far sooner by the force of example than by the force of words. A woman's heart and countenance are perfect mirrors. If she sees a cheerful smile, and hears a pleasant word, there comes to her lips the words of hopefulness, pleasure lights her own bright eye, and her trusting heart will rejoice in the present, caring neither for the past or future. If man would have woman a reasonable being, let him treat her reasonably. If he would give her loftier ideas than household drudgery, or have a companion rather than a plaything, let him aim at companionship. If he would have her act from high and holy principles, let her first see them actuating him, and unconsciously she would grow like both, from her own approval of such motives, and from contact with one who exemplifies them. There is an involuntary homage rendered to the strong by the weak, and no woman loves the man she does not respect. Would you have her cheerful and happy in your presence? As well might you expect to see bright-eyed flowers spring from the white snow bank, and rejoice in the cold, cheerless light of a wind cloud, as to look for this with an averted eye and indifferent heart, be you husband, father, or brother. Oh! the dreary winter man can (and does) make of woman's life, and that without one word of unkindness, one speech of bitterness!

We maintain that even the faults of women are not read aright. The seemingly incessant worry of a mother is but the misguided manifestation of deep, devoted love. The forever 'putting to rights,' which makes home a sort of stinging bee hive, is impelled by a desire to make that home more comfortable. In an unwillingness to assume untried responsibility, nothing may appear but the avowal of incapacity; but that incapacity is caused by a deep sense of personal obligation, and an ardent longing for the perfect fulfilment of duty. The annoying fault-finder is endued with a fastidious refined taste, and one may read in the glistening tears of a woman's eye, at the recital of want and wo, sympathy and heartfelt pity more plainly told, than the avowal of credulity and undue sensibility.

Let but the experiment of a good example be made; let the 'Aids,' 'Guides,' 'Letters' and 'Sermons,' die of their own heaviness. Try but for a six months what confidence, affection and intellectual companionship will do, and hopeless as your domestic matters may now seem, we will engage, that instead of a house you will have a home; instead of being simply a married man, you will have a *wife*; if you have children you will find that they have a father, and you yourself will not again mistake resignation for contentment.

WOMAN: FROM THE GERMAN.

WOMAN, contented in silent repose
 Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows;
 And waters and tends it with innocent heart,
 Far richer than man, with his treasures of art.

D E A T H ' S G E N T L E N E S S .

I MET her when in early spring
 They wreathed her as a bride,
 And trustingly she leaned upon
 The loved one at her side ;
 Her bounding boom could not half
 The joy it held repress,
 And on her cheek had Health enshrined
 Itself in loveliness.

I saw her in the summer months :
 Upon her face she wore
 An angel's sadness, when it weeps
 Earth's wild excesses o'er ;
 She sang a mournful song ; its tones
 Were musically low,
 As when o'er the Æolian harp
 The winds their fingers throw.

The yellow harvest time came on :
 Too brightly flashed her eye ;
 A spot was flickering on her cheek,
 Of crimson's faintest dye ;
 More sylph-like grew her wasted form,
 And slower was her tread,
 Her beauty all was there — alas !
 Its freshness thence had fled.

But when the winter days were here,
 Her gentle song was still ;
 The whiteness of her brow would mock
 The snow upon the hill ;
 And through her delicate skin I saw
 The pulses at their play,
 As patiently upon her couch
 Of weariness she lay.

Anon the spring-time came again,
 With gladness in its hours,
 And through her lattice came the breath
 Of April's fairest flowers ;
 The robin sang his mellowest notes,
 And brightly beamed the day
 Upon her spirit, in its strife
 To sever from its clay.

'T was early morning : fresh and fair
 Were earth and air and sky,
 And since the bridal morn a year
 Had swept its seasons by ;
 Around her bed were aching hearts,
 And voices whispering low ;
 The shades were falling on her face
 So silently and slow.

'Farewell!' how sad it always falls
 Upon the listening ear;
 How many a choking sigh it brings,
 How many a burning tear!
 But saddest when the heart that speaks
 Beats fitfully and quick,
 And the breath that bears it trembling forth
 Comes gaspingly and thick.

Life stilled its current; o'er her eyes
 The silken fringe met;
 Upon her beauteous brow the seal
 Of death we saw was set;
 A single word in whispers came,
 The mournful word 'Farewell!'
 And gentler than its echo died
 The one we loved so well.

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE INSECTS OF A DAY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ARISTOTLE tells us that on the banks of the river Hypanis there is a race of little animals whose term of life extends but to a single day. The one which dies at eight in the morning, dies in its youth; the one which dies at five in the afternoon, expires in extreme old age.

Let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanians should live until he became, according to the views of these nations, as old as Time itself; he would have commenced his existence at day-break, and by the extraordinary vigor of his temperament, would have been enabled to sustain an active life during the innumerable seconds of ten or twelve hours. During this long period, by experience, and by his reflections upon all that he had seen, he must have acquired a high degree of wisdom; he regards his fellows who died about mid-day as beings happily delivered from the great number of inconveniences to which old age is subject. He can relate to his grandchildren wondrous accounts of events that happened long before the memory of the present generation. The young swarm, composed of beings who have scarcely lived an hour, approach with respect the venerable patriarch, and listen with admiration to his instructive discourses. Every thing that he shall relate to them will appear a prodigy to this short-lived generation. The space of one day will seem to them the entire duration of time, and the dawn will be called in their chronology the great era of their creation.

Let us now suppose that this venerable insect, this Nestor of the Hypanis, a little before his death, and about the hour of sunset, should assemble all his descendants, his friends and acquaintances, to

give them his dying advice. They are collected from all quarters under the vast roof of an ancient mushroom; and the dying sage, while they listen with the deepest interest to his last words, addresses them in the following manner:

‘Friends and companions, I feel that the longest life must have its end. The termination of mine has arrived; and I do not regret my fate, since my great age has become a burthen, and there is now for me nothing new under the sun. The revolutions and calamities which have desolated my country, the great number of individual accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities which afflict our race, and the misfortunes which have befallen my own family, all that I have seen during the course of a long life, have but too well taught me this great truth, that any happiness placed in things which do not depend upon ourselves, can be neither sure nor lasting. A whole generation has been destroyed by a keen frost; multitudes of our inexperienced youth have been swept into the water by a sudden gust of wind. What terrible deluges have an unlooked-for shower produced! Our strongest places of shelter have not withstood the shock of a hail storm. A dark cloud makes the boldest hearts tremble with fear.

‘I have lived in the earlier ages, and have conversed with insects of a taller stature, a more vigorous constitution, and I may say of greater wisdom, than those of the present generation. I beseech you credit these my last words, when I assure you that I have seen the sun, which now seems just above the horizon, and not far distant from the earth, in former times have his position in the middle of the heavens, darting his beams directly down upon us. The world in the days of old was much more enlightened; the air milder, and our ancestors more temperate and virtuous.

‘Although my senses are becoming more feeble, my memory is not impaired, and I assure you that yonder glorious orb has a movement in the heavens. I saw his rising over the summit of that distant mountain, and my life commenced with his vast career. For many ages he has advanced through the heavens with prodigious heat, and a brilliancy of which you have no idea, nor would you be able to endure; but now, by his decline, and a sensible diminution of his vigor, I plainly see that the end of all things is rapidly approaching, and that the whole world in the course of a century of minutes will be enveloped in total darkness.

‘Alas! my friends, how often in by-gone times have I flattered myself with the pleasing hope of dwelling always upon this earth! What magnificent cells have I myself built! what confidence had I in the strength of my limbs, the pliancy of my sinews, and the vigor of my wings!’

‘But I have lived long enough for nature and for fame, and none of those whom I leave behind me can hope to experience in this age of darkness and decay those delights which I enjoyed in its youthful prime.’

Our Winter Birds.

TITMOUSE: CREEPER: NUTHATCH: SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

'It's happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
 That in the merry months o' spring
 Delighted me to hear thee sing
 What comes o' thee?
 Where wilt thou cove'r thy chittering wing,
 An' close thy e'e' — Burns.

WHEN the last red leaves have disappeared,
 And icicles hang from December's beard,
 Through the naked woods I love to stroll,
 While the leaden clouds above me roll.

Though the landscape wears a frosty dress
 I feel not a sense of loneliness,
 For chirping voices on the breeze,
 Come from the mossy bolls of trees.

The Titmouse, restless little bird!
 Tapping the mouldering bark is heard;
 His nimble figure ill descried
 On the beechen trunk's opposing side:

And 'Picus Minor' plies his trade,
 Hunting for dens by insects made;
 Knocking off flakes of dropping wood
 To pound with his hammer their loathsome brood.

Snow on the blast is whirling by,
 But 'chink! chink!' is his cheerful cry;
 What cares he for the blinding storm?
 Both have their mission to perform.

The farmer, lacking wisdom, hears
 Thy shrilly note with idle fears;
 Growling, while sounds each measured rap,
 'Death to the robber that bores for sap!'

Toward thee he should be kind of heart,
 For a guardian of his trees thou art;
 Thou leavest not a grub alive,
 And after thy visits they better thrive.

The grey elm, shorn of his leafy crown,
 Finds a loyal friend in the Creeper brown,
 Hunting for vermin in crevices dark,
 That health may return to the wounded bark.

'Quank! quank!' the Nuthatch sings
 As his horny bill on the white oak rings;
 Ill will the bug and spider fare,
 For a spear-like tongue explores their lair.

The rain that freezes as it falls,
 Drives not him from the forest halls;
 Though stem and twig are with ice encased
 His note still rings through the wintry waste.

From the larger boughs I have seen him launch
 To the swaying tip of the lightest branch,
 Then round it track his spiral way,
 Probing the spots of old decay.

Blithe little birds of Winter wild!
 I loved ye when a happy child;
 Now manhood's beard is on my chin,
 But draughts of delight from ye I win.

Ye are links that bind me to the Past,
 That realm enchanted, dim and vast,
 And my paths, through the dreary, drifting snow,
 Ye cheered in the winters of long ago.

May ill befall the man or boy,
 Who one of your number would destroy!
 Ye are never false to your native bowers—
 Ye are doers of good in this world of ours.

W. H. C. H.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY BARNWELL.

IN 18—(no matter when) Tom Wilson and I found ourselves shut up in one of the roughest of Kentucky's uncomfortable stages, travelling over one of the worst of Kentucky's miserable roads. The ruts were deep, and the stones were large, while a young tree or two, blown down, and lying across the road, was considered no impediment by our invincible half-alligator driver. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and hid the little prospect there is ever to be seen in this state; generally dense-tangled woods and tall, thick corn; while, as my companion and myself were alone in the stage-coach, having travelled some thousand miles together, we had exhausted most subjects of common interest, the conversation was mostly confined to vehement anathemas upon the road, the stage-coach, the horses, the driver and the weather. Vain were all our efforts to place ourselves in a comfortable posture. At one time we would stretch ourselves at full length upon the seats; then would we sit on the front, then on the back, then on the middle seat; it was all the same; at every lurch we were bounced almost to the roof of the vehicle, and were caught again with a heavy blow on coming down. Imagine yourself, reader, inside a hollow wheel that is moving, and your jolts would be 'tarts and gingerbread' to ours. Oh that weary ride, through

that dreary day, over that miry road!—the stoppages only agreeable, because they afforded an opportunity to inquire how much farther we had to go. The rain kept falling; the coach kept bouncing; the endless woods were as unvaried as ever, the miry road as filled with ruts, through many long hours; but as there is an end to every thing, even a leaden book, the shower began to diminish; the forest to be replaced by cultivated fields, and the road to become more even. Suddenly the horses, pricking up their ears, started off on a brisk trot, and with quite a dash, like the candle's last flicker, carried us up to the hotel at the Mammoth Cave. The black porters sprang forward to open the coach-door, and the two dismal travellers alighted, with most hypocritical smiles upon their countenances. The building where they were to take up their quarters was two stories high, and laid out like the two sides of a square. Its appearance gave full assurance of comfort and pleasure, in neither of which points was it deceptive.

The rest of the day now passed pleasantly. My friend and I were thorough barn-burners, and specimens of this race being scarce in the heart of a slave-holding state, we were lionized, and compelled (a pleasing penance) to dance with all the prettiest girls in the house. The waltz was kept going until such an hour as made even Kentucky papas, not a very strict class, show sleepiness, if not anxiety. Dreams perhaps of black eyes and bewitching smiles haunted our sleep that night, for we woke betimes the next day, and were far under ground before most of our fair companions in the dance of the previous evening had raised their soft cheeks from their envied pillows. Stephen, the best guide to the cave, had been engaged to show us the wonders, and was heavily, although not unwillingly, burthened with comestibles and potables innumerable. Mr. McCarlin, an Irish gentleman, had requested to accompany us, making our party thus only three; an extremely convenient number.

We paid our entrance-money, and were provided with lamps; unromantic affairs to persons educated with poetic ideas of exploring caves by the brilliantly-reflected light of a flaming torch; poetry in this case having been sacrificed to utility; we then descended into a round hole, much like a large dry well. This was about forty feet deep, and into it fell, with a merry splash, a sparkling rivulet of water. Thence on a level road, that for regularity shamed many of those upon the surface of the earth, we marched along under a high archway of stone, and passing the 'vats,' where twenty years before saltpetre had been manufactured, we stopped at the *Houses of the Invalids*. These houses, or more correctly shanties, had been built for the benefit of consumptives, who supposed that as the air preserved most wonderfully all other matters, it would also preserve human life. We paused to moralize and listen to the guide's account of the beauty of some of the poor sufferers, whose angelic kindness and unvaried good temper had fairly won his heart. The attempt to bury people in order to preserve them had been unsuccessful. The smoke from their fires forcing them to leave the cave in March, the most variable,

and hence the most dangerous month of the year for invalids, a majority of them perished.

Tom was unfortunate enough to remark that the cave would have been such an elegant monastery ; and said that the lives of those who had buried themselves here were about as useful as the lives of the monks. McCarlin, being an Irishman and a Catholic, was in a state of internal combustion immediately ; fire flashed from his eyes ; and turning to my friend, he commenced a discourse upon theology, that, although smothered for the moment by a gracious reply, burst forth at times afterward throughout our whole journey.

We next beheld the *Giant's Coffin*, and admired the image upon the ceiling of an Ant-eater, which was denominated by courtesy a panther. Having made our way through the *Valley of Humility*, a low, narrow passage, that would scarcely admit one of our bloated Wall-street spiders, (it is the fashion to abuse the rich,) we sat down in an amphitheatre beyond, and refreshed ourselves from a little runnel that meandered over the solid stone floor.

It would be impossible to describe everything in this cabinet of the world's wonders ; so I shall beg my readers to consider us as having passed the mouth of *Purgatory*, which gave rise to another fierce attack upon Protestantism, and as now fairly launched upon *Echo River*. The silence of eternal solitude reigned over all ; the deep waters flowed sluggishly beneath our bateau, and far into the air shot the bold precipitous cliffs of the shore. It reminded one of floating at midnight, through the midst of Indian enemies, down one of the wild rivers of the Far West. Above us hung the pall of darkness, unbroken by a star, made more visible by the faint glimmer of our lamps ; beneath lay the water, equally dark, unless when casually a ripple reflected a gleam of light. On each side stood a perpendicular wall of stone, upon the high edge of which the eye readily imagined the dim outlines of trees and grass and flowers. Black clouds seemed to have wrapped all in their embrace, and nature was hushed as when a storm is brewing. There was a feeling of undefined danger and oppression, and heavy melancholy ; until the mind readily converted the fantastic, scarce-seen outlines of jagged rocks into the forms of lurking enemies, or crouching savage animals. No one spoke, until the guide, apparently influenced by the same feelings, poured forth, in his deep rich voice, one of the wild songs of his Indian fathers. The tones rang clear and strong, and were echoed and reechoed back, as if the shades of the mighty dead had taken up the chorus. High would the notes swell, and ring far off into the hidden caverns, and then sink so low as to be scarce heard, while the rushing echo of the first would come rolling back — an answer from another and unseen world. The words spoke of the Indian when he had fallen and wasted before the white man, and struck a melancholy chord in the already excited heart.

The final verse was uttered with unusual power, and as the last tones died away, we heard groans and lamentations, as it were wailings from the Spirit Land ; sinking feebler and feebler, until the last faint sound had passed away. A pause ; and the midnight of

silence had again settled down. The guide's paddle ceased; the boat rested motionless: quietly I drew a revolver from my pocket, and pointing it forward, pulled the trigger. Crash! crash! crash! went barrel after barrel, thundering out, and waking a scream from every angle of those vast, awful vaults; every cave sent back the report, scarcely diminished, and the water fairly trembled beneath the stunning sound. A park of artillery in the open air could not have produced half the effect. Forward and back it tore, rolling and thundering, and reverberating from every wall with a terrific crash! It appeared as though myriads of wild beasts were furiously fighting and yelling, and thousands of savages howling their war-songs. The mad screams of the Roman Amphitheatre, when men and beasts fell slaughtering and slaughtered, were fairly equalled. We stood for a few moments awed, until the last rumble had been smothered in the heart of the earth. Then the guide struck up a familiar negro melody of the South, and broke the charm, at once converting our feelings into those of hysterical mirth. We knew the chorus, and rarely did those subterranean labyrinths ring to a merrier peel poured forth by more powerful voices. The song was just finished as the boat touched the sand of the farther shore, and we had crossed Echo River.

As we trudged along, the guide told us many very amusing stories. He was a slave, his mother having been of the African species, and his father an Indian, and was uncommonly smart, having learned to read and write by seeing the gentlemen paint their names with the smoke of the torches on the walls, and then asking how they spelled them. He was conversant with many of the scientific terms for the various formations, and made me rack my brains of their Greek knowledge to answer some of his questions. He asked how the Greek compounds were formed, and readily understood my explanation. He said there had been few accidents in the cave, although the rivers rise suddenly, and frequently shut in travellers, but there is another way of exit through a narrow muddy passage, where one has to crawl in the mire. This pass is properly named Purgatory, as a means of escape from a worse fate. One man had been attacked with fever-and-ague in the cave, but Stephen shouldered and carried him out, a distance of several miles.

Now, reader, we are among the beautiful formations of *Cleaveland's Cabinet*. Above the rivers the rough stone is bare of ornament, and stands grim and stern, but now we begin to find those fanciful specimens of gypsum, that the fairies, appearing to take under their particular supervision, carve into the most enchanting forms. Exquisitely perfect rosettes covered the walls, while fantastic formations were scattered wildly about, some still pendant, but many broken off and piled upon the ground. Our Irish friend went into ecstasies, and long before we came to any of the more beautiful specimens, had collected huge masses of crystal gypsum, much to Stephen's amusement, who advised him to carry a piece of about two feet square, which, as it weighed near forty pounds, the poor man could scarcely lift.

'Now,' said Stephen, 'lay all your beautiful collections carefully

away upon this stone, and when you come back you will not touch one of them.'

McCarlin, while doing so, said he did not believe he could find any thing prettier, in which opinion we half coincided. On our return, however, he could hardly be convinced they were really the specimens he had a few hours previous so extravagantly admired.

As we advanced, our delight and surprise increased. We were in a castle of the Fairies. Those delicate flowers, whiter than snow; those harlequin shapes; those miniature turrets and domes and trees and spires; those virgin rings of purest alabaster; all supported by a back-ground of huge grim rock. The ice palace of Russia was surpassed.

It was against the law to break off any thing, though we might pick up as much as we liked. Tom and I selected several pretty rosettes, while McCarlin wandered round, admiring those on the ceiling, and begging Stephen to let him have 'only that rosette.' Till the guide, at last out of humor by his complaints, pointed to a beautiful one on the ceiling ten feet above our heads, and said he might take that. It was a beauty, so perfectly symmetrical and delicate with its long petal projecting from the centre. The Irishman was half deranged with delight.

'What shall I cut it off with?'

'I do n't know; with your knife, perhaps.'

'Yes, of course; here is my knife. But how am I to reach it?'

'That is your own affair. Had you not better roll that stone under it?' pointing to a rock that weighed about two tons. McCarlin had only to look toward the stone to see he had been most emphatically 'sold.' To restore him to good humor, the guide offered to sell a specimen, that he had long kept, waiting for some such liberal person. He drew a huge common-place piece of gypsum from under a rock, saying:

'There, that is a beauty. Is it not, Sir?' appealing to Tom. Tom saw the way the current set, and remembering some hard words about Protestantism, eagerly rejoined.

'Perfect; it is worth a fortune; so pure, so transparent.'

'How much?' demanded the Irishman of Stephen.

'Well, as my master told me to let you have some good specimens, you shall have it for ten dollars.'

'Ten dollars! That is outrageous. I will not pay so much.'

'Much? — it's dog cheap. But if you are not satisfied I will add another beauty that I have secreted over there.'

And diving round the rock, I heard him hunting among some old pieces of gypsum from whence he soon returned with one that I recognised at once as having been rejected scornfully by McCarlin some minutes before, when the guide had kindly picked it up and gratuitously offered it to him. Tom praised this one in still more extravagant terms, so that at length McCarlin submitting to imposition the second, paid the ten dollars.

Words fail me to describe these gypsum formations. Go to your garden, cull the prettiest flowers, make them into a bouquet, and imagine

them ten times handsomer and more delicate, then conceive the whole transformed into the whitest marble, and you will have some idea of what lay around us. The merry figures that Jack Frost paints upon our windows in the cold December nights are here converted into tangible permanent reality; while every beast, bird, bush and production of nature here finds a miniature copy of itself. There are elephants, tigers and camels, doves and hawks, trees of all varieties, and bushes and plants, sprouting from the bare surface of the rock, and nourished by silence and darkness. It reminded one much of the foam of the sea petrified.

After leaving Cleaveland's Cabinet, the air became damper, and the walls were covered with moisture. We heard invisible streams of water tinkling along their hidden course. McCarlin walked up to his knees into a beautiful little pool of clear water, called Lake Purity. The water of all these ponds and rivulets is extremely transparent, and in the dim torch-light scarcely visible. I trode into one while admiring the scenery, and McCarlin measured the depth of half-a-dozen. Stephen kindly requested him to step out of Lake Purity, as we were to eat our dinner on its shore, and slake our thirst from the crystal wave.

On seating ourselves for lunch we found our Irish acquaintance still harping on his mother church. With his mouth half-full of unmasticated edibles, and between veritably Galwegian drafts upon the bottle, he poured forth a rapturous eulogium upon the church of the relics and saints; among other matters arousing Stephen's wonder and incredulity, by relating the history of a lady saint who burnt her face with vitriol, because its angelic beauty had proved deleterious to numerous young gentlemen of tender feelings.

'By thunder,' said Stephen, 'I would not burn my face if all the girls in Kentucky were running after me.'

McCarlin went on to expound the doctrines of his church, and became momentarily more eloquent the more he ate and drank, as though he had not room for ideas and edibles both, and these last pushed the others out. He was only stopped when on Tom's crying, 'See those rats!' he beheld close beside him an enormous specimen of the rat genus. With one bound he leaped from his seat, suddenly breaking the thread of his argument and nearly doing the same by his scull, while Tom 'half sung, half said :

'WHAT eyes! what teeth! what ears! what hair!
Look at his whiskers -- what a pair!
And oh! my gentle hearers, what
A long, thick swinging tail he 's got!'

At first Tom had thought the rat was double, self and shadow, but, good reader, the light was dim, and the fourth bottle of champagne had been opened. Upon a stone's being sent at him, our visitor made an instantaneous exit. Though the occurrence had to us been totally unexpected, the guide said it was quite common to encounter the cheese-eaters. He told how a year or two before he had served as guide to a party, that, intending to pass the night and the ensuing day in the cave, had armed themselves with a corresponding supply

of nature's necessaries. After eating their supper, and carefully packing away the surplus against the morrow, they lay down upon the dry sand and were soon embalmed in sleep. Next morning on awaking (how they told when it was morning did not appear,) they found themselves not only minus all their provisions, but the handsome smoking-cap of one of their number had also disappeared. The rats had appropriated the whole, and no doubt had a grand feast. For what purpose they took the smoking-cap it is hard to discover, as rats are not given to wearing such vanities or indulging in the noxious weed. Perhaps their king's crown, like those of others just then, was wearing out, and he thought it a new one. These animals are immensely large and voracious, apparently living on the crickets and spiders that inhabit the cave. The crickets are also very corpulent, and of a light, almost white color. They do not usually jump like those of the upper world, but have very long legs, and walk sedately about.

We gained this information by the time our dinner was finished. Sundry toasts were then drunk, several songs sung, and our lamps being re-filled with oil, for Stephen was no foolish virgin to be caught in the middle of that cave, without extra oil, we recommenced our journey. Although our path lay over rough rocks, the air at sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, the thermometer never varying in summer or winter more than one degree, was so bracing that we did not feel fatigue, and were in high spirits from the wondrous beauty of all around us.

On ascending a crazy ladder through a narrow hole scarce large enough to admit one's body, the guide told us to look up. Above our heads hung great clusters of what appeared to be the most luscious grapes. The giant vine, from far beyond where the eye could reach, hung down in its enchanting festoons. It clung gracefully to the side of the stern rock, and falling off, swept to our very feet. There lay the fruit, in form perfect, before our eyes, half modestly hidden between the leaves. I had fairly to feel them before I could assure myself that it was but the cold stone that had thus fancifully formed itself after the model of one of earth's sweetest productions. It was a painful deception; at that moment there was scarcely a fruit which I more ardently desired, so strongly had the remembrance of its juicy delicacy been aroused. I feasted my *eyes* at least upon grapes, examining the bunches where they were scarcely visible far above, or where they were picturesquely grouped close beside me. It was a tempting sight; in truth, asking for food and receiving a stone.

After dragging myself away from this semblance of a feast, I entered what is called the *Snow-ball Cave*. Stephen illumined it with a Bengal-light. The gypsum had formed over the ceiling in irregular bunches that were a close imitation of old hoary Winter's handiwork. It was a winter scene by moonlight. There lay the hard frozen ground, stretched out uneven and rough, here and there spotted with snow that seemed too cold even to make the urchin's snow-ball, while the pale coloring from the Bengal light seemed as though shed by the round, full-orbed, silver moon. All looked like one of

the coldest nights in January, when the wind is even too tightly bound in the fetters of frost to more than now and then roll over a stray dry leaf. Every thing seemed still, but fairly colder from the stillness; frozen into a motionless torpidity. There was needed but the white scraggy limbs of the naked oak, dried and sapless, perhaps thinly covered with snow, to make the representation perfect.

The recollections of merry youth were renewed by the sight; and I dare say each of us compared the scene before him to some well-remembered spot, where his boyhood had laughed away the merry hours. My mind wandered back to the old farm-house and the great denuded trees before the gate, the rough, almost bare ground, and the forest stripped of its gorgeous summer dress, and exposed uncovered to the wintry storm. I thought of a narrow foot-path and a full, round, stupid moon, and the tracks of dear, delicate little feet, and the glance of a pair of bright eyes that shone with warmth and ardor enough to be a good example for cold, prudish Diana. The Bengal-light slowly faded and faded, then went out, and with it our dreams—extinguished as lightly as many had been before. Silence was broken; one song to old Winter rang out, and we left the Snow-ball Room, its freezing fancies and recollections of hopes long ago chilled and dead, for something more ardent.

Having courageously crossed the *Rocky Mountains*, without slipping from any of their precipices or falling into any of their caverns, we entered *Serena's Arbor*. This is the terminus of the cave, nine miles under ground. The Arbor, or 'Harbor,' as some Englishmen who painted and were exhibiting a map of the cave, called it, is a little circular room, of some twenty feet across, and thirty high. It is hung round with drapery of yellow stone, falling in graceful folds. It reminds one much of the descriptions of the mermaids' sub-marine palaces. Perhaps it was the council-chamber of the fays of those underground rivers; for surely there must have been guardians to these streams, as well as to those of the mountains. A rivulet murmurs below, just heard, over its rocky bed; in one corner there is a spring, diamond clear, and in all features is this apartment just fitted for the meetings of the little deities, convened to enjoy their sports, pass their rules, or inflict punishment for broken laws. How easy to imagine the watchman cricket ticking twelve, and the gaily-dressed, smiling fairies marching merrily in, only waiting for the prettiest of the band, the queen of Beauty and Love, to take her seat in that niche on either side of which the stone curtain falls so elegantly and gracefully. Then to hear the tiny orators argue their causes and discuss the affairs of their tribe; to listen to the mild, just decrees of the virgin queen; and after business is performed, to look on the merry dance in the charmed ring, or be enchanted by fairy song or fairy minstrelsy! When these little rulers of the world existed, they must surely have met here, deep in the bosom of the earth, in the senate chamber of a world within a world.

We now turned back; but branching off into another passage, visited a different portion of the cave. After we had walked for some time, the guide told us to go on alone, while he would wait

behind, and to blow out our lights, in order to see how intense the darkness was. We did as directed; and having walked several hundred yards, seated ourselves upon the rocks and extinguished our lamps. My dear reader, are you blind? (an Irish expression, by the way;) for if you are not, you cannot conceive of darkness. Enclose yourself in the darkest room, and you will still have a glimmer of light, an indefinite idea of distinction between the white wall and the dark furniture; wander in the deepest forest at midnight, when clouds enshroud the sky and shut out the stars of heaven, where the leaves and boughs overhead are interwoven in their closest folds; in spite of all, some few erratic beams, a sort of haziness of light, will remain; some suspicion of neighboring objects will exist. Here were we, with our eyes open and nervously strained to their utmost, and yet naught was distinguishable; no indication of the nearest object; white and black were, as some philosophers prove, all the same. How little could I ever before conceive of blindness! Oh! the oppressive, stunning weight! the feeling of unknown, unavoidable, invisible danger!—utter inability to defend one's-self, entire subjection to those who possess this invaluable gift!

All recollection of the course we had come was instantly lost; no idea of any thing whatever around us could be retained. If left to find our way out alone, with a light, I should not, even in those endless labyrinths, despair; but without it, in darkness that could be fairly felt, I would rather surrender hope and peaceably lie down than endure the horrors of the attempt at escape. Our feelings were getting somewhat unpleasantly excited, and our conversation, for some time forced, had dwindled away to silence, ere Stephen appeared. The light displayed three pale countenances and three pairs of eyes that had rather more than a natural brilliancy; and yet in daylight danger there could perhaps scarcely be found three more reckless fellows. Stephen laughed when he saw us stretched along the rocks, and withal so doleful, and walking to one side, covered his lamp in a measure with his cap, and told us to look above us. We did so, and what was our astonishment on seeing the stars shining brightly in the dark heavens! Each rubbed his eyes and looked again. There they were, winking and glimmering, now seen, now gone, so merry and sparkling that they seemed fairly to laugh at us for our folly in not perceiving them before. Old Argus-eyed Night was looking down as calmly and sleepily upon us as ever. I immediately began searching for the North-star, to ascertain the points of the compass; but by some strange accident it was not to be found; neither did I recognise any of the groups, and essayed in vain to define any even of the figures with which I was best acquainted. 'Very singular!' I muttered, rubbing my eyes again; 'where can we be?' I called upon Tom for an explanation, but he was equally perplexed. We were utterly at a loss till the guide's laugh told us there was something wrong.

'Shall I act the giant, and throw a rock against the skies?' he said, having caught the allusion from some traveller; and forthwith picking up a stone, he threw it against the roof of the cave. We

broke into a hearty laugh, but still were hardly convinced that those were imitation eyes and not the veritable ones of old mother Night. The deception was made more perfect by the formation of the sides of the cave. These shot up near seventy feet perpendicularly, and then stretched suddenly back horizontally, leaving a ledge between them and the roof. The walls were bright yellow, and on their edge seemed to hang the planets of the upper world, while the ceiling was dark, undefined blue; the exact color of the midnight sky. Those stars were the perfection of imitation, and even glimmered precisely like the originals. They were caused by a very simple arrangement: the light from the lamps was reflected from pieces of polished substances, mica generally, which were bedded in the stone of the ceiling. This phenomenon was to be seen in no apartment except the *Star Chamber*. I never again want to pass so dark a night, in reality or metaphor, followed by so deceptive a star-light. This *Star Chamber* was the king of wonders, where the least were princes. I shall never forget that scene, and can even now hardly credit that those were not veritable auger-holes in the world's ceiling.

The last apartment of interest was *Young's Dome*; called, I believe, after the name of him who first owned the cave. We thrust our heads through a little hole in the side of the wall, and on the guide's lighting a Bengal-light, saw a huge dome that extended hundreds of feet above, as well as hundreds of feet below us. The window through which we looked was about half-way down the side. The walls, polished by water that was falling ceaselessly, as it no doubt had been for ages, reflected over and over the rays of light, till daylight seemed to have been reached again. Above, the dome dwindled to its apex, scarce visible at that height, while below it spread out a broad even floor. This apartment was more remarkable from its immense height, about three hundred feet, than for any other feature. It had no such startling peculiarities as much that we had seen.

We now wended homeward, discussing the origin of the cave; McCarlin asserting that it must have been created by some great uprising of nature, while Stephen thought it had been caverned out by a stream that, wearing its way in time through the rock, had formed those surprising labyrinths.

We reëmbarked on Echo River, and made the caves again reverberate to our voices, and even to my pistol. Its report was answered, much to our surprise, by a loud scream, that we recognised at once as coming from ladies. The next instant a boat shot round a corner some distance ahead. Rows of lamps were arranged on both its sides, and looked most fairy-like on thus suddenly emerging from those gloomy recesses. The light fell upon the shining dresses of the ladies, and was reflected from their bright eyes. Another boat filled with gentlemen followed, equally illuminated. We received them with a hurrah, and immediately struck up a negro song, the whole party joining us. Some twenty voices bore the notes far into the deepest of those vaults. All had been so dark and silent before, and now all was so gay and brilliant. There were the long rows of

lamps, doubled seemingly by reflection from the water, the gaudy dresses glancing in the light, the long, low, flat boat, the black oarsman, seated at the stern and dipping his paddle noiselessly into the wave, the bright eyes glowing in the dim light, and the merry voices routing old Silence, and pealing forth the carol to the stern bleak rocks; it was like a scene conjured by magic from those dismal vaults; as though the fairies of the olden time were risen anew, and floating down their hidden sacred stream, were trilling forth their jovial chorus. As our boats passed, we stopped the song to cheer and wave our handkerchiefs. In a moment more, and the lights, the dresses, the faces, the dingy oarsmen, all were gone; the song faded away in the distance, and darkness and silence had again settled down upon us.

The Cave was discovered in 1802, but was little explored till 1812, when it was resorted to for saltpetre. There is, however, no sulphur or volcanic specimen. For many years the traveller (being stopped by the Bottomless Pit!) could only advance three miles. Across this pit a ladder was finally thrown, and Stephen himself fearlessly explored the remaining six miles. Speak of discovering new countries, but to find them beneath the earth! Large bones of men and animals were dug out by the miners in looking for saltpetre. These gave the name to the Cave; but having been all re-buried they cannot now be found. A dog can never be persuaded to enter the Cave any distance, but soon runs howling back. Stephen's two companions in many an expedition, a brace of noble pointers, will never follow him beneath the ground, no matter what persuasion or caresses he may use.

There are several rivers; I recollect only the names of three: Styx, Lethe and Echo. The fish and crawfish in them are white and perfectly eyeless. The crickets in the Cave however have eyes, and appeared much pleased to see our lights. The streams appear to be connected with Green River, for several eyeless fish have been caught in the latter, after a great rise of water in the Cave. Generally the rivers are perfectly placid and still, mostly about twenty feet deep, but when the water rises, as it does after a heavy rain, the guide says they run with terrible swiftness. The water is cold and has a greenish appearance. I was not quite sure, but thought it slightly impregnated with phosphorus. The average height of the ceiling is thirty feet in the avenues, but some of the rooms are fifty, sixty and even seventy feet high, and still more broad. There is little or no feeling of danger; every thing is so roomy, and looks so strong, that one does not dream of fear. The walking is very rough for ladies, but the air is bracing, and the weaker sex have endured the dangers and fatigues as often and as bravely as the stronger. But remember, ladies, if you go in parties, that the Cave is so dark that one cannot see well what the others do, and the gentlemen necessarily show uncommon gallantry.

To the wealthy I say, visit the Mammoth Cave before you waste your strength in the follies of Europe, and perhaps its grandeur will excite in your mind a thirst for a greater existence than that of a *petit-maitre* at Paris. To the poor I say, go to sleep over this my narrative

and dream yourselves far away, floating down Echo River, or poetizing in the Star Chamber, and you will wake a refreshed if not a wiser man. There are but two freaks of nature in this our beloved America, that should be visited in the same year, or mentioned in the same breath: The Niagara Falls and the 'Mammoth Cave.'

S O N G .

SEVENTEEN.

AH no! 't would never do, NANNIE,
 Ev'n though the dream were true;
 'T were bliss for me — but then, for thee —
 Ah no! 't would never do!

I.

Thou art all bright and fair, NANNIE,
 And I am old, though gay;
 December's blast will sweep o'er me,
 Whiles thou art yet in May.
 Ah no! 't would never do, NANNIE, etc.

II.

The dews of opening dawn, NANNIE,
 The roseate blush of light,
 The morn's grey eye, all speak of thee —
 Of me, some sunset bright.
 Ah no! 't would never do, NANNIE, etc.

III.

The Song, the Gem, the Bud, NANNIE,
 The deep perspective look,
 Belong of right to thee — to me,
 Some page in Memory's book.
 Ah no! 't would never do, NANNIE, etc.

IV.

Were youth, or age, but less, NANNIE,
 Or could we meet mid-way,
 How joyously I'd come to thee
 And backward dance the day!
 But ah! 't would never do, NANNIE, etc.

When Shades of Eve, like Morn, NANNIE,
 All westwardly are spread —
 I'll think thy charms were born for me,
 Come back, and woo, and wed.
 'Till then, adieu, adieu, NANNIE!
 For though the dream were true,
 Though bliss to me, yet ah, for thee —
 'T would never, never do.

JOHN WATKES.

T H E G R I S T - M I L L .

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The grist-mill stands beside the stream,
 With bending roof and leaning wall;
 So old, that when the winds are wild,
 The miller trembles lest it fall;
 But moss and ivy, never sere,
 Bedeck it o'er from year to year.

The dam is steep, and weeded green;
 The gates are raised, the waters pour,
 And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,
 The lowest round forevermore;
 Methinks they have a sound of ire,
 Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time,
 When yellow harvests load the plains,
 Up drive the farmers to the mill,
 And back anon, with loaded wains;
 They bring a wealth of golden grain,
 And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is dim and dark;
 But peeping in the open door,
 You see the miller fitting round,
 And dusty bags along the floor;
 And by the shaft, and down the spout,
 The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff
 Floats round it on the sultry breeze,
 And shineth like a settling swarm
 Of golden-winged and belted bees;
 Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
 When bellows blow and forges roar.

I *love* our pleasant, quaint old mill!
 It minds me of my early prime;
 'Tis changed since then, but not so much
 As I am, by decay and time;
 Its wrecks are mossed from year to year,
 But mine all dark and bare appear!

I stand beside the stream of life;
 The mighty current sweeps along:
 Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,
 It turns the magic wheel of song,
 And grinds the ripened harvest brought
 From out the golden field of Thought.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY AND MONGOLIA.*

BY S. M. PARTRIDGE.

SIR, AND MOST HONORED FATHER : Without doubt you are aware that sometime since Mgr. Monly, our Apostolic vicar, sent M. Gabet and myself to explore Tartary and Mongolia. We were also instructed to study carefully the habits, character and manners of those wandering people, to whom our mission was directed. As we were desired to penetrate as far as practicable into those countries, it was necessary to procure a guide and make those preparations which are indispensable in travelling through a desert and unknown region.

On the third of August, 1844, we started from the Valley of Blackwaters, a Christian settlement, situated near a hundred leagues to the north of Peking. Behold our little caravan on the order of march ! Samdadchiemba, our young pilot, mounted on a low mule, took the lead, training after him two camels, laden with our luggage ; these were followed by M. Gabet, hoisted on a large camel ; a white horse served for the support of your humble servant. The pilot was our sole companion. This young man was neither Chinese, Tartarian, nor Thibetian. Nevertheless, at the first glance it was plainly visible that he did not belong to the Mongol race. His strongly-bronzed complexion and triangular figure had a strange appearance ; while a large nose, insolently cocked, and full lips, straight as a line, gave to his physiognomy an aspect savage and disdainful. When his small bright black eyes, sparkled between their long lashes, un-garnished by eye-brows, and his forehead contracted into wrinkles, he inspired a mingled feeling of confidence and fear. There was no positive personality about the man ; neither the malice nor cunning of the Chinese, neither the frank good-nature of the Mongol, nor the courageous energy of the Thibetian ; but he had something of all these. He was a Dehiaour, of whose country I will say something hereafter.

At the early age of eleven our camel-driver, not relishing the strict discipline and severe correction of his master, had escaped from a Lama House, where he had been placed for his education, and commenced life as an independent wanderer. He spent the greater part of his youth alternately vagabondizing through the Chinese cities and Tartarian deserts. It may naturally be supposed that a life of such unchecked freedom was not the kind to have smoothed the natural asperity of his disposition. His mind was entirely uncultivated, but his muscular strength was enormous, and he was not a little proud of

* THESE are exceedingly interesting records of travel by two Lazarists in countries so little known, even in Europe, that they are scarcely noticed on HALL'S Atlas, one of the best and latest published in London. Our correspondent translates with great fidelity from a rare work, the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.'

this quality, which he was used to parade on all occasions. He had been baptized by M. Gabet, and wished, as he said, to attach himself to the service of the missionaries. The journey we were undertaking was also well suited to the taste of one who had led such an adventurous life. He had no better knowledge of the routes to Tartary than ourselves, so that we plunged into the deserts, having for our sole guides a compass and an excellent map of the Chinese Empire.

I shall not enter into the details of our wandering and adventurous life. My design is to sketch the most prominent features of our long journey, which took us two years to accomplish. I shall speak but in general terms of the many and varied countries and divers peoples through which and among whom we travelled. After eight days' travel we reached the fertile prairies that form the realm of Gehectan. The numerous Chinese and Mongol travellers whom we encountered were a certain indication that we were at no great distance from the large city of Tolon Noor, and we soon perceived in the distance the sun glittering on the gilded roofs of two magnificent Lama-houses. Our road for a long distance lay through innumerable tombs, which environed the city in all directions. This immense sepulchre formed around the town such a vast envelope of skeletons and grave-stones, that it appeared as if the dead had blockaded the living. In the midst of this large cemetery, which seemed to extinguish the city, we here and there saw some gardens where they had with great pains and toil forced the ungracious soil to bear a few miserable legumes. With the exception of these patches, the land around Tolon Noor produces absolutely nothing. The country in its vicinity is arid and sandy; water extremely scarce, and only to be met with in a few places, where it soon dries up in the hot season. Tolon Noor is not a walled city; it is an agglomeration of ugly houses, unequally distributed. The streets are crooked and dirty. Nevertheless, in spite of all its disadvantages, in spite of its extreme cold in winter and stifling heats in summer, the population is immense, the commerce prodigious. In this great market-place, as a general rule, the Chinese always finish by making a fortune, and the Tartars are as invariably ruined. To the latter Tolon Noor is a monstrous air-pump, that makes a marvellous void in the Mongol purses.

This large commercial city, called by the Tartars Tolon Noor, (which means in their language 'Seven Lakes,') goes by the name of Lamiao (Lama Temple) with the Chinese. On the map of Andreveau Gangon it is denominated *Djonacmansoume*: we could never comprehend why this name had been given to it, as it is equally unknown to either Tartars or Chinese. Tolon Noor belongs to the kingdom of Gehectan, a country fertile and picturesque; but from year to year its Tartar inhabitants disappear. The Chinese, by a rare combination of cunning and audacity, will finally usurp the whole territory. The timid and simple Mongols are gradually yielding their country to their more rapacious and industrious neighbors; and it will not be long before they must ask from the northern desert for a little grass to feed their flocks. Gehectan borders on Thakhar, named by the Chinese Paké, meaning Eight Banners. It was given

to the Tartars who aided the present dynasty to achieve the conquest of China. The militia, who are under the Eight Banners, are all soldiers of the emperor, and are said to be the most valiant in the empire. It is only at the last extremity that they are ordered on duty. They were assembled to join in the last expedition against the English; but on advancing toward the South, these poor soldiers nearly all died from the heat, and the few remaining had to retrace their steps in the direction of home. The government at Peking then came to the conclusion that it might perhaps be rather difficult to seize English battalions by Tartar cavalry.

Thakhar is a magnificent country; the pasturages rich, the water excellent and inexhaustible. It is here that the emperor keeps his large flocks. The Country of the Eight Banners is the most beautiful that we have seen. In the midst of these steppes we see neither cities, edifices, art, industry, nor culture; but in all parts we meet with immense prairies, in some of which are large lakes, majestic streams, lofty and imposing mountains, that in many places roll out into vast and incommensurable plains. A person in these verdant solitudes, bounded in all directions by the horizon alone, might easily believe himself becalmed in the midst of the ocean. The white tents of the Mongols, surmounted by gay banners, look in the distance, as they recline on the green turf, like small ships with sails of peacocks' feathers; and when a thick black smoke curls up from the courtes, one might mistake them for steam-boats just hove in sight. Indeed the sailor and Mongol have striking analogies of character; as the first may be considered part of his ship, so the latter identifies himself with his horse. The steed of the desert is proud and mettlesome, and the Mongol cavalier is never more in his element than when, seated on the back of his noble courser, he bounds over the frightful precipices. The sailor and the Mongol, when walking on terra-firma, are both completely out of their sphere: their heavy, awkward gait, bowed legs, protruded chest, and unquiet, wandering eyes, all bespeak men who have passed the greater part of their lives either on horse-back or on ship-board. The boundless plains of Mongolia and the immensity of the ocean impress the same emotions on the human heart; they excite neither joy nor sadness, but a measure of both; a feeling melancholy and religious, that elevates the soul to heaven, without entirely depriving the senses of their powers of enjoyment; a feeling more of heaven than earth, and most congenial to the nature of an intelligent and sentient being.

In a few days after entering Thakhar, we arrived at an old and deserted city. It was surrounded by walls and battlements on which were built towers of observation: the four principal gates fronted toward the four cardinal points. All was in perfect preservation, but three-fourths buried from the accumulated earth, which was covered by green turf; in some parts the soil was almost even with the battlements. When we found ourselves at the south gate, we desired our guide to continue his route during the time that we should visit the 'Old City,' as it is called by the Tartars. We entered with an almost breathless curiosity; but our astonishment increased, for we saw neither over-

thrown columns, nor ruins, but a beautiful and large city; and as the wind swept the long grass closely around the deserted buildings, it seemed as if Nature had thrown a winding-sheet over Desolation; the inequality of the earth seemed even visible in the streets. We saw, seated on a hillock, a young Mogul shepherd, who smoked on in silence, while his numerous flock browsed in the lonely streets and half-buried ramparts. We afterward often saw traces of cities in the Mongolian deserts: probably at some former period they had been built and occupied by the Chinese. Not far from the 'Old City' we struck on a road running from north to south; it is this which is travelled by the Russian ambassadors in going to Peking; and also by those Chinese merchants who trade to Kiacti, a frontier city of Russia. M. Timkouski, in his journey to Peking, remarks that he never could comprehend why his guides followed a different route from that which the ambassadors who preceded him had taken. The Chinese and Tartars say that it is a politic precaution of the government that the Russians should travel by circuits and détours toward China, that they might not be able of themselves to find the road thereto. A 'politic precaution,' without doubt supremely ridiculous, and one that certainly would not keep back the Russian autocrat if he should some day take a fancy to present a challenge to the 'Son of Heaven.'

At the end of a month we arrived at Kuo-kou-hote, 'Blue City,' called by the Chinese Kani-hoa-tcheu. There are two cities of the same name, the old and the new; we took up our abode in the latter. The city proper is surrounded by walls, but the commerce has grown so great that a second enclosure became necessary; and now the part situated between the two walls is of much greater importance than the interior. The new city has not been long built. It presents a beautiful appearance, and would be admired even in Europe. I speak solely of the exterior: inside, the houses are low, and in the Chinese style, and there is nothing to correspond with the lofty and wide ramparts that surround it. Kou-kou-hote is the principal place for commerce in this part of the country; beautiful cities have been built, and the government has said, 'inhabit them,' but the people turned a deaf ear to the paternal advice. From Kou-kou-hote we went to Thurgan Keuren, or 'White Walls,' a city built on the borders of the Yellow River. Thurgan Keuren is only remarkable for the cleanliness of its streets, the good condition of the houses, and the quietness that reigns every where: its commerce is far from rivaling that of Kou-kou-hote. All the market towns that we have been in, outside of the Chinese frontier, are thronged by buyers, who from thence disperse goods all over Mongolia. We were obliged to cross the Yellow River before we could enter the country of the Ortans. It had been subject to a violent freshet, and still overflowed its borders: the inhabitants said that the volume of water was much larger than usual.

For us this was a sad conjuncture, and we deliberated whether we should re-tread our steps, or wait until the water should reënter into its natural channel. But either of these alternatives ill agreed with our impatience to proceed. We resolved at all risks to continue our

journey, and by so doing exposed ourselves to inexpressible suffering. For three entire days we were plunging about in unknown swamps; and leaving our beasts to their instincts, abandoned ourselves entirely to the care of Providence. Almost by a miracle we at length reached the bed of the river, where we had the good fortune to meet a passage-boat that carried our exhausted caravan across into the country of the Ortans. The Yellow River generally runs through fens and marshes; and at twilight commences a concert that swells into a most tumultuous harmony, and lasts until midnight. This noisy music proceeds from thousands of aquatic birds, who dispute with each other for the tufts of bullrushes or large *nenuphar* leaves (a species of *canunculus*) upon which they wish to pass the night. Numberless flocks of passage-birds are forever flying over the deserts of Tartary; these aerial troops form themselves into battalions, and perform the most capricious and grotesque evolutions, seemingly regulated by design. And oh! how well placed in the deserts of Tartary are these wandering birds! Ortans is a most miserable and desolate country: it presents in all parts either moveable sands or sterile mountains. Every night, when we desired to pitch our tent, we were forced to prolong our weary march in hopes of finding a less dreary encampment. Water is a continual object of solicitude; and we never missed an opportunity of filling the two wooden buckets which we had bought at Kou-kou-hote, whenever we were so fortunate as to encounter a lagoon or cistern. Notwithstanding this precaution, the brackish and fetid water of Ortans is so scarce that we sometimes were obliged to pass whole days without being able to moisten our lips. The poor beasts were no better provided for than ourselves; they met with scarcely any forage but briars surcharged with nitre, or a short bitter grass almost reduced to powder. The cows and horses of the Ortans have a most miserable and famished appearance; but the sheep, goats and camels prosper marvellously. This is owing to the great fondness that the latter animals have for plants which possess a nitrous flavor, and to their drinking willingly of the brackish water.

Ten days after leaving the Yellow River we came to a well-beaten route, that appeared to be much travelled. A Mogul informed us that it was the road to the Tabos Noor, or Salt Lake; and as it inclined toward the east, we willingly followed it. The day before arriving at Tabos Noor the aspect and form of the country completely changed. The earth lost insensibly its yellow color, and became as white as if it had been watered by dissolved chalk. Every where the ground appeared to have been blown up into small hillocks, around which had grown a thick net-work of thorns. Tabos Noor is less a salt lake than a great reservoir of fossil salt, mixed with efflorescent nitre. The latter substance is white, lustreless, and extremely pliable: it is easily distinguished from the fossil salt, for that has rather a grayish tint, and when broken displays a shining crystallization. Here and there are seen some courtes, inhabited by the Mongols who come to explore this magnificent salt deposit. When the salt is properly purified, it is transported to the nearest Chinese market and exchanged

for tea, tobacco and brandy. We travelled the length of the Tabos Noor from east to west, but were obliged to proceed very cautiously over its moist and in some places moving surface. The Mongols advised us to follow carefully the beaten path, and to avoid every place where water gushed up: they also declared that gulfs existed which they had several times sounded, but without ever being able to reach the bottom. It is not improbable that the lake or *noor* may be subterraneous, and that continual evaporation has formed a solid roof of salt and saltpetre, while water still remains underneath; and that strange bodies, borne by the wind, may in the course of time have formed layers on this salt crust, until the whole has grown sufficiently strong to sustain the caravans that travel the Tabos-Noor.

Two days after leaving the Salt Lake, we came to a fertile valley, that appeared to us magnificent in comparison with the forlorn country we had just quitted. We resolved to encamp for some time, in order to refresh our animals, whose failing strength began to alarm us. The Mongols, who had pitched their tents in this valley, received us with kindness and distinction. When they knew that we were Lamas, come from the West, they wished to bestow on us a little banquet. Although I said at the commencement that I would not mention trifling incidents of travel, I cannot forego the pleasure of translating a national chant that I heard here. The patriarchal repast was soon finished, and our entertainers only waited to heap up the white and well-polished mutton-bones that remained from the simple feast, when a child took down a violin of goats'-horn, on which three strings were suspended. He presented it to a venerable old man, who passed it to a young one. The young man modestly bowed his head; but as his hand touched the Mongol instrument, his eyes suddenly kindled with inborn fire. 'Lama of the ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH,' said the chief of the family, 'I have invited a Tolholos, that he might embellish this evening by his recitals.' While the old man was speaking, the young musician ran his fingers over the chords, and began to sing in a strong and modulated voice; at intervals he intermixed his song with animated and fiery declamation. The Tartars leaned toward the singer, and their changing physiognomies were more strongly expressive of sympathy than the most eloquent asseveration. We, who knew little of Tartar history, felt but slight interest in all the unknown personages that the Mongol rhapsodist called so suddenly into life. The singer paused, balanced his violin on his knees, and hastily moistened his throat, which had become completely dried by the relation of so many miraculous wonders. While the tongue of the musician was yet wiping away the wet edge of the cup, 'Tolholos,' cried they, 'the chant that thou hast sung is beautiful and admirable, but thou hast said nothing of the immortal Tamerlane.' 'Yes, yes,' shouted several voices, 'sing to us the invocation to Timour.' This famed invocation is cherished by all the Mongols; and they sank back into profound silence. The Tolholos for an instant seemed to gather up his memory, and then, in a vigorous and martial tone, commenced the following strophe:

'*When the divine TIMOUR inhabited our tents, the Mongol nation was warlike and uncon-*

querable. His movement made the earth tremble; ten millions of people, whom the sun warmed, at his angry glance turned cold with affright.

'Oh, divine TIMOURA! that thy great soul might quickly be re-born among us! Come, come! We wait for you, Oh, TIMOURA!

'We live in your vast prairies, tranquil and peaceful as lambs; but our burning hearts are full of fire. The glorious deeds of TIMOURA pursue us every where. Oh, for the chief who would lead us to battle, that we might become world-conquerors!

'Oh, divine TIMOURA! etc.

'The muscular arm of the young Mogul tames the savage stallion; his keen eye discovers afar traces of the wandering camel. Alas! his arm cannot bend the bow of his ancestors, nor his eye penetrate the stratagems of an enemy.

'Oh, divine TIMOURA! etc.

'We have seen floating on the sacred hill the red girdle of the Lama. Say to us, Oh, LAMA! when inspiration is on thy lips, that HARMOUSTA has revealed something of our future life.

'Oh, divine TIMOURA! etc.

'With foreheads bowed to the earth we have burnt odoriferous woods at the feet of the god-like TIMOURA; we have offered green leaves of the young tea, and the first milk of our flocks. We are ready, we are impatient, Oh, TIMOURA! and do thou, Oh, LAMA! we beseech you, ask heaven to bless and make fortunate our arrows and our lances.

'Oh, divine TIMOURA! that thy great soul might be re-born among us! Come, come quickly! We wait for you, Oh, TIMOURA!

When the singer had finished he rose, bowed profoundly, and suspended his instrument against the side of the tent. These wandering Troubadours have existed in all ages, and are met with almost every where. They are the national poets; and they go from hearth to hearth, where they sing the praises of their most celebrated patriots, and the glorious events that have happened to their country. We have met with them in the heart of China, but in no place have they seemed so popular as in Thibet.

Before quitting Ortans, we saw mountains that perhaps ought not entirely to be passed over in silence. In the gorges, and at the foot of the precipices of this imposing chain, we saw large heaps of schist and mica ground and reduced to powder. This débris of slate and lamellated rocks has no doubt been carried by water into these gulfs, as the mountains themselves are of a granite formation. As you ascend toward the summit, these mountains assume the strangest and most fantastical forms. Large rocks, heaped and piled on each other, are closely cemented together. These blocks are encrusted with shells; but the most remarkable circumstance is, that they are cut, gnawed, and entirely worn out: in all parts they are perforated by thousands of labyrinths; and we might with truth say, that here Nature has been completely worm-eaten. In some places there were strange and singular impressions deeply cut into the granite, as if it had served for a mould in which monsters had been cast. It often seemed to us as if we were travelling over the bed of a dried ocean. There can be no doubt but that these mountains have been covered by a heavy sea. The phenomena here exhibited could not have been caused by rain, still less by the inundations of the Yellow River, which never could have reached such an elevated height. Those geologists who believe that the deluge was caused by a sinking of the earth, might here perhaps find proofs in favor of their system. When we arrived at the top of the mountain, we saw at our feet the Yellow River, swelling majestically from south to north. This sight filled us with joy, for it brought the assurance that we should soon leave the arid and barren country of the Ortans.

Immediately on crossing this river we entered the Chinese Empire, and for some time bade farewell to the deserts of Tartary and a wandering life. We proposed to rest ourselves for a few days in the little town Che-tsæ-dye, built on the borders of the Yellow River, and then travel across Tartary toward the west. We intended to make for the kingdom of Halechan. But the Tartars persuaded us from this route, and assured us that our exhausted animals could never reach half way up the sandy steppes of Halechan. We believed their advice to be good, and decided that for the present we would cut through the province of Kamson as far as Sining, and afterward penetrate to Kou-hou-noor.

M O O N L I G H T M O N O D Y A T S E A .

'VIDES illud mare. . . . Libertas illic in imo sedet.'—SARCA

How beautiful is all around,
 How musical the dashing sound
 Of parting waves, as on we bound
 O'er the sea :
 How trackless is our onward way !
 How lovelier far than glare of day
 Yon crescent moon's reflected ray
 O'er our lee !

What strange security we feel,
 What confidence in cunning keel,
 Or Heaven's attention to our weal,
 Not to fear
 The tempest in its lightning wrath,
 The ice-berg in its arctic path,
 The sea-fish that in hunger hath
 Followed near.

How cooling to the o'erwrought brain
 Blows wind and spray from off the main —
 To softness wooing back again
 Hearts of stone :
 How tranquil shines yon evening star !
 It whispers peace ; it speaks afar
 Of happiness ; we turn and are
 All alone.

I've wandered far, I've tarried long,
 I've battled 'gainst an early wrong ;
 I'm weak where once I felt so strong
 In love's degree :
 Receive me, Ocean ! to thy breast ;
 Waves, lull me to an unknown rest !
 Stars, welcome me among the blest :
 I come, O Sea !

T H E A C T R E S S .

‘WHAT now remaineth? Her day is done,
Her fate and the broken lute’s are one.
She hath moved to the echoing sound of fame;
Silently, silently died her name.’

HERMANS.

I.

BREATHLESS she stands, in flowers and jewels gleaming,
Her burst of song suspended for a while:
What means that vacant eye’s mysterious beaming?
Why part those lips with strange unconscious smile?

II.

Bright flowers in countless wreaths are showered around her;
She heeds them not; her dream of fame is o’er:
A spell of childhood’s sunny years has bound her;
The old home-voices thrill her heart once more!

III.

Again she sees her father’s humble dwelling,
The hunter’s cot upon the green hill’s brow;
She feels her heart beneath its bright robes swelling:
‘Hence, hence! fond thoughts! ye must not haunt me now.’

IV.

‘Encore! encore!’ With one united feeling,
Burst forth the voices of the enraptured throng;
She bows her head, and from her pale lips pealing,
Pours once again the glorious tide of song.

V.

In ever wilder, sweeter numbers gushing;
Sure strains so heavenly ne’er had mortal birth:
But see! alas! the tide of life is rushing
Forth with the song: she faints and falls to earth.

VI.

‘Home! home!’ she murmured, with an accent weary,
As stranger-hands her dying temples fanned;
Poor absent wanderer! seas and mountains dreary
Divide thee from thy childhood’s sunny land.

VII.

It matters not; that eye all dimly closes,
Fair, friendless stranger! doomed no more to roam;
Perchance while here thy gentle dust reposes,
Thine unbound spirit seeks its childhood’s home.

STOMA.

The Bunkumville Chronicle.

'GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.'
TWELFTH NIGHT: ACT I, SCENE V.

VOL. I.

APRIL.

No. 1.

PROSPECTUS.

WHEN in the course of human or inhuman events it becomes necessary for any man or any body of men to detach themselves from the quiet circle of private life; to rend asunder the bonds which have confined them within its narrow limits; to raise the bushel from off their penny rush-light; to change from a state of nonentity to that of distinct and palpable entity; to burst from the gloom and obscurity ever resting around an unprinted name; to sever the veil which has concealed them and their perfections from an admiring world; to change from the poor, despised, unhonored worm to that of the admired butterfly author or editor; to increase from the moral value of —0 to that of Censor Morum + y y y y y (*ad infin.*;) when, as we have before said, this momentous change takes place, it is highly important that the public-spirited individual or individuals in question should publish to the world in general, and their readers in especial, a full and minute detail of their professions, principles, and intended practice.

Eschewing now and forever all humbug, we have no hesitation in openly declaring that our paper will be devoted to the news of the

day, polite literature, the fine arts, etc., etc.

With regard to our politics, we are strongly in favor of Majorities, and have concluded not to express any opinion upon the subject until we shall have ascertained the minds of our readers.

Although slow in forming a decision, we shall be firm in maintaining it; and when we *have* once declared ourselves, no storms of adverse party can shake us. No!

'THIS rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!'

that is, as long as it is to our interest to remain.

Concerning our principles, we are not aware of having any in particular, except a considerable taste for the 'loaves and fishes.'

As is customary in the prospectus of every periodical, we hereby pledge ourselves firmly and truly to promise all, any thing and every thing that our patrons may require, and to perform just what may suit our convenience.

In the prosecution of our great undertaking we solicit the aid of all the literary ladies and gentlemen of Bunkumville.

Long contributions thankfully received and gracefully acknowledged; smaller ones in proportion.

PETER PINDAR, JR.

NOTICES OF TRAVEL.

MR. BROWN'S RESEARCHES.—This distinguished individual has just returned from a highly interesting and adventurous tour in the Far West, undertaken for the purpose of obtaining correct information of the manners and customs of the people, the appearance, quality and products of the land, the style of the country, and last, not least, the beauty and affability of the fair sex in those distant and rarely-visited regions.

We have not room to publish all, or even a tithe, of the very valuable notes of Mr. B., but shall content ourselves with noting a few of the more prominent facts.

Although fully aware of the dangers of the undertaking, Mr. B. had determined to see all, to know all, and to experience all the many and various dangers to which unfortunate travellers are exposed.

Mr. B.'s intentions were, should his life be spared, after having made the outward trip, to have returned by water; to have ventured on the unknown dangers of that vast deep, the Erie Canal; to have undergone that most horrid of diseases, the nausea attending such voyages; to have braved storm, shipwreck and fire, running down at night by strange sails, and collisions by day with friendly ones; mutiny, piracy, poisoning by the steward, and bursting of cook's boilers; in fine, all the hazards attendant upon so momentous an undertaking.

But fate adverse had otherwise willed it. Mr. B. found the canal frozen, and in consequence, as he was informed, the boats had ceased running. Mr. B. considers this a very culpable negligence upon the part of the directors of that great channel of internal communication, and suggests the propriety of tunneling the canal at regular intervals, and establishing a cordon of furnaces underneath it, so that the water may be kept sufficiently warm to prevent the recurrence of so unfortunate an event.

Mr. B. thinks that the farmers, during the season of killing swine, would pay very liberally for the use of the hot water.

Mr. B. represents the country as being very extensively laid out, and possessing several specimens of population to the square mile.

Its principle productions are buckwheat-cakes, pork and beans, fat children and small potatoes. The religion is various, some believing in war and preventive circumstances, others a constitutional president and a leap in the dark, and a third party, free speech and free niggers. Mr. B. thinks that the free speech is much needed, as he discovered the enunciation of those debating upon the subject to be rather thick; as for the free niggers, one of them made free with his carpet bag, and Mr. B. feels reluctantly compelled to enter his dissent to them.

As to 'manners,' Mr. B. remarks that the children do not make them, as they did when he went to school; their customs are singular.

When two friends meet, instead of inquiring after each other's health; the words 'let's lick,' burst simultaneously from their respective lips; the meaning of these terms, evidently cabalistic, Mr. B. did not discover.

With regard to their government, Mr. B. informs us that the children have none at all; the men are governed by their wives, and the latter by the fashions.

The principal imports are Yankee tin-ware, wooden clocks, low Dutchmen and English paupers, by the way of Canada. These last are bonded and entitled to debenture.

Mr. B. states that Lake Erie was full of water, and upon his arriving at Buffalo he found an extensive and melancholy assortment of canal-boats all in tiers.

Mr. B. did not visit the Falls of Niagara, as he was informed that the proprietors of that establishment had closed them for repairs, he however says, that the new suspension bridge must be 'capital' as it is a hanging matter.

While at Buffalo Mr. B. borrowed a musket and went out to shoot a few of those animals for which the town is so celebrated, and from which it derives its name, but he was disappointed; in fact, seeing no game except a few boars. He had here the distinguished honor of meeting with John Smith, Esqr., so justly celebrated throughout the Union; this Mr. B. considers a very fortunate circumstance, and one that he will remember with pleasure during his life.

Mr. B. represents himself as being very badly used by the directors of the rail-road, the cars not having upset once according to custom, and only running off the track twice. The conductor apologized, and said the three previous trains had indulged so extensively in this species of amusement, that the surgeons living near the road had sent in their protest against any farther indulgence in this line until their hands were cleared of patients. An express train which they met, laden with splints and adhesive plaster, confirmed the conductor's statement.

Regretting that our limits prevent our noticing Mr. B.'s adventures any farther, we return him our sincere thanks for his very interesting communication.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

'DEAR MAJOR: Eyv took the libbity to in choir ov you fer sum intimation about my Psalm, thinkin' you mite know suthin about Hymn, as it seems how youv ben to them parts.

'I nose where he has ben, fer he scent very movin' letters till lately, and I did hope he was a comin' to sum good and goin' to git religion, fer he writ as how hed ben powerfully exercised all the way to Meckako, ondy the wust on it is that his spellin' is so bad in consents of his bein' left handed, that it thres me and Sally out tryin' to make cents of em, which is very dollerous; and we have to take spells, spellin' the letters.

'Sammy first wrote as how hed ben down to a Weary Cruise, and I should n't wonder, poor fellow, if it was, and then it seems they took Tom-peek-eye, and I want tu know if that aint the chap that used to keep a store in Broadway and left rite suddint.

'Ater that, he writ me hed been to Sarah Gordon's; who she is I don't know, but they had a grate site there, and he says he made a Sally on the enemy, though I should have thought that with the Sally he had to hum; and that plagy Sally Gordon, hed had Sallys enuff afore, and when our Sally red it, she was awfull decomposed.

'Well, bimeby the war stooped and high time it did, for Mister Snooks says all the financies in the country were in a awfull fix, and shuddent wonder fer all our gals were runnin' mad ater them soger fellers; and I thought my boy would come hum; but he ups and rites me how he's goin' to Sal-Tilyou's (he's partial to *that* name,) and our Sal is all in a figit about it. Then he sed he was a goin' up the Mississippy somewheres, where there's a Saint Loose; and then he is a goin' to Chew-a-way; and it gin me quite a turn inwardly to think on it, fer I'm feared this nasty war has made quite a hannibal of him, and I am sure they eat up all them Roman Saints what gits loose, fer when he was at Sarah Gordons, a vistin' her folks I suppose, he said they

got Saint Anna's leg, and that it was a great feat, and I'm sure they rob the churches, fer he said the New-York boys got a Chapel-to-pick somewares near Meksiko; and what was worst than all he writ here nigh on to six months agone, that he was goin' over to Californy, and meant to raise a lot of yellar boys and bring em home. When Sally heard that, oh masey how she cried! and said she wished the gorgon not had never been tied atwixt 'em.

'Now, dear Mager, if you kin find out where he is, do try and persuade him to cum home to his

'Infectionate Mother,

'SALLY POPLIN.'

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

NUMBER ONE.

NAVIGATION.

THE great secrets of navigation are contained in a small compass. When navigators are desirous to know the depth of the water they generally drop a line for information, and it has generally lead in the end to the obtaining the sought-for knowledge.

Ships that directly oppose the authority of the winds by endeavoring to fly in their teeth are put immediately *in irons*, and becoming naturally ill-humored under such circumstances have a very stern way about them.

Vessels in a high wind are addicted to low gambling, and do nothing but turn up coppers and pitch and toss while the gale lasts.

Ships go to divers parts of the earth, especially when they visit the pearl regions.

Those who go down to sea in ships are not very apt to turn up again.

Sailors are very lawless persons, taking any thing they need; in fact they sometimes take the sun and moon.

Ships are not usually provided with gardens although they have many small yards.

Merchantmen are generally successful in making sail.

Steamers are likely to predominate over other descriptions of vessels, as they are much more prolific, and have a greater number of berths.

They seldom fall although they make a great many trips.

Clipper-built vessels are dissipated in their habits; their masts being especially rakish.

The most unprofitable consignment that can be made is to ship a sea.

Vessels baffled by head-winds become very much enraged and go to beating.

Ships have a great number of hands and knees; the masts all have feet and steps; the bows have figure and cat heads; the ship itself has a fore-foot but no hind one, and dead eyes, so-called because the *see* cannot come through them.

Sailors are liable to a peculiar rheumatic affection, called the sea-atic, from their spending so much of their time at sea aloft.

One locomotive is sufficient loading for a vessel as it always makes a car-go.

Kettle-bottomed ships are most likely to go to pot.

The most polite parts of the ship are the bows and the gallant yards.

Ships suffer but little from fair winds, but during head winds they wear very much.

Captains are Robinson Crusonic in their reckonings, keeping the accounts of the voyage recorded on logs. On the return trip a back log is used.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion-way about them.

ON DITS.

THAT 'Punch' does not deserve one tith of the credit he obtains, and that his witticisms are nearly all borrowed from his wife; for they are certainly Judy-mots.

THAT the following concise sentence was recorded in the chronicles of Bavaria of the past year :

'Montes parturient, nascitur ridiculus muss.'

Which is thus freely translated :

'Montes occasioned a nasty, ridiculous muss.'

THAT our fellow-citizen and M. C., the Hon. Mr. H. G., is descended from a very ancient family. A French gentleman who listened to the book debate in Congress insists that his name should be *Grillé*—that of a distinguished family, of which St. Lawrence was the founder. The coat-of-arms of said family is a gridiron 'gules,' with a man upon it 'rampant : ' crest, (a little fallen,) a basting-spoon.

THAT Mr. B., who lately made such an unexpected and extraordinary run for Congress, is about to follow the Hon. Mr. G.'s example with regard to his books. In such case, we shall have had a practical illustration of melancholy Monsieur Jacques' celebrated lines. We have already heard 'tongues in trees,' (*i. e.*, *Ellen Trees*;) we shall now have 'books from running brooks.' Any one who wishes may, by visiting Brooklyn, hear 'Sermons from Stones;' and the 'good in every thing' is doubtless coming—with the millennium.

THAT the practice of collecting small rents from state governments is one 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.'

MISCELLANY.

A NEW READING OF VIRGIL.

PROFESSOR : 'Proceed, Sir, to render that passage.'

FRESHMAN : '*Equm*, a horse; *instar*, went up; *montes*, a mountain.'

PROFESSOR : 'Ah, indeed! And what did he do there?'

FRESHMAN : '*Edificat populi*—he edified the people.'

Professor faints, and is carried home on a shutter.

A NEW PLANT.—When Mr. M——s was soliciting the office of postmaster, his calls upon the President were so frequent and anti-angelic, that it is said Mrs. P—— (whose fondness for botany is well known,) classified him as *Morris-multi-caulis*.

ANTIQUÉ LOAFERS.—The Roman farmer is supposed to be the original of the genus Loafer, inasmuch as he is called by the best authorities a *Rusti-cus*.

GETTING AND FORGETTING.—‘John, have you got my book?’

‘No, I forgot it.’

‘You did? Well, I am for getting it.’

RASHNESS.—There can remain no manner of doubt in the mind of the student of English history but that Prince Rupert was a rash man; however, in his own time a slice of bacon was considered a rasher.

LEGS VS. ARMS.

KINGS have long arms, the proverb says;
Perhaps 't was once their meed;
But at this time I rather think
Of long legs they have need.

BEAUX AND BELLES.—Young ladies are like arrows; they can't be got off without a beau.

A DENTIST should be a good mathematician, as he is frequently called upon to extract roots.

THE only poetic rule in the arithmetic is the rule of three in-verse.

CURIOSITY.—Rivers are the most curious things in the world; for let whatever happen, they are sure to run to sea.

AN EXCELLENT REASON.—An extensive (both in person and business) grazier, having given his vote in favor of a change in the church ministry, was asked the reason for his objections to the then incumbent. ‘Why,’ replied our honest friend, ‘I hain't got nothin' ag'in our parson; but I've allers hearn that changin' pastors makes fat calves.’

A GRECIAN IN TO-TO.—A learned D. D. once remarked to a theological student, that ‘would he become a perfect Greek scholar, it was necessary to pay great attention to those words not in common use, technical terms, etc.’

‘I believe that I have done so,’ was the reply.

‘Ah, indeed!’ says D. D.; ‘then you consider yourself perfect, I suppose? Pray, Sir, did you ever have a corn upon your toe?’

‘I am sorry to say that I have many, Sir: a perfect cornu-copia.’

'Well, if a person should inquire of you what the Greek might be for corns, what would you tell him?'

'I presume, Sir, I should say it was the *το καλος* of which we have read so much.'

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S .

AIR 'SWEET VALE OF AVOCOA.'

OH! there's not in this wide world a candy so sweet
As you'll find in Broadway, corner of — street;
The last raise of phlegm and all wheezing depart,
When JAW-US-ES Candy its case shall impart.

The original of the following letter can be seen in Mrs. Jaw-us-es window:

'DEAR MADAM: My own feelings of gratitude, and the duty I owe my wheezing country, imperatively demand that I should immediately lay before you the following facts:

'A few weeks since I was given over by my physicians, who, pronouncing me in an incurable decline, declined any farther prescriptions.

'Having fallen into a lethargic state, my friends immediately ordered a barber and coffin; when, blessed chance! the barber employed as shaving-paper a wrapper of your very extraordinary cough candy; the cure was instantaneous, and the coffin was stopped immediately.

To MRS. JAW-US. — 'Your grateful servant, 'PHILO HUMBUG.'

SKELETON WANTED.— The undersigned being deeply engaged in tracing out the cause and effect of that most afflicting disorder, the 'chicken-pock,' is in immediate want of the skeleton of a half-grown fowl, to aid him in the prosecution of his arduous undertaking. For a perfect skeleton a high price will be paid by Bon. Mor., M. D., etc.

WANTED, a few patients, of sound constitution, for domestic practice. An excellent arrangement can be made by such persons with the subscriber, who will attend them entirely free of charge, find the medicines, and throw the bottles in. Address, through the post-office,
MEDICAL STUDENT.

R E V I E W O F T H E M A R K E T .

ASHES.— Pots and Pans in great request. Ashes in barrels are heavy, as the corporation demand has entirely ceased.

CORNS.— Very dull; no operations in the article, although several holders, and all limping like lame ducks. They have made desperate efforts to exchange them for some other commodity, but have tried large boot in vain.

COFFEE has been going down for some time. Boarding-house keepers offer freely, at reduced rates.

HORSES.— This article, which has been used as a fancy stock during the late fine weather, and driven into all sorts of holes and corners, has, since the disagreeable change, assumed a more stable appearance.

IRON.— We are assured, upon the veracity of an exchange paper, that Missouri Pig is quiet. If this is true, it must be a very extraordinary variety, and should be extensively cultivated.

MONEY MARKET. — No change.

TONGUES. — A light supply, and those going very fast.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'*Ψ. O. P.*' wishes to know if there was any danger of St. Peter's going off when he was wet in the Sea of Galilee. We do not feel able to answer the question, but leave it to those philosophers who are trying to determine whether saltpetre will explode.

'*L. S.*' — There is no truth in the report that our Hon. Ex-Secretary of War is about to join the anti-rent party.

'*SCRUTATA.*' — The Niger is a river in Africa, in the source of which the Africans dip their infants, who thence receive a lasting color, being dyed in the wool.

'*CURIOSITY*' wishes to know why Mr. Price's wife was cheap. We suppose it was because she was half-price.

'*HIGH GAME.*' — We believe Nebuchadnezzar invented the game of all-fours; at least he is the first human being who is known to have practised it.

'*A LOVER OF DOGS.*' — We do not know of a better place to send the canine race, in case of any more summary proceeding on the part of our corporation, than Barca or the Bight of Bénin.

P O E T R Y.

F A R E W E L L T O T O B A C C O.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ONE WALTER RALEIGH, WHO INVENTED THE WEED.

Go, hie thee hence, foul fiend, for evermore !
Long hast thou bound me with a tight'ning chain ;
Pockets to let, and soulless muse deplore,
And call me loud to liberty again.

And here's the pipe, the sceptre of thy power,
With which thou 'st ruled me many a weary year ;
Faith ! but I'll break it, and in that bless'd hour
With scorn at all thy boasted rule I'll jeer !

Seducer, hence ! — and yet one moment stay :
Thou 'st oft beguiled me in a weary hour ;
We ne'er had words between us, till to-day,
And will not part with lengthened visage sour.

No, we will not in bitter anger part,
But with a softened sadness none may feel
Save those that break the chain which with such art
Thou hast cast o'er them, strong as triple steel.

And now, farewell ! a long and sad farewell,
To cozy pipe, to rich, perfumed cigar,
Fine-cut, and Cavendish, and Mascabau, and all
Now and forever from me keep afar !

T H E H O S T E L .

Long ago in merry England,
 Sheltered from the dust and heat
 By old elms, a quiet hostel
 Near the roadside wooded retreat.

At the door a sign was swinging,
 Blazoned with a quaint device,
 Telling how good cheer and lodging
 Might be had for little price.

'Neath its eaves the dripping water
 In a trough fell bright and chill,
 There, the panting wearied horses
 Of the wagoner drank their fill.

There the host so red and burly
 Drew for all a cheering draught,
 There the tired and dusty traveller
 From the foaming flagon quaffed.

Round the walls were hung the tankards,
 Filled so oft with mighty ale,
 On whose burnished sides the fire-light
 Fitfully would flash and fail.

And from old and oaken rafters,
 Joints and fitchers thickly hung,
 There the pilgrim faint and hungry
 Often longing glances flung.

Many a time to jovial carols
 Shook the windows, shook the floor ;
 Many a time the host so burly
 Ne'er till morning closed the door.

Once a troop of weary travellers,
 Faint and failing on the road,
 Saw how on the hostel windows
 Red the summer's sunset glowed.

At the old and much worn door-sill
 Stood the host, whose shining face,
 Flushed and ruddy as the sunset,
 Had for them a wondrous grace.

Frank and hearty was his greeting,
 And they 'lighted from their steeds,
 Entered in the ancient hostel,
 Pressed its floor bestrown with reeds.

Then was broached the oldest hogshead,
Then was served the choicest fare ;
Then arose the jest and laughter,
Then was stifled every care.

They were guests of different stations,
Knight and yeoman, rich and poor,
But the grades of rank and riches
Vanished at the hostel door.

There they sat, and still the shadows
Lengthened of the elm trees old,
There they sat, until the moonrise
Made the tankards shine like gold.

Timidly the door was opened,
And a vagrant minstrel pressed
With a faltering step the threshold,
Seeking shelter, seeking rest.

Then a stalwart knight arising,
Said, 'Sir minstrel, never fear,
Enter in and sit beside us,
Thou art gladly welcome here !'

He was young and slightly fashioned,
With a face as woman's fair,
And adown his neck and shoulders
Fell his long and golden hair.

Then they placed him at their table,
Gave to him the highest seat,
Filled for him the foaming tankard,
Set before him wine and meat.

There he sat amid the yeomen,
'Mid the knights so stout and tall,
And his soft and wondrous beauty
Fell like sunshine on them all.

Lovingly the moonlight lingered
'Mid his long and waving hair,
Stealing o'er his gentle features,
Making fairness still more fair.

But at length their meal was ended,
And they made him this request,
'Sing to us, oh, gentle minstrel,
Sing, before we go to rest !'

In his hand his harp is lying,
O'er its strings his fingers sweep,
And the music that had slumbered
In its chords awakes from sleep.

Then his voice with it is blended,
Laden with a warlike strain,
How the flower of England's warriors
Conquered on the battle plain.

Close the listeners press around him,
For within each good knight's breast
Memories of old hard-fought battles
Waken from their wild unrest.

Now his strain is lower, sweeter,
Love is lingering on the strings ;
'Tis a song of burning passion
That the vagrant minstrel sings.

And from many a quivering eyelid,
And on many a manly cheek,
Drops the tear that tells their secret,
Secret that they may not speak.

Slower, slower steals the measure,
And, amid the breathless calm,
From his harp ascends to heaven
A devout and holy psalm.

Then is traced upon each bosom,
Of the cross the sacred sign,
Then awaken in each spirit
Yearnings sacred and divine.

And the moonlight fills the hostel
With a strange and solemn light ;
With its rays the music mingles,
Making mystical the night.

Ceased the minstrel : yet the echoes
Still were throbbing in the room,
As when after flowers are withered,
Still there lingers their perfume.

Ere his listeners knew his absence,
From their midst the bard was gone ;
Passed across the much worn door-sill,
Went out in the night alone.

O'er the guests of that old hostel,
Fell that night a sleep serene,
And the memory of that minstrel,
In their hearts till death was green.

Thus along life's weary journey
Song, a gift from heaven, is thrown ;
Strong to raise each generous passion,
Sweet in memory when 't is flown.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

UNDER WAY: A TRIAL OF SPEED.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1848.—This morning, at two bells, (five o'clock,) the usual bustle and orders attendant upon getting under way informed me that our southern cruise was commenced. We were getting through a placid, sparkling sea, with a fine land breeze giving us five or six knots, leading the Boxer, some distance astern, and the Amphitrite ahead, she having got under way an hour or so before us, when I emerged upon the water-deluged deck, which with the gun-deck was suffering from the infliction of buckets, brooms, swabs and squilgees. About nine o'clock, the Englishman being a little forward of our starboard beam, the experiment of trimming ship was resorted to, and the men with the clothes-bags sent abaft the mizzen-mast. It did not appear, however, that the evolution produced much effect, for we gained but little or nothing upon the frigate. Still, it would seem we sail somewhat better than she does, and if we keep together we may enjoy quite a nice race, and have the honor of leaving our competitor astern. The company we have adds very much to the interest of the scene; for it is a pleasing sight to see three gallant vessels, with snow-white sails expanded to the breeze, and gracefully bending on their sea-tossed path, a subject each of interest and comment to the other. As our commodore expressed a wish to Captain Eden of having a trial of speed with the Amphitrite, which is considered a very good sailer, (far superior to the Rapid, which beat us in the chase off Cape Mount and the Gallinas,) we experience some anxiety about the result. So far (one o'clock) we are decidedly the victors. She got a start of an hour and a half, and was some four miles ahead of us, when we got under way; but we have nevertheless overtaken her, and she is now on our starboard quarter, trimming, and trying all she can to improve her sailing; and yet she falls astern, and we gain upon her, even visibly to the eye. Both ships have all the canvass that can be useful in this light breeze, and I think with others, better judges than myself, that this will be a good test of our qualities, and that we must come out decidedly victorious. We have dropped the Boxer far astern; so that if we keep on at this rate, we must be in sight of her before night sets in.

At noon we were by observation five degrees fifty-two minutes thirty seconds North longitude, bearing ten degrees thirty-one minutes West, thirty-three miles from Monrovia, fifteen miles from nearest land, off Junk River, between that place and Picaninny, or Little Bassa, and somewhat more than one-seventh of the distance from Monrovia to Cape Palmas.

At half-past five P. M., when we took in royals and studding-sails

in order to let the Boxer make up her loss during the day, the Englishman had fallen about three miles astern, and we were dropping him perceptibly with the freshening of the breeze as evening set in. Of course now under this reduced canvass we must expect to be overhauled; but sufficient has been done to entitle us, I should think, to the honors of the race, and to redeem to some extent our injured reputation. The Amphitrite, however, was laden heavy with provisions, and could not have been in her best sailing trim.

AT SEA: CRUISE TO LEEWARD.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25.—A fine, bright day, and a nice breeze. The result of our taking in sail last night, and backing mizzen-top-sail, was that the brig came up, and is now a few miles in shore, off on our larboard quarter; while our fellow racer, the Amphitrite, is nearly hull-down, on our lee-bow. I cannot but feel vexed that the necessity of holding on for the Boxer should so far retard us in our cruise; for it is rather provoking to be obliged to trifle with a favorable breeze and auspicious circumstances in latitudes where little reliance can be placed in sea or weather, and calms, baffling winds and strong currents embarrass the navigation. But I for one bow in all due submission to the judgment of those who are in authority, and who are charged with the management of the ship, and hope that we shall fully realize the consummation that 'all's well that ends well.'

Among other annoyances met with on some parts of the coast, is the important matter of foraging; for hard indeed the caterer's lot, and inventive must be his genius to succeed, when, as at Monrovia, '*les munitions de bouche*' are to be picked up at random here and there, in small quantities, and where you can manage to stumble upon them. This our steward experienced when a day or two previous to our sailing he went ashore on an expedition of the kind. He reported to me that he was obliged to run about incessantly after the few articles he managed to scrape together. Messing, therefore, is much more expensive here than at Porto Praya, our daily expenditure nearly doubling what we incurred at the former place. Yet, though small the fowls, green the bananas, tough-skinned and light the oranges, and a dollar the hundred at that, insignificant the pine-apples and vegetables, save cassada, plantains, sweet potatoes, etc., still, it being the dry season at Monrovia, considerable allowance must be made for this drawback, and a caterer may find better and cheaper fare, and easier to be got at, during a more favorable season.

While on this subject, by referring to that very useful book, '*The African Cruiser*,' I find that he has devoted a portion of his sixth chapter to an account of the cultivation of sugar, the coffee culture, and agriculture in Liberia. As to the first, he thinks it cannot be carried to any extent unless some method be found out to apply native labor to that purpose. He is of opinion that, although up to the period of writing the coffee plantations had not succeeded well, the

efforts and enterprise of one or two of the principal settlers might change the complexion of affairs, and cause the result to be flattering and satisfactory. As a proof of the then absence of success, we are informed that most of the coffee used and exported from the colony in 1843 was procured at the islands of St. Thomas and Princes, in the Bight of Benin. As Judge Benedict, one of those who pay most attention to the cultivation of the plant, and who is the most successful, has promised to furnish me with information in respect to this and other branches of agriculture in the republic, I shall be prepared to compare the 'Cruiser's account with that of the former, and see whether any alteration has taken place during the last four years, and if so, whether for the better or not. I drank some of the Monrovia coffee during both our visits, and found it, to my taste, of superior flavor and quality. I trust the experiment may fully realize the warmest expectations of those who are trying it.

Rice is in universal cultivation throughout the African continent, and the 'Cruizer' tells us that for the upland crop, the rice lands are turned over and planted in March and April; the grain reaped, beaten out and cleared for market or storing in September or October. The lowland crop is planted in September and October, in marshy lands, and harvested in March and April. *Cassada*, a kind of yam, with a tall stalk and light green leaves, looks like a rough barked piece of wood, is white and mealy inside, with little or no taste, but nourishing and much esteemed as an article of food. I found our author's description as above faithful and graphic. It is dug up in six months, may be kept fifteen or eighteen months in the ground, but is not eatable three or four days after being taken from the earth. *Tapioca* is made out of this root. *Indian Corn* is planted in May, and the harvest takes place in September; if planted in July, it ripens in November and December. The most reliable and largest crop here is *Sweet Potatoes*. They are raised from seeds, roots or vines, but most successfully from the latter; planted in May and ripen four months latter. *Plantains* and *Bananas*, also very valuable, are propagated from suckers, and yield in about a year. *Ground Nuts*, known as *Pea* with us, used in England for making oil. The *Cocoa*, a bulbous root of the size of a tea-cup, and somewhat like the artichoke. *Pine Apples*, small but of good flavor and growing wild, conclude the list of artificial and natural productions described by the 'Cruizer,' whose account I have thus borrowed, for the information of those who may not have seen his work.

In addition I would mention the *Granidilla* and *Soursop*, which I have tasted. They are both of a large size, of rough exterior and uninviting to the eye. But the former when opened, presents a soft, mucilaginous matter, enclosing a multitude of small seed, like those of the Pomegranate, and which when eaten, has a peculiarly sweet and pleasant taste and flavor. The other is internally white and rather firm in its substance, and as its name imports, is quite acid, yet refreshing, and is much admired and sought for by many people. But put all these tropical and strange fruits together, not one can excel or even compare with, in my opinion, some of our fine northern

apples, and the pears and peaches of the middle and other fruit-producing States. Familiarity breeds contempt, and the appetite is soon satiated with the redundancy of luscious sweetness, which, for the most part characterizes the productions of the sunny south.

To change however this subject, long enough dwelt on, I revert to our own movements and actual incidents, uninteresting though they may prove to many. We have just concluded wearing ship, and the *Boxer*, in consequence of our signal, is bearing toward us, and she will soon be under sail for Cape Palmas, in search of letters for the squadron and general information, to rejoin us at Accra, as soon as practicable. I cannot say that I am sorry she is going to leave us for awhile, as she is so much of a drag on our progress; but I do regret that we shall not ourselves visit Palmas, as I should like to compare the condition and appearance of 'Maryland in Liberia,' with that of the 'Liberian Republic,' with a view to some opinion as to the relative effects of the colonial and independent systems on the respective communities. But we may probably look in there on our return, so what is postponed is not lost.

The master did not succeed in getting an observation to-day, but by dead reckoning, he puts us latitude four degrees thirty-nine minutes twenty seconds west; longitude by chronometer, nine degrees eighteen minutes fifteen seconds west; about ninety-four miles from Cape Palmas, and thirty-three from the nearest land, nearly opposite *Setra-Kroo*, the head-quarters of the *Kroomen*.

AT SEA—OFF CAPE PALMAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26. — The steady warm temperature and hot sun give us unmistakable evidence of our drawing near the equator. We are now alone upon the gently stirred ocean, the frigate and brig having stood in shore and being out of sight. The breeze though favorable, is light, giving us on an average about three or four knots the hour. This morning we had a specimen of firing with hollow shot and Paixhan shells, and the Commodore and Captain were much pleased and gratified with the results. At noon to-day we were about seventy miles from Cape Palmas, entirely out of sight of land; but as the course has been somewhat altered, so as to bring us nearer in, we may yet get a glimpse of the Cape or of the neighboring coast to the southward. I should, to be candid, much prefer, though proximity to shore may affect somewhat our health, to be able to see a little of the coast as we sail along, so as to have some idea of its appearance and get acquainted with some of its features and settlements. For as yet, we have seen but little of Africa or its people, most of our time being passed under canvass, and unless for the future we scrape a nearer and longer acquaintance with the land, our cruise will have added little to our instruction, however much it may have contributed to our ease and comfort. For in these torrid latitudes, though 'distance may not lend enchantment to the view,' it lends exemption from the fever scourge, the demon who reigns in power here.

AT SEA—OFF RIO FRESCO AND GRAND BASSAM.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27. — At noon to-day we were opposite *Rio Fresco*, on the ivory coast about thirty-two miles from land, and two hundred and twenty from *Cape Three Points*, our latitude by observation, four degrees thirty-one minutes twelve seconds north; longitude, five degrees thirty-one minutes thirty seconds west. We are too far off to get a distinct view of land, but it has been seen, as it is said, by many all the morning. But as an order has just been given to stand in to enable our coast pilot, Cooper, to fix our whereabouts exactly by his knowledge of the land, I suppose we shall make a closer acquaintance with it before nightfall. Any thing indeed, in the way of terra-firma would be a relief to us in our present monotonous state of existence, and we may in addition stand a chance, should we go in near enough, to be boarded by some of the natives, who are said to be a savage, primitive set of fellows, and therefore the more original and interesting. It is more than probable that we shall make the land somewhere near Kotrou or Rio Negro.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28. — This morning found us about fifteen miles or so from land, supposed to be off *Grand Bassam*. So far, as to weather, we have been peculiarly fortunate, the breeze which wafted us gently out of Mesurado Roads, on Monday morning, having continued with slight variations of direction and force, ever since. Having not gone in close to shore, and from other causes of which I am not navigator enough to judge or express an opinion, the ship has not been allowed at times to go ahead as fast as she might under the proper canvass. But this to me personally is no peculiar matter of annoyance or complaint. With such pleasant seas and breezes as we have enjoyed since our departure from Monrovia, agreeable messmates, business and books enough to occupy and amuse me, good health, good appetite, and no lack of fresh provisions, I should consider myself very hard to please, were I to indulge too much in the luxury of grumbling. Some how or other material is manufactured between places of departure and destination, to give me sufficient occupation when at anchor, to keep me steadily on board, and nip any projected excursions ashore cruelly in the bud. So that, although the scanty attractions offered by this uninviting coast diminish the pain of what would otherwise be a sore disappointment, I still must feel the drag which keeps me out longer and oftener than is agreeable from those sources of relaxation and instruction, which, barren as this country is for the most part in incident and interest, unless paid too dear for, I had flattered myself under more promising circumstances, would be convenient if not pleasant of access. No fitter place, I ween, is found to try one's philosophy, strain patience and test one's temper, than life on board a man-of-war, in a dull and uninteresting station. Not only is the spirit dulled, cramped and chafed by the monotony of the time, and the variety of annoying incidents which every hour may bring to his notice or come to him personally, and made dreary and desolate with the unpromising contemplation of the future, but if he be not a modified kind of Mark Tapley, that practi-

cal and cool philosopher 'under trying circumstances,' the physical vexations and accidents, peculiarly frequent in these hot climates, will add most materially to his discomfort and distress. For the heat, steady if not intense, doth hatch into activity and power, those detestable pests and persecutors, cockroaches, rats, moths, ants, spiders, etc., to mock the application of cat and trap; for where one or more are sacrificed to our injured feelings and spirit of revenge, others more hateful and destructive come to their departed fellow's funeral, and make us feel, however loath, the fruitlessness of our efforts and precautions. I shudder at the prospect of the future and our inevitable fate, subjected as we are and must be to the tender mercies of these our constant attendants and cruel persecutors. Vain our groans and stories of wrong communicated by the sufferers to each other for sympathy and relief, every day finds us still harping on the theme, and the evil waxes nearer and more imminent, heavier and more distressing. Oh! for a Saint Patrick to drive the foul vermin into the ravenous sea, and bless us with the prospect of unbroken sleep in our beds, and peace and comfort at our table!

The land is now, one o'clock, distinctly in sight. It is low and uniform. As we are now standing, our course would carry us to the '*Bottomless Pit*,' so named from there being no soundings within it. It has an ugly name at least, but as Shakspeare says, 'there is nothing in a name, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet'—(a sentiment which by the way I do not accept as conclusive,) and as it is not *water* but *earth* we dread the most, I hope and believe there is no harm in going there or danger to be incurred, although profane and angry people are wont to consign their adversary to a similar place, with a shorter name. A letter dated from the '*Bottomless Pit*,' would sound most strange in ears polite, and perchance evoke some rather unpleasant associations.

AT SEA—A VISIT FROM THE NATIVES.

ABOUT three P. M., we had neared to the land to the distance of seven or eight miles, when we were visited by a canoe containing four naked, thick-lipped, flat-nosed negroes. Having asked in broken English whether we were English, French or American, no explanation or persuasion could induce the shy fellows to come aboard. In vain was the head Krooman, Tom Johnson, deputed to hold a 'palaver' with them, and the 'stars and stripes' given to the breeze; fearful of being made slaves of, as their spokesman said, they stuck to their long, narrow, sharp-bowed 'dug out,' and finally, after a fruitless negotiation between the parties, dropped astern with their unknown cargo, if cargo they had, which they would have, I suppose, traded for fish-hooks, tobacco and empty bottles, and thus deprived us of seeing nearer and conversing further with them. Our coast pilot tells us that these visitors come from *Picaninny Bassam*, and that the reason why they are so shy of armed cruisers is the violent attempt made by the French some few years ago, to purchase or force

from the natives a portion of their territory. At five o'clock we entered the 'Bottomless Pit,' which affords no soundings within fifty feet of the land, and is several miles in breadth, closing up like a bag as it winds into shore. So now is the chance to date a missive from a place different I trust from that described by the Latin Bard, 'facile descensus, sed revocare gradum, hic labor, hic opus est,' or as the witty Cowley has it:

'THE way to enter 's broad, but being in,
No act, no labor can an exit win.'

Our breeze still sticks to us, and we are in sight of Cape Apollonia, where the high ground, high comparatively, terminates and the low begins. We are not as close in shore as we might be, too far to distinguish objects, although the character of the land, uniform and well wooded, is distinctly made out. It would seem that we are experiencing the premonitory symptoms of our approach to the Bight of Benin; for to-day is the first damp and cloudy one we have encountered since we left Monrovia; and although it is the dry season, I apprehend that we shall come in for some share of tornadoes, thunder, lightning and rain, the prevailing rulers of these latitudes.

DEALINGS WITH TIME.

BY J. MONRIWELL

"T IS even so: Experience proves the truth of the idea
That Life is but a great vendue, and Time an auctioneer;
Where Man is tempted by his hopes some rueful lots to buy,
As you who 've reached your spectacles can safely testify.

He's fond, this ancient auctioneer, of mystifying folks,
And fobs them off with bitter fruits, wrapped up in funny jokes;
For sometimes when you think you've bought a pleasure mighty cheap,
The very memory of the trade 's enough to make you weep.

I know a present case in point: my friend across the way
Bought, as he said, a 'splendid lot!' a bargain, t' other day;
Losing this prize, he would have held all earthly blessings lost;
But now he'd sell it ('t is a wife,) for less than half the cost.

I have been favored in my time, like many witless wights,
With glimpses at 'the elephant,' and other wondrous sights;
But never dreamed the cost would be so fearful in amount,
Until this meddling auctioneer brought in his long account.

For instance: for some youthful freaks I'm charged a shining crown,
(But not the golden kind that weighs the wigs of monarchs down),
A crow's-foot under either eye, and furrows on my brow,
And corns upon my pedal farm that never need the plough.

And manhood made some purchases that did n't turn out well —
 Their memory comes to plague me now with its lugubrious bell ;
 For human passions had their play, and poached in strange preserves,
 Which left me with a visual haze and vibratory nerves.

It's always so: the goods are bought, no matter what the price,
 The buyer all the blessed while being sure they're cheap and nice ;
 But when the bill is handed in — the ' little bill ' it's called —
 The stoutest heart that ever beat might well shrink back appalled.

Yet still the ambidextrous rogue keeps hammering at his trade —
 He has so many customers he's never long delayed ;
 He scores a great lumbago, now, against a pleasant sin,
 And leaves his victim with a smile that curdles to a grin.

A postliminiar draft he holds, this wheedling diplomat,
 Which must be met when it matures — there's no evading that ;
 As well might you the ancient dame's aerial project try,
 And sweep with a terrestrial broom the cobwebs from the sky.

You fool with such a shallow phiz secured a lot abroad —
 Went to enjoy it, and came back bejewelled like a lord ;
 But now, poor man, he's looking round to find another lot ;
 A smaller one will serve his turn — it's easy to be got.

And he who has the shaky limbs, and totters in his gait,
 He says he is n't ready yet — the auctioneer must wait.
 He thinks it very odd to be so badgered with a bill,
 And swears he does n't owe the scamp a solitary mill.

At all such warning finger-poets we look with heedless eyes,
 And sugared pleasures tempt us still, as sweets inveigle flies ;
 For Time's a cunning auctioneer who knows his business well,
 And always has the thing we want, and always wants to sell.

And so for some poor foolish toy we barter all our powers,
 And for a minute's worth of fun spend many precious hours ;
 Yet if we bid the fearful price that gains us gold or fame,
 We only leave the bankrupt's pawn — a protest and a name.

A serial fraud is human life, from cradle to the shroud ;
 Delusion enters with our pap, and has its claims allowed ;
 It halo's Youth, encircles Man, is Age's gilded ark,
 And soothes the soul that steps at length aboard the Stygian barque.

O, could I in my bleomy youth have stolen a march on age,
 And read the record of my life from Fate's eventful page,
 I think I should have made a leap from yonder river's brink,
 And down among the suckers sought my everlasting drink.

And now, my precious fellow man, these pregnant facts consider,
 That Time at last without remorse knocks down the bravest bidder ;
 That Life itself, the final lot, is like a chattel sold,
 And he that was the ' mould of form ' becomes a form of mould !

THE SAINT LÉGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

SAY what we may, assume what we please as to the relative position of man and woman, it *is* an important era in our lives (I speak for my kind,) when we first begin, not only to be susceptible to female influence, but to require it as a want of the soul. For it is then that the errors of the heart levy their first fearful contribution, to be continued through all time, and for aught I know, through all beyond. It is then that the passions are either brought into subjection or become tyrants, and lead perhaps to interminable perdition. Certain it is, at all events, that there are wonderful changes in his spiritual relations, unseen it may be, but none the less real, which man owes to the influence of woman.

It is not easy to describe this influence, for we lack the psychological terms by which to describe it. It is not objective, positive, or opposing, but rather *pervading*; entering upon the slightest occasion into the inner sanctuary of the soul, and purifying by its presence the whole inner life.

Take, for example, a happy surprise. You come unexpectedly upon the one you love—perhaps you have not acknowledged to yourself that you do love—and feel a delicious quickening of the heart thrill through you. To this succeeds tranquillity and a subdued happiness, while you feel that there is a mysterious something which surrounds your friend, as with a soft, delightful zephyr. It meets you, pervades you, and leads you captive. You linger, enchained by a spell which you have no desire to break, and every thing is forgotten in the absorbing delight of that present moment. Now I care not how depraved the man shall be, I care not how sensual, how deeply steeped in sin, for the time being and while under such an influence, he is pure. It may not be lasting, but for the moment it is potent and effectual.

Can we explain this psychological, or rather let me say, this magnetic influence? Neither can we explain, although we may understand, this same influence in its higher and more important relations.

Thus much I had written, almost unconsciously, after glancing over the account of my interview with Kauffmann. It fell from me like a soliloquy, yet I hesitate to erase it; on the whole, I will let it remain.

As for myself, the influence of the sex upon me began early and has continued—always. Whether or not it was peculiar the reader may judge. I WILL speak truth of myself. God only knows (I say it with reverence,) how difficult is the task; for it is not every one who is familiar with his own experience.

I find it difficult in this part of my narrative to select from the

many interesting occurrences which transpired during my stay at Leipsic those which had a controlling influence over me. Unless, however, I adhere to my resolution of detailing these alone, I shall swell my *ms.* to an unnecessary size.

Day after day the glories of my new philosophy melted gradually away, while I no longer experienced the sustaining power of my former belief. Still, I was not altogether beyond its reach. Unconsciously I found myself falling back upon the truths of revelation, while at times the remembrance of a mother's prayers and of a mother's earnest exhortations came over me with such force that I was melted to tears. But these were momentary influences. My general state of mind was chaotic. To be sure, the instruction I gained from my several studies was not lost upon me; but it did not reach my heart.

I had confided in Theresa, and that saved me. How little I felt this at the time! how little indeed do we ever feel the importance of events while they are taking place! And, reader, do you account it puerile, this confiding that I speak of? Are you made of such stern stuff that you cannot understand it? Look back a little; turn your heart inside out, and see if you cannot find the remains — perhaps scorched to ashes, but still the remains — of some such feelings? Withered, blasted, suppressed, neglected, trampled on, they may be; but *they have been there*. And did it ever occur to you that what seems now so insignificant in your eyes will one day assume an air of imposing magnitude, and what seems now so vast and important will presently dwarf into mere littleness?

From Theresa — the spiritual, heaven-minded Theresa — I learned, singular to say, the value of the practical. Without her appearing in the least aware of it, Theresa's soul had upon my soul a remarkable effect. During my various occupations, amid the changes of the new life I was leading, in moments of weakness, in moments of temptation, in times of depression and of exaltation, in all these, dear Theresa, thou wert my safeguard and my life. Instead of her spirit reposing upon mine, my spirit found repose *in* hers. I began by degrees to think more of what Kauffmann had said. I felt that I had within me a strength of soul and purpose equal to cope with the mighty; yet I daily renewed my strength from the heart of that young girl!

Yes, in my struggles after a healthful state of life, I say it with truth, Theresa Von Hofrath was my chief, perhaps my sole assistant; and this, too, apparently without any design on her part. There was a charm in her very being which touched and swayed and subdued me.

But how shall I express my feelings for Theresa! May I not better say I had no feelings for her! She was not so much a particular object of thought and attention; she rather gave life and tone and character to all my thoughts. What Liberty is to a people, Theresa Von Hofrath was to me. As liberty is nothing positive, but only a favorable *status*, so the influence of Theresa produced in me a moral *status*, of a nature best adapted to the circumstances by

which I was surrounded. What was developed by all this we shall see by and by.

After a full deliberation; after patiently wearing out a twelve-month in bewildering my brain with German metaphysics; after listening to lecture upon lecture, and system upon system; I concluded deliberately and decidedly, and beyond all peradventure, that my sojourn in Leipsic had not brought about, and would not bring about, the desired result.

I had come to Germany a demi-god. My watchwords were, 'no subservience to opinion,' 'no limits to human wisdom,' 'consult Nature in all her modes,' and so forth, and so forth. These, and such as these, filled my mouth with vain arguments. For vain I knew them to be; that is, I felt a consciousness in that *lower* deep below the lowest deep; that I was all—all wrong; that I was dreaming, and should one day awake to a sense of my real condition. Then when I came among the learned doctors, and lecturers, and schoolmen, (solemn mockers and grave triflers,) and found how they were all pulling and hauling and mystifying, with their = + and —, I=I, and 'no man must *must*;' when I found that my old question was not answered, and no RESULT came of all this foolery; I felt assured that I had missed my mark. From this I sometimes found relief in taking up a volume of my Lord Bacon. Often could I clear my brain from the mists that thickened around it by perusing the plain and intelligible lessons of wisdom which that mighty mind had left to the world. In the same way I could shut out strange visions of the frightful demons of the Hartz—those hideous and unnatural creations of the German poets—by reading the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or the 'Masque of Comus.' In Germany I learned to appreciate the philosophy and the poetry of my own land.

Still I kept on studying and worrying, and perplexing my brain. Besides the public lectures, I continued to enjoy the private instruction of Herr Von Hofrath; and his lessons were not of a nature to be forgotten. But lectures and lessons were not what I wanted—were not what I needed. As I have said, after I had been in Leipsic a twelvemonth, I still found that what troubled me in England troubled me in Germany: *the actual, the practical, the what and the why*. The students made no advance, it seemed to me, in these. Each professor had a theory of his own, and most powerfully did he advocate it. At times I almost pined for my English home, and for English scenes. I recollected the matter-of-fact events of my life with the greatest pleasure, and called up to mind, with surprising minuteness, the early associations of my childhood. When I thought of my former feelings, and contrasted them with my present bewildered state, which daily became more bewildered, I decided that I had nothing to do but to tumble my philosophy overboard, and take in for ballast what I best could.

Thus from a religiously educated youth I became a free thinker, and from a free thinker I got to be a kind of worldling. All this time, I believe that I earnestly desired to think aright; and so far as my actions were concerned, I had no special reason to reproach my-

self. After all, my spirit experienced some relief from being let down from the clouds, even at the risk of grovelling upon earth. So I determined to give up the chase after an unintelligible mysticism, although I should be accused of falling from my high estate, and of exhibiting a low and unworthy degradation.

The professor, who had taken care not to dictate to me during what he was pleased to call my transition state, watched this change with interest. He regarded me something as a skilful and experienced physician regards a patient who, though apparently sick unto death, he feels confident will at length rally under judicious treatment. Herr Von Hofrath was too sagacious a minister to the 'mind diseased' to interfere with a rule equally applicable to soul and body—WAIT ON NATURE. His motto was, *assist where you can, but be sure you do not retard by injudicious aid.* When I was ready to condemn my whole routine of labors, he would say, complacently:

'Well, well; it is something to have got so far as that; but not too fast; take care lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them.'

'Especially,' I would add, 'if I cannot tell the tares from the wheat.'

'By their fruit ye shall know them; therefore wait.'

'How long?'

'Till you have done asking questions. Now come with me; I am reading Shakspeare's King John. I want to use your edition. Come, you shall read to me.'

Such was the considerate manner of the professor during this miserable period of my life.

Theresa, always sweet and gentle, grew even more sweet and gentle when she perceived my restlessness and discontent. Every word she uttered came straight from her heart, and her heart *always* beat true. She would assure me with so much confidence that I should yet enjoy peace of mind, she would calm my impatience with so much tenderness that I almost believed her.

How shall I picture Theresa as I could wish? To do this I should detail exactly what passed between us. I acknowledge that I cannot perform the task. The scenes glide away from me and I cannot grasp them. And when I would grasp them, Proteus-like, they change and fade and vanish altogether.

Something out of ourselves engrossed us always and the hours passed imperceptibly. As the strong ask not themselves if they are in health or no, so it never occurred to us to ask if we were happy. What a character was hers! She had no bashful timidity, yet a rare appreciation of what belonged to her sex. She was so truthful and so earnest that she stopped just this side of enthusiasm; she was not an enthusiast either. She was too thoughtful, too gentle, too considerate to be an enthusiast.

Theresa and I were friends. If friends, what had we in common? *A desire for happiness.* So we talked and walked and read and studied together. But we never spoke to each other of the feelings we entertained of each other. I doubt if we entertained feelings to speak of; had we done so, the universal soul-pervading influence

of her spiritual, would have been narrowed down to the individual and the positive. Then we should have been in love; *in love*, a specious term, which, like the paradise of fools, has never been bounded nor defined. Not that I do not believe in the phrase, but *what* to believe in it I do not exactly know. That true love can exist without friendship is impossible, indeed I believe that it must rest upon friendship or it will die away. And friendship can be predicated only of hearts which are congenial, whose currents flow and harmonize together.

But to return. The idea of loving Theresa, (as the word is usually employed) of claiming her for mine and mine only, was what I never thought of, and if I had thought of it, the idea would have distressed me. No; much as we were thrown together, and our communion was uninterrupted, I never entertained a wish that Theresa should ever be to me more than she then was. The thought of drawing her to myself and calling her mine and mine only, seemed sacrilege. Was our companionship then so entirely spiritual? It should seem so; and when I thought of it I believed that I had divined what Kauffman labored so hard upon: 'The true relation of the sexes to each other.' I began to think that the world had gone on hitherto all wrong; that the social condition of man was founded upon error, and that a false idea of this 'relation' was at the bottom of the trouble. I said to myself if in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, why may there not be examples of the same spiritual companionship here upon the earth? and why should not such examples become universal?

In this way did my ideas rove around resting first upon one hypothesis, then upon another, while my opinions continued wandering and unsettled.

But, shall I confess it, there were times when in the society of Theresa, my heart craved something different from her; when I yearned for the *mortal* Psyche; when the Venus Aphrodite, not the Venus Urania, seemed to inspire me. I pined for some exquisite 'creature of earth's mould,' who should unite purity with her mortality, who should possess the embroidered girdle which fills the beholder with love and desire, who should excite feelings entirely different from those I entertained toward Theresa. Some being who should realize to me the happiness of an earthly passion, and afford me the enjoyment of an interested affection.

At length I longed to love as the children of earth love.

And this longing, did it make any difference in my feelings for Theresa? None whatever. She was still the same to me. In these new heart-developments her influence was as effectual as it ever had been. It softened and purified and spiritualized these very earthly longings, it neither destroyed nor suppressed them.

As for Theresa herself, notwithstanding all our intercourse, I never could get quite to the bottom of her heart. I know not what I should have found there, but sometimes I thought the discovery would make me happy.

Returning one afternoon from the town, I found a note traced in a

female hand, requesting me to come to the lodgings of Wolfgang Hegewisch. Since the interview in which he had given me his history I had been frequently to see him. At times I found him convalescing and again worse; he was however evidently growing weaker, and I watched him with much solicitude. When he desired me to stay I remained, and when he was not in the mood for conversation I shortened my visits. By thus humoring his feelings, my society began, as I thought, to have a happy effect upon him. The last time I saw him, he seemed in better spirits than usual, and a natural cheerfulness of manner prevailed which completely metamorphozed the unfortunate misanthrope. I could not help remarking to Hegewisch the agreeable change.

'Yes, my friend,' replied he, 'I *have* changed; thank God, my deliverance is near!'

'What do you mean?'

Hegewisch put his hand upon his heart, shook his head and with a faint but not mournful smile replied:

'Something *here* tells me that a few days will release me from the world. Is not that a cause for cheerfulness? Of late my mind has been clearer. I owe you much for it. I have looked over my life and feel that since *that fearful event*, a phrenzy has possessed me. What I have done, what I have said, what I have thought in that phrenzy I scarcely know, but I feel confident that my Maker will not hold me accountable for it. I have considered lately that, since I can look only upon the course of events as they happen upon the earth, and do not know what shall be the administration of things hereafter, I have not regarded the *whole* circumference of my being and that I have complained too soon. Do you wonder, after what I have experienced, that now my brain is clear and my mind calm, death should be a great release to me.'

'No.'

'You speak like a friend; without affectation, but with kindness. Hear me. I shall never leave this room. But I would bid the world farewell with cheerfulness and with dignity; resignation I have not to practise. The days of my youth return to me, and I feel that innocent buoyancy of heart which I used to enjoy. Does this not betoken a happy future? Were not the words of my Meta prophetic? A few days and I shall know. I have sent for my mother. She will be here to-night. My kind physician — my father's tried friend — is already here; he insists upon remaining with me although he admits that there is no hope. I would bid you adieu! You touched my heart when I believed it lifeless. You have befriended me much every way. Would that I could befriend you in return. Listen to me. Leave this place; break off your present mode of life. You *think* too much, you do not perform, although performance is your province. You will become crazed here, you know enough of books, at least for the present; strike out into the world; interest yourself in its pursuits; mingle in practical life even at the expense of mingling in its follies. Return to free, happy England. You can serve your fellow men in some way. It is time you made the attempt. Apply your energies in that direction. My friend, I speak with the

august prescience of a dying man, when I say to you : Shake off this chronic dream-life and ACT ! Farewell !'

I was deeply affected.

'I cannot leave you so,' I said, after a silence of some minutes. 'I will not leave you until you have promised to send for me if you are worse. Do not refuse.'

'I will promise, but do not come. You will almost make me feel a pang at parting.'

From what passed at this interview, I felt that it would be an intrusion again to visit Hegewisch, unless I was summoned. I looked daily with a feverish anxiety for the promised message. It is not easy to describe with what trepidation I opened the note of which I have spoken at the commencement of this chapter. From its contents I could gather nothing. By the way, I have the note in this drawer ; here it is. A woman's hand certainly, though the characters are traced hurriedly, and without much distinctness :

'Herr St. Leger will so gut sein als zu kommen an No. —, — Strasse.' ('Mr. St. Leger will please call at No. —, — street.')

I left the house and hurried back to the town. I turned down this street and across that, threading my way into the remote section where Hegewisch had taken his lodgings, until, anxious and out of breath, I arrived at the door. I did not stop at the entrance, but passed directly up stairs, without meeting any one. Coming to Hegewisch's apartment, I knocked gently. There was no response. I knocked again : no answer. I opened the door and entered the room : it was vacant. I cast my eyes toward the apartment of which Hegewisch had said, with bitterness, 'there I sleep.' The door into it was open, and *there* indeed I discovered the object of my visit. Wolfgang Hegewisch lay partly raised upon the bed, which had been moved into the centre of the narrow chamber. On one side, and with her arm under the head of her dying son, sat the baroness ; upon the other, regarding the young man's countenance with discriminating solicitude, stood his friend and physician.

As I approached nearer, Hegewisch turned his eyes toward me, and smiled a look of recognition. This caused the baroness to turn around. I heard my name pronounced feebly by my friend. The baroness rose hastily, came toward me, took my hand, drew me to the other side of the room, and burst into tears. I could not remain unmoved ; the tears gushed from my eyes. I tried in vain to prevent it, but they would come. What was I to do ? what could I do to comfort the afflicted mother ? At this moment the physician entered the room. He addressed the baroness kindly, but with firmness :

'Madam, how can you give way to the force of your grief, when by so doing you cause your son such pain ? As for myself, his calm and dignified, I may say his heavenly composure, fills my breast with a strange happiness, unusual, and not easily accounted for. I pray you be calm.'

By this time I had recovered sufficiently to join with the physician in endeavoring to assuage her grief. The baroness made a strong effort to become self-possessed.

‘It is not this single blow,’ said she, ‘that so unnerves me; it is this in the succession of horrid events which over-tops all, crushing by its super-added weight the little strength that remained to me.’

I inquired how my friend was. The physician shook his head. ‘Alas! he may die at any moment. The renewel of the spasms must overpower him. He made me promise to send for you before it was too late. You may go in. He is so calm, that I have no fear of his being excited.’

I proceeded to the bed-side, followed by the physician and the baroness.

‘Oh, Father of Mercies!’ murmured I, ‘what have become of those days of happy wooing on the banks of the Rhine? *Is* there anything tangible in the awful past! *Should* life to man be made up of such contradictions!’

I took the hand of my friend. He had scarce strength to return the slight pressure which I gave it. But that smile again illumined his countenance with an expression delightful to contemplate.

‘You see I have kept my promise,’ whispered he. ‘I feel a dreadful weight removed from my heart. I am happy. I am calm too. Were it not for my mother, I should not have a shadow of unpleasantness cross my spirit. I say again, remember not what I have uttered in my wild moments. My griefs have been greater than I could bear; but now—ah! now—Meta—at last my Meta beckons me hence.’

‘Mother—mother!’ ejaculated Hegewisch, suddenly dropping my hand, and gasping for breath.

His mother flew to his side. The spasms had returned.

‘Meta, dear Meta! Gently, mother—gently. Lo! I see—I see!’

He was dead!

I could do nothing in that awful moment!

At a subsequent interview I narrated to the afflicted parent all that I had known of her son. I had to tell the story over and over again. In some way she discovered that I was the only one who had regarded him with kindness, and her gratitude knew no bounds.

The remains of the young Baron of — rest in the sombre tomb of his fathers, at the old castle on the Rhine. The baroness still survives. Solitary and desolate-hearted she waits with resignation the summons to follow her husband and her son.

And Caspar? He too lives — lives in the Castle of Richstein, in possession of wealth and influence and power. Full of life, and in the midst of his days, he prosecutes his selfish plans — successfully prosecutes them. But he is God-forsaken, and abhorred by man.

He also waits the summons.

Reader, have I digressed too much in narrating the story of Wolfgang Hegewisch? I trow not. It impressed me. It conveyed its lesson, and therefore do I record it.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PROVERBS FOR THE PEOPLE; or Illustrations of Practical Goodness drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By E. L. MAGOON, Author of 'The Orators of the American Revolution.' In one volume: pp. 272. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

A SUCCESSFUL attempt is made in this excellent volume to discuss the exalted principles of christian morality in a manner adapted to general comprehension. Each topic is complete in itself, and bears directly upon the practical duties of life. In constructing his chapters, Mr. MAGOON, while he has wisely relied in the main on the teachings of the Bible, has not avoided other sources of valuable instruction. Ethical writers, ancient sages and modern poets, have recorded very striking thoughts upon the themes contained in the volume under notice, and their affirmations, we are glad to perceive, are regarded as none the less pertinent and valuable because their authors did not enslave themselves to a sect, nor serve limited circles as bigotted dogmatists. 'The best impressions of the best minds,' observes our author, 'in every age and clime can be, and ought to be, rendered subordinate to the illustration and enforcement of the great doctrines which relate to man's temporal and eternal welfare.' The reverend writer proceeds to illustrate seventeen of the proverbs of SOLOMON, which he literally renders '*Proverbs for the People*,' by painting in truthful colors 'Captiousness, or the Censorious Man;' 'Kindness, or the Hero who best Conquers;' 'Sobriety, or the Glory of Young Men;' 'Frugality, or the Beauty of Old Age;' 'Temptation, or the Simpleton Snared;' 'Integrity, or the Tradesman Prospered;' 'Extravagance, or the Spendthrift Disgraced;' 'Vanity, or the Decorated Fool;' 'Pride, or the Scorned Scorned;' 'Idleness, or the Slothful Self-murdered;' 'Industry, or the Diligent made Rich;' 'Perseverance, or the Invincible Champion;' 'Sincerity, or the Irresistible Persuader;' 'Falsehood, or the Dissembler Accursed;' and 'Deceit, or the Knave Unmasked.' One can easily see what a field is here for variety and force of inculcation; and we can assure the reader that it is well occupied. The great object in each of SOLOMON's proverbs, to adopt the words of a modern student and translator of his works, 'is to enforce a moral principle in words so few that they may be easily learned, and so curiously selected and arranged that they may strike and fix the attention simultaneously; while, to prevent the mind from becoming fatigued by a long series of detached sentences, they are perpetually diversified by the changes of style and figure. Sometimes the style is rendered striking by its peculiar simplicity, or the familiarity of its illustration; sometimes by the grandeur or loftiness of the simile employed on the occasion; sometimes by an enigmatical obscurity,

which rouses the curiosity; very frequently by a strong and catching antithesis; occasionally by a playful iteration of the same word; and in numerous instances by the elegant pleonasm, or the expression of a single or common idea by a luxuriance of agreeable words.' Now in the enlargement of these proverbs, and in pursuing in detail the thoughts which they suggest, and in enforcing the lessons which they briefly inculcate, we may well believe, judging from the result before us, that our author did not altogether lose sight of the character of the models above indicated. Our friend must allow us to suggest one thing to his better taste and revised judgment; and that is, the commencement of a quotation from an author, or a contemporary orator, with 'Says the eloquent ROBERT HALL,' etc., or 'Said Bishop BURNET,' etc. This elliptical phraseology, sometimes adopted 'for short' by verbal anecdote-venders, is to our conception inelegant in exertions which imply subsequent hand-writing and proof-reading. If it is a 'custom,' dear Sir, 'pray you avoid it;' for it is certainly one 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.'

THE LIFE AND THOUGHTS OF JOHN FOSTER. By W. W. EVERTS, Author of 'Pastor's Hand-Book,' etc. In one volume: pp. 314. New-York: EDWARD H. FLETCHER.

ROBERT HALL, certainly a judge of originality as of eloquence, remarked of FOSTER 'that he was a man of the most extraordinary genius; his writings are like a great lumber-wagon loaded with gold.' In the volume before us we have collected and classified for convenience of reference and use the most remarkable passages of FOSTER's writings, with headings indicating their scope and bearing, together with a compendious view of his life and a copious index. FOSTER's works are distinguished by a grand combination and supremacy of intellectual traits. 'He thought with system as well as laboriously, and availed himself of passing occurrences and casual mental excitements for the illustration and elaboration of his views of some subject that had been long revolved in the ocean of his mind, like a pebble polished by the action of the sea.' Another distinguishing feature of his character and writings was a deep love of nature, and an exquisite appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery. He preserves a special truth and consistency in all language involving figure, and prunes away all those superfluities of image which rather display the ingenuity and fertility of the author's mind than his subject. We take from an essay upon FOSTER's character and writings the subjoined passage, which involves an example of his style. His reflections upon death and a future life are certainly very eloquent:

'His anxious curiosity about the future was quickened by the approach of death and the decease of friends. After the demise of any acquaintance, he seemed impatient to be made acquainted with the secrets of the invisible world. On one such occasion, rather more than one year before his own departure, he exclaimed, 'They do n't come back to tell us!'—then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand upon the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, 'but we shall know some time.' After the death of his son, he says: 'I have thought of him as now in another world, with the questions rising again, 'Where, oh! where? in what manner of existence? amid what scenes, and revelations, and society? with what remembrances of this world, and of us whom he has left behind in it?'—questions so often breathed, but to which no voice replies. What a sense of wonder and mystery overpowers the mind, to think that he who was here—whose last look, and words, and breath, I witnessed—whose eyes I closed—whose remains are mouldering in the earth not far hence—should actually be now a conscious intelligence, in another economy of the universe!' 'How full of mystery, and wonder, and solemnity, is the thought of where he may be now, and what his employments, and how divine the rapture of feeling with infinite certainty that he has begun a never-ending life of progressive joy and glory!' Reflecting upon the death of his wife, he inquires: 'Oh! what is the transition! . . . It is to be past death—to have accomplished that one amazing act which we have yet undone before us, and are to do. It is to know what that awful and mysterious thing is, and that its pains and terrors are gone past forever. 'I have died,' our beloved friend

says now, with exultation, 'and I live to die no more! I have conquered through the blood of the LAMB.' 'What is it to have passed through death, and to be now looking upon it as an event behind—an event from which she is every moment farther removing; when so lately, when but a few days since, she was every moment, as all mortals are, approaching nearer and nearer to it? What must be the thoughts, the emotions, on closely comparing these two states, under the amazing impression of actual experience? How many dark and most interesting and solemn questions (as they are to us, as they recently were to her) are now to her questions no longer!'

We commend these writings of FOSTER to a wide diffusion; albeit we remark some few things which we could wish had been omitted. His narrow-minded views touching certain amusements and accomplishments of children, for example, are unworthy a man of an enlarged and liberal spirit.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Author of 'Eastern Life,' etc. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE remember to have heard an American gentleman of distinction, once connected with the chief councils of the nation, remark, that while Miss MARTINEAU was in this country she sought on several occasions to see him, but that he fortunately managed to escape an interview. 'I didn't wish her to see me,' said he, 'and she did n't. She 's making a book, I understand, on this country, and she 's collecting matter for it daily; going round, with that lithe trumpet of hers, sticking it out and drawing in all sorts of things, like an elephant in a menagerie, who thrusts out and slaps around his trunk, imbibing here an apple, there a piece of cake, and a handful of nuts and there perhaps a chew of tobacco. She is welcome to put into *her* trunk any thing that she can get out of me!' Now it is this very propensity of Miss MARTINEAU, this ubiquity of observation and assiduity of collection, which makes her, to our mind, so interesting a writer. It is this which has enabled her to tell us 'how to observe,' and how to appreciate those who *do* observe properly. We have often wondered that an 'old maid' (pardon us, ladies!) like the author of 'Deerbrook' should have written the very best description extant of the universality and potency of the passion of love; and we are well nigh equally surprised that the same elderly girl, who never had chick nor child in her life, should put forth a work on 'Household Education,' which for many excellences might have been the production of the mother of the Gracchii. In the volume under notice we have abundant evidence of a benevolent, kindly spirit, a warm love of children, an appreciation of their little wants, and a keen scent of the abuses to which, in their tender years, they are subject. Take up the volume we have been considering, American mothers, and see whether or no we have not 'spoken sooth.' See whether there are not strong common-sense views of matters which perhaps you yourselves have but faintly understood, and inculcations which, if intelligently noted and carefully heeded, may be productive of great benefit to yourselves in raising up and rightly managing your own households. You will find set forth in terse language what is necessary to the care of the human frame, in its developments of the powers, of the progressive intellectual training, of the habits, personal, mental, family, etc., with other the like matters, which you will perhaps be taught by the pages under review to regard as more important than you have hitherto considered them. They are the result of what the author has observed and thought on the subject of '*Life at Home*' during upward of twenty years' study of domestic life in great variety.

POEMS BY JAMES T. FIELDS. In one volume. pp. 120. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

Mr. FIELDS is a genial poet. He writes with simplicity and evident facility, and you can see his heart, and its *real* thoughts, in his verse. Beside being an excellent judge of human nature, the phases of human character, he is a keen observer and a faithful limner of the beauties of the outer world. The first poem in the very handsome volume before us was pronounced before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on the fifteenth of last November. It is entitled '*The Post of Honor*;' and we shall justify our appreciation of its spirit by presenting the reader with a single passage from it. If the following be not good, then are we no judge. A politician, seeking the post of honor, runs a sort of inquisitorial gauntlet before he even obtains a nomination. Par example:

'Go mark its influence o'er each scene of life;
Your neighbor feels it, and your neighbor's wife;
He o'er Columbia's District sees it shine,
While she, more modest, thinks a coach divine.
'Be rich, and ride!' the buxom lady cries:
'Be famous, JOHN!' his answering heart replies;
The golden portals of the Chamber wait
To give thee entrance at the next debate;
Get votes, get station, and the goal is won—
Shine in the Senate, and eclipse the sun;
Quadrennial glory shall compensate toil,
The feast of office, and the flow of spoil.
Poor child of Fancy, party's candidate,
Born of a caucus, what shall be thy fate?
Nursed by a clique, perplexed I see thee stand,
Holding a letter in thy doubtful hand;
It comes with questions that demand replies,
Important, weighty, relevant and wise.
'Respected Sir,' the sheet of queries runs,
In solid phalanx, like election buns:
'Respected Sir, we humbly beg to know
Your mind on matters that we name below;
Be firm, consistent—that is, if you can;
The country rocks, and we must know our man;
And first, what think you of the Northern Lights,
And is it fatal when a mad dog bites?
Do you allow your corn to mix with peas,
And can you doubt the moon is one with cheese?
If all your young potatoes should de cease,
What neighbor's patch would you incline to fleece?
When Lot's slow help-meet made that foolish halt,
Was she half rock, or only table-salt?
And had the ark run thumping on the stumps,
Would you, if there, have aided at the pumps?
Do you approve of men who stick to pills,
Or aqueous pilgrims to Vermont's broad hills?
Do you mark Friday darkest of the seven?
Do you believe that white folks go to Heaven?
Do you imbibe brown sugar in your tea?
Do you spell Congress with a K or C?
Will you eat oysters in the month of June,
And soup and sherbet with a fork or spoon?
Toward what amusement does your fancy lean?
Do you believe in France or LAMARTINE?
Shall you at church eight times a month be found,
Or only absent when the box goes round?
Should Mr. SFEAKER ask you out to dine,
Will you accept, or how would you decline?
In case a comet should our earth impale,
Have you the proper tongs to seize his tail?
For early answers we would make request;
Weigh well the topics, calmly act your best;
Show us your platform, how you mean to tread,
Plump on your feet, or flat upon your head;
If your opinions coincide with ours,
We delegate to you the proper powers.'

This extract, we must not omit to add, affords only an example of one of the different and varied themes touched upon in 'The Post of Honor,' but it is all for which we can find present space. The following 'Ballad of the Tempest' is simple yet picturesque:

'We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder 'Cut away the mast!'

'So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

'As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
We are lost!' the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

'But his little daughter whispered,
As she shook his icy hand,
'Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?'

'Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.'

We rather suspect that some of our readers could trace the lineaments of the person who sat for the following portrait of '*A Malignant Critic.*' Certain we are that there is one, whose name has perhaps been mentioned on some two or three occasions in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, in terms we hope of proper disrespect, whom the 'coat' will fit exactly, whether made for himself or no:

'RAIL at him, brave spirit! surround him with foes!
The wolf's at his door, and there's none to defend;
He's as 'poor as a crow;' give him lustier blows,
And do n't be alarmed, for he has n't a friend.

'Now twirl your red steel in the wound you have made—
His wife lies a-dying, his children are dead;
He'll soon be alone, man, so do n't be afraid,
But give him a thrust that will keep down his head.

'He has n't a sixpence to buy his wife's shroud,
He 'writes for a living'—so stab him again!
Raise a laugh, as he timidly shrinks from the crowd,
And hunt him like blood-hound, most valiant of men!

'Ha! finished at last—there he hangs; cut him down;
A fine manly forehead! I hear you exclaim;
Now choose your next victim, to tickle the town,
And your heart-pointed pen shall reap plenty of fame!'

Did you never, in society, reader, after the ice had been somewhat broken, and you had exhausted the nameless nothings that go to make up what is mis-called 'conversation' with some three or four affected young ladies, presently find yourself by the side of a sensible, well-informed, simple-mannered girl, who was content to be and to act herself? If you have, you will appreciate the following:

'She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name
She whispered mildly, 'Common Sense.'

'Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather,
And when they sneered, she simply said:
'I dress according to the weather.'

'They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

'They knew the length of PLATO's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in SATURN;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.'

Go to the nearest book-store, reader, and possess yourself of this beautiful volume, from which we can quote no more 'at this present.' It will be found replete with pleasant fancy and true feeling.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE CLERGY OF AMERICA.'— We have just risen from the perusal of a very entertaining book, of which we wish to afford our readers a slight foretaste. It is a volume of *Anecdotes illustrative of the Character of Ministers of Religion in the United States*, and is from the press of Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY, Philadelphia. There is a *little* cant now and then to be found in its pages, and some slight polemical illiberality occasionally to be met with, together with three or four instances of 'obtaining a hope' that will strike the reader, we think, as very 'remote causes of good ends'; otherwise, the work is unexceptionable; nor indeed do the blemishes we have indicated interfere with the 'entertainment' which the book affords. Let us pass to a few extracts. We scarcely ever thought until now how appropriate a prayer for manhood is the ensuing verse, which dies on our ear every night from the innocent lips of childhood:

'A VENERABLE clergyman, and doctor of divinity, in New-Hampshire, at the age of seventy years, lodged at the house of a pious friend, where he observed the mother teaching some short prayers and hymns to her children. 'Madam,' said he, 'your instructions may be of far more importance than you are aware: my mother taught me a little hymn when a child, and it is of use to me to this day. I never close my eyes to rest, without first saying:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Profession, as contradicting from, or unconnected with, the practice of good works, was properly, even though somewhat coarsely, rebuked, on the occasion mentioned below:

'A DISTINGUISHED Methodist preacher, who was well known in the West, was once preaching with great fervor on the freeness of the Gospel, and around him was an attentive congregation, with eager eyes turned to the preacher, and drinking every word into their souls. Among the rest was an individual who had been more remarkable for opening his mouth to say amen, than for opening his purse. Though he never gave money for the support of the gospel, yet he might be said to support the pulpit, for he always *stood by it*. He had, on this occasion, taken his usual place near the preacher's stand, and was making his responses with more than usual animation. After a burst of burning eloquence from the preacher, he clasped his hands, and cried out in a kind of ecstasy, 'Yes, thank God! I have been a Methodist for twenty-five years, and it has n't cost me twenty-five cents!' 'God bless your stingy soul!' was the preacher's emphatic reply.'

The annexed passage from the discourse of a clergyman in Indiana to a youthful congregation possesses many of the elements of true eloquence. The similes, although not perhaps new, are certainly very felicitously employed:

'I BESSECH you, my young friends, to live for eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and, more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful; and that which crawled, flies; and that which fed on com-

paratively gross food, sips the dew and revels in rich pastures; an emblem of that paradise where flows the river and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. 'Consider her ways, and be wise.' Let it not be said that you are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight, 'LIVE FOR THE FUTURE.' With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard, saying to the gazing audience, 'LIVE FOR THE FUTURE!'

Every body in America (and not a few in England) has heard of 'old Father TAYLOR,' the pastor of the Boston Bethel chapel for seamen, and of his simple, natural eloquence. The annexed will serve as an example of the familiar manner in which he is wont to make a practical application of an important truth. He has been speaking of the influence of the Bible:

'I SAY, shipmates, now look me full in the face. What should we say of the man aboard ship who was always talking about his compass, and never using it? What should you think of the man who, when the storm is gathering, night at hand, moon and stars shut, on a lee shore, breakers ahead, then first begins to remember his compass, and says, 'Oh, what a nice compass I have got on board!' if before that time he has never looked at it? Where is it that you keep your compass? Do you stow it away in the hold? Do you clap it into the forepeak?' By this time JACK'S face, that unerring index of the soul, showed visibly that the *reductio ad absurdum* had begun to tell. Then came, by a natural logic, as correct as that of the schools, the *improvement*: 'Now then, brethren, listen to me. Believe not what the scoffer and the infidel say. The Bible, the Bible is the compass of life. Keep it always at hand. Steadily, steadily fix your eye on it. Study your bearing by it. Make yourself acquainted with all its points. It will serve you in calm and in storm, in the brightness of noon-day, and amid the blackness of night; it will carry you over every sea, in every clime, and navigate you at last into the harbor of eternal rest.'

The lamented Dr. STAUGHTON, of Philadelphia (whose melting tones have more than once fallen upon our ears, while sitting at night with dear friends long since in the eternal world, in the old 'Academy' in Fourth-street,) once closed an appeal before a charitable society with this admirable illustration: 'Two boats, some time ago, were sent from Dover to relieve a vessel in distress. The fury of the tempest overset one of them, which contained three sailors, and a companion sunk. The two remaining sailors were floating on the deep; to one of them a rope was thrown; but he refused it, crying out, 'Fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down; I can last some time longer.' They did so; TOM was drawn into the boat. The rope was then flung to the generous tar, just in time to save him from drowning. Look on the boisterous sea of this world. You have your conflicts, we acknowledge, but there are some that cannot *last* like you. Throw out immediately to their assistance, or it may be too late.' The effect is very great upon an audience of such familiar illustrations. Here is another one, employed by Rev. Dr. MERCER of South-Carolina, in enforcing the importance of aiming at high attainment, and 'going on to perfection: 'Some christians are afraid to aim high. Alas, they have not as much courage as a chicken. As I was sitting in my piazza one pleasant evening last summer, my attention was drawn to the fowls as they were going to their rest. One little chicken particularly attracted my notice. He fixed his eye upon a limb pretty high up a tree, and made an ineffectual aim to gain it. He then took another position, and repeated his effort to reach it, but was again unsuccessful. Still, in no wise discouraged, he kept his eye upon the limb first chosen, and tried, and tried, and tried again; but to no purpose. Six times he tried and failed, but the *seventh* time he reached it. My brethren, aim high; press on to perfection; try to have as much courage and perseverance as that little chicken.' The subjoined capital anecdote is related of Rev. Mr. MOODY of Maine:

'COLONEL INGRAHAM, a wealthy parishioner, had retained his large stock of corn in a time of great scarcity, in hopes of raising the price. Father MOODY heard of it, and resolved upon

a public attack upon the transgressor. So he arose in the pulpit one Sabbath, and named his text, from Proverbs: 'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.' Colonel INGRAHAM could not but know to whom the reference was made, but he held up his head, and faced his pastor with a look of stolid unconsciousness. Father MOODY went on with some very applicable remarks, but Colonel INGRAHAM still pretended not to understand the allusion. Father MOODY grew very warm, and became still more direct in his remarks upon matters and things; but Colonel INGRAHAM still held up his head as high, perhaps a little higher, than ever, and would not put on the coat prepared for him. Father MOODY at length lost all patience, 'Colonel INGRAHAM!' said he, 'you know that I mean you; why don't you hang down your head!'

A homely illustration by a colored preacher in Philadelphia, struck us as being both good and characteristic: 'My bred'ren, de liberal man w'at gib away his prop'aty aint gwine to hebben for *dat*, no more dan some of you wicked sinners. Charity aint no good widout righteousnes. It is like beef-steak widout gravy; *dat* is to say, no good, no how.' We were much impressed with the following appeal made by a reverend clergyman to the students of an eastern college, assembled in the chapel on the occasion of the sudden death of one of their number: 'Young man, you are now strong and full of health; but let me tell you the spade which shall dig your grave may be already forged; your winding-sheet may be lying in yonder store; and that clock,' pointing to one on the front of the gallery, 'may be counting out the moments of the last Sabbath of your life!' 'The tick of that clock,' says the narrator, 'entered my very soul; it seemed like the sound of the keys in the doors of the eternal world.' There is mention made, in the volume we are considering, of a dull clergyman who cornered a farmer whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly, after a little reproof for his sin of omission, 'Shall we see you at church *next* Sabbath?' 'Y-e-e-s,' he replied, slowly, 'y-e-e-s, I'll go — or *send* a hand!' It was the same interesting clergyman who, one hot drowsy summer-day, found on concluding a long discourse, that half his congregation were rubbing their eyes and waking up, being startled by the sudden silence; whereupon he very quietly said: 'My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, in fact rather more than usual; you don't seem to have paid to it quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go over it again!' And go over it he did, from text to exhortation. He 'had 'em *there*,' did n't he? There is a good lesson in the following: 'A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, 'When I was young, I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the *lightning*; so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more.' Some idea, but we presume a faint one, is given of SUMMERFIELD's eloquence, in a passage from a charity sermon before the pupils of the asylum for the deaf and dumb in this city in 1822, who at a signal had risen up before the audience:

'I TRANSFER these children now to you. Behold them! They stand before you as you must stand before the judgment-seat of CHRIST. Turn away from these children of affliction, and when the LORD says 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not unto me,' you too may stand dumb — speechless in shame. Silence like theirs is eloquence. The hand of God has smitten them, but the stroke which blasted, consecrated them. FATHER of Mercies! palsy not that hand, wither not that eye, which can gaze on these objects and not feel compassion! On me be the wrong. I have failed to move them — these children have failed. THOU canst move them! O descend, as with cloven tongues of fire, and find THOU an entrance into every heart!'

'None save those who heard these sentences in that great congregation,' says the narrator, 'can conceive the fervor with which they were uttered.' More than a thousand dollars were collected at the close of the discourse, including a rich gold necklace

and several diamond rings. SUMMERFIELD loved to preach; and we could well believe that it was himself and not Dr. PAYSON who directed these words to be engraved upon the plate on his coffin: 'Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;' a voice of admonition and warning, even from the very grave. Here is a little description of a tract, by a colored man who had been converted through the influence of one: 'I never knew afore, massa, w'y dey call 'em tracks; but when I read dat little book, it track me dis way an' it track me dat way; it track me all day an' it track me all night; w'en I go out in de barn, it track me dar; it track me ebery w'ere I go: den I know w'y dey call 'em tracks.' This reminds us of a tract-dispenser who called at the house of an unbeliever in the country, to whom he said, 'Will you permit me, Sir, to leave a few tracts?' 'Yes,' was the abrupt reply, 'leave your tracks as quick as you like, but let the heels be toward the door! Good morning, Sir.' The perambulating colporteur retired to report the affront to the auxiliary branch of the parent society. The young man who on one occasion 'supplied the pulpit' of the late Dr. EMMONS did n't elicit any very great compliment from the Doctor, although he baited the hook for him: 'I hope, Sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day.' 'No, Sir, not all, nor by the depth either,' replied the Doctor. We subjoin a single example of the pulpit eloquence of WHITEFIELD:

'On one occasion WHITEFIELD was preaching in Boston on the wonders of creation, providence, and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning came on. In the midst of the sermon it attained to so alarming a height that the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. The preacher closed his note-book, and stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and with much feeling and fine taste repeated:

HARK! THE ETERNAL rends the sky!
A mighty voice before him goes;
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes:
'Come, children, to your FATHER'S arms;
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.'

"Let us devoutly sing, to the praise and glory of God, this hymn: Old Hundred."

'The whole congregation instantly rose, and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly accompanied by the organ, in a style of pious grandeur and heart-felt devotion that was probably never surpassed. By the time the hymn was finished, the storm was hushed; and the sun, bursting forth, showed through the windows, to the enraptured assembly, a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed the desk and his discourse, with this apposite quotation:

"Look upon the rainbow; praise HIM that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof! It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; and the hands of the MOST HIGH have bended it!"

Very rarely has WHITEFIELD been excelled in the ability to seize and apply the lessons arising out of an incident or an occasion. 'The young minister in the west' rather 'caught' the 'infidel judge near the Allegany mountains,' who was ridiculing to a circle of by-standers the Bible-account of the creation of man: 'Perhaps,' said he, 'some of us existed a while in less perfect organizations, and at length, as nature is always tending toward perfection, we became men, and others sprang into life in other ways; and if we could find a rich country now, which had not been injured by the hand of man, I have no doubt that we should see them produced from the trees.' To this the young minister, who had been sitting silent in a quiet corner, made answer: 'Sir, I have no doubt at all upon the subject, for I have travelled in the richest part of Texas, where I saw the forest in its native perfection, unsullied by the hand of man, and there I have seen large pigs growing upon the trees. The nose is the end of the stem, as you see by its form; and when ripe, I have seen them fall, and proceed directly to eating the acorns that grew upon the same tree!' 'No more at present' from 'The clergy of America.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—‘The gold fever,’ writes a ‘down-east’ correspondent, ‘is raging hereabout with great violence. S——, one of my neighbors, has contributed not a little to its fury. His office is a place where idlers most do congregate, and he interests them by reading letters which he has never received. Some five or six had assembled in his office a few days since, to talk over the gold news, when he suddenly remarked: ‘By the way, they *do* give most extrod'nary accounts of that country. I received a letter this morning from a friend out there, and (taking up a letter from his table,) I'll read you a part of it :

‘We arrived at St. Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations, we set out for the gold country. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat-fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one draw-back; this neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents; and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat, you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains, or particles. My companions stopped to gather it, but I thought I would keep on and go to the head-quarters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal in lumps as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country farther, I found it became more plenty; and I frequently noticed pieces of pure gold the size of a common tea-kettle. In fact, the appearance of the country in many places reminded me of one of our New-England corn-fields after the corn has been removed and before the pumpkins have been gathered! Still I did not stop there, but kept on toward the source of the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five-pail kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, in which, I suppose, the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very abrupt and precipitous. At the base of a high cliff I looked up and saw, about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of solid, shining gold, as large as a bunch of screwed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root, or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun: it was loaded with ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was hung; but as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did the gold would infallibly fall on me and crush me to pieces; so I——’

‘Here the reader was interrupted by an old vagabond, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and the tobacco-juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with, ‘By thunder! I'd a-fired!’ . . . HERE is a ‘deferred article,’ reader, but it is too good to be lost, we think: ‘Thus then ‘B.,’ as touching Spring. Heaven forefend that he be not exulting before we are ‘out of the woods.’ March has certainly pleasant days, that sometimes surprise us with a touch of summer; but he is generally a roystering, blustering fellow, for the most part, in this meridian: ‘First month of the Spring! Ever welcome commencement of the atmospheric Eden! WINTER has passed away; legitimate, three-monthed, old-fashioned WINTER, is no more. He is in his cave, warming his fingers, and getting the ‘frost-bite’ out of his toes. There let him stay, the old Turk! and ponder over the past—his past. How many poor devils has he frozen to death during his ‘reign of terror’—how many starved! The mother, with her babe clasped in her withered, bloodless arms, dead, dead on her bed of icy straw! Can WINTER weep? Let him weep now at these his crimes. Still, there are redeeming qualities in the old bore, and there is pardon for him; as well as for other sinners. Our sleigh-rides and our first-of-January calls; our Christmas gleees and frolics; stockings of children, girls and boys, hung up by the fire-place or the bed-post; our friends lounging into the parlor and chatting with the wife and the wife’s two sisters,

or three or four, if there be so many, and our retreat into the back-room, wheré BILL the waiter has made a spread of creature-comforts, segars and punch, and a cold piece of ham from Maryland or Virginia, with oysters stewed, broiled and fried, and the wind outside coming up against the windows in puffs, and when it finds it can't get in, whistling like a cow-boy, home returning from the fields at sun-down. Old warrior, grizzly old ruffian, stand aside, and do n't disturb the window-curtains with your surly breath! You have no business in our back-parlor, or in our front-parlor, or in the bed-rooms, where Virtue and Innocence and Love sleep under the canopy of Home. And now that Winter is away, and 'cut' by the other seasons, let us welcome the Spring. Delicious God-gift is Spring. It comes tripping over the fields like the 'girl we love,' buds bursting into flower twined within her hair; that hair which WINTER, the frosty barber, had coiffed in ice and powdered with snow. Welcome, then, bright 'Heart's Delight!' Fill our souls with comfortable thoughts and dreamy happiness; and when the Summer solstice comes to take your place, may you yield up your wand of beauty with no immodest look, to make the burning season warmer in his career! . . . SHERIDAN once stole a crown-piece from SWIFT when he was asleep, and left in its place these lines:

'DEAR DEAN, since you in sleepy wise
Have ope'd your mouth and closed your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut your parlor-door;
For should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose?
Since oftentimes it hath been found
A dream has given ten thousand pound.
Then sleep, my friend—dear DEAN, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own,
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me!'

WHEN we hear a pompous, censorious person inveighing against his acquaintances, enlarging upon mere flaws in the characters of those who are infinitely his superiors in every virtue which reflects honor upon human nature, we can hardly resist the inclination to say to him in the words of an old author: 'Look into the dark and hidden recesses of *your own* heart, and consider what a number of impure thoughts brood and hover there, like a dark cloud upon the face of the soul; take a prospect of the fancy, and see it acting over the several scenes of pride, of ambition, of envy, lust and revenge; tell how often a vicious inclination has been restrained, for no other reason but just to save your credit or interest in the world, and how many unbecoming ingredients have entered into the composition of your best actions. Would you be able to bear so severe a test? Would you be willing to have every thought and inward motion of your heart laid open and exposed to view? Not a bit of it! . . . We asked in our last number 'Who is H. Melvill?' The question has been answered to our great satisfaction. In the first place, our esteemed contemporary of 'The Albion' weekly journal tells us: 'He is a Doctor of Divinity, Chaplain of the Tower of London, and Principal of Haileybury College, an establishment belonging to the East-India Company, in which youths are educated for the civil department of their service. Dr. MELVILL is beyond all doubt the most eloquent preacher in England.' In the second place, we have received from our friends the publishers, Messrs. STANFORD AND SWORDS, Number 139 Broadway, two large volumes, containing all of Dr. MELVILL's published sermons; and after a careful perusal of them, we can well believe in the justice of the high praise awarded by the 'Albion' to the eloquence of

their author. Without farther preface, we propose to present the reader with the means of judging himself of the style and genius of our author; his 'breathing words, his bold figures, his picturesque images, and rapid, vivid, fervid aspirations.' The 'spring-time of the year' has come; and in the warm bosom of the earth, and up through the veins of countless trees and plants, nature's resurrection is going on. It seems an appropriate period wherein to ask ourselves the momentous question, 'With what body do we come,' when at the general resurrection we appear at the bar of judgment? Mr. MELVILL's argument, based upon the declaration of HIM who said 'I am the resurrection and the life,' is, that 'there hath not died the man who shall not live again, and live again in that identical body which his spirit abandoned when summoned back to God.' Our eloquent author treats of this great subject in two discourses, one entitled '*The Doctrine of the Resurrection*,' the other '*The General Resurrection and Judgment*.' From the first we segregate the ensuing passage:

'I CANNOT master the mysteries of the sepulchre. I may have sat down in one of the solitudes of nature; and I may have gazed on a firmament and a landscape which seemed to burn with divinity; and I may have heard the whisperings of a more than human voice, telling me that I am destined for companionship with the bright tenantry of a far lovelier scene; and I may then have pondered on myself; there may have throbb'd within me the pulses of eternity; I may have felt the soarings of the immaterial, and I may have risen thrilling with the thought that I should yet find myself the immortal. But if, when I went forth to mix again with my fellows, the splendid thought still crowding every chamber of the spirit, I met the spectacle of the dead borne along to their burial; why, this demonstration of human mortality would be as a thunder-cloud passing over my brilliant contemplations. How can this buried man be judged? How can he be put upon trial? His soul may be judged, his soul may be put upon trial; but his soul is not himself.'

In calling attention to the eloquent passages which ensue, we should not omit to premise, that many of the most eminent medical and surgical authorities of the world pronounce the resurrection of the natural body as *physically impossible*. How many have 'given their bodies to be burned?' They were '*consumed*, and vanished out of their place.' 'Nor,' reason many benevolent and christian impugnors of the doctrine of a physical resurrection, 'would it be desirable, were it possible. Are deformities, are all the ills, to which our frames are subject on earth, to be revived and perpetuated in heaven?' We confess that the deformed little girl, who was for the first time called by her brother, when in anger, a 'hunch-back,' asked, to our conception, a very natural question of her weeping mother, when the poor child lay dying: 'Mother, I shall not be so *there*,' pointing upward, 'shall I? I shall be *straight*, won't I, when I get to heaven? Yet you will *know* me, dear mother, won't you?' But to our extracts:

'THIS frame-work of flesh in which my soul is now enclosed will be reduced at death to the dust from which it was taken. I cannot tell where or what will be my sepulchre; whether I shall sleep in one of the quiet church-yards of my own land, or be exposed on some foreign shore, or fall a prey to the beasts of the desert, or seek a tomb in the depths of the unfathomable waters. But an irreversible sentence has gone forth: 'Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return'; and assuredly ere many years, and perhaps ere many days have elapsed, must my 'earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved,' rafter from rafter, beam from beam, and perhaps scattered to the four winds of heaven. And who will pretend to trace the wanderings of these particles, into what substances they may enter, of what other bodies they may form part, so as to appear and disappear many times in living shape before the dawn of the great day of the universe? The elements of which my body is composed may have belonged to the bone and flesh of successive generations; and when I shall have passed away and been forgotten, they will again be wrought into the structure of animated beings. And when you think that my body at the resurrection must have at least so much of its original matter as shall be necessary for the preservation of identity, for the making me know and feel myself the very same being who sinned and suffered and was disciplined on earth, you must admit that nothing short of infinite power could prevail to the watching and disentangling and keeping duly separate what is to be again builded into a habitation for my spirit, so that it may be brought together from the four ends of the earth, detached from other creations, or extracted from other substances. . . . This matter may have passed through innumerable changes. It may have circulated through the living tribes of many generations; or it may have been waving in the

trees of the forest ; or it may have floated on the wide waters of the deep. But there has been an Eye upon all its appropriations and all its transformations ; so that, just as though it had been indelibly stamped from the first with the name of the human being to whom it should finally belong, it has been unerringly reserved for the great day of the resurrection. The myriads upon myriads of atoms, the dust of kingdoms, the ashes of all that have lived, are perpetually jostled, and mingled, and separated, and animated, and swept away, and reproduced ; and nevertheless, not a solitary particle but holds itself ready, at the sound of the last trump, to combine itself with a multitude of others, in a human body in which they once met perhaps a thousand years before.'

What a scene will be presented, when 'the cloud and the mist shall have been rolled away from the boundless hereafter;' when the whole globe, its mountains, its deserts, its cities, its oceans, shall seem resolved into the elements of human kind; and millions of eyes look up from a million chasms; and long-severed spirits rush down to the tenements which encased them in the days of probation; standing in their resurrection-bodies on the earth, as it heaves with strange convulsions, and looking on a firmament lined with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, and beholding a throne of fire and cloud, such as was never piled for mortal sovereignty! 'That hour,' adds our eloquent author, 'so full of mystery and might, has not yet arrived; but it must come; it may not perhaps be distant; and there may be some of us, for aught we can tell, who shall be alive on the earth when the voice issues forth; the voice which shall be echoed from the sea and the city, the mountain and the deserts, all creation hearkening, and all that hath ever lived simultaneously responding. But whether we be of the quick or the dead, on the morning of the resurrection, we must hear the voice, and join ourselves to the swarming throng which presses forward to judgment.' In the sermon entitled '*Testimony confirmed by Experience*' is the following glowing description of the fruition of christian hope:

'OZ, as the shining company take the circuit of the celestial city; as they 'walk about Zion, and go round about her,' telling the towers thereof, marking well her bulwarks and considering her palaces; who can doubt that they say one to another, 'As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of our God?' We heard that here the 'wicked cease from troubling,' and now we behold the intense deep calm. We heard that here we should be with the LORD, and now we see him face to face. We heard that here we should know, and now the ample page of universal truth is open to our inspection. We heard that here, with the crown on the head and the harp in the hand, we should execute the will and hymn the praises of our God, and now we wear the diadem and wake the melody. . . . 'It is not the voice of a solitary and weak fellow-man which now tells you of heaven. God is summoning you. Angels are summoning you. We are surrounded by a 'great cloud of witnesses.' The battlements of the sky seemed thronged with those who have fought the good fight of faith. They bend down from the eminence, and bid us ascend, through the one MEDIATOR, to the same lofty dwelling. We know their voices as they sweep by us solemnly and sweetly. They shall not call in vain.'

In the discourse upon '*The Power of Religion*,' Mr. MELVILL thus depicts a man whose attention has been engrossed by commerce, and whose thoughts have been given wholly to the schemings and workings of trade:

'MAY we not affirm, that when the grace of God takes possession of this man's soul, there will occur an extraordinary mental revolution, and that too brought round by the magnificence of the subjects with which his spirit has newly grown conversant? In place of oceans which can be fathomed, and weighed and measured, there is an expanse before him without a shore. In place of carrying on intercourse with none but the beings of his own race, separated from him by a few leagues of distance, he sends his vessels as it were to lands tenanted by the creatures of a more glorious intelligence, and they return to him freighted with a produce costlier and brighter than earthly merchandise. In place of acquaintance with no ledger save the one in which he casts up the debtor and creditor of a few fellow-worms, there rises before him the vast volume of doomsday, and his gazings are often on the final balance-sheet of the human population.'

We have extended our extracts almost beyond the limits of our available space, but we 'can't help it;' nor are we yet quite done. The reader will require no apology on our part for giving the subjoined salutary sentences from a discourse on '*The Advantages of a State of Expectation*':

'WHAT is hope, but the solace and stay of those whom it most cheats and deludes; whi-

paring of health to the sick man, and of better days to the dejected; the fairy name on which young imaginations pour forth all the poetry of their souls, and whose syllables float like ærial music into the ear of frozen and paralyzed old age? In the long catalogue of human griefs there is scarce one of so crushing a pressure that hope loses its elasticity, becoming unable to soar, and bring down fresh and fair leaves from some far-off domain which itself creates. Hope proves man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul, breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity. It is good that we hope; it is good also that we quietly wait. Strive ye therefore to 'let patience have her perfect work.' It is 'yet a little while, and he that shall come will come.' Be ye not disheartened; 'the night is far spent, the day is at hand.' As yet there has been no day to this creation; but the day comes onward. There is that edge of gold on the snow-mountains of a long-darkened world, which marks the ascending of the sun in his strength. 'Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?' The watchman said, 'The morning cometh, and also the night.' On then, still on! lest the morning break ere hope and waiting have wrought their intent.

THE chance quotation which we made in our last number, '*There shall be no Night in Heaven*,' is from a sermon upon that great theme, in the present reading of which we were forcibly impressed with these brief sentences: 'In heaven the mind will have the power of the eye, so that the understanding shall gather in the magnificence of truth with the same facility as the organ of sense the beauties of a landscape.' In the consideration of these sermons of MELVILL we have confined ourselves to the first only of the two volumes before us. We may find occasion hereafter to devote a kindred subsection of this department to a review of the second volume. . . . 'NEXT to the 'Prock' — that remarkable western animal, which has two short legs on one side and two long ones on the other, to enable him to 'keep his perpendicular' while grazing or browsing on the sides of steep mountains, and which is only caught by being 'headed' and turned round, when, in 'reversed position,' he 'falls to rise no more' as a 'free and independent Prock' — next, we say, to this animal, must now be reckoned the '*Ice-Breaker of the Upper-Penobscot*,' of which a correspondent sends us the following full and satisfactory account: 'It is said that they den in an immense fissure on the northerly side of Katahdin. They generally make their appearance on the lakes about the first of April. It is believed that there are not more than four or five extant, and some go so far as to say that there is but one, alleging that there is no sufficient evidence of more having been distinctly seen. From all accounts (I speak of the one concerning which their seems to be no doubt) he is about two-thirds as large as a middling-sized elephant. There is nothing very peculiar about his form, proportions, etc., except his tail. This is said to be seventeen or eighteen feet long, and at a distance of eight to ten inches from the extreme tip is a knot, or bunch, of the size of a bushel-basket, and of great consistency. With this he strikes a tremendous blow, and will break the strongest ice, a foot thick, with perfect ease. The lumbermen on the West Branch have frequently heard the report of his blows on the Chesuncook ice, a distance of thirty miles. I have often wondered that our naturalists have made no attempts to obtain them. I think with proper care they might succeed. Let a company well furnished and prepared be in the vicinity of the fissure, say about six weeks hence, and I make no doubt they would 'take some,' especially if they should have the Baskahegan Giant with them.' . . . 'WHEN, in 1779,' writes 'W. S.,' a new correspondent, 'that most lamentable comedy of a tragedy, '*The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed*,' was first produced on the Drury Lane boards, SHERRIDAN was censured of some, as having ridiculously overdrawn some of his satirical sketches. Probably the concluding scene in the first Act was of this number; and verily, to that class of readers who see nothing in a newspaper but the news, and dismiss the advertising columns to 'the demnition bow-wows,' there may be things passing strange therein. We allude to the discourse on the sublime mystery of *Puffing*, wherein the Magnus APOLO of that science divides the whole genus into sundry dis-

tinct species; the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collusive, the puff oblique, and the puff collateral. In this age of progression, the apostle of this difficult profession would be obliged to yield the palm to his pupils, in the practice of an art which, in his own language, 'is of the highest dignity; yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, literature and politics: the applause of genius, the register of charity, the triumph of heroism, the self-defence of contractors, the fame of orators, and the gazette of ministers.' Without farther designation of the *genus*, let us represent a *species* in the following example of the 'puff collateral,' taken from a London journal. The hand of a master is palpable in every part of the porcine praises of the piece. 'Hear, oh! hear his piteous story.'

'DIED the Jew!' The Hebrew died —
 On the pavement cold he lay;
 Around him closed the living tide,
 The butcher's cad set down his tray;
 The pot-boy from the Dragon Green
 No longer for his pewter calls;
 The Nereid rushes in between,
 Nor more her 'fine live mackerel!' bawls.

'Died the Jew!' The Hebrew died.
 They raised him gently from the stone,
 They flung his coat and neckcloth wide,
 But linen had that Hebrew none.
 They raised the pile of hats that pressed
 His noble head, his locks of snow:
 But ah! that head, upon his breast,
 Sank down, with an expiring — *Clo'!*

'Died the Jew!' The Hebrew died,
 Struck with overwhelming quails,
 From the flavor, spreading wide,
 Of some fine Virginia hams.
 Would you know the fatal spot,
 Fatal to that child of sin?
 These fine-flavored hams are bought
 At thirty, Bishopsgate Within!

We are right well pleased to hear of the success of the '*American Dramatic Fund Association*.' The rules and regulations, which had been thoroughly matured, are excellent; and we are glad to learn that the recent benefit, given by kind permission at the Astor-Place Opera-House, netted sixteen hundred dollars to the treasury. All our managers and actors cheerfully volunteered their services; and even the hard-working secretary and treasurer, Messrs. BROUGHAM and POVER, to whom salaries were voted by the Managing Committee, promptly declined, but performed and are performing their onerous and responsible duties gratuitously. . . . THE measure of 'L's' lines is peculiar; and so far as mere novelty is concerned they might prove attractive; but they are far from being what the writer, we are quite sure, is capable of producing. They remind us not a little of those odd stanzas addressed by SWIFT to his physician, of which these lines are an example:

'WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick,
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick;
 I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick —
 She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.'

THAT 's a curious addition recently made to the Museum of National Curiosities at Washington: 'A pair of boots made by a sherry-cobbler on the last of the Mohicans!' . . . We grieve ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves; for life is a tragedy, where

we sit as spectators for a while, and then act our own part in it. . . . We had not the pleasure to hear the lectures of Rev. HENRY GILES upon DON QUIXOTE, before the Mercantile Library Association; but judging from the synopsis given of the essay upon 'SANCHO, the Worldling,' we must infer them to have been eloquent and instructive performances. After tracing the life of the worldling to its close, the reverend lecturer concludes as follows:

'EXCITEMENT swallows up our youth, Care wastes our maturity, and peevish complainings take dignity from our age. I can conceive of a life very differently spent and very differently closed. I can conceive of one who has had all the right uses of the world, bidding it in his heart, if not in his words, a grateful and a kind farewell. 'O thou glorious Sun,' he might speak or think, 'still pour down thy splendor to bless men's eyes and to gladden their hearts! Many years have I rejoiced in thy light; with rapture have I watched it dawn upon the mountains; with rapture have I lingered on its parting magnificence on the evening cloud; still pour down thy beauty, and be the central lamp in the blue canopy of Heaven for endless generations! Shine on, ye Stars; sweet and solemn as ye are, and, though awful, lovely! With wings of fancy, that no lower air could dampen, I have risen to your dread sublimity, and, lost in your measureless depths, I have felt a terrible and speechless joy. Still show to the lonely watcher of the night your everlasting harmony! still play on to mortals the music of your eternal spheres! Roll on, thou mighty Ocean! symbol, as thou art, of mystery and power; unfathomable abyss! restless strength! great binder of the nations! I have slept upon thy heaving breast; I have sported with thy shore-kissing wavelets; I have listened to thy low, sad song in the calm, and to thy chorus of fierce songs in the tempest; but the hour draws nigh when my eye shall no more see thee, and when my ear no more shall hear thee. And thou, gentle Earth—hospitable and comely home! beautiful thou art—beautiful exceedingly; and though sorrow, and wrong, and guilt and death be on thee, thou remainest beautiful despite them all: soon I shall look my last upon your hills, your valleys and your fields; but lovingly, as my senses fade, I shall think on thee, first dwelling-place of the infancy of my immortality! Human beings! leaving you, I bless your affections; I bless your sympathies; I am grateful for every tie that bound me to you, for every benefit you have done me: still let Childhood, bound in its innocence and youth, rejoice in its strength, and Man put forth his power, and Woman be lovely in her purity, and Age have the blessedness of peace; I must quit this habitation, which must return to the dust out of which it was made, while my spirit goes to God who gave it: I am at the end of my pilgrimage, and I am satisfied: I am at the portal of the invisible and mysterious Future: I behold the stirring of the veil which is soon to be taken away: I see the shadow of the solemn messenger that is to announce my removal: Let the veil be raised; I am prepared to enter; let the messenger approach; I am prepared to follow.'

'MARK the end of the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.' . . . We have just been thinking, while pausing from these scribblings, and looking half-unconsciously at the volumes of a cabinet-library in the sanctum, what great injustice we have done them in not paying them more attention. There they stand, looking at us every day and night; each one the representative of a live man; each individual, and expressing its own character, and each ready to open and keep up a sustained conversation with us. *Mea culpa! mea culpa!* We have 'ta'en too little care of this.' . . . THE accessory refinements of cleanliness, to which the Croton has given rise, are very remarkable. Step in at the IRVING and ASTOR Houses, and remark the comfort, the luxury, the splendor of the bathing departments of Mr. HENRY RABINEAU; and forget not also to drop in under the FRANKLIN-HOUSE, and admire the more than eastern gorgeousness of the new establishment of Mr. PHALON. . . . LOOK you, here ensues a passage from the as yet manuscript poem of '*Philo, an Evangeliad*,' by the author of '*Margaret*,' 'which it is hoped may please.'

'THE old world God did bury, to spring up,
Adorn, and bless, and satisfy the New.
He lets his earthquakes plough the continents,
Slides the sun up and down, both poles to quicken.
God loves the earth and its inhabitants;
And there are eyes, bright eyes, that watch for it,
Behold it sweeping graceful through the air,
And wave their white veils to it as it passes.
God feeds the earth with His essential life—
All being, space and time He cherishes;
His spirit, weaving spheres together, veils
Itself beneath its gorgeous handiwork.
The earth but plays its part in the great whole;

Matter assists the soul till it can go
 Alone : on golden loops sustained, fly off
 Atoms and orbs — truth, beauty, time and place,
 In God's safe concave whirling evermore.
 New worlds appear, as clouds in a clear sky ;
 Unerring laws, steel-clasped, bind all in one.
 Should the earth topple on some fatal edge,
 A thousand stars would rush to rescue her.

WE are obliged for the kind words of our 'Newburgh Friend,' and for this anecdote of an odd character in that meridian: 'Riding in a stage-coach a short time since, we happened to have among others for a fellow-passenger an ardent teetotaler, who was descanting eloquently upon the great value and many excellent qualities of water, and especially of its prime necessity as a beverage; declaring that nothing could be substituted in its place, etc.; when an old gentleman, who had been listening with evident impatience, remarked, with rather a contemptuous look: 'I hain't nothing to say ag'in water; I think it's very good in its place; but for a *steady drink*, give me rum!' I should just like you to have seen Teetotal's face when he heard this reply. All the passengers looked grave for a second or so, (for the assumption was altogether astounding,) and then burst into a roar that made the stage-coach ring again.' . . . THE lines entitled 'The Marriage Vow,' copied in the 'Christian Inquirer' Unitarian journal of February 17, and credited to the 'Church Times,' were written for and first published in the KNICKERBOCKER. No great matter this; but it were as well perhaps to correct the 'credit-mark.' . . . READER, do you desire to have your thoughts enlarged, your imagination extended and refined, your judgment directed, your admiration lessened, and your fortitude increased? Read a *portion* of the BIBLE habitually every day of your life. Did you ever hear an apposite quotation from the Sacred Scriptures that did not 'clinch' as it were the theme in illustration of which it was applied? We venture to say, never. The sublimity of the topics of which the Bible treats; the dignified simplicity of its manner of handling them; the nobleness of the mysteries which it develops; the illumination which it throws on points the most interesting to creatures conscious of immortality; these characteristics have received the fervent admiration of the best intellects that ever emanated from the great Source of Mind. . . . WE would say nothing unkind to 'JUVENIS,' but really he has 'mistaken his vocation.' We have tried him in four 'styles of composition,' as he terms it, and the product is 'nil.' It is all 'soft' reading. As some one whom we forget has well said, his only art is like that of the hatter; he 'bows' out his stuff, and when he mats it, cat, rat and otter all shine alike. 'The Dream of Youth' must close our examinations of our young correspondent's 'various styles of composition.' . . . SOMETHING there is of the new phonographic style of spelling in the following 'verbatim-et-literatum' copy of a circular recently distributed in the west of England:

'ROGER GILES, surjon, grosir, parish-clark and skulemaster, reforms ladies and gentlemen; he draws teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest terms, and fizks for a penny a-peace. He zells godfather's Corjal, kuts korns, and undertakes to keep every body's nayles by the yere and zo on. Young ladies and gentlemen larned thare grammars langwage in the most purtiest manner; also, gurt care taken of thare morals and spelling; also, zarm-zinging, teeching the base vial, and all other zorts of fancy-work. Perfumery and jollop, znuff and ginger, and all other spices. And as the times be bad, he begs to tel, he is jist begun to zell all zorts of stashunary wares, blacking bals, hurd-herrings and coles, scrubbin'-brishes and pills, mice-znaps and trikel, and other zorts of zweetmeets, inkluding taters, ingona, blak-led, brick-dist, sassages, and other garden-stuff; also phrute, hats, zonga, hoyl, and other articles. Korn and bunjan-zarve, and all hardwares. He also performs seabottomy on the shortest notice. And farthermore particular, he has laid in a large zortment of trype, dogs'-meet, lolipops, and other pickels, zich as hoysters, Winzur-zoap, etc. Old raggs bort and zold here, and no place helae; and new-laid eggs every day by me,

'ROGER GILES.

'P. S.—I teaches Joggrefy, Rumaticks, and all them outlandish things, querdrolls, fashina-bull pokar, and all other contry dances tort at home and abroad to perfekshun. A bal on Wenadays, when our MARIAN performs on the git-Tar.'

ANOTHER song, by our friend Signor DE BRONIS, destined to become exceedingly popular, entitled '*Love is a Pretty Frenzy*,' has just been issued by his publishers, Messrs. FIRTH, POND AND COMPANY, Franklin-Square. It was written for, and is dedicated to, a young and gifted pupil, Miss H. C. R. TUCKER, of New-York. The same publishers have sent us two admirable productions of the great artist, HENRI HERZ, published from the original ms. of the author: '*The Last Rose of Summer*,' that undying melody, with an introduction and brilliant variations for the piano-forte; and the '*Silver-Bell Polka*,' also composed for the piano-forte, and already become widely popular. HERZ is a metropolitan classic, and his music is now entirely 'naturalized' among us. . . . THE following lines on '*Winter*' were written for our last number; and although 'the winter is over and gone, the flowers appear again upon the earth, and the time of the singing of the birds hath come,' yet they will even now vividly recall the rigors of the season from which we have but just emerged:

A SOLEMN silence reigns o'er all,
A death-like stillness, cold and deep,
As underneath her snowy pall
The old Earth lies asleep.

No birds are in the walling trees,
Whose limbs, all shrunken now and bare,
Sway wildly in the winter breeze,
Like withered arms in prayer.

Vainly o'er all these fields of white
The sun looks down; his golden beams
In spots of bright and dazzling light
Glint from the frozen streams.

The sudden gusts from off the ground
Whirl up light showers of blinding snow,
That, meeting in their frolic round,
Slide to the vale below.

O, fettered streams! O, leafless trees!
O, sleeping flowers! the warm South-west
Will soon send forth his gentle breeze,
And break your icy rest.

O, flowers of Joy! that once did make
A summer in my breast, what art
Can bid ye bloom again, or break
This winter of the heart?

February, 1849.

R. S. CHILTON

THE London '*Christian Remembrancer*' Quarterly Review has a very discriminating and highly laudatory notice of the '*Poetical Works of the late Lucy Hooper*,' not long since commended in these pages. 'Her poems,' says the reviewer, 'uniformly bear the impress of an ardent fancy and a gentle, pure nature. Her heart responded to every genuine emotion; was excited by every beautiful scene, or noble action. One sees that she must express what she felt, and that she wrote because she could not help it. There is a perfect freedom from pretension and display: we invariably like the writer, and recognise that simplicity and modesty which her biographer so warmly dwells upon. There is a freshness of spirit throughout, a real sympathy with all that is worthy of sympathy.' This is high praise from a high source. . . . OUR old and cordially-esteemed friend, the historian of Tinnecum and biographer of PETER CRAM, singing-master, of that ilk, has been writing and delivering before the 'Library Association' of Huntington, Long-Island, an admirable and characteristic address on '*The Gold Mania*.' He goes back to the various eminent 'bubbles' which have from time to time been inflated and burst, in Europe and America; and considers the mania, or thirst for gold, under three phases, or forms; namely, the sleepless 'business-man' proper, the 'hold-fast' man, and the miser. Look at this limning of the last-mentioned biped, the soulless 'forked radish':

'CONSIDER one of them! Take him altogether, body and soul, and what a spectacle does he present! He seems to be shrivelled and squeezed into a compass no bigger than a nutshell which a squirrel holds in his paws. His cheeks collapse, his stomach and spine approach each other for want of nutritive diet, and his attenuated legs have taken refuge in what ШАКСПЕАК calls

'The lean and slippered pantaloons.'

His heels are shod with iron to prevent the precious cow-skin from wearing out, and his breeches are leathery, and his old hat boys would not kick in the streets. It is so greasy, 'shocking bad' and wo-begone, that it would bring a higher price than the best beaver, either as a curiosity to hang up in a museum, or to put upon a high pole to frighten hungry crows. His finger-nails are like bird-claws, and his arm trembles as with the act of grabbing, and his whole expression is hungry and gluttonous, as if he were feeding upon a basin-full of gold eagles or dollars. His cat is a mere shadow, and puts one paw before another, looking in the direction of her long, streaking tail, as if a small mouse would frighten her away. His dog is lean, snarling and ferocious from being ill-fed, and his cow appears to be the victim of a perpetual horn-distemper, a hanger-on at the hay-scales, and with a thieving propensity for other men's clover. Then his house, his fences, his walls, his garden, present a picturesque misery which cannot be adequately described. But to look upon cold, cheerless gloom, you must enter in. No voice, no music, no laugh, no cheerful aspect of wife, children, or domestic. A few lean sticks, no thicker than crutches, are upon his hearth, and two or three dull, lack-lustre coals to heat his meagre soup, causing to ascend above his chimney into the cold air a thin, blue, wiry, cork-screw curl of smoke. Twenty times a day, walking upon tip-toe and looking about, he draws forth his treasure. This for him is all that can make life sweet or death bitter.

Our friend gives a vivid sketch of the rise and progress of the great 'Land Speculation,' when so many 'cities' encroached upon the country on Long-Island, driving cattle from their pasturage, and causing them to rub their sides against lamp-posts and crack their shins over curb-stones, the outlines of streets without houses, which so continue even unto this day. . . . WELL, we thought it 'would never do to give it up so,' when we were trying in vain to make our professional duties yield to the wish to be present at the *Inauguration Ball at Washington*, for which tickets had been kindly sent us; but it was 'all for the best' that we could not command the leisure to be present; for such an 'awful jam' was never before seen. A friend who was present gives us an amusing description of matters and things in Washington during 'inauguration-week.' He says he slept in a bed two feet short (he stands some six feet in his stockings) which was called by courtesy a 'straw-bed;' but it was made of a currant-bush with a rag round it; while the room in which it stood, in size some seven feet by twelve, had two doors with no handles to either, and was occupied beside by two tall, flatulent dyspeptics from Virginia, who made the night hideous with their difficult eructations! . . . More of our readers will remember the pretty Spanish song of 'My Ear-rings, oh! my Ear-rings!' so felicitously translated by a distinguished American poet. Here is something after the same manner, but not of the same kind, exactly: '*My Breeches, oh! my Breeches!*' We think we shall not be far out of the way in attributing the lines to Chief-Justice Stowz, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. They depict the 'total loss' of a pair of trowsers wrecked in the great 'September gale.' We annex four characteristic stanzas:

'It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a-flying.
I saw the sheets and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—oh! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

'I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches.
'Farewell! farewell!' I faintly cried,
'My breeches, oh! my breeches!'

'That night I saw them in my dreams;
How changed since last I knew them!
'The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them.
I saw the wide and ghastly rents,
Where demon claws had torn them;
A hole was in their hinder parts,
As if an imp had worn them.

'I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons were gone,
For ever and for ever!
And not till fate shall cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!'

THAT was agreeable advice given by the Dean of St. PATRICK'S to a young clergyman who had just taken orders: 'I could heartily wish that you had continued some years longer at the university, at least till you had laid in a competent stock of human

German, procured from a ballad-mongering friend of our correspondent's, who has 'any quantity' of kindred effusions, and some of them very quaint and rare :

'HEAR 's a health to the QUEEN, and peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase ;
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there 's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

'Let charming Beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found ;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew :
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

'In making Bacchus Joy, I 'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love :
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

'May Love and Wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crown the board,
We 'll sing the joys that both afford :
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men let them lie !'

Think of some twenty or thirty roystering blades singing this song, interrupted occasionally perhaps by maudlin echoes from 'the dead room,' coming faintly upon the ears of the besotted revellers ! . . . 'You know, perhaps,' writes a Pennsylvania correspondent, 'that about a year or so ago the proceedings of the WASHINGTON Monument Society at Washington received a sudden impetus. Among other measures adopted to procure sufficient funds for the completion of the edifice, was that of appointing an agent in each congressional district throughout the United States, who was furnished with lithographs of the future monument, which were presented to such gentlemen as chose to subscribe. Our district is a German one, and the agent, when he called on me, told me many amusing anecdotes of the difficulties he had met with while endeavoring to overcome the habitual parsimony of the people. Among others he mentioned the following, which I have retained. He called one day at the house of a very wealthy farmer in the upper end of Dauphin County. The whole family were soon assembled to look at the beautiful pictures. In the mean time the agent exerted all his eloquence to induce the steady old German to 'plank his tin.' He portrayed the services of WASHINGTON to his country ; he dwelt in glowing terms upon the gratitude we should all feel for them. Suddenly the farmer broke silence : 'What is all dis for ?' The agent began again : 'You know who WASHINGTON was ?' 'Yes, he was the first President ; he licked the British, did n't he ?' 'Yes, that 's the man ; and this monument is to be erected as a fitting testimonial of the eternal gratitude of his countrymen,' etc. The anticipated subscriber studied the plate attentively. 'Well,' said he, 'I won't pay anything toward it ; I don't see no use to build a house mit sich a d—d big chimney !' The agent immediately 'dispersed.' The old Dutchman's criticism upon the shaft of the design is a very natural one. He certainly evinced some knowledge of the 'ironic style' of architecture.

'I'vz sailed upon an iceberg till it reached
The tropics, when it melted. When will melt
These frozen nations, whose collisions dre
And booming imminence doth fright the earth !'

A question which may be newly asked every time the steamers bring us late intelligence from the old nations of Europe. . . . SAINT PAUL says : 'He who does not provide for his own house is worse than an infidel.' 'And I think he who provides

only for his own house is just equal with an infidel,' adds DEAN SWIFT; and we say, 'Ditto to Mr. BURKE.' Yet we once heard a little man of property boasting that he had denied to a friend, who gave him much business every year, a small sum asked in charity for another, on the ground that *his* charity was awarded to those who by ties of kindred were dependent upon him. And the well-to-do man-of-the-world said this with an air of great complacency, as if it were 'a deed that would secure him heaven.' . . . To 'P. B. S.,' of Fall-River, who requested 'an immediate answer' to his note, which we could not give, we answer emphatically 'No.' We think his chance of success in a field already overstocked would be very doubtful indeed. And this, let us assure him, is the well-grounded opinion of a friend. . . . ON thanksgiving-day an Irish woman called at an apothecary's, and asked what was good for a man? 'Why, what's the matter with your man?' 'Please, Sir, is it castor-ile or salts that's good for him?' 'How can I tell unless you let me know what is the matter with him?' 'Is it 'matter with him?' Bless God, there's nothing the matter with him; but he had a leisure day, and thought he would take something!' Was this Irishman any wiser than hundreds of others, who should know better, who do not hesitate to deluge their internals with medicine, when if they had n't too much 'leisure,' nothing would be 'the matter' with them? . . . WE commend these lines to our esteemed friend 'S.,' whose most welcome letter, thrice-conned, lies open before us. He will feel them, as we have:

'AND then, as onward fared the hours, and Night
Her mantle drew more close upon the earth,
There all alone, in our still chamber sitting,
From all the words we ever spake together,
From all the hopes we ever felt together,
What time the meadow's beauty ravished us,
What time the Sabbath calm subdued us,
From visions that we cherish, and from fears
That harrow us; from all, as 't were a breeze,
Was wafted to my heart a weird emotion,
A gushing ecstasy, a melody
Of tenderness, that made me weep, oppressed
By very welling of the deepest joy.'

'A MAN would have but few spectators, if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a red-hot iron into a barrel of gun-powder, and it should not take fire.' Does our New-Orleans friend 'take the idea?' . . . THE influence of a tender mother over the heart of her child is forcibly illustrated in a little incident recorded by a modern author: 'My mother came to the western door as I sat there at sun-setting on a summer-evening, stood by me, and tenderly talked to me of God and my duty to him; and her tears dropped upon my head. Those tears, such as only a mother could shed, made me a christian.' How many mothers, long since gone upward to rest in the bosom of the SAVIOUR whom they loved and served, have saved by their hallowed influence the children whom God had given them! . . . WE judge, from several pieces which we have seen in the Jersey City 'Daily Sentinel and Advertiser,' that the group of little poems, of which they are to form a part, entitled '*Voices from the Nursery*,' by ALEXANDER HOOD, will be a volume which will possess marked interest for both mothers and children. It requires a specific 'gift' to write well and understandingly for 'little people.' . . . WE cannot affirm that we very greatly affect the intensely-fervent style of romantic love-letters, ancient or modern; but we should like to know who could read the following passage from one of ELOISA's last epistles to ABELARD, and not acknowledge some touch of sympathy and some feeling of ad-

miration. The whole letter presents a vivid picture of the struggle between Nature's strongest passion and the artificial power of religious superstition :

' BELOVED ANNE! render me the last of earthly duties : Smooth for me the passage to the realms of bliss ; gaze on my trembling lips ; close my moveless eyes, and receive my last sigh, as my parting spirit mounts to a brighter world. But no ! rather let me behold thee in thy holy robes, with the taper in thy trembling hand. Display the cross to my heaven-directed eyes. Teach me and learn from me to die. Then gaze upon the ELOISE whom thou hast loved so well. It will then be no crime to behold her, to see the rose fading from her cheek, the last spark of life going out in her falling eyes. Hold my hand ; press it to thy bosom, until ceasing to feel, I cease at the same moment to breathe and to love. How eloquent art thou, O DEATH ! It belongs only to thee to teach how vain the passion whose object is but a little dust. The time must come when those features which have had so much power over me must decay. Then may a holy rapture suspend for thee the pangs of passing from life to death. May bright crowds of angels descend from heaven and watch around thee, and beams of glory burst upon thee from the parting heavens ! May blessed saints, descending from on high, hasten to meet and embrace thee with a tenderness equal to my own ! May the same tomb unite our names, and render our dear loves immortal ! Then in ages which are to come, should two lovers ever chance to stray to the walls of this sanctuary, they shall lean their anxious brows over our tomb, and read the inscription which marks the resting-place of our mutual ashes, drink in the tears which flow from each other's eyes, and touched with pity for our sad fate, exclaim, ' May our loves be less hopeless than theirs !'

' AT a bookseller's shop some time ago,' writes SWIFT in his journal, ' I saw a book with this title : *Poems by the Author of 'The Choice.'*' Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem whence the author denominated himself. They were all as ignorant as I. I find it common with these small dealers in small literature to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as DON QUIXOTE usually did from his last. This ariseth from that great importance which nearly every man supposeth himself to be of.' ' In connection with the foregoing facts,' as the newspapers say, ' we beg to announce' that we have received '*Rupert, a Tale,*' by the author of '*The Wild Man of the Winnipissogee.*' It lies at the publication-office, subject to the writer's order. . . . The following '*Rejoinder to an Epigram written after dining with a Catholic Friend upon Fish on a Fast-Day,*' published in our last number, is a ' palpable hit,' and we insert it with pleasure :

No Catholic of sense pretends
Mere eating meat the LORD offends ;
'T is not the 'herring' which you mention,
That ' hath the charm,' but the intention ;
The Church intends Fast as a trial —
The merit is in self-denial.
Full forty days CHRISST'S fasting lasted ;
Why blush to fast ? — the SAVIOUR fasted.

TOWN-reader, as on a pleasant Sunday you stroll perchance along the wharves, to look out upon the sunny waters of the river or bay, why do n't you step into the ' Floating Chapel of our SAVIOUR,' and see the attentive seamen listening to the ' preached word' or to the beautiful service of the Church ? Try it once, and let the ' hushed calm' of the place subdue your wandering thoughts to meditation. ' When I plead the cause of sailors,' says the eloquent MELVILL, ' it seems to me as though the hurricane and the battle, the ocean with its crested billows, and war with its magnificently stern retinue, met and mingled to give force to the appeal. It seems as though stranded navies, the thousands who have gone down with the waves for their winding-sheet, and who await in unfathomable caverns the shrill trumpet-peal of the archangel rose to admonish us of the duty we owe these brave men who are continually jeopardizing their lives in our service. And then there comes also before me the image of a mother, who has parted, with many tears and many forebodings, from her sailor-boy ;

whose thoughts have accompanied him, as none but those of a mother can, in his long wanderings over the deep.' And these thoughts will arise in *your* mind, reader, while listening to the Rev. Mr. PARKER engaged in earnest and faithful labor for the spiritual good of seamen. . . . THE following '*Sonnet written after reading Keats,*' that gifted child of song, whose life was 'too short for friendship, not for fame,' came too late for insertion among the '*Original Papers.*' We therefore transfer it to this department :

My soul is drunk with beauty, yet I read,
 Having nor will nor power to refuse
 To drink these draughts of Helicon, that breed
 Such wondrous joy within me. Glorious muse!
 Inspire no other brain, but rather choose
 To couch thyself beside his lowly grave,
 Bidding the Night shed her selectest dews,
 So that the grass, forever green, may wave
 Over his sacred ashes : he loved thee
 Better than all, save death ; for thou didst pour
 Upon his soul such thrilling melody,
 Such bliss intense, that his young heart ran o'er
 And burst itself in song ; therefore, forbear,
 Nor let another brow those well-earned laurels wear.

R. S. C.

'You are near the bottom of the hill, Madame,' said SWIFT's physician to 'STELLA,' 'but we will endeavor to get you up again.' She answered : 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get to the top.' . . . It is a curious thing, the *Ubiquity of a Bore*. A friend of ours who is daily troubled with an enormous one, says that he is gradually sinking under the annoyance. He encounters him every day 'at sundry times and in diverse places,' and no sooner is he rid of him, than he turns up again, 'like a black bean in a peck-measure of white ones.' And then he is so confoundly alert :

'So wonderful his expedition,
 When you have not the least suspicion,
 He 's with you like an apparition !'

'I told him to-day to go !' said our friend, the other day, in Broadway, his face glowing with pleasurable excitement, 'and by Jove he went !' An hour after that, we saw 'the Bore' walking across the Park, arm in arm with our friend, and gesticulating slowly, while the victim's face was red as crimson. He had been caught and — forgiven ! . . . MR. PUTNAM, who in the elegance of his editions is emulating the honorable fame of MURRAY and of CADELL, continues the publication of WASHINGTON IRVING's immortal works. '*Tales of a Traveller,*' '*Bracebridge Hall,*' and the second volume of '*The History of COLUMBUS and his Companions,*' have quickly succeeded each other, all admirably executed, as heretofore. The sale of these editions, in America and England, we are glad to hear is very large. The *tenth thousand* has already been reached, and the demand seems not at all to have abated. PUTNAM has also issued the first of two superb volumes, of which we shall have more to say in our next : '*Nineveh and its Remains,*' by LAYARD, a work comprising the results of researches, the character of which was set forth at great length in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER several months ago. The work is pronounced by Dr. ROBINSON, the eminent oriental traveller, as 'one of very high interest and importance, and destined to mark an epoch in the wonderful progress of knowledge at the present day.' . . . WE have been not a little amused with the advertisement 'for sale' by Mr. ADAM J. HOFFMAN, of 'a house with warm-bathing and an apothecary, at Paterson, State of New-Jersey.' He 'wants to sell on account of his age, his property, with house, and if possible with furniture.' 'The house,' he adds, 'is beginning on

the north side of Congress-street, in the town of Paterson, at a distance of one hundred and one feet half-inch west from the corner of Prospect-street, and running from thence easterly along the line of Congress-street twenty-six feet twenty-seven inches; thence northerly at right angles to Congress-street, one hundred and twelve feet six inches; westerly parallel to Congress-street, twenty-six feet seven inches; thence southerly one hundred and twelve feet six inches to the place of beginning.' If this is n't an extensive way of describing a house, we are somewhat mistaken; 'but,' as Mr. Toots would say, 'it's of no consequence.' The Paterson advertiser, however, is out-done by some of our own. One may read on a shop in Broome-street, not far from Broadway, the following: 'This stok has removed to Centre-street!' . . . Our old friend Mr. JAMES J. MAPES, a well-instructed and now practical farmer, at his extensive grounds near Newark, New-Jersey, finds leisure from his other labors to edit '*The Working Farmer*,' which is published once a week from the Clinton-Hall Buildings, in this city. How so valuable a publication, replete with information so various and authentic, can be afforded at *fifty cents a year*, passes our poor comprehension. We cannot doubt however that the publishers will 'find their account' in an enormous subscription-list. . . . A FRIEND at Washington sends us the following: 'In looking into the recesses of the Library of Congress, one of my favorite resorts, I accidentally took up a work entitled '*Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, by J. D. Carlyle, London, 1810,' from which I made the following extracts, if perhaps they might be deemed worthy of the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. The subjoined was written by ASON ALY, who must have been the TOM MOORE of his times. He was eminent as a mathematician, and flourished in Egypt about the year 530, and was equally celebrated as a poet. In these verses he seems to have united these two discordant characters:

'I NEVER knew a sprightly fair
That was not dear to me,
And freely I my heart could share
With every one I see.

'It is not this or that alone
On whom my choice would fall;
I do not more incline to one
Than I incline to all.

'The circle's bounding line are they,
It's centre is my heart;
My ready love with equal ray
That flows to every part.'

FROM THE ARABIC.

EPICRAM UPON ABON ALOHAIR SELAMN, AN EGYPTIAN PHYSICIAN, BY GEORGE, A PHYSICIAN OF ANTIOCH.

'WHOEVER has recourse to thee
Can hope for health no more;
He 's launched into perdition's sea,
A sea without a shore.

'Where'er admission thou canst gain,
Where'er thy phiz can pierce,
At once the doctor they retain,
The mourners and the hearse.'

TO A LADY UPON HER BIRTH-DAY.

'WHILE born in tears we saw thee drowned,
While then assembled friends around,
With smiles their joys confest;
So live, that at thy parting hour
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be drest.'

TO THE KALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID, UPON HIS UNDERTAKING A PILGRIMAGE TO MEGGA: BY ISRAHIM BEN ADHAM.

ISRAHIM was a hermit of Syria, equally celebrated for his piety and talents. He was the son of a prince of Khorrazan, and born about the ninety-seventh year of the Hegira.

'RELIGION'S suns can ne'er adorn
The filmy robe by pleasure worn,
Its feeble texture soon would tear,
And give those jewels to the air.

'Thrice happy they who seek th' abode
Of peace and pleasure in their God,
Who spurn the world, its joys despise,
And grasp at bliss beyond the skies.'

An unusually large number of communications, in prose and verse, received during the month, await insertion or examination. Our correspondents will accept our cordial thanks. . . . As a general thing, our private correspondence yields to professional labors after the twelfth of every month, until the Magazine goes to press.

LITERARY RECORD.— We have before us the '*Sixth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica*,' made to the Legislature in February last. It is full and complete in relation to every thing connected with the institution, and has beside many excellent directions how to avoid predisposing causes to insanity. We find the following amusing account of the inhalation of the vapor of ether by two of the inmates of the asylum:

'WHEN this excitement abated, he seemed ecstatic with delight on account of the visions he had seen and the revelations that had been made to him. 'I floated away,' he exclaimed, 'in infinity of space; I have seen a future world; what I have seen has proved the dogmas of religion. Unless a man comes up to an iota, it is over with him.' He said he felt 'convinced of the truth of NEWTON'S theory of the solar system, as he saw the planets revolving in the order and way pointed out.' When fully recovered from the effects of the ether, he said he should not like to take it again, assigning as a reason that his head felt strangely after using it; he however soon after recovered, and has now been well more than a year.

'Some were pleasantly excited after using it. One danced. Another, when asked how he felt after awaking from a short sleep, replied, 'Exactly, exactly neat, by jingo! I never felt better in my life than I do now. I thought I was in Heaven, then in Hell, then at the judgment, and then at school. I must have slept two hours.' Another, when asked by a patient to tell him what his feelings were, said he 'felt like a kind of airy nothingness, as if he could fly.'

DR. AMARIAH BRIGHAM, the Superintendent, has no superior in America in the treatment of the insane; and we believe no similar institution in the Union can boast a greater number of annual cures. . . . ONE of the best works of many upon a kindred theme which has appeared from the American press, is one just issued by the HARPERS, entitled '*Oregon and California in 1848*.' The author, J. QUINN THORNTON, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon, describes only what himself, in company with his wife, saw and experienced; and he writes in such a way as to make his readers see what they themselves saw; which is the best praise we could award to his style. The volumes are illustrated by numerous good engravings, and an excellent map of the region described; and contains also an appendix embodying recent and authentic information on the subject of the gold-mines of California, and other valuable matter, of interest to the emigrant. The same publishers have issued, in a handsome volume, Rev. BAPTIST WRIGHTSLEY NOEL'S '*Essay on the Union of Church and State*,' the dissolution of which is forcibly and vehemently urged, upon various grounds, elaborately fortified and argued at large. We have also to welcome from the same press two more of those well-illustrated and well-written works, '*Abbott's Histories*.' The last two of the series contain the '*History of Queen ELIZABETH*' and the '*History of HANNIBAL*.' The same ease and simplicity of style, and the same faithfulness to authentic history, which we have recorded of their predecessors, mark the two works before us. The HARPERS have also issued Part First of '*The Coxtons, a Family Picture*,' by Sir E. LYTTON BULWER, a capital work, of which, when completed, we shall have more to say. Mr. BULWER furnishes the concluding part to the American publishers before it appears in England. . . . WE have already spoken of and quoted from Hon. ZADOCK PRATT'S '*Address before the American Institute*,' as reported at the time for the '*Tribune*' daily journal. We have now before us the Address as revised by the author, and published by order of the Society, of which he is President; and we must again commend it to our readers as an effective and well-written exposé of the true dignity of labor. We doubt whether any one,

after perusing it, would be likely to say of another fellow-citizen, 'He is *only* a mechanic.' We make room for a single passage:

'I REMEMBER there was a certain man called FELIX in the Scriptures. What his pedigree was I do not know; but his countrymen were a proud race, and hated the mechanics. But one of these despised mechanics, a tent-maker, made this same FELIX tremble. 'Only a mechanic!' Why, NOAH was a ship-wright, and SOLOMON an architect. And who built the Pyramids; who the ancient cities, whose ruins all the historians, philosophers and learned men of modern times are unable to explain! The great temples of the holy city; Tyre and Sidon, Balbec, Persepolis, Babylon, Palmyra, Thebes, and other wondrous monuments of the East, whose magnificence no modern art can excel; who built them? 'Oh, it was only a mechanic!'

'In another place, and on a different occasion, I alluded to the impulse given to modern improvement, and the change wrought upon the face of the whole world, by the invention of FAUST, who gave light and knowledge to all mankind, by the discoveries of COLUMBUS, the science of FRANKLIN, the ingenuity of ARKWRIGHT, the genius of FULTON and of WHITNEY, mechanics all—'nothing but mechanics.' I need not attempt to say what we owe, what this nation owes, what the civilized world owes, to these great men.'

'You have a right to be proud, my friends, and I certainly feel proud, that FRANKLIN and FULTON and WHITNEY all were countrymen of yours and mine, though they were 'only mechanics.' I feel as if I could hold up my head proudly, when I can say, that young as we are as a nation, such is the free scope and tendency of our institutions, and our glorious climate to foster the full energies of the mind, and to grow the *whole man*, that in all the useful mechanic arts we are outstripping the nations of the old world. In arts and in arms, and in every worldly pursuit of man, our advancement stands unequalled since the world began.'

'*The Christian Union and Religious Memorial*,' a monthly magazine, devoted to the common interests and the current history of the church, in all its branches throughout the world, and edited by the Rev. Dr. BAIRD, D.D., assisted by members and friends of the 'American Evangelical Alliance,' is acquiring the reputation and circulation to which its merits entitle it. It has contained many articles, both in prose and verse, which have won for it the high commendation of the clergy and religious persons generally. . . . We cannot say that we especially admire the *title* of an excellent lecture delivered before the Young Men's Library Association at Augusta, Georgia, by Hon. ROBERT M. CHARLTON, of Savannah. '*The Poetry of Death*,' as it strikes us, were better represented as a consequence, than assumed as a fact, *per se*. But as touching the lecture itself, we may say, that it is a well-reasoned and extremely well-written production, variously enforced and felicitously illustrated. It is such a performance, in short, as might be expected at the hands of its accomplished author. . . . '*The Temptations of City Life*' is the title of the third of the excellent 'Tracts for Cities,' publishing by J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall. It commends itself especially to all young men who are seeking a home and fortune in large cities. . . . THE Messrs. APPLETON have issued a little volume by D. T. ANSTED, an English Mining Engineer, called '*The Gold-Seekers' Manual*.' It will be found a practical and instructive guide to all persons emigrating to the gold regions of California. . . . '*The California and Oregon Trail, or Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life*,' is the title given to a very handsome illustrated volume, published in New-York and London by PUTNAM. The work is made up entirely of the 'Oregon Trail,' by FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR., recently completed in these pages. These sketches have already been widely read and admired, and may be said to have acquired an established popularity. The readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, at least, do not require to be enlightened as to their character. . . . M^r. HENRY WYKOFF has put forth, through the press of PUTNAM, Broadway, an instructive and interesting little volume, upon '*Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France*,' embracing biographical and personal sketches, and including a visit to the PAINCE at the castle of Hamm. A collateral, if not a principal aim of the writer, in these and other promised sketches, is to show the ascendancy of the aristocratic mind of England over the democratic mind of America, which 'guides our judgment of things, determines our opinions of men, enters into our institutions, biases our laws, shapes our ideas, and too often directs our sentiments.' . . . '*The Mothers' Journal and Family Visitant*,' so long and so ably conducted by Mrs. E. C. ALLEN, (who is now reaping the reward of her works before the throne of HIM who said on earth to children, 'Come to me,') is now edited by her excellent husband, Rev. IRA M. ALLEN, assisted by Mrs. ELIZABETH SEWALL. It is a periodical of great usefulness. Its contributors and editors seem to vie with each other which shall do most to add to the interest and value of the work. We commend it, as we have often done before, to the patronage of the mothers of America. . . . PUTNAM, publisher, Broadway, has issued, in a very handsomely-executed and illustrated volume, '*Phantasia, and other Poems*,' by Mrs. JAMES HALL. Our readers have been made familiar with her genius by several excellent poems. We commend with added pleasure therefore her beautiful volume to public acceptance.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR OF 1812.

NUMBER ONE.

THE government had concentrated upon Plattsburgh, in the year 1814, a large military force, consisting of twelve or thirteen thousand well-disciplined troops, under the command of the rough but brave old General Izzard.

A sudden change in the plan of campaign rendered necessary a change of position; and Izzard was directed, in the month of August, to make a forced march to Sackett's Harbor. This he did, leaving behind him, in garrison, only fifteen hundred men, including sick and convalescent; a force just sufficient to stimulate the hostile enterprise of the British commander-in-chief in Canada, but too inconsiderable to afford adequate protection to the Northern Frontier.

Of this small body of men Macomb was left in command.

The British were vigilant: they had seen, with no little anxiety, the concentration of our troops at Plattsburgh; and apprehensive that a blow was meditated, in the direction of Montreal, the British commander had drawn, from more distant places, the provincial militia and Wellington's veterans, recently arrived from Europe, to strengthen his positions near the line.

Izzard's movement was immediately known to the enemy; and scarcely had the sounds of his retiring drums died upon the ear, when busy preparation was discovered in the hostile camp. There was no mistaking its portent. Nothing now remained to us but to await the storm.

Having concentrated his forces into one massive column, fourteen thousand strong, the best appointed army which America ever saw, Sir George Prevost commenced a slow and stately march in the direction of Plattsburgh. At Champlain, and again at Chazy, he paused awhile to wait the movement of his fleet.

Sir George was proud of his troops, and well indeed he might be, for a large proportion of them had been trained under the eye of one of the greatest captains of the age, and were fresh from the well-fought fields of Spain, of Portugal, and of France. Partly from ostentation, and partly perhaps to overawe us by the magnitude and appointment of his force, he threw open his camp to the inspection of our citizens. Not a few availed themselves of the opportunity; some to obtain information, some to satisfy a very natural curiosity. The spectacle of Sir George's camp was indeed one of uncommon interest and beauty.

While Sir George's formidable preparations were in progress, rumors of impending invasion agitated the frontier counties. Hitherto the war had been carried on in the enemy's territories, or at a distance. It was now about to be brought to our doors. The question involved in it had hitherto been one of patriotism; now it had become one of personal interest also. Beside country, the objects of protection now were wives, children and fire-sides. Few shrank from the danger; and scarcely had a hostile foot been set on our territory, when the militia of Essex and Clinton were *en route* for what was to be the scene of action.

Among the militia who in this exigency flew to the defence of the Northern frontier was one Moreau. I never knew his christian name. He lived in Westport, a pleasant little town, situated on the western bank of Lake Champlain, in the county of Essex. He was about twenty years of age, poor, uneducated and obscure, and had as little personal interest in the event of the war as any man living. No individual, however, who engaged in it, behaved with so much desperate courage.

History is carrying down to posterity the name of Macomb; Moore's was honored with a sword; and Fame has associated other names with the defence of Plattsburgh. All this is right. But no pen has told the story of poor Moreau.

I, his fellow in the same regiment, late though it be, dedicate this paper to the memory of his bravery.

It may be remembered that the Essex, and a part of the Clinton militia, were stationed two or three days in Beekmantown, six or seven miles north of Plattsburgh, on one of the roads leading to Chazy. The enemy was advancing on this road in great force.

Early on the morning of the sixth of September, Major, now General Wool, at the head of two hundred and fifty men, passed us in the direction of the British army.

I well remember their fine martial appearance. They carried no knapsacks; they made no halt; but marched on with the air of men who feel conscious that they have serious work on hand. All maintained a profound silence, except one, who appeared to be a subaltern, and who, nodding his head to us, said in an under tone:

'You will soon hear from us.'

It was not difficult to comprehend the meaning of this movement. Moreau was seen a short distance off, sitting upon a stone, his musket resting upon his knees, and busily engaged in fixing his flint.

'So, Moreau, you are preparing for what may soon be your duty,' said his lieutenant.

'I am,' said Moreau. 'I see some sign that we shall soon have occasion to use our muskets, and I intend mine shall be in order. I suppose we shall have no children's play here; and since we must have a brush, let it come — the sooner the better.'

'Bravo! my good fellow,' exclaimed Colonel Wadhams, who chanced to hear him. 'You will not need to wait long.'

The drums beat to arms; the men paraded; every one was at his post.

'March!' shouted General Wright, and led off after Wool's command.

Wool's little band of two hundred and fifty men were now considerably in advance, descending Culver's Hill toward the wood, from whence the enemy had not yet emerged. Their neat caps, their snug coats, their snow-white pantaloons, their compactness on the march, and their firm step, all conspired to render them the object of universal admiration.

'See those noble fellows!' exclaimed Moreau; 'I'll be d—d if they would n't be a match for any four hundred in Prevost's army.'

The militia marched with a quick step down the hill. There was no vociferation; no boisterous mirth; no talking; all were serious and silent, as men always are who know that danger is impending. Every man was preparing his mind to meet, with as good a grace as he could, the trying moment, which all knew to be near at hand.

'What's the matter, Jim?' cried Moreau, breaking silence, and addressing himself to the man who was marching at his right hand. 'You look as if you had buried all your friends.'

'I was thinking,' answered Jim, 'that in a few moments more some of us will probably be biting the dust.'

'Tut, Jim; and have you been all this time in finding that out?' replied Moreau. 'Did you expect fighting to be done without some danger? You had better be thinking how you are to carry yourself in the battle. By the way, Jim, I have some whiskey in my canteen; the d—d *devils* may let it all out with their bullets; let us drink it while we can.'

Not quicker said than done: Jim and Moreau put the whiskey beyond the reach of accident.

A sharp roll of fire-arms now suddenly broke upon our ears, and looking in the direction of this new and startling music, a hundred blue curling smokes were seen ascending from the edge of the wood. Wool had delivered his fire upon the enemy's advanced guard.

Jim turned pale; the smile which had been playing on Moreau's face passed instantly away, succeeded by grave features and firmly-compressed lips.

'Well begun, by heavens!' cried the latter; 'let us make haste; they'll need our help.'

Wool retired from the woods, after receiving in turn the British fire, and regulars and militia were soon on common ground. An irregular fusillade now took place on both sides, with now and then a

beautiful roll of musketry. Wool's command kept in compact order. The militia, for the most part, had betaken themselves to trees, to stumps, to fences. Moreau alone, of all the militia, at least of the privates, seemed indifferent to the danger. He sought no protection behind any thing. He loaded and fired with the same apparent eagerness that he would have played a game of ball, and with even more steadiness.

At this stage of the conflict, while Moreau, in the act of loading his musket, was holding the ball part of a cartridge between his thumb and finger, and was about to bite off the other end of it, a ball struck it, and scattered the powder over his face.

'A d—d good shot!' cried Moreau; 'but I have saved my bullet, though they have spilt my powder, and I will send it to them on the top of another cartridge.' And so he did.

'Moreau, my brave fellow!' exclaimed Colonel Wadhams, 'can't you pick off that fellow who stands yonder loading his musket, by the point of that rock? He has just shot White.'

White, who belonged to the Ticonderoga battalion, had just fallen, shot through the head.

'I think I can, Colonel,' answered Moreau; 'I am not apt to miss so large a mark.'

Moreau dropped on his right knee, and resting his left elbow on the other, fired, and the fated soldier fell.

'Well done, Moreau!' said the colonel; 'you shall have a sergeant's warrant for that.'

The British column, which occupied the road, began to move on with accelerated pace. Their wings were pressing forward considerably in advance, and threatening the flanks of our little force; and the whole, particularly the centre column, keeping up a fire, not very well directed, upon the militia and Wool's command.

A rapid retreat commenced: the regulars and a part of the militia retiring in tolerable order, and making, from time to time, a stand, wherever the nature of the ground, or the fences across the fields, afforded them a partial protection, and a favorable opportunity of renewing the combat. The rest of the militia fled like frightened hares.

Moreau's reluctance to retreat had been noticed from the beginning. Exclamations of indignation, made in an under tone through his closed teeth, as if speaking to himself, frequently burst from him; and once, turning to the commandant of his regiment, he said, 'Colonel, it's a d—d shame to be running at this rate, with our backs to the enemy. If you'll only turn us about, we can drive the infernal rascals back into the woods.'

But when his eye caught some of the militia flying over the fields, and some few of them even throwing away their arms and accoutrements, that they might not be impeded in their flight, he burst out into a violent rage. He frothed at the corners of his mouth, and cursed equally the cowardly runaways and the British. His rage appeared at length to concentrate itself upon the latter, against whom he seemed to be actuated by an intense personal indignation.

At length, throwing out his right arm in the direction of the enemy,

he exclaimed, 'There!—do n't you see those two British officers? They act as if they were laughing at our flight. Now retreat you who will; but live or die, by the ETERNAL! I'll retreat no farther.'

He kept the oath: he stood firmly in his tracks, his person fully exposed to the fire of the heavy advancing column of the enemy; loading and firing his musket with a deliberateness of action in strange contrast with the terrible intensity of his feelings.

The officers called on him to retire; at first soothingly, and then harshly and peremptorily; but he neither turned his head nor deigned to answer.

All expected every moment to see him fall. Within the space of two minutes, hundreds of bullets must have been discharged at his person. When the enemy's column had approached within a few feet of him, a confusion in their ranks was discovered directly in front of him, at the moment after he had delivered his last fire. He was then seen to club his musket, and knock down a soldier, and instantly a dozen men rushed upon him, and seized him as a prisoner.

The fate of Moreau remained a long time unknown. In the summer, after the close of the war, his friends were greatly surprised by his return.

They had heard nothing from him, and had given him up as lost. He had escaped the tremendous shower of bullets directed at him by a whole column of British troops, not merely with life, but unhurt. He had been taken to Montreal, when all the militia prisoners except himself were discharged; thence to Quebec; and thence again to Halifax, where he was confined during the war. In the spring, after the cessation of hostilities, he was conveyed to Boston in a cartel.

I wish I knew more of a spirit so unconquerable, and of a life so wonderfully preserved. But I do not. Within two or three months after Moreau's return home, he migrated to the West, in quest of fortune or adventure, and was never heard of more.

Troy, March, 1849.

O U R N E I G H B O R ' S R O O S T E R .

A BIPED cock has fantasies as odd
 As biped man, and leaves the path of straight
 Propriety, and walks with devious gait,
 Like feet poetic in old Harvard shod.
 Our neighbor has a rooster that awakes
 At middle night, and lifts his crow as clear
 As if the breaking of the morn were near.
 I cannot slumber while his trills and shakes
 Vibrate upon the midnight's dozy ear;
 Though heavy be mine eye, and vertebrae
 So worn and weak, I inly irk to stir;
 I fold mine arms in vain while chanticleer,
 High on his roost, tells all the world around,
 A wakeful cock is he among the sleepy found.

TAM

A C O N V E R S A T I O N I N T H E F O R E S T .

BY ALBERT PIKE.

ONE day last spring, one sunny afternoon,
 Lapt in contented indolence I lay
 Within a pillared circle of old trees ;
 Deep-sunken in the smooth luxuriant sward,
 That, fed by dropping dew and faithful shade,
 Grew green and thick under the strong stout oaks.
 Around me the broad trees kept watch and ward,
 Waving their high tops slowly in the air ;
 Green islets in an eddying overflow
 Of amber light. Among the emerald leaves
 The broken waves from that enflooding sea
 Struggled to reach the young birds in their nests,
 As Truth strives earnestly to reach the heart,
 Often repulsed, yet still endeavoring.
 One strip of light lay on the level grass,
 Like a thin drift of pearl-snow tinged with rose :
 There I had lain since morn, stretched out at ease,
 Reading by turns in old and favorite books,
 FULLER, MONTAIGNE, and good Sir THOMAS BROWNE,
 HAZLITT and LAMB : while, mingled with the light,
 The song of many a mad bird floated up,
 Dazzling my ears, to the high empyrean.
 Breaking upon the blue sky's western beach,
 Flung upward from the throbbing sea below,
 Their waves of light and cloud foamed up in spray,
 Stained by the sun with all his rarest hues,
 Rose, crimson, purple. Floating forth, perfumes
 From rose and jasmine wandered wide abroad,
 Into the meadow and along the creek,
 That dances joyfully adown its bed
 Of silver sand and pebbles, through the glade,
 And like a child, frightened at sudden dusk,
 Stops, still as death, under yon dark gray crag
 Of thunder-scarred and overhanging rock,
 Where in deep holes lurks the suspicious trout.
 The locust-trees, with honey-dropping brooms,
 Tempted the bees that, darting to and fro,
 Grew rich apace with their abundant spoil ;
 And the magnolia, with its rich perfume,
 Within large circle loaded all the air.
 My children played around me on the grass —
 Sad rogues, that interrupted much my thoughts,
 And did perplex my reading ; one in chief,
 A little chattering girl, with hazel eyes,
 Scarce taught to speak distinctly, but my pet,
 As she well knew, and of it took advantage.
 While thus I lay, resting in idle mood,
 I heard a step along the shaded walk,
 Where the clematis and the climbing-rose,
 The honeysuckle and the jasmine, turned
 Their bright eyes to the sun ; an emerald arch,

With garden-flowers embroidered. Looking up,
 I saw approaching with his kindly smile
 And outstretched hand, the dearest of my friends,
 Who played with me in childhood on the sands,
 And on the sounding rocks that fringed the sea;
 Grew up with me to manhood, with me left
 Our ancient home, and many a weary month
 Fast by my side still toiled and travelled on,
 Through desert, forest, danger; over mountains,
 Amid wild storms, deep snow; bore cold, fatigue,
 Hunger and thirst, bravely, and like a man.
 After warm welcome kindly interchanged,
 Idly we stretched ourselves upon the sward,
 And lightly talked of half a hundred things,
 Each with a little head upon his arm,
 Whose bright eyes looked as gravely into ours
 As though they understood our large discourse:
 Until at length it chanced that *LUTHER* said,
 Responding to some self-congratulation
 That bubbled from the fountain of my heart
 At thinking of my humble, happy life:
 'We are all mariners on this sea of life,
 And they who climb above us up the shrouds
 Have only, in their overtopping place,
 Gained a more dangerous station and foothold
 More insecure. The wind that passeth over
 And harmeth not the humble crew below,
 Whistles amid the shrouds and shaketh down
 These overweening climbers of the ocean
 Into the great gigantic vase of death.
 The humble traveller securely walks
 Along green valleys walled with rocky crags,
 Deep-buried vales in Alp or Appenine,
 By Titans sentinelled, yet rich with flowers,
 And gushing with cool springs; a cloudless sun
 Lighting his path-way; while the venturesome fool
 Who climbed the neighboring mountain, sees aghast
 The purple drifts of thunder-shaken cloud
 Roll foaming over the blue, icy crags,
 On which his feet slip; feels the heavy spray
 Dash, roaring like a sea, against his side,
 And bitterly repents he climbed so high.
 Sharp lightning flashes through the billowy dusk
 Of the mad tempest: through the lonely pines,
 Far down below him, howls the exulting wind;
 The thunder crashes round his dizzy head;
 And, smitten by the earthquake's mailed hand,
 The jut whereon he stands gives way, like *POWER*,
 And down a thousand fathom headlong falls
 The ambitious climber, a bruised, bloody mass,
 Before the peaceful traveller below.
 Better a quiet life amid our books
 Than, like mad swimmers on a stormy ocean,
 To breast the roar and tumult of the world.'

'I think so too; and I am well content
 To lead a peaceful, quiet, humble life
 Among my children and my patient books.
 Disgrace and Danger, like two hungry hounds,
 Run ever on the track of those who do
 Good service to their country, or achieve

Distinction and a name above their fellows :
 And Slander is an ever-current coin,
 Easy of utterance as pure gold deep stamped
 With the king's image in the mint of Truth.
 What service to his country can one do
 In the wild warfare of the present age ?
 To gain success the masses must be swayed ;
 To sway the masses one must be well skilled
 And dextrous with the weapons of the trade.
 Who fights the gladiator without skill
 Fights without arms. Why, he must lie and cheat,
 By false pretences, double and turn at will,
 Profess whatever doctrine suits the time,
 Juggle and trick with words ; in every thing
 Be a base counterfeit, and fawn and crouch
 Upon the level of the baser sort.
 I love the truth because it *is* the truth,
 And care not whether it be profitable,
 Or if the common palate relish it.
 Of all things most I hate the plausible :
 An open knave's an open enemy,
 But sleek Pretence with the stiletto stabs,
 At dusky corners, of a starless night.
 The True and Popular are deadly foes,
 Ever at dagger's point, in endless feud.
 If one could serve his country by success,
 Or strengthen her defences, he might well
 Endure abuse and bitter contumely,
 Slander and persecution ; but to fling
 One's self down headlong from the vessel's prow
 Into the angry chasms of the deep,
 Without a hope to stay the ship's mad course,
 Is the profoundest folly of the time.
 Behold how nobly sets the imperial sun !
 The golden glories of his mellow rays
 On the green meadow-level fall astant ;
 On either side tall crests of snowy cloud,
 With crimson inter-penetrated, shrink,
 And yield him room : no dusky bar obscures
 The broad magnificence of his wide eye :
 Though farther south, dark as a cataract
 Of thundering waters, a great cloud lets down
 Its curtain to the blue horizon's edge,
 While here and there a wing of snowy foam
 Upon its front glints like the shining sail
 Of some aerial shallows fleeing fast
 Along the sounding surface of the deep.
 Will Truth at any time shine broadly forth,
 Even as the sun shines, with no cloud of error
 To intercept a single glorious ray ?

' Truth is omnipotent, and will prevail,
 And public justice certain.'

' Ay, my friend !

A great man said so. 'T is a noble thought,
 Nobly expressed ; itself a creed complete.
 But in what sense is Truth omnipotent,
 And at what time is public justice certain ?
 Truth will avenge herself for every wrong,
 And for all treason to her majesty
 Upon the nation or the individual

That doth the wrong, by those grave consequences
 Which do from falsehood or in deed or word
 By law inflexible result. The cause
 Why nations do so often topple down
 Like avalanches from their eminence,
 And men do sink into disastrous graves,
 In the stern sentence hath been well expressed:
 'Ye would not know the truth or follow it!
 Truth has the power to vindicate itself;
 But to convince all men that 't is the truth
 Is far beyond its power. And public virtue
 And public service eminent are paid
 In life by obloquy and contumely,
 And after death, by large obsequies
 And monuments and mausolea. Thus
 Is public justice certain. We regard
 With slight observance and a careless glance
 The sun which now has closed his radiant eye
 Below the dim horizon's dusky verge,
 So long as we behold him in the heaven
 And know that God's omnipotence compels
 His due return. We give no earnest thanks
 Or heart-felt gratitude for this great gift
 Of light, the largest blessing of them all.
 Lo! he has sunk beneath the grassy sea
 Of the broad prairie, whose great emerald lid
 Shuts slowly over him. If never more
 That glorious orb should rise to light the earth,
 Men, staggering blindly through unnatural night,
 Would understand the blessing they had lost,
 And public justice would be done the sun.'

'After a long, dark night, a starless night,
 In which the thin moon early struggled down
 To where the sky and desert met together,
 Plunging with hard endeavor through the surf,
 And spray that gleamed along the tortured heaven,
 After a long dark night of storm and sleet,
 The day-light comes with slow and feeble steps.
 How imperceptibly the dawn begins,
 After the storm has sobbed itself to rest,
 To shine upon the forehead of the East!
 By slow degrees the distant snowy crests
 Of the great mountains—where, for age on age,
 Tempests have vainly thundered, are discerned,
 Upheaving their dim heads among the clouds;
 The straining eye the outline traces next
 Of the near forests, then a rosy mist
 Spreads like a blush upon the purple clouds,
 And by degrees becomes a crimson light:
 Until, at last, after a weary watch
 Kept by cold voyagers on disastrous seas,
 Or storm-vexed travellers on wide desert plains,
 The broad sun rushes through the eddying mist,
 Flinging it off, as from a frigate's prow
 Flash back the sparkling waves. The wakened world,
 Gladdened with light, rejoices in her strength,
 And men adore the imperial sun:
 So it shall be with Truth. Long ages are
 The minutes of her twilight. The white sails
 Of Morning's boat are crimsoned by her light,

Where it lies rocking near the eastern strand,
 Waiting a pilot to assume the helm,
 And steer it to the upper deeps of heaven ;
 For Truth below the horizon tarries yet.
 But after you and I are dead and cold,
 Our bones all mouldered to a little dust ;
 Our monuments all crumbled into clay ;
 She, like the sun, shall rise and light the world,
 Never to set. The humblest man has power
 To accelerate her coming ; and the words
 We speak or write in that effect shall live
 Long after we are gathered to the dead.
 Thought shakes the world, as the strong earthquake's tread
 Shakes the old mountains and the impatient sea ;
 Each written word teaching the humblest truth,
 No matter in what homely garb arrayed,
 Is one of those uncounted myriad drops
 That make the stream of thought, which first sprung forth
 A slender, feeble rill, when all the earth
 Was dark as midnight, from the icy cares
 And mirk recesses of the human mind,
 Where it was born. Think you one drop is lost
 Of all by which that stream has grown so great ?
 No longer trickling over the gray rocks,
 Or foaming over precipice and crag,
 It rolls along, a broad, deep, tranquil stream,
 Resistless in calm energy and strength,
 Through the great plains, and feels the giant-pulse
 (So near it is to universal power)
 Of ocean-tides throbbing within its heart.
 Let us work on ; for surely it is true,
 That none work faithfully without result.
 What if we do not that result perceive,
 So that we know our labor is not lost ?

'Content you, friend ; I shall not cease to work ;
 I am a harnessed champion of Truth,
 Cuirassed and greaved — sworn to her glorious cause,
 With Beauty's favor glittering in my helm.
 But henceforth I shall labor in the peace
 And quietness of my beloved home.
 No good is wrought by mingling in the fray
 Of party war. Under these kingly trees,
 Encouraged by my children's loving eyes,
 Soothed to serene and self-possessed content,
 By all the sights and sounds that bless me here,
 Will I work ever in her glorious cause.
 The words of Truth should flow upon the ears
 Of the unwilling world, until it heeds,
 Even as the crystal waters of yon spring,
 That night and day, all seasons of the year,
 Seen and unseen, over its grassy brim,
 Starred with bright flowers, rains on the thankful sward,
 Where now the almond drops its rosy flowers,
 And the seringo trails its drooping twigs,
 Fringed thickly with its small and snowy brooms,
 Flow onward, seeking patiently the sea :
 Not older now than when for many an age,
 Primeval forests hid it from all sight,
 Save the fond stars. No lip bent down to drink ;

And since the making of the world, no eye
Of man had seen it. 'T is a pregnant lesson.'

' I see its waters gleaming in the light
Of the young moon, and hear the slender sound
Of the stirred pebbles in its narrow bed.
If men would do their duty like the springs,
Committing the result and their reward
To God, who loveth all, the golden age,
That most delicious fable of old rhyme,
Would come indeed.'

' I, for my single self,
Shall still live on in this, the peaceful calm
And golden ease of my dear humble home.
As in the sheltered harbor of some isle,
Enclosed by southern seas, the storm-worn ship
Escaped the waves, old Ocean's hungry hounds,
That cry and chafe without, furls all her sails,
And sleeps within the shadow of the trees,
Rocked by the undulations caused by storm,
That vexes all the ocean round the isle.
Here will I make myself a golden age ;
Here live content, and happier than a king.
Nor bird that swings and sleeps in his small nest,
Nor bee that revels in the jasmine brooms,
Nor humming-bird that robs the honeysuckle,
Nor cricket nested under the warm hearth,
Shall sing or work more cheerfully than I.'

With this the moon, opening one azure lid,
Had sometime poured her light upon the birds
Among the green leaves of the ancient oaks.
The drops rained fast upon the bright green grass,
From the spring's brim, like a swift silver hail ;
The meadow seemed a wide, clear, level lake
Of molten silver, by her alchemy ;
The shoulders of the northern mountains glittered
With a new glory ; and one splintered peak
Shot up in bold relief against the sky,
With one large star resting upon his crown,
A beacon light on a Titanic tower.
Around that peak, to north and east stretched out
The line of dusky forest, far away,
Bounding the prairie like a rampart there,
With curtain, bastion, scarp and counterscarp ;
The thick stars smiled upon the laughing earth,
As bright and cheerful as a young child's eyes.
The thin leaves, shaken by the southern wind,
Murmured in Night's pleased ear. The light dew fell
On bud and flower ; and wakened by the moon,
The locust and the katy-did sang loud
And shrill within the shadows of the trees.
While in the thorn-tree growing near the spring,
Hid in the drifted snow of its white brooms,
The merry mimic of our Southern woods
Poured out large waves of gushing melody,
That overflowed the meadow many a rood,
And undulated through the pillared trees.
Our little audience, fallen fast asleep,
Reminded us of home. So we arose,
And slowly walking to the house, there sat,

Near the large window, where the moon shone in
 Upon the carpets, and the spring's warm breath,
 Sweet as a girl's, came heavy with perfume ;
 And with a bottle of bright, sparkling wine,
 From sunny France, and fitful conversation,
 Sustained awhile, then dying into silence,
 Prolonged our sitting far into the night.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HUMAN SOUL.

PART SECOND.

FORGETTING my own incipient defection, and not considering that the same process which had been at work in me had likewise operated on my lady-love, I was enraged beyond expression at her marriage. I thought I had been scandalously ill-used ; and with an inconsistency which, I am sorry to say, is but too often found among my species, I indulged in a fierce tirade against the inconstancy of woman ; and in the first burst of hot and angry feeling, vowed to forswear the whole sex—(which a female acquaintance slyly remarked, was punishing myself for the fault of another.) I would never again, I was resolved, trust a woman. I would never—no, never !—love again. I might indeed seek amusement in the society of women, but I would be iron, steel, adamant, to all their blandishments. I might flatter them, I might flirt with them ; but love them, or confide in them, never, never ! Like a giddy butterfly, I would flutter from flower to flower, but would take especial good care to settle on none.

I now entered with all my powers on a new sphere. I passed from the day-dreams of youth to the stern realities of manhood. I beheld life in its real, actual form, divested of all the attractions of romance. I found myself in the midst of a cold, hard, selfish world ; and in process of time became myself in some degree assimilated to it. That inherent desire to *possess*, which in common with all my fellows I share, had begun to exercise a powerful influence over me. The acquisition of wealth became now the engrossing object of my thoughts. I engaged with ardor in many schemes to promote this object, which sometimes failed and sometimes succeeded. If the former, I was depressed and chagrined ; if the latter, I was proportionately elated, and filled with ambitious dreams. I ultimately succeeded in amassing a very considerable share of what are called the good things of this life, and felt not a little puffed-up with a sense of my own importance.

I cannot but feel that this ardent pursuit of wealth, this anxious, eager, panting desire to obtain what could only be mine for one brief moment on the mighty horologe of eternity, was unworthy of the high and glorious destiny of a being formed, like myself, to live for-

ever. Not one iota of this wealth could I take with me when death should separate between me and my birth-companion; but such was the force of example, such the power and consequence attaching to wealth, and such the desire for preëminence which I found implanted within me, that I naturally and without question followed the multitude.

Distinction, too, I sought; for feeling within myself a certain intellectual superiority, (real or imaginary,) I was extremely anxious that that superiority should be seen and acknowledged by my fellows. To some extent I obtained my desire: like the Newcastle apothecary, I was known 'for full six miles around,' and perhaps a little farther; but I am forced to confess that Fame is a cold, deceitful thing, entailing on its votaries a train of envies, cares and disappointments. It is hard to win, and easy to lose. It may brighten life, but it gladdens it not; it may adorn happiness, but it cannot confer it. I took a lively interest in the welfare of my country, and endeavored to promote it to the utmost of my power. In early youth I was an enthusiastic admirer of liberty—liberty in all its forms and phases. Every chord within me vibrated to the sound. Marcus Brutus, and William Tell, and Wallace, and Algernon Sydney, and WASHINGTON, and all who had toiled and struggled and fought and bled for Freedom, were the idols of my youthful imagination; and with the most ardent enthusiasm I echoed the sentiments of the fine old Scottish poet:*

'Ah! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome makes man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!'

As I became older and more experienced, however, although I was ever a friend of liberal principles, I sometimes found that it was possible for a people to have *too much* liberty; for such is the proneness of the human heart to evil, that the best gifts are liable to be abused. Liberty engenders licentiousness, and the love of country is swallowed up in the love of power; and too often the fond enthusiast sees his glorious hopes of liberty lost in anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other.

I have not yet spoken of myself in a moral point of view, but this is a subject too important to be passed over in silence.

I cannot tell precisely at what period of my life I became aware that a great gulf existed between me and the almighty Source of Life. I believe I was first informed of it by an attribute of my own, called Conscience, which began at a very early age to show me the difference between good and evil, and gave me to understand that there was a something in my nature which warred against the principle of good. I saw the wrath of an offended DERRY in the pains and sufferings and diseases, the cares, the sorrows, the disappointments and the mortifications which I observed around me, and to which I was myself subject. I saw it too in the forked lightning that rent

* JOHN BARBOUR, A. D. 1357.

asunder the mighty oak of the forest, and the desolating hail-storm which destroyed the hopes of man, and the overwhelming flood that swept away his dwelling, and the earthquake that tore the soil from under his feet; but in all these things I learnt it only by inference, and I might have groined on unsatisfied in the dark and interminable passages of conjecture, but for a glorious revelation which the Most High has been pleased to make of the relations existing between HIMSELF and man.

From this revelation, most justly styled the Bible, I learnt that God had created man pure and holy, but that by wilful disobedience he had fallen from his high estate; that by this fall all had become liable to eternal punishment, but that God, by a plan of redemption which Divinity alone could have conceived, had provided a way by which the sin-defiled soul could be restored to its original rights, and yet the justice of God be satisfied. 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

All this I was taught to believe in early childhood, and in all this I acquiesced with my understanding, and fondly called that acquiescence faith. It was not until after years of pride and self-indulgence that I learned that faith was a living principle, dwelling not in the understanding, but in the heart, and exerting a powerful influence over the life and conduct. The period immediately preceding my just appreciation of this point was the most painful, as well as the most critical, of my whole existence. I had looked inward on myself; I had surveyed myself in the mirror of the Gospel, and found myself marked with innumerable stains, the greatest and most diffusive of which was a forgetfulness of God, to which indeed all the others might be said to owe their origin. I was oppressed with a sense of guilt; I felt that I ought to do something, but what it was I knew not. I found no longer joy in living, yet the thought of death filled me with inexpressible horror.

Gradually, by means of different portions of the Word of God, light broke in upon me; I beheld CHRIST as the propitiation for sin, and casting my burden at his feet, obtained joy and peace in believing. Again a new set, as I might call it, of sensations awoke within me, but the predominant feeling was Love—universal, ardent, Christian Love. I felt as if I could willingly pass through seas of blood and pyramids of fire to promote the cause of my MASTER, and had a most earnest, though not always discreet zeal to do good to all. Time and circumstance have greatly modified these feelings, and sometimes the predominance of evil has shorn them of their power; but they have never been—I trust never will be—wholly obliterated.

My inward life since that period has been a continual contest—a struggle between the principle of *Life* and the principle of *Death*. Being naturally of strong passions, I have been obliged to hold them with the curb and rein of watchfulness and prayer; and if at any time I relaxed my hold, they were sure to obtain the mastery over me, causing many a season of penitence and sorrow.

But while the passions thus required my continued care and dili-

gence, I could dwell forever on the delights afforded by the affections. I could expatiate on the love I felt for the tenderest and best of mothers, and the most affectionate of fathers; I could paint in lively colors the affection which subsisted between me and the sister who was the play-mate of my childhood and the sweet companion of my youth; I could tell of the love of country and of home, of the love of nature, of the love of books and music, of youthful sports and pleasures, of science and art, of flowers and animals. With regard to the last, I may say that I certainly have felt a warm affection for a dog, and not only have preferred his society to that of some of my own species, but have sometimes found him by far the most rational of the two.

When I had been for some years engaged in the active duties of life, and had seen some of my most ambitious schemes crowned with success, I became acquainted with a being of the softer sex, who struck me as the most perfect sample of womankind I had ever met with. I was first attracted by the exquisite beauty of the outward frame in which the immortal jewel was set; for though I knew perfectly well how transient, how perishable, and oftentimes how deceptive, was mere outward beauty, I never could behold it without emotions of admiration. I soon found, however, that her beauty was the least charm she possessed; and so delightfully did her tastes and sentiments harmonize with mine, so pure and active and ardent was her piety, so clear and highly-cultivated her understanding, and so plentiful her good sense, (I am a great admirer of good sense,) that I began to feel that—that—pshaw! why should I try to mince the matter? I became, in short, enamoured of her.

I had a faint recollection of having, some ten or twelve years before, in a fit of boyish anger, vowed never to love again; but at every succeeding interview with this fair being the remembrance grew fainter and fainter, till at last it faded away altogether, and I surrendered myself once more to the influence of *la grande passion*.

This time, however, warned by my former experience, I resolved to love soberly, rationally, and to ascertain most carefully the character and disposition of the fair one before I surrendered to her power. That is to say, I did not, as in the former instance, *fall* into the fire; I calmly, deliberately, and with open eyes *walked* into it! The very precautions I took served but to rivet my chains; for as at every meeting I discovered some new charm, unobserved before, I felt myself, to vary the metaphor, sinking deeper and deeper in the waters of love, until at last I was, to use a trite but expressive phrase, fairly 'over head and ears.' Still I hesitated to declare my passion; for though I thought I could perceive symptoms of its being returned, I wished to be sure before I committed myself, for time and experience had taught me to be cautious.

In the midst of my cogitations, my charmer left the place of her abode, on a long visit to a friend, at a distance. Remembering with a shudder the baneful effects produced by absence on a former occasion, I strove to obtain an interview before her departure, but did not succeed; and I was left to ruminate on the doubtful chance of her

proving constant to one who had not only never declared a passion for her, but had let slip many golden opportunities for doing so. 'Blockhead that I am!' said I to myself; 'why did I defer it so long? Of course she will think I have merely been dallying with her. Of course she will try to forget me, and bestow her love on one more worthy. Fool, fool that I have been!' I was tormented by doubt and uncertainty; and what added greatly to my distress was that I could not, on any pretence, lay the blame on any one but myself.

She had not been long gone, when my worst fears were confirmed by the tidings that another, of far higher pretensions than myself, was seeking to gain her affections, and with every prospect of success. At this intelligence a fiend-like passion awoke within me, and shed its terrible influence over me. This was Jealousy, the 'green-eyed monster, which doth make the meat it feeds on.' I had occasionally felt twinges of it before, when she I loved seemed to smile too sweetly or talk too pleasantly with others of my sex; but now, like the vulture of Prometheus, it gnawed my vitals, and gave me no rest night or day. I was torn by conflicting emotions: deadly hate toward my rival, love and sorrow, and self-reproach and anger, alternately buffeted me and destroyed my peace. And this was my *sober, rational* love-scheme!

After a time Reason resumed her sway. Why should I despair? Had not I as good a chance as he? Had she ever said she did not love me? Had she not, on the contrary, repeatedly given me reason to think that if I would ask her love she would bestow it? I would go to her, I was determined; I would throw myself at her feet; I would woo her; I would win her; I would tear her from the very arms of my hated rival, etc., etc., etc.

Full of this idea, I became calm; and was actually making preparations for seeking the loved one's presence, when an officious friend informed me that my rival had triumphed, and that she who made the sunlight of my existence was irrevocably united to another — was lost to me forever!

Words are useless to express the uncontrollable anguish with which these tidings filled me. A spasm of unutterable agony passed over me, and my birth-companion, sympathizing in my distress, quivered in every limb, and became so weak as to be scarcely able to stand. With all my hopes, all my energies, all my prospects of enjoyment crushed as with a mighty mill-stone, I fled to a secret place, and there gave vent to my grief. Flinging my birth-companion prostrate on the ground with the violence of my emotions, I groaned aloud, and uttered the most passionate ejaculations. That she was lost — lost — lost! was the gloomy thought that spread itself like a thunder-cloud, over the sky of my life, and enveloped every thing in its black impenetrable folds. Life — what cared I for it now; and for one single moment, the thought of *suicide* presented itself to me; but in the next, a better principle chased the grim shadow away, and in wild incoherent language, I prayed. Gradually, I became calmer; I recognised the Hand that was afflicting me; I saw that I was passing

through the furnace of affliction; and again I prayed, earnestly and passionately, that I might come forth as gold tried in the fire.

I have often admired the faculty which the human soul possesses of concealing its thoughts from those around. What an awful calamity it would be, if every thought which rises within us were legibly impressed upon our outward frame! True, when any violent emotion agitates the soul it can plainly be read upon the countenance; but when the agitation is past, and the features at rest, none can tell what is passing within; and hence, when I again sought the society of my fellows, none knew the fearful conflict through which I had just passed; none knew that the buoyant elasticity of hope had given place to the dark, cold, heavy certainty of despair.

But how shall I describe my sensations when at my first interview with the fair cause of my sorrow I learned from her own lips that I had been misled by a false report! And how shall I paint my joy, when I gathered from the tell-tale blush, and the down-cast look, and the radiant smile, and the faltering tongue, and all the charming and unmistakable signs of Love's Telegraph, that I was as dear to her as she was to me! I felt lifted up, as if from the depths of an unfathomable abyss, to the top of a lofty mountain, whence a wide and glorious prospect opened on my view. I threw myself before her, and in passionate terms unfolded to her the state of my feelings. From that moment there has been a bond of union between that sweet soul and me almost as close as that which binds us to our respective bodies. One have we been in our fortunes, one in our cares and our comforts, our hopes, our joys, our loves and our sorrows; one in every thought that was nearest and dearest to us, both for this world and that which is to come.

Since that period, I have passed through many changes, and experienced many new sensations, some of which I shall perhaps detail at some future time.

LOTA.

Locust-Grove, March 14, 1849.

A P O E T A N D H I S S O N G .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR

HE was a man endowed like other men
 With strange varieties of thought and feeling;
 His bread was earned by daily toil; yet when
 A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,
 He set a trap and snared it by his art,
 And hid it in the bosom of his heart.
 He nurtured it and loved it as his own,
 And it became obedient to his beck;
 He fixed his name on its submissive neck,
 And graced it with all graces to him known,
 And then he bade it lift its wing and fly
 Over the earth, and sing in every ear
 Some soothing sound the sinful soul to cheer,
 Some lay of love, to lure it to the sky.

T H E L A N D O F G O L D : A L E G E N D .

BY R. H. STODDARD.

They sat before a blazing fire,
When winter nights were cold,
And talked about the famous realm,
The precious Land of Gold.

The young men all were mad to go,
And laughed with mickle glee;
But thus out spake a voyager,
Had crossed the distant sea.

The hour was come, the townsmen met
Along the crowded pier;
Old neighbors, jolly comrades,
And lovers near and dear!

My mother wrung her withered hands,
A piteous thing to see;
My wife, she kissed me on the cheek
And tears were in her e'e,
But my little baby crowed with joy,
And stretched his arms to me.

Away we sailed — we stood to sea;
We had a favoring wind:
We left the light-house, and the town,
We left the land behind.

The sea was all about us,
A waste of waters gray;
A laughing azure sky above,
And the bright orb of day.

The day wore out, the night came down,
The winds were wild and loud;
The moon was like a troubled ghost,
A-walking in its shroud.

The firmament was full of clouds,
As dark as dark could be;
And thunders burst, and lightnings rained
Into the lashing sea.

We strained our masts, we split our spars,
And rent our sails with strife;
The timbers creaked, we sprang a leak,
And worked the pumps for life.

The dreadful tempest raged all night,
The ship flew o'er the main ;
We longed for day, but never thought
To see the day again.

The prayed-for morning broke at last :
It was a lovely sight !
Above us smiled a cloudless sky,
Below the ocean bright :
And the sun, like *CHRIST* transfigured, burst
From out the grave of Night.

At noon a bark came drifting by,
Unmanned, a total wreck ;
The masts were gone, and billows swept
Along the empty deck.

I read the name upon the stern,
A bark from our countrie,
I knew it — I had friends on board —
And they were lost at sea !

We passed great ships, and hailed them
With trumpets o'er the foam ;
If homeward bound, we sent our loves
To all dear ones at home.

An iceberg drifted from the south,
A grand and lovely sight ;
A pile of frosted emerald,
A mountain chrysolite ;
It toppled over as we passed,
And filled us with affright.

It grew a-cold, and hail came down,
And a sharp numbing breeze
Blew from the desert continents
Of ice in arctic seas.

We doubled the Cape and north'ard steered,
Thorough the torrid zone ;
The days were fine, and pleasant scents
From groves ashore were blown,
And little land-birds, as we passed,
Flew round and lighted on the mast.

And day by day we sailed away,
With hope and courage bold ;
And reached at last the welcome land,
The precious Land of Gold !

A thousand ships were in the port,
With pennants flying gaily,
And hosts were sailing home again,
And hosts arriving daily.

They came from east, they came from west,
The New World and the Old ;
These bands of wild adventurers,
To sift the sands of gold.

We left the slip and manned the boat,
And sailed along the stream ;
I never saw so sweet a land —
I thought it was a dream.

We sailed away, and farther up
We pitched our tents ashore,
And, maddened like the rest, began
To sift the shining ore.

We sifted days, we sifted nights,
We sifted golden sand,
Until we had enough at last
To buy the proudest land.

We sifted days, we sifted nights,
We sifted golden sand ;
And greedy still, we wandered back
Into the golden land.

The river beds were full of specks,
And drifted yellow streaks,
And foaming torrents washed it down
From heaven-hid mountain peaks.

The clefted rocks and crevices,
The caverns under-ground
The very dust beneath our feet —
The gold was all around.

We met the natives digging,
The Indians dark of hue ;
We cheated them, and stole their gold,
For they were weak and few ;
And some we killed with liquors strong,
And some we basely slew.

A letter came to me from home ;
My little boy was dead ;
And my poor wife was dying
With grief, the bearer said.

But I worked away, I worked away,
My heart was hard and cold ;
What business has affection
With a madman digging gold ?

The summer flies, the winter comes,
And we can toil no more ;
The sky is dark and full of clouds,
The clouds their torrents pour ;
Four long months, and every day
Their chilly torrents pour.

We had to linger in our tents,
And wile the hours away;
Dark cards were dealt, and dice were thrown.
And gaming ruled the day;
And each man had his weapons near,
For fear of evil play.

I saw my comrade struck,
And dared not take his part;
I saw him lying by me
With a dagger in his heart.

There was no law in all the land
To check the bad and strong;
Might was right, and Weakness fell
Beneath the feet of Wrong!

Theft went creeping sly about,
And Robbery took a stand,
And Murder stalked in open day
With blood upon his hand.

Our stores gave out, then plenty ceased;
And famine reigned instead;
We had a precious freight of gold,
But ah! we had no bread;
We would have given a pound of gold
For an ounce of mouldy bread.

Bread! from morn till night,
The only cry was bread;
They shrieked it, living and dying,
And looked it, stark and dead.
God! it is a fearful thing
To die for want of bread.

Ships came at last, and brought us stores,
And plenty filled the land;
And, maddened as before, we went
A-sifting golden sand.

We sifted days, we sifted nights,
We sifted golden sand;
There was not one contented man
In all that mighty land.

We were an hundred men at first,
Merry and brave, I trow;
But famine and fever wrought their worst,
And swept us off like things accurst:
We were but forty now.

We melted down our precious gold,
In heavy ingots fine;
And loath to leave, we sailed for home
Along the ocean brine;
We had a fair and pleasant time,
Until we crossed the line.

There was a band of bucaniers,
 A dark and savage crew,
 A-cruizing in the Spanish seas,
 The coast of sweet Peru.

We met this band of bucaniers
 With courage wild and bold,
 And fought like veriest devils
 To save our freight of gold :
 A trembling coward would have fought
 To save that load of gold.

We sank their ship, and sailed away
 Along the southern main ;
 We passed the Cape and north'ard steered,
 And neared our homes again.

The sailors sang their blithest songs,
 And laughed at lightest things ;
 Time like Heaven's angel flew
 With glory on his wings.

A happy time, yet tedious time !
 How slow the vessel sails ;
 The plummet sounds, the land is seen,
 And now the pilot hails.

We reach the pier ; I clutch my gold,
 And leap ashore with joy ;
 I laugh aloud along the streets,
 And shout like any boy.

I am at home ! — but where 's my wife ?
 She should be in the door,
 And she should fall upon my neck,
 And kiss me o'er and o'er.

My wife is dead ! — my boy is dead !
 Their gentle souls are flown ;
 I am an old and friendless man —
 I am on earth alone.

Alas ! the sordid love of gold,
 It is a cursed thing ;
 It mars the music of the heart
 And snaps its sweetest string ;
 It turns affection's stream awry,
 And poisons all the spring.

What need of gold, when men can earn
 Their bread from day to day ?
 A competence at home is worth
 A fortune far away.

How little worth a gilded hall,
 A diadem or throne ;
 We *make* our happiness or we —
 It rests with us alone.

A peaceful and contented mind —
 Oh ! treasure in the breast !
 And with this wanting, all the world
 Can never make us blest.

Honest hearts and willing hands,
 And freemen true and bold,
 Are better in a nation
 Than many mines of gold.

Home, with friends and kindred
 About the blazing hearth,
 'T is better than a world of wealth —
 It is a Heaven on earth.

He ceased: the young men looked upon
 The pleasant circle round,
 And felt as they were standing then
 On blest and hallowed ground.

' Away !' said they, ' we will not go,
 In alien lands to roam ;
 The El Dorado of the heart,
 The Land of Gold is Home !'

January 31, 1849.

LEAVES FROM AN AFRICAN JOURNAL.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

AT SEA: DISTANCE FROM MONROVIA TO PRINCE'S ISLAND: NEGRO SLAVERY

DEEMING it a matter of some interest to those who like ourselves, are obliged to navigate these seas, I made out this morning, without meaning to give more than an approximate estimate, the several distances from Cape Mesurado to Lagos and from Lagos to Prince's Island, the proposed extent of our cruise to southward. The result is as follows :

	Miles.		Miles.
Cape Mesurado to Cape Palmas, . . .	224	Cape St. Paul to Quitta, . . .	9
Cape Palmas to Cape Three Points, . . .	335	Quitta to Little Po-Po, . . .	57
Cape Three Points to Elmina, . . .	50	Little Po-Po to Grand Po-Po, . . .	9
Elmina to Cape Coast Castle, . . .	8	Grand Po-Po to Wydah, . . .	26
Cape Coast Castle to Accra, . . .	67	Wydah to Lagos, . . .	26
Accra to Cape St. Paul, . . .	71	Lagos to Prince's Island, . . .	339

Total, 1291

About eleven hundred miles direct navigation from Cape Mesurado to Prince's Island.

As we are now off that part of the coast whence as I suppose the first slaves were exported to the New World, it will be the proper time and place to mention that by a Royal Spanish Ordinance, dated 1510, negro slaves were permitted to be taken to Hispaniola, provided they had been born among Christians; and in 1511, King Ferdinand ordered that a great number should be procured from

Guinea, and transported to Hispaniola. Irving, whom I have consulted on the subject, adds that Las Casas, whose memory has suffered in consequence of his conduct in the premises, did not give his sanction to the traffic until 1517, some years after its being adopted and carried into effect. I need hardly say that our gifted countryman defends, and ably too, the motives and conduct of that great and philanthropic clergyman. About a hundred years later, in 1619, a Dutch vessel introduced slaves into the colony of Virginia from this coast, and so laid the foundations of that institution which has been, is, and will be the fruitful source of evil and dissension in the republic, which has now grown to such a height of power and beauty from such humble beginnings. And here are we, two hundred and twenty-eight years subsequent to this importation, sent by the vigorous young successor of a step-mother government, to repress and destroy as far as in us lies, or our limited instructions allow, that very traffic so long encouraged and carried on by kings, noblemen, clergymen and honbred merchants. Little did those who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fostered and shared in this infamous trade in human flesh, care for, or dream of, the evil crop they were sowing, and the cruel harvest that was to be reaped. Little did those who ruled the destinies of nations in those days, in their selfish thirst for power and riches, imagine that a time would come when their names would be in odium, and treaties made under which their successors, and the victims of such mercenary legislation, should unite to put down by the strong arm and the expenditure of blood and treasure, a now reprobated traffic, then deemed politic, profitable and honorable. '*Sed temporu mutantur et nos mutamus in illis.*' Christianity and humanity have reäsumed their sway, and the interests of the rulers and ruled are flowing to another quarter. Whether the remedy now applied to the disease will restore the patient, is another question. Much may be said on both sides, and great difference of opinion exists.

Our latitude to-day at noon was four degrees fifty-two minutes five seconds north, and we are about twelve miles from *Cape Apollonia*, which differs from the neighboring land by presenting to the spectator in front three or four hills of no great elevation with slightly indented valleys between, and several clumps of conspicuous trees on their tops, the rest of the coast as far as the eye can reach being of an unbroken, level, uniform appearance.

The king of this portion of the country has the reputation of being powerful, rich and luxurious, having some claims to civilization and refinement. It is stated to be a practice among the people to sacrifice human beings at the funerals of the rich and great, and the bodies of the latter to be so powdered after death with gold dust as to look like golden statues. The English had a fort here, but it is now abandoned and in ruins.

AT SEA: CAPE APOLLONIA: TFOUGHTS ON MODE OF SUPPRESSING SLAVE TRADE.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30.—We lost our breeze last night, and Sunday finds us on a lake-like sea, with scarce a breath of wind to give us headway, or temper the close hot atmosphere and burning sun.

I remarked yesterday that we were now off that part of the coast whence slaves were first introduced into the western world, and on the twenty-eighth took notice of a visit we received from a party of natives from Picaninny Bassam. Conversing further with our coast pilot on the subject, and reflecting more particularly on the facts and circumstances growing out of the matter, I find that there is cause for serious consideration, and perchance salutary conclusions. It seems that the coast we are now passing along, some thirty years ago was the theatre of the slave-trade, but that for some time back the traffic has ceased, and no factories or agencies are in existence. In consequence of this apparent extinction of the business, it is not the habit of armed cruisers to take their station here, or to pay any particular attention to the movements of natives and traders. But if such be the fact, as I am told it is, is it not proper to reflect that the watchfulness and activity of English, French and American cruisers on those portions of the coast where barracoons, slave-factories, and the traffic are suspected or known to exist, may render the operations of negro dealers so perilous and expensive as to drive them to spots which, having been free from suspicion for a long period, may enable them to reap a harvest before a prevention can be interposed? If some three hundred years ago supplies of slaves could be obtained in such abundance as to keep up with the heavy demand caused by the cruel treatment of Europeans to the native Americans, and the consequent thinning off and destruction of the latter, what prevents daring and desperate adventurers from stepping in now, while suspicion is lulled to sleep, and the attention of African cruisers is fixed elsewhere, and running blacks enough, before discovered, to satisfy the market now open for such traffic, and more than reward them for their risk and enterprise? If I understand the west coast at all, I should suppose that it would be no hard matter to procure any number of blacks from the interior through the natives living on the sea, particularly at places where European forts and settlements are rare, and watching a fair chance, hurry them on board and put leagues of water between the slave-ship and its pursuers before the alarm could be given and chase begun. Moreover, I understand that barracoons are being dispensed with, and that even in the vicinity of civilized and hostile settlements, the slavers are bold enough to venture in, and matters being previously concerted and arrangements made, the victims of their cupidity and cruelty are marched down to the beach and shipped in a very brief space of time, thus enabling the wretches to run, often successfully, the gauntlet of the cruisers stationed off the neighborhood. If then in the very teeth of armed cruisers, and from watched places, slave-dealers run their live-cargoes, how much more should it be apprehended that they might try their hands elsewhere where no preventive squadron has as yet regularly cruised, as for instance from this neighborhood, the original cradle of the trade, and no doubt, yet as available and ready as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Under these circumstances there is some ground for the suspicion entertained by some on board this ship, on the occasion of the visit made us by the *Picaninny Bassam People* on the twenty-eighth, that their object in coming

out was to see whether we might not be a slave-trader, and if so, to make arrangements for carrying on the business. Their shyness and unwillingness to venture aboard when they discovered our guns, and that we were Americans, and other circumstances connected with the matter, give some color to the suspicion I have alluded to. On the other hand, and I think it sufficient, the circumstance of the French having fired upon one of their villages and threatened them with further violence, may somewhat account for their alarm and suspicious behaviour.

But be it as may, the moral to be deduced from all this is in my opinion that the omission to keep an eye on this part of the coast, and a reliance in the long interruption of the slave-trade here, may encourage its dealers to recommence their operations, and do the mischief before the preventive can be applied. It is a subject that should attract, if it has not already done so, the attention and action of all the parties interested in, and pledged to, the suppression of this infamous traffic in human flesh; and yet it may be that the respective governments are so well informed and on their guard, that all these premises and conclusions may be idle and uncalled for. But if there be any thing in the reflections I have made, it is certainly worthy notice, and early attention to the matter may do much good.

AT SEA: OFF CAPE THREE POINTS.

AT noon to-day we were off the easternmost part of *Cape Three Points*, with almost a dead calm, nearer shore than we have yet been since sailing from Monrovia, about three miles distant. This cape is rather elevated, and presents quite a pretty and rather picturesque aspect. It tends gradually to the eastward, and forms a kind of cove, or bay, near which is situated *Aquidah*, where once was a Dutch fortress, now however in decay. Our course and the breeze did not admit of our getting a sight of *Axim* and its antique castle, erected by the Portuguese in 1600, nor our plans permit us to verify with our own eyes an interesting fact mentioned by the 'African Cruiser,' of the native belles using the '*Tarb-Koshe*,' or veritable 'bustle,' which was all the fashion, as with us in *Axim*, when we visited it in 1844. But I trust we shall have better luck with *Dixcove* and *El Mina*, spots well worth a visit, if reports be true, and which, if we do not actually land at, we may expect soon to see with the fine cheerful sea breeze which has sprung up within an hour, and the course which carries us nearer in shore than has hitherto been the case. As we glide gently along, the country seems to become more undulating and varied, although no where rising to an elevation entitling it to the appellation of mountainous, or any thing like it. *Dixcove*, conspicuous at the considerable distance we are this evening from it, by its white looking fort, which is perched some height up the hill which looms up above the ocean, lies at the bottom of a large bay or cove, and is a place of some trade and importance.

AT SEA—EL MINA AND CAPE COAST CASTLE.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31. — This morning brings us off *El Mina* and *Cape Coast Castle*. The breeze is light but cool and favorable, and the sun bright and cheerful. Under no better circumstances could we see these two interesting settlements or fortified trading establishments, over the first of which waves the Dutch, and over the other the British flags. We approached near enough to distinguish many objects on shore; and the appearance of both places through the clear atmosphere, and under the brightening rays of the unclouded sun, was decidedly imposing and picturesque. Of the two, Cape Coast Castle is the largest and most important. At the distance we were, just far enough to soften objects and lend a species of enchantment to the view, the white, glistening forts and houses, with ships and brigs lying off, contrasting strongly with the dark hue of the rather high coast, upon which lies spread out to the seaward spectator, presented a refreshing and agreeable spectacle, tempting to a nearer and longer inspection, and filling me among others with regret that we should thus pass it unvisited. *El Mina*, about nine miles west of Cape Coast Castle, presents quite another aspect, containing but a few houses, and principally two large white-looking antique forts, which are visible to a great distance off the coast. The principal castle is represented to be strong and well fortified with ninety cannon, and dates back a long time, having been constructed by the Portuguese in 1482. I trust fortune may favor us on our return, and that we may find time and occasion to pay these interesting spots a visit. Some nine miles or so farther to the westward we passed another English settlement, called *Anamaboe*, which seems to be quite a town, and like its two neighbors just mentioned, looks quite white and refreshing. But we know that it 'is not all gold that glitters,' and the title of a 'white-washed sepulchre' may be well applied to most if not all of the settlements which cupidity or ambition has induced the white man to establish in a climate which is his worst and most constant enemy and victor. When in front of *Anamaboe* the uniform appearance of the coast is interrupted by several elevated and picturesque-looking hills, which, in comparison with the neighboring flat country and coast, might be dignified with the name of mountains.

AT SEA: CAPE COAST CASTLE: ANAMABOE AND THE ASHANTEES.

THIS portion of the coast we are now gliding along is well known in African annals. The two fortified settlements of *Cape Coast Castle* and *Anamaboe*, for example, have linked the names of those who defended them against the powerful and fierce Ashantees, with scenes of blood and valor worthy of most honorable mention and remembrance. For by referring to 'A Narrative of Adventures in Africa,' I read that the King of *Ashantee*, in 1808, with an army of fifteen thousand warriors, invaded the *Fantee* territory, and after having laid waste with fire and sword the country of their enemies, who are

represented to be a turbulent and restless tribe, but cowardly and undisciplined, they came to Anamaboe, and routed a body of Fantees, nine thousand in number. Considering the English, who then owned the fort, as friends of the latter, they attacked the station, and after repeated assaults and considerable loss, were repulsed by the brave little band who defended themselves so successfully behind their slender bulwarks. We are told that the Ashantees, proving themselves generous as brave, struck with admiration of British valor, offered terms of negotiation, which soon ended in a treaty, violated by them in 1811 and 1816, and terminating finally in the acknowledgment of their supremacy and the payment of an annual tribute by the conquered Fantees. Farther on, the 'Narrative' relates a most melancholy and bloody affair connected with Cape Coast Castle and its occupants. It seems that the Fantees having attempted to shake off the Ashantee yoke, the King of the latter tribe in January, 1824, entered Fantee with fifteen thousand men. The newly-appointed Governor, Sir Charles McCarthy, ill-informed of their strength, met them with only one thousand men, and a body of cowardly and undisciplined allies. The two armies came together near the boundary stream, the *Bassomptra*, and the engagement, the English being soon deserted by their native auxiliaries, and having exhausted their ammunition, terminated after acts of determined heroism and courage on the part of the former, in the almost total extermination of the unfortunate Europeans. Three officers only, all wounded, survived to carry the sad news to Cape Coast Castle which was soon besieged by the victorious barbarians. But after a two months' siege, being repeatedly checked, and suffering from sickness and want of provisions, the Ashantees retreated to their own country, and have been deterred by internal dissensions from marching down to the coast since that period; they must therefore always be uncomfortable neighbors.

At the risk of spinning out my story too long, and therefore tiring the patience of the reader, have I ventured upon this extract from the 'Narrative,' as furnishing a fair specimen of many of the tragical and melancholy events which have occurred in this dark and barbarous region.

APPROACH TO ACCRA.

THE nearer we approach Accra, the more bold and picturesque seems the coast to grow, so that I am really quite taken off my guard finding lofty cliffs, graceful lines, hills shooting up in places to mountains of six hundred feet or so, though by no means cloud-piercing or snow-topped, frequent and interesting European strong-holds and trading settlements, while between them nestling at the foot of the sea-lashed cliffs, peep forth, fresh-looking in the sunshine and distance, the numerous humble dwellings of the natives. Views they were which would have afforded fitting subject for the artist's brush, and if reality and farther acquaintance did not take the romance off, for the genius of the poet. No wonder then that I see and speak somewhat enthusiastically while dashing on in a noble ship, along a varied and

interesting coast, before an eight-knotter, cool, bright and favorable, with just enough of the Real to give some employment to the Ideal. My attention was diverted for awhile this evening to notice quantities of that marine production known as the bone of the cuttlefish, used as an article of commerce in the manufacture of pumice, and of much demand and value. The substance that floated by us in large quantities, white and oval in its shape, detaches itself from the back of the fish after death, and with proper preparation is converted into an useful article of consumption. Its shape might also suggest a good model for a boat.

A C C R A .

FEBRUARY 1, 1848. — This morning, bright and early, the anchor was got up and we stood in, but not to remain. It has been decided to make the best of our way southward, so the ship stood off and on, while Lieutenant R. and myself paid a visit to the shore. Although I knew our trip would be hurried and unsatisfactory, still I could not resist the temptation; unwilling, if I could help it, to leave the coast without having it in my power to say that I had at least visited one of the many strong-holds which Europeans have established along the Gulf of Guinea.

As it appeared to us, some few miles out at sea, *Accra*, English, Dutch and Danish, offered the same kind of bright, cheerful aspect as *El Mina*, *Cape Coast Castle*, *Aquidah*, etc. The white, massive looking, shining walls of the British *Fort James*, its near neighbor the Dutch *Crevecœur*, and the Danish settlement, *Christianborg*, some three miles to the eastward, stood out in bold relief on the sombre colored bluffs on which they are situated, and the sprinkling of large, neat-looking, fresh-stone edifices, among the more numerous and primitive native huts, flattered us with some hope of seeing something to please and gratify. A short distance from the beach, a native canoe, or dug-out, of singular construction, high in the bows and stern, with a couple of stools to sit on in one extremity, and manned by twelve wild-looking negroes, took us on board, leaving our own boat at anchor. No man-of-war's boat built as ours, could live in the swell upon which in our strange conveyance, we tossed light and safe as a cork. Fast, roaring, white-crested, came in the mighty rollers, dashed furiously by the broad Atlantic on this fever-stricken coast, and naught but the buoyancy of our canoe, its peculiar fitness for this dangerous service, and the skill of our oarsmen, preserved us with dry jackets; and finally after hard tugging and great care, landed us safe and sound at the foot of the broad inclined plane which leads up to the English fort. Beside the singularity of this our novel conveyance, the peculiar make of the oars, short-handed and trident-shaped at the blade end, and the quick, perpendicular, simultaneous, well-timed handling by the natives, who mark the measure by means of a cadenced, regulated sound emitted through the closed teeth, were matters which attracted my attention. As at *Porto Praya* and *Monrovia*, a crowd of the natives were awaiting our arrival, and monkey

skins, gold and silver rings, leopard or wild-cat skins, chattering parrots, numbers of small birds with pink beaks and throats, live stock, etc., were offered for purchase in broken English, and in a language which sounded most strangely and gratefully in our ears.

Parting with Lieutenant R., he to pay the official visit he was sent upon to either of the governors most convenient to receive it, I strolled about to observe men and things, and bargain for rings, curiosities and mess stores; and although somewhat unsuccessful in my hurried search, I saw quite enough to satisfy me to my heart's content, that save the dwellings of the Europeans and rich merchants, a dirtier, more squalid-looking, ruder set of habitations and inhabitants it has seldom or never been my lot to see and visit, except in the lowest hovels in the old world, or the negro huts at home, where hard masters most ill-treat their slaves.

I had not the time to pay a visit to the nabob of the place, Mr. Bannerman, honorably mentioned by the author of 'The African Cruiser,' for his hospitality, gentility and intelligence, but from the size, style and genteel appearance of his residence, and those of Mr. Bruce, another rich merchant and the civil governor, Smith, should conclude that the upper classes here are not so remote from the civilized world, nor so infected by the primitive and savage habits of the people, as to shut them out from the necessaries and luxuries of European life. In one or two of the houses I entered, in the course of my brief visit, I found the reception room very decently furnished in the European style, and yet clearly indicating the fondness of the occupants for showy and gaudy colors, by the wall in one case being covered with French colored engravings, procured from some trader. The owner, a goldsmith, of lofty stature and striking appearance, with a flowing shawl, worn like a Roman toga, looked in all his native simplicity like another Antinous or Apollo. But the man, though promising his looks and words, as he had no rings at hand that would suit, disappointed me by not producing others which I wanted, and so left me as a last resort to make the most of such as I could obtain among the crowd, as we were making our way back to the boat.

The houses of the better class, native or negro, put me in mind of the descriptions given of oriental or Andalusian dwellings, save that their balconies and roofs are not decorated with such picturesque costumes and fair occupants, or their appearance and situation as romantic and attractive.

Almost all the natives wear the cotton shawl or robe I have mentioned, of various colors, and with this convenient costume gathered gracefully about them, at a distance make quite an imposing appearance.

Having noticed the few things I have hastily and imperfectly described, we entered our rude dug-out, and riding on the crests of the foaming rollers, we were soon restored to our more comfortable boat, and with all possible speed reached our ship again, surrounded and annoyed by a number of native canoes, their owners busy disposing of poultry, fruit, vegetables, birds, ornamental wood-work, monkey-skins, and all their variety of oddities and commodities peculiar to this

coast, with a shouting, screaming and confusion Babel-like and bewildering. But soon the canvass was spread again, and deficient in the coveted supply of curiosities and supplies, behold us once more sailing before a lively breeze and through a comfortable sea.

'The African Cruiser,' who visited this place in 1844, speaks favorably of it, and as he had more time and opportunities to judge than myself, I do not intend to doubt his conclusions. As I did not see Mr. Bannerman and his family, I was deprived of the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his charming lady, one of the three princesses, daughters of the King of Ashantee, taken prisoners in the last battle between that potentate and the English, and distributed among settlers here and at Cape Coast Castle. Our author cites instances of their gentility and personal merit, which I should have been pleased to witness. The contrast between them and the balance of their countrywomen whom I saw, may have made these exceptions appear more charming than they really are; yet truly would it be a treat to meet a real African belle or princess, even though she sport the original 'bustle,' or prove a beauty simple and unadorned.

Accra is within the limits of 'The Gold Coast,' which begins at Apollonia and extends to the River Volta, which we may see this evening. This river forms the boundary between the 'Gold and Slave Coasts,' and the latter terminates at Lagos.

The governor informed Lieutenant R. that about two months previous the Danish settlement at Quitta having been attacked or threatened by the natives, a French brig-of-war fired upon them, and then standing off and on, misled by a light inland, ran in at night and got fast ashore. The vessel becoming a wreck, the crew were seized by the natives, and held prisoners after being pillaged, until rescued by the garrison. These people say that the sea belongs to the white man, but that when he touches their soil, and falls into their hands, he and his chattels become lawful booty to the strongest. For ourselves we have so little to do with terra-firma, that we may entertain but slight fear of following suite to the ill-starred Frenchman.

Accra is styled the 'land of plenty,' where fresh beef, mutton, vegetables, fruit, eggs and poultry are always to be obtained in abundance and at moderate prices. We however, did not, as I have said, profit by the 'flesh pots' of Africa, and have in a great degree to take travellers' words for authority.

Doctor Bryson, speaking of this neighborhood in his 'Notes on African Diseases,' says, 'There are no extensive swampy deltas, or sluggish streams with stagnant, shallow creeks and mangrove covered shore, so peculiar to the upper part of the coast; that the country is hilly, and except around the native villages, covered with jungle. Around Accra there is an extensive open prairie for many miles inland, ending in a range of lofty hills parallel to the coast. If what I have heard be true, this place is a sepulchre; for during the last summer, it is stated, twelve out of every twenty-five persons sank beneath the deadly effects of the climate. A melancholy and dreadful exile must it prove to the white men, whom the thirst of gold entices to their death, far from their homes and home consolations.'

The fine favorable breeze has brought us this evening, at eight bells, nearly twelve miles from the river Volta, which rolls its turbid waters through a vast alluvial plain. To the eastward and westward of this river, important both for its size and its being the boundary between the Gold and Slave Coast, emptying into it near its mouth, stretches a vast sheet of salt water, some twenty miles long, west of the river, and east of it about a hundred and ninety miles or more, as is said, extending to Quitta, Wydah and Lagos, with an average breadth of ten miles. Slavers are said to embark their cargoes at Wydah, etc., on this salt lagoon, and ship them for market at several stations on the shore and through the Volta, with which both sheets of water communicate, although there is a bar off its outlet which interferes with navigation. The shore that intervenes between this salt sea and the ocean is very narrow, a mere slip of land in many places. Little or nothing is known of the Volta higher than fifty miles from its mouth.

We are now nearing that part of the coast behind which, far and wide in the interior, rules the despotic king of Dahomey; a second edition, as reports go, of the king of Ashantee.

In former days, when the spirit of African adventure and discovery was strong and active, travellers visited the capital of this powerful nation, and tell us most strange and startling stories of king and people. It is represented as the quintessence of the purest kind of despotism, where the monarch is worshipped as a god, and body and soul are offered up to his whims and passions. Creeping like reptiles in his awful presence, and kissing the rod that spares neither them nor theirs, though fearless and ferocious with every body else, to hear their king's wishes or commands is to obey, not only without a murmur, but cheerfully and with a smile. Men, women and children, houses, goods and lands, all, all are his, and his nod, like that of the cloud-compelling Jove, is the sign of fate. Most strange to say, these very men, who in the field are without a fear and merciless to others who meet their king in arms, will at his beck and call abandon all they hold most dear, and offer themselves and theirs as willing victims to his lusts and passions. At this barbaric court, where three thousand wives adorn the royal harem, this bevy of dusky dames are regularly enrolled as a guard, and musket, spear, buckler and sword are wielded by the Amazonian band. There, too, the weaker sex being the property of the Dahomey Blue-Beard, this uxorious African periodically distributes the dames among his cringing nobles and slaves, without consulting the tastes of either party, or allowing remonstrance or a choice. Boots it little to him, clothed with his brief and terrible authority, whether old be yoked to young, grave to gay, ugly to handsome, rich to poor, sickly to healthy. He is the state, and his word is law, and no man dares dispute it. These travellers' stories, so Arabian-Night-like, do tempt one hugely to go and see; but visiting a leopard in his lair, though sleek his skin and beautiful his shape and spots, is a sport I, for one, take no peculiar pleasure in; so, even were I free, I think I would rather swallow the stories, startling though they be, than test the conclusion that 'seeing is believing.'

Another amiable trait in the manners of these strange people is, that on the death of the lord and master, the royal widows, whose name is legion, carry on such a ferocious skirmish, and come so impressively to the scratch, that the fight goes on, and the fond victims are sacrificed at each other's hands to the memory of the dear departed, until ordered to desist by his deified successor. And yet another peculiarity in the fashions of these gentry is, that they have a particular fancy to constructing their walls and ceilings in part of human skulls and bones; thus at the same time keeping up a due ferocity of temper and the proofs of their warlike renown.

To return to Accra. I must not forget to state, as matter of statistical, financial and culinary interest, that fowls cost one dollar the dozen, turkeys fifty cents each, and bananas, yams, etc., are proportionally moderate. A couple of fine young parrots were purchased for a dollar and a half, monkey-skins, large and glossy, fifty cents for several stitched together, and a Lilliputian house full of little pinked birds or sparrows, for a dollar and a half. The ship is now quite stocked with our purchases; and could we by art-magic send them home, a curiosity-shop might be soon opened, both attractive and profitable.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

I.

We worship in our youth,
In wild and passionate dreams, some vague ideal,
Till fancy yields to truth,
And we transfer our worship to the Real.

II.

I cannot choose but think
That Heaven mates hearts that death alone can sever;
Their meeting is the link
In the firm chain that bindeth them forever.

III.

Elac, wherefore, when I gazed
For the first time at thee, why did it seem
As if the veil were raised
That hid the idol of my life's bright dream?

IV.

I would that thou couldst know
How much I love thee; but it may not be:
Words my deep feelings show
Only as shells recall the murmuring sea.

V.

But if in some bright sphere
Our parted spirits meet and reunite,
The love I bear thee here,
Rekindled there, will burn with quenchless light.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

CARMINUM, LIBER III., ODE IX. AD LYDIAM.

HORATIUS.

ONCE was I your only pleasure,
Then no youth gave such delight,
While his circling arms did measure
Round your neck so dainty white.
Then I flourished,
Happier than the Persian king.

LYDIA.

Once your heart — ah! now 't is frozen! —
Burned not with another flame;
CHLOE then was not your chosen,
LYDIA was a sweeter name:
Then I flourished,
Than ILIA'S mine a prouder fame.

HORATIUS.

Now CHLOE rules my heart completely,
Skilled in the mazy dance to fly;
Her fingers touch the harp so sweetly,
For her I would not fear to die;
The Fates permitting
The maid to live surviving me.

LYDIA.

With sweet desire my heart is burning
For CALAIS, sprung from THURI;
While he so fond my love returning,
For him I twice would dare to die;
The Fates permitting
The youth should my survivor be.

HORATIUS.

What if our former love, returning,
Bind us again with brazen chain?
What if, the faded CHLOE spurning,
My soul turns back to thee again?
Will LYDIA, slighted,
Fold me to her heart once more?

LYDIA.

Though fairer he than star of morning,
More wavering thou than cork shouldst be,
Though swell thy breast in pride and scorning
Wilder than Hadria's foaming sea,
Still I would joyful
Live with thee — glad with thee die!

HARRY VANE.

A PASS AT OUR IMPROVEMENTS.

BY KIT KELVIN.

A PROVERB, ancient as the days of Zeno, reads : 'We are constituted with two ears and one mouth, that we may hear more and say less.' It would be well were this oftener remembered ; and peradventure, Dear KNICK., you may, thinking me garrulous, rank me as one who sees motes, yet recognises no beams ; but I alluded slightly to a subject in my last paper which I wonder has not engaged the pen of some matter-of-fact writer, and of which I would fain speak more at large.

By the way, in your last 'Table,' speaking of an article as being 'too interminably long' for insertion, reminds me of a *jeu d'esprit* which had existence some years ago. A widow, whose patience and christian spirit had been severely tested by the conduct of her several sons, had, after much trouble and more anxiety, made arrangements for her youngest—a wild, rollicking, reckless sprig, in whom was combined the essence of all species of roguery—in a store at a neighboring village. Hither, after many and repeated desires that he should strive to make glad the heart of his mother, the youth was sent, bearing a letter to the trader breathing sentiments which only a *mother* could express. He had been absent a fortnight, and the fond parent was anticipating the success of her boy, filling the future with gladdened projects, and creating him, by the different stages of promotion, a rear-admiral of dry-goods, when the very object of her thoughts presented himself before her. His face was sorrowful, and his appearance like one greatly humbled and deeply troubled. The mother's heart beat quick, and with its pulsations went the visions of advancement and happiness for her son which she had been quietly enjoying a moment before. 'Alas, my son ! what new trouble has come upon you ? Your presence troubles me !'

'Indeed, dear mother, I am sorry to say Mr. — does not want me any longer !' And beneath the grave exterior a lurking smile played bo-peep with the appearance of sadness.

At this plain announcement the mother could no longer restrain either her tears or her despair. Bitterly she wept and deplored the supposed misconduct of her son, who cruelly permitted her to bemoan the misfortune until his wayward spirit was fully gratified, and then coolly informed his mother that he spoke of *stature* rather than *time* !

Now, with brevity ever in view, permit me to introduce you to a few suggestions upon Present Improvements ; the bearing they have upon the condition, as well as the influence which through them is exercised upon the country. These remarks are but the skeleton to the subject, which is susceptible of *muscle* and *flesh*, had you th-

time to digest or the space to print them ; but I neither have the vanity to suppose my sentiments 'California dust,' or boldness to ask of you many pages to display them.

As previously remarked, I advocate advancement and all wise schemes that claim alliance to progress, yet not so zealous in the advocacy thereof as to hazard the domestic happiness of quiet firesides, the innocency of retirement, and that 'otium cum dignitate' with which man was originally endowed. Self-interest, the prospect of rapid accumulation, and fame, (which is but ephemeral,) seem in fact the secret springs and pendulums to most of the present day benefits ; and as it regards real melioration, half and more result in temporary deceptions and actual humbugs. Hoodwinked by the cunning artifice of unscrupulous experimentizers, we are lost in the whirl and confusion of the chaos of mortification and personal distress. There is no end to the dance of the wizard. Encircled as we are by the strange medleys of the nineteenth century, we are almost inclined to believe that the days of enchantment have existence, and that the 'Knight of the Sorrowful Figure' is abroad, from whom emanates the infection of madness, and that all the world are fighting 'wind-mills' and breaking 'wine-skins' in their chivalric delirium. However cool and philosophic the contemplator, while he looks he is fascinated ; the whirlwind and the storm have embraced him, and giddy and intoxicated, he reels into the very excesses upon which he smiled in calm indifference.

Mania is every where. You detect it in the restless eye, the pallid cheek, the nervous step. It is whispered to us in breeze and gale, wafted to us by every stream. Like an ungovernable harpy, wounding us with its filthy breath and snatching from before us the food that nourishes us.

Those of your readers who date their nativity in town cannot regard this unsatisfactory harmonizing — if I may be allowed this seeming contradictory phrase — of city and country by steam, as a matter of interest. They have seen the countryman unsophisticated as he is, but they little dream of that quiet hearth-stone around which clusters innocence and virtue and the 'peace of the good man' which give him this simplicity, this confidence in his fellow. They may smile at his awkwardness and wonder at his apparent stupidity, yet the good and the finer feelings are there, which they neither know nor court. Is it not better that this sincerity, this plainness, this freedom from artificiality, should continue established at the hearth-stone ? Is it not better that this quiet, this virtue, should remain unmolested, uninterrupted ? Can it be, so long as Steam is the currency, the food, drink, the 'wherewithal to clothe us ?' Nor can these same denizens regard with much interest the existence of improvements, the parhelia of that sun that shall illumine both city and country alike. But that this is, we have evidences north, south, east, west, and all about. The road and marshy pass and lonesome wood have scarcely a pilgrim to awake sleeping echoes now. The iron race-horse has proved the valorous knight, and with its fearful impetus defies all competition.

That the rail-way is a great and unquestionable progress in the world of improvements no one disputes; but that evils follow its benefits is conspicuous, and, but tends to prove that 'an inevitable dualism bisects nature' (as Emerson says in his excellent paper on 'Compensation.')

And that directly or indirectly, improvements are adverse to the continuance of old customs as well as to the morals in the country. The former, like spent manhood, has become superannuated and toothless; its voice is already feeble, and the watchers around its bed are carefully preparing to close its eye. With its flickering breath go the many elements, which, united, have added that sterling worth and nobility of character that have caused a throne to confess its vigorous and insuperable ability. Is there no voice sufficiently loud; no arm sufficiently strong to hail and hold this wayward and insinuating spirit? Is there no antidote sufficiently powerful; no prescriber sufficiently skilful to stay the course of this disease which riots in the grand arteries? Alas! primeval customs; those old landmarks! like the gods of Sepharvaim, where are they? They savor of the Past too much! Like an old, familiar air: at the same time it is admired for its rich melody, it is neglected merely because it is ancient. Its soft cadence does not feed the soul; for it is made common by the thousand and one voices that have so often echoed its sweetness. But the Past and its customs have history. 'As the mountains round about Gilboa' so will they yet be to the Present, when the latter shall have become fagged and jaded with forced and unmeaning novelties, and the 'crying for wine in the streets' shall have ceased. The Present is but the child of the Past; let, then, the parent be venerated! And let our examples be wise as well as our actions good, for our works will follow us. The grave is the veil between our individual selves and the living; but to this noisome place go not our handiworks. Let them prove a wreath that shall encircle our names with a blaze of glory.

The rapid transit from one part of the Union to another, attracts not alone the man of business and the gentleman of pleasure; but the graceful deceiver — the polished destroyer — the ingrained villain. It is easy for one experienced in victimizing, to pursue his iniquities in a populous city; but it is as easy among the unsuspecting, among the few, where the boldness of his operations serves as a sort of safeguard. Statistics acquaint us of an impressive augmentation of crime in the *country*. Does its pure atmosphere prove the matrix of this evil fecundity? Does a geographical basis prove a conductor of vice? Where shall we look for the source of this destroying torrent that rushes with appalling force, carrying in its headlong sweep poor victims that can but feebly resist its impetuosity? Trace the polluted stream to the noisy city, where fester in corruption, Shame and her sister, Depravity. Pent up within circumscribed limits, this vast pool of iniquity has swollen to bursting, and poured its Lethæan waters in desolating channels over the country, tincturing its green vales and sunny hills with the hue of death.

Hitherward, too, and from the same *dépôt*, have emigrated the etiquette and fashion of the side-walk and drawing-room. A vain spirit has incited a general disbursement of frivolities and extrava-

gancies from the chaotic plunder of fashionable Nimrods which have been deposited in the central warehouse from time to time. Has the result been beneficial? Does the 'aw'-ing of the gloved beau of Broadway set well upon the broad shoulders of the ploughman? The evil is entailed; from whence came it; what hastened it?

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

I.

How full of rapture is the Student's life!
 How full of liberty and calm content:
 How free from cares of earth and worldly strife!
 Oh! it is sweet, and filled with high intent.

II.

The wants are few of him who pondereth o'er
 The mighty works of ages long by-gone,
 And writings breathing of great wisdom's lore,
 His soul enraptured is as he doth con.

III.

He reads of pious, mild and godly men,
 Who searched vile hearts, and caused sin to quake,
 And he doth ponder oft with fear, and then
 He from their good deeds doth example take.

IV.

His books to him are food — he wanteth naught;
 He casteth folly to the wayward wind:
 His mistress is I ween, exalting Thought —
 She doth embrace most lovingly his mind.

V.

And though his face be pale, and body weak,
 His mind doth grapple with a giant's might;
 And though his voice be low and humbly meek,
 Yet doth he thunder when he doth indite.

VI.

Oh, FATHER of all men! I do beseech
 One thing of THEE: I pray THEE to preserve,
 And watch and guide, and with all kindness teach,
 Him who in study wasteth strength and nerve.

VII.

I pray THEE, when he falleth, lend THY hand,
 And breathe THY word into his troubled ear;
 For he doth bow his head at THY command,
 And views THEE with a Christian's hope and fear.

O. M. D.

SONNET: TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

LORN mother of a young Immortal, fled
 So soon from thy fond arms and charmed eyes!
 Who shall reprove thy ever-yearning sighs,
 Or bid the bitter tears remain unshed?
 He was thy first-born, and his beauty fed
 Thy soul with manna from love's sweetest skies;
 Nor couldst thou deem a cherub in disguise
 Lay smiling on thee from his cradle bed.
 Thou couldst not see, within the moulded clay,
 The spirit's wings their deathless splendors dart,
 Nor hear the missioned angels fondly say
 To the pale shape so clasped to thy sad heart,
 'A throne is waiting in the realms of day,
 King of a new-born sphere, let us depart!'

W. F. F.

New-York, April, 1849.

TRAVELS IN TARTARY AND MONGOLIA.

BY S. M. PARTRIDGE.

KANSON is bounded on the east by Ching-si, on the south by Satchuun, on the west by Kou-kou-noor and Sijan, and on the north by the mountains of Halechan and the Eleats. Ning-hi was the first large city that we encountered. Its beautiful ramparts are environed by marshes of reeds and bulrushes. The interior is poor and miserable; the streets crooked, dirty and uneven; the houses smoky and disorderly. It is easy to see that Ning-hi is a very old city, and although near the borders of Tartary, its commerce is but trifling. In the time of the United Kingdoms it was a royal city.

Soon after leaving, we arrived at Tsang-wei, built on the borders of the Yellow River. Its neatness, order and air of comfort, contrasted singularly with the ugliness and misery of Ning-hi. Judging from the number of shops, well filled with customers, and from the large population that quite encumbered the streets, Tsang-wei must be a place of great business. After passing the great wall, we ascended the crest of Mount Halechan. The Tartarian Lamas had often drawn frightful pictures of the Halechan, but the reality was far worse than any description could convey. This long chain of mountains is entirely composed of moving sand, of such extreme fineness, that upon taking up a handful, you feel it flowing through the fingers like a liquid. It is useless to remark, that in the midst of such sands there cannot be the slightest trace of vegetation. Good heaven! what pain and difficulty in traversing these mountains! At each step our camels sank half buried; and it was only by leaps that they could advance at all. The poor horse was in a worse predicament, his

hoof being less elastic than the soft foot of the camel. In this sad journey we were obliged to be ever on the watch, for fear that we might be precipitated from these hills into the Yellow River, that rolls at their feet. Happily the weather was calm and serene: if the wind had blown, we should certainly have been engulfed and buried alive under the avalanches of sand.

After crossing the Yellow River, we struck on the route to Ili, the Botany Bay of the Chinese Empire, a place of exile for their condemned criminals. Before arriving at this distant country, the unfortunate exiles are obliged to cross the glacial mountains of Mousour, (icebergs.) These gigantic mountains are entirely formed by masses of ice piled on each other. Steps should be cut to facilitate the ascent of the unfortunate creatures who have to climb them. Goud-ju, or Ili, is in the centre of Forgot, a country evidently Mongol—the rivers, lakes and mountains, are purely Mongol. Our intimate acquaintance with the Lamas of Forgot enabled us to form correct ideas of their country. The Tartars of Forgot differ in no way from the other people of Mongolia; their manners, language and costume, are exactly the same. When we asked the Lamas where they came from, they invariably answered, 'We are Mongols, of the kingdom of Forgot.' This is the place of banishment for those Chinese Christians who refuse to apostatize, and certainly justice demands, if possible, that a mission should be founded here for their consolation. The route from Ili conducted to the great wall, which we once more crossed and again entered China.

I wish to say a few words here on this renowned monument. We well know that the erection of walls as a protection against invasion has not been confined to the Chinese alone; antiquity mentions several of these barriers; for instance, those in Assyria, Egypt and Medea; and in later times and nearer home, that in North Britain, built by the order of Septimus Severus; but no nation has ever attempted a work of this kind that could compare with the one constructed by Tsin-che-houng in the year two hundred and fourteen of our era. The great wall extends from the western point of Kansan to the oriental sea. Tsin-che-houng employed a prodigious number of workman, and this gigantic effort of human industry was finished in ten years. Writers on China have widely differed in their estimation and description of this great work. Some have exalted it beyond measure, and others have represented it as ridiculous. I believe that this divergence of opinion has proceeded from each party having viewed it in different places.

Mr. Barrow, who came to China with Lord Macartney, the English ambassador in 1793, made the following calculation. He supposes that in England and Scotland there might be nineteen hundred thousand masons, and that if each of these should build two thousand feet of masonry, that their united efforts would not equal the Great Wall of China; according to him, there was sufficient material in it to build a wall twice round the globe. Mr. Barrow, without doubt, based his calculation on that part of the Great Wall which he viewed toward the north of Peking. At this point the work is really beauti-

ful and imposing, but he was in error if he supposed all parts to be equally high, wide and solid. We had occasion to cross the Great Wall at more than fifteen different points, and several times travelled whole days without ever losing sight of it. Oftentimes we encountered but simple masonry in place of the double walls that exist in the environs of Peking, sometimes only an elevation of earth, and in some places but heaped flint-stones. In these parts there is not a vestige of those foundations composed of cut-stones cemented together, of which Mr. Barrow speaks. It may readily be imagined that Tsing-che-houng would in a special manner fortify the environs of his capital, as it was the most direct and alluring object for Tartar warfare to attack. Fortifications are unnecessary on the borders of Ortrus, and along the mountains of Halechan, for the Yellow River would be a safer guardian in case of invasion than any wall that could be built. After crossing the Great Wall, we found ourselves within the boundary of San-yen-tsin, notorious for its hatred to strangers. They raised many difficulties about our entering, but the disagreement all arose from the soldiers of the custom-house. They wished for silver, and we had determined to give them nothing but words. However, they ended by letting us pass upon condition that we should never mention to the Tartars that we had entered gratis.

From San-yen-tsin we went to Tchouang-loung-in, vulgarly called Ping-fan. It seems to have a tolerable commerce, is neither beautiful nor ugly, and has a prosaic, ordinary appearance. To arrive at the large city of Si-ming-fou, we had to follow a frightful road. In travelling over the high mountains of Ping-Keou we suffered dreadfully, and it was almost impossible for our camels to surmount the numerous difficulties. We were obliged to shout continually, for the purpose of putting the muleteers who might be travelling this road on their guard, as it was necessary that they should take their mules on one side before we met, for our caravan so terrified their animals that they scarcely could be held from jumping over the precipices. When we arrived at the foot of the mountain, our road for two days lay across rocks by the side of a deep and tumultuous torrent, the yawning abyss was ever at our side, and one false step would have plunged us into its angry waters. Sining-fou is an immense city, but thinly inhabited. Its commerce is interrupted by Tang-keou-cul, a small city situated on the borders of the river Keou-ho, which separates Kanson from Kou-kou-noor. This city is not marked on any map, for it has risen suddenly into importance from its excellent commercial facilities. I will return to Tang-keou-cul after saying a few words on Kanson.

Kanson is a beautiful and apparently a very rich province. The excellence and variety of its products are owing to the fertility of the soil and the genial temperature of the climate; but above all, to the untiring industry and admirable system of agriculture here pursued. We could never weary of admiring the magnificent system of irrigation by means of surface canals. By the aid of small sluices, simply constructed, the water is distributed all over the country; it ascends, descends and circulates in various windings, according to the taste of

each cultivator. In Kanson the cheese is of the first quality, and very abundant; the sheep and goats of the best kinds, and the inexhaustible mines of coal might supply the world with fuel. In short, it is a country where people may live very comfortable at a trifling expense. The people of Kanson differ greatly in language and habits from those in the other provinces of the empire; but what chiefly distinguishes them is their religious character, so opposite to the ordinary indifference and scepticism of the Chinese. We saw in Kanson numerous and flourishing Lama-houses, belonging to the reformed Bhudhists. Every thing would favor the idea that this country was once occupied by the Sipans, or oriental Thibetians. The Dehiahours are perhaps the most remarkable race in the province of Kanson. They occupy that part of the country commonly known as Santchoun, the birth-place of Samdadchiemba. These Dehiahours are tricky and crafty, notwithstanding their polished manners and honest phrases. They are feared and detested by all their neighbors. When injured a poniard is their ordinary resource, and they who have committed the greater number of murders are accounted the most honorable. Their language is incomprehensible to any save themselves, being a confused mixture of Mongol, Chinese and oriental Thibetian. They believe they are of Tartar origin. The Dehiahours have submitted to the Emperor of China, but are governed by a sort of sovereign whose right is hereditary; he bears the title of Tousse. There exists several of these tribes on the borders of Sutchuen, who are governed according to their own special laws. They are all known by the name of Tousse, to which they often add the family name of their chief or sovereign. Yan-Tousse is the most renowned, and to this tribe belongs Samdadchiemba.

But it is time that we should return to Tsing-keou-cul. This city is not large, though very populous, busy and commercial. It is a veritable Babel, where one hears on all sides a clamorous confusion of tongues: the long-haired or Eastern Thibetians of Hong-mus-cul, the Tartars of the Blue Sea, Chinese from every province in the empire, and the Hang-dze-tures, descendants of the ancient Indian migrations. Physical force reigns throughout Tsing-keou-cul, and gives a character of violence to the whole city. Each individual marches through the streets armed with a long sabre, and affects in his gait and demeanor a ferocious independence. It is impossible to walk abroad without witnessing quarrels that usually end in bloodshed.

We rested for a few days, and then started to visit the Lamasery of Koumboun, in the country of the Sipans, or oriental Thibetians. As we had resolved to learn the Thibetian language and make ourselves acquainted with the doctrines of Bhudhism, we remained more than six months in this celebrated Lama-house. Koumboun is the birth-place of Tsonka-Remboutchi, the famous Bhudhist reformer. Tradition relates that Tsonka was miraculously born, and that at the early age of seven years he shaved his hair and dedicated himself to a religious life, and after having been instructed in the prayers for a

long time by a Lama of great talents who came from the West, he revealed his divine mission and set out for Thibet. When there he commenced by reforming the religious habits and liturgic formulas. This reformation has been adopted throughout Thibet and Tartary. The Lamas belonging to each sect wear different colors, yellow and gray; the Chinese bonzes adhere to the old faith. Koumboun is a Lamasery of renowned celebrity; it contains more than three thousand Lamas. Its position is truly enchanting. Imagine to yourself a mountain divided by a deep ravine, ornamented by large trees, inhabited by numerous colonies of yellow-beaked crows and rooks. The declivity of the ravine and the sides of the mountain curve into an amphitheatre covered by the white houses of the Lamas, each of a different size, but all surrounded by little gardens and crowned with turrets. Amid these modest habitations, whose beauty consists in their whiteness and perfect neatness, rise the gilded roofs of numerous Bhudhist temples, sparkling and bedecked with every bright color, and environed by elegant peristyles. But perhaps the most striking object is the number of Lamas who circulate through the various streets, clothed in red habits and large yellow caps in the form of mitres. Their usual appearance is grave and subdued; and to speak the truth, although we remained a long time at Koumboun, we had every reason to admire the perfect peace and concord that reigned among its numerous inhabitants. They treated us with respect and politeness, and fulfilled all the duties of hospitality with a cordial generosity. On our arrival at the Lamasery, a Lama offered us his house, and during our long stay performed every service for us that was possible.

A very severe discipline contributes to the preservation of peace and order, and they who trespass against the rules of the Lamasery, whether young or old, are chastised with an iron whip by the Proctor, or chief of discipline, who is continually walking round, armed with his official instrument of authority. They who steal the least thing belonging to another are expelled, after having been branded with an ignominious mark on the forehead with a red-hot iron. These penalties are not inflicted by the arbitrary will of the superior. There are two tribunals, who in grave cases pass judgment on the accused according to the legal forms there established.

Education is here divided into four sections, or faculties. The first is the faculty of prayer; it is the most esteemed, and has the largest class; the profession of medicine takes the second place, mysticism the third, and the fourth faculty embraces the liturgic formulas. Our whole attention and constant study, during the time we spent at Koumboun, was directed toward the following objects: the birth and life of Tsonka-Ramboutchi, the history of the Bhudhist reformation, its liturgies and beliefs, and the rules and discipline of the Lamasery. I would explain to you all these numberless details, for they are replete with interest, if I were not constrained by want of time to make a short and rapid summary. We had dwelt more than three months within the limits of Koumboun, and during all that time had broken through one of their strictest rules. Strangers

who visit for a short time are at liberty to dress as they please ; but they who intend to remain more than two months must adopt the habit of the Lamas. This is an inflexible rule, and we had more than once been admonished of its existence. At last the professors said, as the rules of our religion would not permit us to change our dress, and theirs would not allow a continuance of it, that they were under the necessity of inviting us to reside at the small Lamasery of Tchorgortan, about twenty minutes' walk from Koumboun. They treated us in this exigency with the most refined delicacy.

Tchorgortan is a country house appropriated to the medical faculty. The professors and students go there toward the end of summer, and usually pass five months in roaming over the neighboring mountains and collecting medicinal plants. The houses are generally deserted for the remainder of the year, and at that time the only persons visible are a few contemplative Lamas, who live in cells that they have excavated in the rocks and precipices of the mountain.

We stayed some months at Tchorgortan, studying Thibetian and taking care of our camels. Once in a while we took a walk to Koumboun, and almost every day some of the Lamas came to visit us, especially those who felt an interest in the truths of Christianity.

In the month of August, 1845, we departed from the valley of Black Waters. Our small caravan was increased by an additional camel, and a horse that belonged to a Lama of Mount Ratchico who offered his assistance as pro-camel-driver. We were once more wanderers, and pitched our tent on the borders of the Blue Sea. The Kou-kou-noor, or Blue Lake, is called by the Chinese Kin-hae, or Blue Sea ; and indeed this immense inland reservoir has more the character of a sea than a lake. It has its flux and reflux, the water is salt and bitter, and on approaching it one respires a strong marine atmosphere.

There is an island nearly in the middle of the Blue Sea, rather toward the west, on which a Lamasery is built inhabited by twenty contemplative Lamas. It was impossible to visit them, for on all the extent of the Blue Sea there is not a single vessel or boat, and the Mongols assured us that not one of them understood the navigating of any kind of craft. This Lamasery can only be visited during the extreme cold of winter ; when the sea is frozen, the Tartars form caravans, and make pilgrimages for the purpose of carrying offerings and provisions to the contemplative Lamas, from whom in exchange they receive benedictions and blessings on their flocks and pastures. Kou-kou-noor is a country of magnificent fertility, and although bare of forest-trees, its aspect is sufficiently agreeable ; the grass and herbaceous plants all of a prodigious height. The country is intersected by numerous rivulets that enrich and irrigate the soil, and quench the thirst of the large flocks that sport on their borders. There is nothing wanting to the happiness of the nomade Tartars of Kou-kou-noor, excepting peace and tranquillity. These poor Mongols suffer continually from apprehension of attack from brigands. When they meet both parties fight unto death, for if the robbers are the strongest, they carry off all the flocks, and set fire to the courtes. The vigorous

herdsmen of the Blue Sea are constantly on horseback, always keeping guard and watch over their flocks, lance ever in hand, a gun in their broad shoulder belts, and a large sabre hanging from the girdle.

What contrast between these vigilant and warlike pastors with their long moustaches, and the delicate, fine shepherds of Virgil, always occupied in playing on the clarionet, or decorating with ribbons and spring-flowers, their pretty Italian straw-hats? We stayed forty days on the borders of the Blue Sea, but were often forced to change our place of encampment, and move with the Tartar caravans; owing to the report of robbers hovering in the vicinity they thought it prudent to remove, but never far from the rich pasturages in the neighborhood of the Noor. These brigands are of the Sipan tribe, or Thibetians of the black tents who inhabit the Baganhara mountains, situated near the sources of the Yellow River. These wandering bands are very numerous, and known by the generic name of Kolo-kalmoucks. The country called Kalmouki by some geographers is purely imaginary. The Kalmoucks are but a tribe of Koli or Black-tented Thibetians.

All the maps of Kou-kou-noor are extremely faulty, they give too great an extent to the country. Though divided into twenty-nine banners it should terminate at the river Tsaidun. The popular traditions of the country say that the Blue Sea was not always confined to its present limits. An old Tartar declared to us that this sea once occupied the spot where Lassa now stands, but that in one day the waters abandoned their ancient reservoir, and found way through a subterranean channel to where they exist at present. This singular history with scarcely any variation, was also related to us at Lassa. I cannot here help regretting that details take up too much space in a letter.

During our stay in Kou-kou-noor we employed ourselves in making preparations for the long journey that we were about to undertake. We waited the return of the Thibetian ambassador who had been sent the preceeding year to Pekin. We designed to join his caravan for Lassa, and there study the Tartar faith, at the source from whence it emanates. From all that we had seen and heard during our journey we hoped in that city to find a more precise and intelligible creed. In general, the faith of the Lamas is a vague floating, undecided pantheism, of which they can render no clear ideas; if one should inquire of them what positive faith they profess, they are extremely embarrassed and each refers to the other; the disciples say their masters know all; the masters appeal to the great Lamas; and the great Lamas declare that they are ignorant in comparison with the saints who inhabit such and such Lamaseries. The great and small Lamas, disciples and masters, all unanimously agree in declaring that the true faith came from the west. The farther you advance toward the west, say they, the purer and clearer manifestation you will find of our religious truths. When we explained to them the christian faith, they calmly replied, we have not read all the

prayers, the Lamas at the west have read all, and will explain all, we have faith in the traditions that have come from the west.

These words but confirm a fact that we have observed throughout Tartary. There is not in the whole country a single Lama house of any importance that the superior has not come from Thibet. A Lama of any kind who has travelled there, is considered a holy man, one to whom has been unveiled the mysteries of the past and future in the bosom of the sanctuary of the Eternal, and land of departed spirits.*

W H A T I S L O V E ?

BY JESSIE ELLIOT.

I.

'LOVE! what is love, sweet sister MAY —
 What is love, dearest sister?
 These words our little GRACE did say,
 To 'Coz.,' and laughing, kissed her.
 Dear cousin started, sighed and blushed,
 Then taking on her knee
 The darling pet, in a voice still-hushed,
 Spoke to her tenderly.

II.

'Do you remember, dear, the day,
 We walked to Silver Hill,
 How dark and gloomy was the way,
 Until we reached Globe Mill?
 How sudden then the sun did beam,
 And we right glad to see?
 Well, GRACIE! Love's like this; 't will gleam
 Some day, be sure, on thee!'

III.

The child looked up; a merry light
 Her eye had quickly won;
 Out-spake the mischief-loving sprite:
 'Is CHARLEY GREY your sun?'
 Red came the blood full swift to dye
 Our cousin's conscious face;
 Out-right laughed we, at hit so sly
 From darling little GRACE.

February, 1849.

* LASSA means in Thibetian, land of spirits. The Mongols call that city Mauch-edbat, that is, Eternal Sanctuary.

EPIGRAM : THE FORMALIST.

Oh, mediæval sexton ! thou
 Who wouldst in decent grave-clothes dress
 The modern century, that now
 Exults in savage nakedness :
 Which were to choose — perplexing case ! —
 The *sans culotte* who shameless stands,
 Or mummy, with its yellow face,
 Wrapt in an hundred swathing-bands.
 Thou fool ! who thinkest truth is cant,
 And piety is gown and stole,
 What the irreverent times most want
 Is not a surplice, but a soul !

E. A. W.

THE STONE HOUSE ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

'A WEDDING or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral.'

GAUZES and roses, scraps of lace, white silks, white ribbons, white gloves—the fragile indication of the approaching ceremony—lay scattered around Edla's apartment. Aunt Patty sat with her lap full of white bows, and the dress-maker was just leaving the door with a large green paper-box, as Philip Grey entered the room.

'There is a letter for you below, Papa,' said Edla.

'From home, I suppose ; of little consequence. Letters from the city require more immediate attention. It may be from John or Phil., poor boys !' Mr. Grey seated himself heavily in a chair. 'It must be a pleasant thing to reflect upon, Edla, that you have obliged me, at my time of life, to act the part of a boy ; that you have made me forget my years and sue and solicit and play the lover to this old lady, in order that my children may reap the benefit of the sacrifice.'

Aunt Patty looked around in amazement. The flowers fell from Edla's trembling fingers, the color fled from her cheeks.

'I, with the solicitude of a father for his child, found a gentleman suited to you. His connections were respectable, his fortune ample. You accepted his attentions ; I encouraged them. He asked my consent ; it was willingly given, and you disgraced me by rejecting him. And for whom ?' continued Grey ; 'for a paltry vagabond, a poor, contemptible——'

'Philip,' interrupted Aunt Patty, 'Harold is neither paltry nor—he is a fine young man, and as good a christian as ever breathed the breath of—he saved your life and Edla's, and if you can't speak

well of the absence, say nothin'. I can speak well of him; he's worth a dozen such bobolinks as this—I think it's a shame that you should surrogate him behind his back!' And the old lady lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

'I will allow no interference, Martha!' said Grey, sharply.

'Dear papa!' said Edla.

'My inference is for the absence,' sobbed Aunt Patty; 'I will take the part of the absence!'

'Perhaps it is to your counsel I am indebted for Edla's disobedience.'

'Dear papa!'

'She never was disobedience; a dutifuller child never did—uh—uh—as for liking Harold, why every body—uh, uh—every one loves him—There! I've cried all over your white bows—'

'Dear aunt, dear papa, it is I alone who am to blame!' said Edla, falling upon her knees and taking her father's hand. 'If I have disobeyed you the fault has been severely expiated in the anguish I have suffered since. Surely, dear papa, you would not have me solemnly promise to love and honor him whom my heart tells me it could neither love nor honor? Oh, papa! think of your Edla—your daughter—standing before the altar with words of affection upon her lips and aversion in her heart! Think of her violating her conscience, mocking her heavenly FATHER with impious falsehoods, with promises broken in the utterance! Think of the self-degradation, so complete that it has ceased to blush at its own shame! Think of a life without hope, a joyless union, a cheerless home; think that it is your Edla—your daughter—whom you would consign to this fate, and then say you wish me to marry him, and I will do it!'

The father gazed upon the trembling girl with a dark look in his eyes, and then with a mocking smile he said: 'Are you through? have you finished? Up from the floor, then, which is too low for such fine sentiments; up, I say! Impious mockeries!' continued he, striking his clenched hand suddenly upon the arm of his chair with a vehemence that made Aunt Patty spring from her seat. 'Do you mean to reflect upon me? Do you not know that to-morrow I—'

'Dear, dear papa!' sobbed Edla, convulsively.

'That yesterday I received intelligence which will come nigh to make us what you appear to wish us to be, paupers?—that I, not governed by those nice distinctions which you appear to feel so keenly, must promise to love and cherish, and all that foolery, because our salvation depends upon it?'

'Phil,' said Aunt Patty, putting her arm tenderly around his neck, 'there's no use a-makin' a mortar of yourself; what little I have you can—there's no use of your throwing yourself—all I have you are welcome to. You can easily excuse yourself to Mrs.—break off this match—do n't be so ambition, and all will yet be well.'

Grey's head sank upon his breast, while the weeping Edla hid her face in his lap. 'No,' said he, resolutely, 'I would marry her if I stood upon the sods of my own grave!'

'Oh, Phil.!' said Aunt Patty, wiping her eyes with her apron, 'do n't be so — who knows what may happen? Perhaps Harold Herrman may come back with a fortin'.

'Curse him!' said Grey; 'it is his property that has ruined me; he and this romantic girl — may the deep sea sink him! Edla,' said he, rising and lifting his almost insensible daughter into the chair he had just occupied, 'if I thought there was one lingering spark of affection in your breast for him, even so much as a wish for his return, I would discard you forever!'

'What has he done, Philip?' said Aunt Patty.

'What has he done?' Every thing; he has taught my daughter disobedience; he has destroyed my hopes of her advancement; he has placed me in a position which shackles me for life. Oh, curse him! — he has been a stumbling-block in my way for years!'

'Oh, Phil. ! you are too uncharity; he may be dead!'

'I hope he is — I hope so! Edla, do you still love this fellow? Answer me.'

'I will be answerable for her,' said Aunt Patty.

'Oh! no, no,' sobbed Edla; 'I will strive not to; I will try to forget all! Dear papa, have I not given up every thing, will I not do any thing to please you?'

'Promise me then that you will never marry this Herrman; promise that, and I will forget and forgive.'

'She shall promise no such thing, Phil.; the dear lamb —'

'Then may all the miseries of life confound them both! May infamy hang upon their marriage and despair upon their lives! Let me never see them or hear of them; if starving, let them starve; if houseless, let them wander —'

'Dear, dear papa!'

'Call me not by that name, disobedient! unless —'

'Oh, yes, papa!' said Edla, taking his hands, 'I will promise! I am not disobedient. I will be your daughter — your faithful Edla; and since you fear to lose me, (here a smile glistened among the tears,) I will never marry — never, dear papa! I will follow Aunt Patty's example; I only hope that I may prove as good as she is.'

'You are an angel!' sobbed her aunt.

'It is enough,' said Grey; 'let the past be forgotten.'

'And forgiven?'

'And forgiven.' He looked at her for a moment, and then, pressing a kiss upon her forehead, left the room.

'A dreary morning, Sir!' said Job, as Grey entered the parlor.

Grey was the soul of politeness; he smiled and bowed in acknowledgment.

'There is a letter for you, Sir, I believe. Paper,' continued Job, handing it to him, 'is quite an improvement upon the ancient papyrus and wax tablets of the ancients, and pen and ink are better than the stylus. Ink, Sir, is a compound of sulphate of iron and infusion of the gall-nut; and is n't it odd that two colorless fluids by union become black; like a marriage that promises fair and proves dark and dismal?'

The smile passed from Grey's face.

'And silver, Sir,' said Job, heedlessly rambling on through his philosophical labyrinth, '*white* silver is the basis of indelible ink. Why, Sir, all the silver you are worth could be transmuted into ink and put in a bottle!'

'Silence, Sir!' said Grey, in a tone that was like an electric shock; 'you are impertinent! Leave the room. *Pertinent*, I should have said,' as the door closed after the abashed Job; '*too pertinent!* I'll discharge this philosophical friend of mine to-morrow! Let me see, now: a letter; from John Stapleton, by the superscription.' He broke the seal and read:

Greysburgh, Feb. 23, 1817.

PHILIP GREY, Esq.:

'DEAR SIR: I have melancholy intelligence to communicate. Your two sons, PHILIP and JOHN, were out skating upon the Susquehanna this forenoon, and it is supposed that they are drowned, as both are missing, and a large chasm is in the ice where they were last seen. The river is lined with people searching for them; so far we have been unsuccessful. Some have gone to the Bend, as the current is strong and may carry the bodies down there. Every one in the village is in tears. In haste,

'Your obedient servant,

'JOHN STAPLETON.'

'My boys! my boys! Merciful God, save me from this affliction and preserve them! Visit not my sins upon these innocents! My darlings! Oh, this accursed journey! Fortune and children gone, gone forever! This is no place for me,' said Grey, rising wildly and clasping his hands in agony. 'My Phil! my darling, curly-headed boy! gone, gone! God help me!' He bowed his head in the hollow of his hands and sobbed aloud. 'But this must not be known *here*. I must away from the house — out into the open air — any where to escape!'

He walked hurriedly through the hall and into the street. It was now nearly noon; hundreds of people were thronging the populous thoroughfares; familiar recognitions greeted him; but he, the happy bridegroom, the affluent, envied Philip Grey, saw them not. On through the dreary streets, with contending passions struggling in his breast; with wild, untangible schemes of wealth for the morrow, and death and despair paralyzing his footsteps of to-day. With visions of dark phantoms gathering at his wedding; the bride in a shroud, gibbering and mocking him with words of hatred and defiance from her polluted lips; with the hoarse surging of the icy river roaring in his ears; with half-executed projects bewildering his brain and driving him to madness; regardless of the blinding snow, regardless of the cold, he hurried on until he was far beyond the limits of the streets and out in the waste and open country beyond. For hours and hours he wandered on through the deep snow. It was not the loss of his children that wrought thus fearfully upon him; (grief has a sweet and noble influence when not alloyed with baser passions;) but it was that the terrible obstacle lay thus unexpectedly upon the very threshold of his marriage; it was but one step from want to affluence, and that step was arrested! Delay was dangerous; a day might divulge that he was a bankrupt! He knew how much affection had to do with the espousals on either side. A bankrupt! — that known? He clutched his hands until the blood fol-

lowed his nails. 'No! I will conceal this letter; I will marry her. Fail me not, stout heart! fail me not,' he repeated, striking his breast, as he retraced his weary steps, 'until to-morrow — to-morrow!'

He reached the house at last, wet and weary. A short interval to change his dress, and then, with a smile upon his lip and the corroding secret in his bosom, he entered the supper-room.

There is not a more popular fallacy than that 'the countenance is the index of the mind.' Every-day experience contradicts it. Often beneath the well-affected face of passive indifference lurks intense desire; the plausible smile glozes over the rents and chasms of hidden jealousy and hatred, and the instructed features affect a specious adulation while the heart is shrinking with contempt and aversion. The countenance of Philip Grey no more evidenced the fearful sacrifice he was offering to his ambition than a handless dial-plate indicates the hour of the day. The evening passed off pleasantly — nay, gaily; even Job ceased to feel the mortification of the morning in the politeness with which Grey thanked him for every trifling service, and Edla forgot the weight of her own sorrows in reflecting that she had performed her duty to so good a father. 'Good night!' said Grey, with his sweetest smile, as he kissed Mrs. Squiddy; 'good night! To-morrow will soon be here!'

That *good* night brought no sleep to his eyes; the tortures of an accusing conscience and the sense of his bereavement were like a searing fire in his vitals. Oh, wrestle not with grief, for it is an angel! Rather let it subdue thee, that thou mayest be purified and forgiven; let it conquer and bind thy angry passions, and set its hallowed seal upon them. Accept it meekly; doth not the rain beat down the tender rose? but anon comes the morning, and lo! the lowly flower is richer in fragrance and beauty, and heavenward the odorous incense arises from its broken chalice.

In sleepless darkness, in agony so intense that even despair would seem like peace itself, Philip Grey passed the night preceding his wedding. When he arose in the morning his accustomed smile failed to disguise the traces of that night's sufferings. With feverish haste he endeavored to dress himself for the ceremony. 'A few hours, and then I may mourn at leisure. God help me! My poor boys!'

The day was warm and spring-like; the storm had passed away, and when the carriages arrived to take the happy party to 'old Trinity,' the gentle influence of the weather seemed to pervade every breast but his. 'A few more minutes!' he muttered, as he stepped into the carriage beside his betrothed. The steps were put up, and the coachman was just closing the door, when a country sleigh, with a pair of jaded horses, swept around the corner of Garden-street.

'Oh, papa!' said Edla, looking out of the carriage-window, 'there's Mr. Bates!'

'Shut the door, coachman,' said Grey, turning pale.

'Whereabouts is Missus Squiddy's?' inquired the sergeant of the coachman.

'This is the house.'

'Is Mister Grey here, as you knows on?'

'Yes, he's in this carriage.'

'I want to speak tew him.' And the sergeant got out of the sleigh. The coachman opened the door of the carriage.

'Ah, Bates, how d'ye do? No time to talk now, though. Shut the door, coachman. When I return——'

'Oh, Mr. Grey,' said the sergeant, 'they've feound the bodies.'

'Am I to be stopped this way?' said Grey, passionately; 'shut the door!'

But the sergeant laid his hand upon the arm of the coachman: 'Did n't you git the letter, then, from Squire Stapleton?'

'No; do n't interrupt me now. When we return, I say——'

'What can he mean, papa?' said Edla, who had listened with breathless attention to this strange dialogue.

'Then you do n't know? Oh, Miss Grey!—bad news! bad news!' said the sergeant, wiping his eyes; 'the sorrowfullest thing that's happened in the village since Alice Herrman died! Your brothers——'

'Stop!' said Grey, in a hoarse whisper. He endeavored to rise; the houses danced before his eyes, then a mist obscured every thing, and he sank back senseless in his seat in the carriage.

T H E B L A C K S M I T H ' S S H O P .

A S K E T C H F R O M L I F E .

HARD by the road, in Harley town,
It stands — the little blacksmith's shop;
It is a building dark and low,
With chimneys peeping o'er the top;
Climbing through the roof, a stack
Of rod-supported chimneys black
Throwing their smoky volumes high,
And sparkles, up the sunny sky.

And melted coals and cinders lie
In scattered heaps along the ground,
And heavy wains, with splintered shafts
And broken wheels, are lying round;
And in the yard, beside the door,
Rests the square old tiring-floor;
The grass and weeds and waving sedge
Are trampled round its blackened edge.

The boarded shutters, hinged at top,
Are fastened up from morn till night;
The door is wide, and all inside
Is plainly seen — a pleasant sight!

A pleasant sight enough for me,
 A poet of simplicity ;
 My Muse, content to clip her wings,
 Delights in homely, rural things.

The anvil has a tapering shaft,
 And burnished surface bright and clear ;
 The rusty pinchers lie a-top,
 The heavy sledge is standing near ;
 Hammers and tongs and chisels cold,
 And crooked nails and horse-shoes old,
 And all the tools renowned of yore
 In blacksmith ditties, strew the floor.

Beneath the shutters stand a row
 Of dusty benches, rough and rude,
 And files and rods are lying round,
 And vices on the edge are screwed ;
 And the last-year's almanac,
 With songs and ballads, torn and black,
 And prints of fights on sea and land,
 Line the walls on every hand.

The forge within the corner stands,
 Before the chimney slant and wide,
 And in a leather-apron clad,
 The swart apprentice by its side ;
 Nodding his head and paper crown,
 Pressing its handle up and down,
 Beneath his arm, with motion slow,
 He makes the rattling bellows blow.

The sturdy blacksmith folds his arms,
 And shows his knotted sinews strong ;
 He turns his iron in the fire,
 And rakes the coals, and hums a song ;
 He plucks it out, a blaze of light,
 And hurries to the anvil bright,
 And sledges fall with deafening sound,
 And sparks are flying thick around.

The village idlers lounge about,
 And talk the country gossip o'er,
 And now and then the farmers' men
 Drive up on horseback to the door ;
 And sun-tanned ploughmen ply the thong,
 Goading their yokéd steers along,
 And play and wrestle on the sod,
 Waiting to have their cattle shod.

At morning's break and evening's close,
 In early spring and autumn-time,
 The dusky blacksmith plies his craft,
 And makes his heavy anvil chime ;
 And oft he works at dead of night,
 Like a thinker stern and bright,
 Shaping, by laborious lore,
 Iron thoughts for evermore.

The Bunkumville Chronicle.

'GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.'
TWELFTH NIGHT: ACT I. SCENE V.

VOL. I.

MAY.

No. 2.

OUR MONTHLY SUMMARY.

THE captious reader will please remember that this our truthful analysis of news must necessarily retrograde a month.

We are under the disagreeable necessity of recording in our summary a wintery and unpleasant month of March.

The situation of our streets during the time has been past description, and accordingly we shall not attempt to describe it.

About the fifteenth, our last omnibus was snagged, and sunk nearly opposite the City-Hotel, the body of the vehicle having come in contact with the pole of an old wreck, which was partly elevated above the level of the mud. No lives were lost; the driver having succeeded in landing his passengers in the second stories of the adjoining houses. It is extremely gratifying to state that not the least blame can possibly be attached to any of the parties concerned. The driver barely escaped with his life, a beneficent Providence having preserved him doubtless as CHARLES LAMB would have said, 'to become in future an ornament to society.' We quote the following from the Extra Sun of the seventeenth of March:

'We hasten the press to announce the arrival of our express-extraordinary from Whitehall-street. We are pained to report that the

levee lately constructed to protect the sidewalks and lower stories from inundation, it is feared will soon give way.

'A frightful crevasse has occurred at the corner of Water-street, and the stand of an old apple-man, with its unfortunate owner, was hurried off by the devouring element. A subscription was immediately taken up for his mourning wife and sorrowing children.

'A gang of South-street darkies was already upon the spot when our reporter left, endeavoring to repair damages.

'Our express came through in the unprecedented time of four hours.'

Since the drying up of the aforesaid corporation mud, we notice a very vigorous and well-sustained Free Soil movement in our streets. The neat proceeds of last winter's investment have been all upon the move, and made free to soil the dresses of all ladies who have dared Broadway.

Among the remarkable events of the month, we name with pleasure the appearance of the narrative of our *Dead-Sea Expedition*; a work fully worthy of its subject, and if any thing rather more defunct. How many engravings it is adorned with we know not, but it has certainly received a great many cuts. We fear that the members of the expedition did not bring home with them salt enough to preserve it. Nothing less than a large Lot would have sufficed.

Among the most extraordinary performances of our travelling board of City Fathers, we note the novel idea of converting the docks into gas to illuminate the upper parts of our city. Concerning this

we quote from that respectable old lady, the Journal of Commerce of the thirty-first of March :

'RESOLUTIONS CONCURRED IN.—To grant C. VANDERBILT a lease of the piers and slip occupied by him, west of pier No. 1, East River; also, a ferry lease, with power to regulate the ferry from time to time, by the Common Council. And if the said VANDERBILT refuse or neglect to execute said leases for ten days from the passage of this resolution, measures shall be taken to resume possession of the said premises, by the Common Council to light with gas, First Avenue, from First to Fourteenth-street. Adopted.'

We think that had the gas wasted at Albany been properly preserved, it would have answered the purpose. We farther notice 'a vote of thanks to 'D. T. Valentine,' clerk, for preparing a '*Corporation Manual*.' And we also see that on the same evening 'the roll was called.'

What *can* be the meaning of this? Have the old ladies' gone into training in preparation of doing battle for *their* honor, and the city's privileges, with those obdurate Albanians? or was the roll only called to supper? Had *we our* will they should be fed with bread and milk, which *is* a natural supper, although it might appear supernatural to their Aldermanic corporations.

On the whole we think the entire roll had better in future be well beaten, instead of called, at least until they attend more to the streets, and less to the tea-room.

A resolution was passed by the Brooklyn board, requiring the street-committee to 'label' the streets. We know not how it is in Brooklyn, but such labor would be superfluous here, as half the houses in our streets from the Battery to the Towns-end are labelled Sarsaparilla, and the remainder, Pills, Boots and Cough-Candy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, inquires why the tenets of the Roman church are like the females of the canine race. Probably because they are dog-mas.

LONG-BOW. — We do not know whether Baron Munchausen died in debt or not; but presume that such must have been the case, as his liabilities were so enormous.

INVALID wishes to know why Physicians are such queer fellows. Because they are cure-us chaps.

VIVI ROMÆ asks what king of the Romans was like a stepmother. Nu-mā perhaps.

O. P. Q. would like to know why a foot is like a tradition. Because it is a leg-end.

CACOTHES SCRIBENDI inquires, (before embarking in the business) whether poets do not have more difficulty in settling their bills, than in writing verses. No doubt of it; their cant-os do not give them half the uneasiness that their cant-pays, do.

HORSE MARINE asks where the cemetery of Neptune's family is located. At Bhering Straits, to be sure.

A CONSTANT READER inquires why the Editor of THE 'Spirit of the Times' is like an account which has been due for some time. We suppose it is a Bill of long standing.

QUERY asks why the wharves of New-York are always ruined in building them. We imagine it is because they are spiled, and think he had better examine Watts' celebrated treatise upon Dox-ology for farther information.

SWALLOW. — Can't inform you how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads. You had better apply to the Messrs. Fowler upon the subject.

REUBEN S. SPRIGGINS indites the following epistle :

'DEER SUE: I see in the 'Sporit of the Times' tother day, that some one dressed him as 'Dear Col.' Now I want to no if he is one of them Col-porters or not. Cause my wife is clean ag'in any thin' of the sort; fer she sees that whenever any of them Coal-porters comes in fer their pay er cold wittles, they always leave dirty tracks upon her nice floor. R. S. S.'

We do not think he is one of the fraternity, although he has been engaged for a number of years in disseminating useful knowledge.

—
KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.
—

NUMBER TWO.
—

PHILOSOPHY.

THIS term is supposed to be derived from *philo sophia, Gr.*, the precise meaning of which has never been properly ascertained; it is however supposed that the individuals who composed the class of ancient philosophers, porcine in their habits, and Daniel Lambertish in their persons, were usually large enough to fill-a-sofa, and hence the term.

Others however assert that unlike their fellow mortals, they mourned the loss of their spouses, and were called from this singularity, 'Feel-loss-of-hers.' The mourning of learned females for their lords was denominated 'Feel-loss-of-he.'

Philosophy is divided into *Phys — nics — isms — onomys — trics — tys — mys — ures — ships — ations — urgyis — epys — omis — axes and ologyis*; there are strictly speaking no *ing* — although 'prize-fighting' is considered by some to be a science.

CHRO-NOLOGY is the knowledge of exulting over a fallen foe.

BI-OGRAPHY. — The art of purchasing bargains.

HOPLIS-TICS. — The art of making bad debts.

PHARMA-COLOGIA. — The first principles of manual labor institutions.

ACR-O-PHYSICS. — The art of cultivating one hundred and sixty rods of medicinal herbs.

PATH-ODOGY. — The art of road-making.

CALL-ODOGRAPHY. — The art of visiting.

PHYS-ONOMY. — The science of war.

PHRE-NICS. — The art of helping yourself.

DOX-ODOGY. — The art of wharf building.

PSYCH-ODOGY. — The doctrine of diseases.

CAT-OPTICS. — The art of seeing in the dark.

PHIL-OSO-phy. — The science of repletion.

HIRE-OLO-gy. — The art of engaging servants. N. B. By 'engaging servants,' pretty soubrettes are not meant.

SYN-TAX. — The science of imposing fines for misdemeanors.

HYD-RICKS. — The art of concealment.

PERE-NOLO-gy. — The art of cheap education.

THE STOIC. — The followers of which are stevedores, storage-men, etc.

THE CYN-IC. — Persons of immoral character.

THE SOCRATIC. — Those who are in the habit of drinking deeply upon credit.

MISCELLANY.

PUNNING, says Doctor Johnson is the lowest species of wit. No doubt of it, Doctor, as it is the foundation of all other.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS was equally disastrous to Harold the Dauntless, and Edward the Bold. Rumor asserts that the first having escaped with his life, hid his head in the monkish cowl. Perhaps the latter had better amputate his whiskers, and try a petticoat, especially as a petticoat has tried him.

CAN'T, SIR? said the great Chatham, jumping up and stamping his gouty feet upon the floor. Can't, Sir? I don't know the word. What a pity it is that the Mawworms of the present day were not blessed with similar ignorance.

WE NOTICE the marriage of Frederick Dickens. Every one grants that his brother has done well; but it seems that Master Freddy has done Weller.

MANY PERSONS suppose that 'Mose in New-York,' 'Mose in California,' etc., are new and original. No such thing. 'Mose-in-Egitto' was the first of the class, and is as old as the hills.

THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON, it is said, have no equals. It may be so, but they certainly have a great many piers, at least in our vicinity.

CALVES' HEADS AND OX TAILS are in England considered as delicacies; and if our butchers would save them for sale, they would be certain never to lose money, as they would then make both ends meat.

CATS AND PIGEONS, although they may have nothing of the India-rubber kind in their formation, are notoriously gutter-perchers.

A SHOEMAKER may be considered as entirely done up who is compelled to pawn his boot-trees, for he has then evidently come to his *last* legs.

THE RACE OF CÆSARS is not yet extinct, for we with our own eyes beheld but a few days past, a full half-dozen of those myrmidons, the Star Police, rushing along Broadway at top speed, in hot pursuit of a flying culprit.

PROFESSOR MORSE seems to have got Riley about his telegraphic rights. We fear that Judge Cranch's late decision may prove a Bain to his hopes. Should he be ultimately successful the House will prove too hot to hold his opponents.

A SUBSCRIBER has written us a very bitter epistle indeed about rail-roads. He says that a few days since the cow-catcher of a locomotive snatched up one of his best cows, and tossed her head over heels down a precipice. When found, the poor animal was past praying for, as the dogs were already preying on her. She had not a particle of hide about her except the thicket in which her body was concealed; and as if to cap the climax, the rail-road company sent in a bill for jerking beef.

THE SOLDIER, who, during the search for the body of Charles I. purloined a bone from the Eighth Harry, gave as a reason for so doing, that he always had obeyed the old rule: '*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*'

ON DITS.

THAT there is not the slightest shade of truth in the story of a duel which came off between those public spirited individuals, young Mr. S. P. Townsend and old Dr. Jacob Townsend. An explosion of a large number of bottles containing molasses and water occasioned the report.

THAT Mr. Barnum has become an active member of the body of Shakes, and that he has already made large conversions to that sect.

THAT friend Fry, who began his season with a broil, has wound up in Boston by getting into a stew for not shelling out. We don't believe a word of it; however, this shows the danger of catering to the oyster-ocracy, as that bray-zen wretch, the great and good departed John Donkey used to call them. Being opposed to short names we hope that Max will make a million out of the opera though.

GEOGRAPHIC AND HISTORIC.

FIRST CLASS IN PANTHOLOGY.

MASTER: 'John S. Stubbs, arise and loquate.'

JOHN S. STUBBS (after preparing his proboscis *more district-scholastico*): 'TEXAS is bounded on the North by the North Pole, Mason and Dixon's line, and the California gold-diggin's; on the East by Sunrise; on the South by Morse's Patent and Howland and Aspinwall's Rail-Road, when it is completed; and on the West by the Puttybottomy Injuns; w'ich, as they won't keep quiet, makes a very uncertain and disputed boundary indeed.

'The principal towns is considerably disseminated, and more remarkable for number than size. They are generally built of mud, clam-shells and logs, and it takes jest a grocery to make one.

'The rivers is supposed to be overflowin' with whiskey and water, but some folks says it's only milk and honey.

'It was discovered about the beginnin' of the present ery by Parson Lester, author of a 'Row at Genoa,' the late 'Kate Woodhull,' etc., etc., and described by him in a work whose wonderful beauty

of style can only be equalled by its truthfulness of narration. After the discovery he immediately made a present of it to Big Sam, a Cherokee chief, and it was subjugated by him after a desperate conflict, in which the enemy ran away before they commenced fighting. In this affair Sam shot off the wooden leg of a flyin' saint, and forwarded it immediately to Mr. Barnum by Morse's telegraph.

'The principal perductions is sweet-pertaters, young niggers, tiger-cats, alligators, Comanche Injuns, horn-toads and fever-'n'-ager.

'The sweet-pertaters is used to fatten the young niggers on, who attain to such a monstrous size upon this kind of feed, that they would outgrow their clothes immediately if they had any. The skins of the pertaters is used by the natives for clothin'. The alligator is a polyfibious quadruped, lives in the mud, breathes in the water, and sleeps on the land; their food is hogs, dogs and young niggers, and they eat the last without cookin'. The tiger-cats is a very pugnashus animal of the feeling kind, and comes up to the scratch on all occasions. The Comanches is hunted like deer for their skins and saddles, and is sometimes used in the manefactur' of Injun bread. The fever-'n'-ager is a great blessin', as it is the only exercise the people take; and during the bearing season the fruit-trees is innokilated with it, by means of which their contents is discharged without farther notice.'

A D V E R T I S E M E N T S .

TO LITERARY MEN.—The most liberal price will be paid for purloined letters, especially if they contain state secrets, or those of an extremely private nature, if they affect the welfare and happiness of well-known families and individuals.

The preëmption-right of scandalous stories taken on shares; if settled upon African principles, one-half to go to the finder; and if published, a very handsome allowance made him.

Secret treaties purchased at an extra price; and as we are opposed to all monopoly, no preference will be shown to old operators, but *new gents* always engaged.

Any quantity of Mrs. HARRISES wanted to get up tales of disease and death, box the compass upon all subjects, and furnish us with paper duels and fracasés between important personages, (senators, etc.,) originating in discourses concerning the matchless purity, honesty, truth and prophetic mind of the subscriber. As the principal *branch* of the HARRIS family is probably now in California, a person is wanted immediately to take his place; one of similar connubial experience will be preferred.

Suits entered immediately against any one who may dare to call in question the virtue and honor of any of our employées. Also, a quantity of good wood-ashes will be purchased, as we require the strongest kind of lie to brighten our type and keep it in order.

N. B.—No information concerning O'CONNEL's mode of receiving foreigners of distinction wanted at any price.

SAINY GAMP.

DRY-NURSE WANTED.—A daily and weakly newspaper, whose pa is soon expected to abandon it for Washington, will be in great want of its usual pap and soft fixin's. Any person competent to administer these necessaries will please express his opinions upon paper and direct, through the P. O., to

SOFT CORN.

STATE OF THE MARKET.

BRISTLES.—Decidedly rising, especially among some disappointed Whig politicians.

HOPS.—Rather declining, the warm weather having produced an unfavorable effect; and it is rumored that the house of Whale and Daughter are about retiring for the season.

HAMS AND PORK.—In a sad pickle: some sage operators decidedly stuck.

P O E T R Y.

COLEMANICS: NUMBER ONE.

'Lex Talionis.'

'WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.' (A free translation.)
'VERBA MUTANT, HISTORIA MANET.—AUTHOR'S MOTTO.

THERE lived a doctor once, not M. D., but of laws,
Who boasted of a dubious kind of fame,
Had fought and won in many a desp'rate cause,
And blazed away at any kind of game,
For money or a name.

This doctor had a student, Tom; a youth
Whose brain in deviltry concocting, or to hatch
A piece of mischief, was in truth
For his Satanic Majesty a match,
Would flax old Scratch.

The years rolled by, and Tom, a pert attorney,
Has started off to try his maiden cause;
And in his gig, companion of his journey,
Behold our quondam friend, Doctor of Laws,
Wagging his jaws.

'Tom,' quoth the doctor, 'you have learned from me
All that the courts require of legal lore
To pass as an attorney; but, d' ye see,
I yet have kept for you one secret more,
In store.

'When this important secret you have learned,
And I'll impart for a consideration
You will confess I have most fairly earned,
You then are fitted for your situation,
In each relation.

'Now, Tom, drive on your horse a little quicker,
And get to BONIFACE's time to dine;
He has the very best of prog and liquor—
You pay the bill for dinner and for wine,
The secret's thine!'

Tom straight consents and quick the secret asks,
 Lest the invaluable chance be missed.
 'T is this,' quoth Doc.; 't will not your mem'ry task :
 All things deny, and upon proof insist.'
 Poor Tom looked triste !

The dinner over, both about half shot,
 'You pay the bill,' says doctor to the youth.
 'I—pay—the—bill ? that falls not to my lot ;
 I deny every thing, and insist on proof !
 Catch me, forsooth !'

☞ ALL of our subscribers in arrears will please come forward immediately, or else we shall punish them by printing a 'Chronicle' of twice the usual length, and sending them two copies, together with Foot's last great speech.

P. PINDAR, JR.

☞ OUR next will contain the commencement of a very extraordinary prize-tale, entitled 'The Future Rip Van Winkle,' PINDAR'S letter to 'Punch,' and sundry other novelties, '*too tedious to mention.*'

B I R T H - D A Y T H O U G H T S .

ANOTHER year! the arrow flight
 Of sunbeams from their golden home
 Is not more grateful or more bright,
 Than those glad hours of joy and light
 That sparkle on life's spring-tide foam.

These pregnant hours, when Hope and Youth
 A love-gemmed wreath together twine
 To crown the soul, while sterner Truth,
 To guard the flowers from taint or ruth,
 Draws near to bless their early shrine.

Our boyhood's time ! let cynics tell
 Of wasted seasons, ill-spent years ;
 Their horologe, the funeral knell,
 Makes discord with the merry bell
 That lulls or scatters all our fears.

Peace to the Past ! though life may be
 In future stormily o'erhung,
 Leave no dark clouds upon thy lea
 To gloom the page of memory,
 When Age shall press on heart and tongue :

But onward, upward bending still,
 Let Energy's faith-lighted flame
 Burn dauntless in your breast, and fill
 Your eye, while Virtue's conscious thrill
 Illumes your brow and gilds your name.

So shall the gathered mists that veil
 Life's dim and strangely-chequered way
 Evanish like the mists that scale
 The ocean rock, 'neath midnights pale,
 Before the burning eye of day.

C. R. CLARKE:

Our Spring Birds.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

WHEN first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O, then comes the Blue-Bird, the herald of Spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season. — WILSON.

A BIRD, perched on my garden rail,
While falls the drizzling rain,
And nature hath a voice of wail,
Outpours a cheerful strain.
Wherewith can I compare the hue
That decks its back and wings—
Old Ocean's azure, or the blue
O'er Heaven that June-time flings?

Oh, no! the fresh deep tint they wear
That clothes the violet flower,
When nodding in the vernal air
And laughing in the shower.
From earth I feel my soul withdrawn,
I am a child again,
While thus flows eloquently on
The burthen of its strain:

'Wipe, weeping April! from thine eyes
Away the rainy tears,
A voice that tells of cloudless skies
Is ringing in mine ears:
Fair flowers, thy daughters, mourned as dead,
Will start up from the mould,
And, filled with dewy nectar, spread
Their leaflets as of old.

'The brotherhood of trees—the strong—
Green diadems will wear,
And sylphs of summer all day long
Braid roses in their hair;
And, harbinger of weather mild,
The swallow will dart by,
While brighter green adorns the wild,
And deeper blue the sky.

'Soon, April, will thy naked brows
With fragrant wreaths be crowned,
And low winds in the leafy boughs
Awake a slumberous sound.
Charged by a Power who made my way
Through airy deserts plain,
I come to breathe a truthful lay
And make thee smile again.'

Plumed pilgrim from a southern shore,
 Thrice welcome to our land !
 Telling the bard of good in store,
 Of golden hours at hand.
 Throbs merrily thy little breast,
 In reddish vesture clad ;
 A scene of sorrow and unrest
 Thou comest, bird, to glad !

So through thy hall, oh, human heart,
 Its inner gloom to light,
 Rays of celestial sheen that dart
 Herald the death of night ;
 Telling full sweetly of a clime
 Where Winter is unknown,
 Of fields beyond the shore of Time,
 With flowers that die not strown.

W. E. C. H.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

THE months and the seasons glided on. I was not always to live in Leipsic ; not always to be a student, and I knew it. Scenes of action which lay before me, though far in the distance, began to assume a real aspect. Away from my country, I had the opportunity of viewing it from a new point of observation. I began to reflect upon the constitution of my native land, its manners, its laws, its customs. Occasionally my blood would quicken as ambitious desires and fancies floated through my brain, while something whispered that I was dreaming away my life. 'Whispered' do I say? Heavens! At times the words of the dying student :

'Shake off this chronic dream-life and act !'

rang in my ears as if sounded by the trumpet of the archangel ; while the quiet earnest question of Theresa : '*Is it not action that you most require ?*' penetrated my heart, leaving a deep dull pang there.

I could endure it no longer, and just as I had resolved to break away from Leipsic I received the following letter :

'London, May 10, 17—.

'Why do I write to you when it is too late? Why do I remind you of your promised aid when I am beyond the reach of aid? It is because my heart is bursting and I *must* have one solace ; that of telling you all. Oh ! my kinsman, pity me. My father is dead. He died in that fearful island ; a place to me of abominations. He died and left me—how can I bluster the page by naming it—the affianced of Count VAUBREY ! I know not how it was. I know not how it is. My mind is confused ; my heart is dead ; I, myself am nothing—*nothing*. When I wrote to you a long, long time since, I expected from several strange hints which I had received from Count VAUBREY, to have been forced to put myself under the protection of my English friends. But the threatened catastrophe passed away. Years ran by, happy years to me, ah ! never to return ; but I cannot allude to happiness now. A few months ago I was hastily summoned to my father. I hurried away to St. Kilda, and found him on his death-bed. He was suffering patiently, and was so dreadfully changed that I scarcely recognised him ; he had deferred sending for me till the last moment.

'Oh! it was evident that he must die. My father—my father—die! But whom, think you, I found as his attendant?—LAURENT DE VAUTREY! I did not understand it. I cannot now understand it; but so it was. My father's manner to me was kind and tender. He would call me often to his bedside apparently with the intention of communicating something, and then as if unable to speak, he would caress me tenderly and bid me sit by his side. He grew weaker and weaker. I longed to know what was in his heart. I dreaded to know too, for something told me it had reference to VAUTREY and myself. One evening he seemed weaker than usual. He beckoned me to come to him; I obeyed, but he did not speak. At last I addressed him:

'Dear father, tell me what is on your mind; it concerns me I know. Do not fear, I will receive it as you wish.'

'My father started as if an adder had stung him. Then he tried to smile, then he looked sadly and shook his head.

'Speak, I implore you,' I cried. 'Name your wishes and you will find in me an obedient child.'

'My daughter!' was the response; and my father's voice grew husky as he spoke:

'My daughter, you must wed Count Vautreay.'

'I neither shrieked nor started; I did not change color or faint; I did not fall prostrate; I stood erect—I stood firm; but—do not think I rave—could the entire misery of a life time the most miserable be concentrated upon one single instant, and the heart steeped in it, scarcely should it equal the wo which that brief sentence brought upon me!

'I will,' was my firm and almost sudden response.

'My father was startled but not deceived; he knew the effort which those two brief words had cost me.

'Do you not?' he demanded, 'seek to know—'

'Not one word. Oh! my father; it is enough that I know it to be necessary, else you would not have commanded it.'

'I would not. But let me tell you—'

'Spare me—spare me—again interrupted I. Let my time be devoted to making your sufferings lighter; forget me, I shall do well enough, *by and by*. I muttered the last words to myself, but my father still surveyed me anxiously.' Presently he said:

'Shall I call LAURENT here?'

'If you please.'

'Count VAUTREY was summoned.

'My father pronounced us affianced, and I hurried to my apartment. Then—oh! then, I gave loose to my feelings, not by tears and lamentations—these were denied to me; but by—oh God! I dare not speak of the horrors of that awful night. About midnight I was told that my father was dying. I hurried to his bedside, but it was too late. He did not recognise me, and after a few moments he ceased to breathe.

'I will not attempt to describe my situation or what I suffered.

'I left St. Kilda and came directly hither. I made it a stipulated condition with Count VAUTREY, that he should leave me to myself until the time fixed by my father for the nuptials—*nuptials!*

'I fear to tell you where I am going. I know that you are a St. Leger, and that you would hasten to relieve me. But I will not be relieved. I too am a St. Leger. I have promised that I will wed Count VAUTREY, and by heaven I will keep my vow.

'How fearlessly I write; but ah! my kinsman, there are times when this iron resolution bends and quivers like the plant reed, and I a very woman, weep and weep until it should seem that I had wept my heart away. Oh God! what shall I do. I WILL keep my promise to my father. He had a fearful reason for exacting it.

'Something mysterious and dark and inexplicable is connected with all this. But come fate—come destiny, the sacrifice is ready. Farewell.

LEILA ST. LEGER.'

Again at a crisis in my existence did a letter from Leila bring me back to myself. There was a certain something about that letter which conveyed the idea to me more forcibly than the former one, that Leila regarded me as a kinsman merely. Strange to say, at this time the discovery did not disappoint or grieve me. What had become of those enthusiastic feelings which I experienced at St. Kilda? Where were the raptures, the ecstasies, the transports which I enjoyed when gazing at the sparkling stars from the summit of Hirta, when I thought of Leila and Leila only? Again I exclaimed: shall there *ever* be any thing tangible in the awful past? and some fiend whispered in my ear—*never!* and I shuddered and prayed: 'Oh! not so—not so.' But the letter, it served its office. It roused me. It disenchanting me. I read and re-read the epistle in hopes that something in it would throw light upon her residence. But I looked in vain. I carried it to Theresa and asked her advice. Women are so quick-witted in such matters.

Theresa read the letter carefully, then raised her eyes to mine and said: 'The case is most pitiable; how wrong the decision. Do you know if she loves somebody?'

'I do not.'

'It seems to me that her heart is interested. So passionate; so determined. Alas! with such feelings, if she has lived in the world, and you say she has, she has been interested. Her heart is occupied. I think so.'

'Why do you think so, Theresa?'

'How can it be otherwise? Who can resist ordained *necessity*? It rules every where. Hunger demands food at the point of the stiletto — *necessity*. Weariness woos the balmy breath of sleep on the dizzy height where the slightest misstep should be fatal; again — *necessity*. The body seeks and must have its accustomed exercise or it loses its accustomed strength — *necessity* yet. And the giant passions which inhabit around the soul, they must have scope and exercise and food, or they prowl within and ravage and devastate and lay waste *there*. Behold — *necessity*!'

'You give strange attributes to your sex.'

'Attributes!' exclaimed Theresa, with more warmth than I had ever seen her exhibit; 'How dearly does woman pay for all her attributes. If her mind is strong, it frets and chafes because it is cramped down and confined to the narrow sphere which man has chosen to allot to it. If alas! her soul is passionate, how surely will it be consumed within her, or become the subject of injury and abuse. If she is loving and trustful, how is she doomed to disappointment or disgust. If her heart yearns for the companionship of man, how chilled and crushed does that heart become when she finds that man treats her as a plaything instead of a companion. If she scorns the trammels with which her sex are confined, she encounters misapprehension and the severest censure. Rebellious, she is coerced; submissive, she is by turns caressed and trampled upon. To wait and not murmur; to expect and not complain; to live and move and have her being, as if she lived not, moved not and had no being; to be sacrificed, to suffer, to be silent — is the destiny of woman!'

'Oh! Theresa. Where did you gather such fearful thoughts?'

'*Here!*' said my companion, laying her hand upon her heart and looking at me in her earnest manner, yet just as tranquil, just as composed as ever. 'I do not say that I have experienced,' she continued, 'My spirit teaches me that I speak truth.'

'But how do you remain so calm always? Why are you never excited? What power do you invoke to maintain such serenity of soul?'

'The power of the soul is resident in itself, it does not need the help of human appliances. I seek the aid of the Most High to sustain *it*.'

'Theresa, have you loved?'

There — I had asked a question which I had been waiting for an opportunity to put ever since I first saw my friend. Twenty times at least I had had it on my lips and each time I lacked the courage to speak out. Now I had spoken.

'Theresa, have you loved?' What a bold home thrust! What a direct downright not-to-be-escaped interrogatory to one who, when she spoke, always uttered truth.

'Theresa, have you loved?' The maiden cast her calm blue eye upon mine, and its gaze seemed to search my inmost being. In that eye I could read little, save perhaps a slight, almost imperceptible, look of scorn; no not scorn, but rather an enduring self-relying look which at times resembles scorn; her brow appeared broader, her countenance nobler; but she did not speak, and in this way we sat looking at each other. I had committed myself, and could not recede. I repeated the question.

'Have you loved?'

The eye of the maiden changed again; that strange calm imperturbable eye; and became almost mournful in its expression, as she uttered with quiet distinctness —

'No!'

I took a long, deep breath; perhaps in the course of the conversation I had unconsciously held my breath; this would account satisfactorily for the relief I experienced, for I did feel relieved. I felt reproached too for my rudeness. I hastened to ask forgiveness.

'Pardon me, Theresa; it was very uncivil. But I could not resist the impulse.'

'It was not right; but you cannot tease me,' said Theresa, gently. 'Let us speak of your relative. You should do your utmost to save her from so dreadful a fate.'

'Do you really think I should interfere?' (I proceeded in the conversation with a light heart.)

'I think you should seek your cousin and endeavor to alter her decision. When the happiness of a young creature is staked upon such a certain issue it seems dreadful to allow it to come to pass. Behold an opportunity for you to *act*; set about it. See what you can *do*.'

Here our conference was interrupted. I retired to my room. In a short time I had finished three letters; one to my father, one to my mother, and one to Hubert Moncrieff.

In the letter to my father, I asked permission to leave Leipsic and make a continental tour, this had been promised to me when I left England, and I ventured to suggest that the time had arrived when I could best profit by the permission.

To my mother I wrote a letter full of questions. I asked for an explanation of the singular life which my aunt Alice led; it was always a forbidden thorn at home. I begged for an account of her history. I asked about Wilfred St. Leger, and about Leila, and about Laurent de Vautreay.

To Hubert I wrote, as I suppose, young men usually write to each other. I challenged him to come over and accompany me in my travels. I gave a glowing description of what we should hear and see and do. I spoke of our friendship, our congeniality of feeling, etc., etc., and wound up with a reference to our exciting voyage to St. Kilda. In a postscript, I inquired of Hubert, if he had heard any thing more of the Wœdallah or his daughter, and in a *Nota Bene*, I asked, 'What of Vautreay; did you ever hear any thing farther from him?'

After I had despatched these letters, I felt much more at ease. I did not doubt that my father would consent to the proposed tour, as its advantage was advocated by the Professor, who certified in an ample manner to the proficiency I had made as a student. Beside, I had nearly attained my majority, in another month I should be one-and-twenty!

I waited patiently for answers to the letters. Hubert's came first. Youth best sympathizes with youth. In his epistle, my postscript and *Nota Bene* were first noticed. Hubert had a long story to relate of the death of the Wædallah, of the sudden appearance one night of the 'beautiful Leila' at Glencoe, attended only by her servants. Of a long conference with the Earl his father, of which he could discover nothing; of her leaving the next day; of his endeavors to ascertain (on my account as he assured me) her whereabouts. That he could find out nothing, discover nothing except that Margaret, who was acquainted with every thing, heaven only knew how, had inadvertently spoken of Leila as living at Dresden, that he had affected not to notice the remark, and had afterward tried to find out something more, but in vain. That he knew nothing of Vautrey at all; but rumor had associated his name with that of the fair 'Leila.'

Hubert regretted that he could not join me in my proposed tour, but the thing was impossible; the whole house was in uproar preparing for two bridals. His sister Margaret was about to wed a young English nobleman, and his brother Francis was to be married on the same day to the Lady Annie, now sole heiress of Glenross.

'So you see,' continued the letter, 'the fates keep me here, when I had a thousand times rather be away with you. We must bide our time; but we will have a scamper together yet. By the way, old Christie often inquires for you. He says ye are a 'lad of mickle spirit, only a bit whittie-whattieing like; mair the pity, purr fellow.' I will write you again after these confounded—pshaw, I mean these happy—bridals are over. Good-bye.'

At the bottom of the sheet was traced a single line, in an exquisitely neat hand,

'Do not forget Ella.'

How much good that letter did me! How it opened the door to my pent-up spirit! How suddenly did it revive all the exciting scenes which I witnessed in the Highlands! And how distinctly did it bring back the captivating face and form of Ella Moncrieff! Besides, I learned where Leila was; at least I was not inclined to doubt the correctness of the information.

In a few days letters from home came to hand. I eagerly ran over the package. I opened my father's first, and looked far enough to see that my request was granted, and then, without stopping to read it, I opened the one from my mother. It was like all her letters, anxiously affectionate, showing the strong and ever watchful solicitude of parental affection. In reply to my queries the answers were brief. She said that no one could account for the malady (so my mother termed it) that afflicted the Lady Alice; that in her youth she enjoyed all that station, wealth, beauty and a remarkable intellect

could bring; that she was universally sought after and courted; but she was from childhood possessed of strange eccentricities. Her head was filled with plots and adventures, and tales of chivalrous deeds. She was always playing some strange part in some strange performance. She hated men as a race, or rather she despised them. She believed them all to be, without exception, unreliable and corrupt, and when young took delight in humbling the haughtiest. By degrees she excluded herself from the world, until, by habitual indulgence in her strange mode of life, she became what she then was. There were singular scenes said to have transpired between Wilfred St. Leger and herself, and also between her and Wilfred the younger. On one occasion, it is said that she plunged a dagger into the father, declaring that he should die rather than disgrace his name, which came near proving fatal; and that on another occasion she threatened the son with a like vengeance, unless he abandoned his irregular course of life. That Wilfred the younger was the father of Leila St. Leger, about whom I had inquired, and of whom she could tell me nothing; except that her father was dead, and Leila was living with a relative somewhere on the continent; that she was to marry the Count de Vautre, of whom she knew very little; that when a small boy he had spent a few weeks at Bertold castle, in company with one of her kinsmen, a Moncrieff; that the child at that early age inspired every one with aversion, not to say hatred towards him. She knew nothing of his residence.

My vague associations connected with this man were not mere dreams after all, said I to myself, as I finished reading the letter. Strange that in my infancy he should have been for a season under the same roof with me, and that we should have met as we did, and — and — conjecture with its shapeless, unformed images began to fill my brain, and I was fast sinking into a mazy reverie, when I remembered that my father's letter remained unread. I took it up, and as it is short, I will give it to the reader.

‘MY DEAR SON: I consent to your proposed tour, and am satisfied, from what I learn from the good doctor, with your proficiency while at Lelpaic. As you are now a man, and are henceforth to think and act for yourself, I have no wish to fetter or restrain you. I have no fear that you will forget your sense of accountability to Almighty God, or the claims of conscience. For I have confidence in your principles, and in your uprightness of character. Enclosed you will find a bill of exchange upon ——— for £ ——— and a letter of credit upon the same house unlimited. Your mother writes by this post. I pray God's blessing to rest upon you.

From your affectionate father,

GUY H. S. ST. LEGER.

P. S.—Trust no Frenchman — believe in no French woman. France has been a curse to our nation, and Frenchmen and French women a curse to our family.’

G. H. S. ST. L.

If ever captive felt lightness of heart when his chains were struck off and he set at liberty, after breathing for a season the noisome atmosphere of a dungeon; if ever convalescent was cheered by the pleasant sunlight and the refreshing breeze, after the confinement of a long and dangerous sickness; if ever mariner, tempest-tossed for months, hailed with transport the sight of the green earth, then did I feel lightness of heart, then was I cheered, then transported, at the prospect of this change of life! How the blood went galloping through my veins! ‘I will pack up to-day: I will set off to-morrow.

Now for life! Ha! Pleasure, I will grasp you yet! Change, novelty, new scenes, new actions. Freedom, ay, freedom!—freedom for any thing. Away! By Heaven, I will shut out every thing but this present purpose! I *will* live a while without the interference of that surly make-weight that hangs like lead about my heart. Up and out into life! Already is my appetite sharpened for adventure; already do a thousand tumultuous thoughts crowd upon me.

‘Italy! Italy! I shall see thy soft skies; I shall revel in thy classic groves, O, Tuscany! I shall wander through thy imposing ruins, Eternal City!’

‘Spain! Spain!—how sweet the anticipation of thy beauties! Already do I see thy sunny plains and thy stately palm-groves, thy orange-walks and thy delicious gardens. Hark! I hear the soft music of the evening guitar. Hark again!—the tinkling of the muleteer’s bell greets my ear. ’T is evening; the maidens of Andalusia are on the balconies, listening to the impassioned serenade. I come! I come! Soon will I behold this birth-place of passion, this home of love!’

‘What if the heart grow cold?—what if the cheek wrinkle and the eye become dim? Youth, youth, let me but enjoy ye! Give me but the *experience* of joy, passion, love, jealousy, hate; let me see beauty and call it mine; let me put forth my hand and clutch what looks so bright and glittering; baubles they may be, but let me clutch them. Let me see and know and feel, instead of taking it upon trust, what doth and what doth not perish with the using; then approach, ye ministers of fate, and do your worst upon me!’

In the midst of a rhapsody which I attempt now to describe, the door opened gently and Theresa Von Hofrath entered the room. The fever-current of passion was calmed; the exciting visions of pleasure dissolved apace; only my heart continued to beat quickly as before, yet with a heavier pulsation. The letters lay before me; I was standing gazing at them. Theresa came a few steps toward me and stopped. I advanced to meet her.

‘I have got letters from home at last.’

‘And can you go?’ asked Theresa.

‘Yes.’

‘Oh, how happy am I to hear it! Now all will be well. And you can go?’

‘Yes.’

Theresa’s countenance actually lighted up with happiness; her whole manner changed; she was almost enthusiastic in her hopes for me. It seemed as if I had never half appreciated her. A strange feeling oppressed me; I came near bursting into tears. By the way, I never could account satisfactorily for the peculiar moods that at times come over us. There is a subtle spirit within, which suddenly, unexpectedly acts upon the instant, baffling and contradicting and defying all form, all habit, all rule and all philosophy; some remnant of some brighter period of the soul, vindicating by its potency the hypothesis of a time anterior, when form and habit and rule and philosophy were—*not!*

While I stood oppressed by strange feelings, Theresa had left the room.

In two days I was ready to quit Leipsic. I was to go in to town in the evening, to be ready for the Schnell-post, which started the next morning. The Professor insisted upon accompanying me to the hotel.

Yes, every thing was ready, and with my cloak across my arm, I turned to meet Theresa, who was coming to the door. I took her hand; a cheerful 'Good-by!' passed my lips; it was echoed by her. The Professor had reached the carriage, and I hastened to join him.

I did not look back to see Theresa again!

L A M E N T F O R A N E A R L Y F R I E N D . *

BY GEORGIANA M. SYKES.

O LOVING friend of sunny hours,
Friend too of darker days,
The grief that mourns for thee is dumb,
Powerless to speak thy praise:
It cannot be that soda are prest
Upon thy coffin-lid,
And thy bright presence in the grave
Forever more lies hid!

Oh! when before was thought of grief
With thought of thee allied?
Or what the wo that could not find
Some solace at thy side?
O joyous, loving, hopeful, true!
The sun-shine thou hast given
To many a lone and weary path
Now marks thy track to heaven.

Ah! what a throng of memories
Start at a name so dear!
Too bright, too radiant a train
To circle round a bier!
Our star-lit hours beneath the elms
Of thine ancestral home,
The murmurs of those waving boughs,
How like a wail they come!

Scenes of the past! bloom-laden trees,
Glad birds on glancing wing,
And a young spirit revelling
In the bright burst of spring:
And thy delight when woodland haunts
Glowed in autumnal prime;
Oh! must thy life no Autumn know,
Smitten in Summer-time?

Norwich, Conn.

But Autumn's work on thee was done;
Mellowed, and gently riven
From earthly life's too keen excess,
And early ripe for Heaven,
Few of earth's woes for thee sufficed:
Spirit in rare accord,
With all earth's choicest harmonies,
Thy home is with the Lord!

Yet, while the open portals wait,
And angel-voices, not unknown,
Give thee glad welcome, lingering yet,
Thine ear hears but our moan;
Lingering with words of loving cheer,
Unselfish to the end,
Mindful, amid the dews of death,
Of message to thy friend:

Lingering, to leave in infant hearts
A tender, haunting tone,
The sole memorial of a love
Henceforth for them unknown;
Lingering with filial heart, to clasp
The bowed forms of the old,
And cast one gleam of Paradise
Back on their landscape cold:

It were deep wrong to love like thine,
Wrong to thy latest prayer,
To yield thy gentle ministries
No hold on our despair:
Guide us, ye angels of her way,
Twin-spirits, Hope and Love,
And thou, O FAITH, in death her stay,
On to her home above!

* MARY, wife of WILLIAM B. BRISTOL, Esq., of New-Haven, Conn.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW for the April Quarter. Boston: C. C. LITTLE and JAMES BROWN. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THERE are ten articles proper in the present number of the 'North American,' including a cluster of five briefer 'Critical notices.' They are upon the following subjects: 'The Men and Brutes of South Africa;' CHANNING on Etherization in Childbirth; 'The Empire of Brazil;' 'ANTHON'S CICERO and TACITUS;' ELLET'S 'Women of the Revolution;' MORELL'S History of Philosophy; 'The Female Poets of America;' 'Pronunciation of the Latin Language;' 'Ancient Monuments in America;' and 'MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POEMS.' The two papers first named above are in matter and spirit varied and interesting, and but for a lack of the requisite space we should be glad to make good our opinion by liberal extracts, which we indicated in pencil as we read them. The article upon the two Latin works of Dr. ANTHON is written with premeditated severity, and brings charges of plagiarism, assumption and error, against that eminent scholar, which we cannot doubt will elicit an early response at the hands of the Professor. MRS. ELLET'S 'Women of the Revolution,' heretofore cordially commended in these pages, receives the warm eulogiums of the reviewer. We were struck with the force and felicity of these opening remarks: 'Considering how highly every age has prized the history and biography of previous times, it is matter of surprise that there are not always found those who systematically record passing events and delineate living characters. Fame is, indeed, in a good degree, an affair of distance. It is difficult for friends, associates, or contemporaries to be sure that actions or events, which arise from the present condition of things, will seem as important to posterity as to those who have an immediate interest in the emergencies which gave them birth. But the desire to know what has been done and said by those who have gone before us — who helped to prepare the world for the coming of our day — is so universal, and we are so often vexed to think we know so little, that it seems wonderful that mere sympathy should not lead us to prepare pleasant things of this sort for the people whose pioneers we are. How delicious are the bits of private history now and then fished up from the vast sea of things forgotten! How we pounce upon some quaint diary, some old hoard of seemingly insignificant letters, some enlightening passage in an old author, who little suspected his blunt quill of playing the part of an elucidator of history! What could repay the world for the withdrawal from its knowledge of the straight-forward fibs of Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, illustrative as they are of the state of general credulity in his day? Or of PUFF'S Diary, or HORACE WALPOLE'S, or Madame de SEVIGNE'S letters, or BOZZY'S inestimable jottings?' In

the paper upon 'The Female Poets of America' are considered some of the principal writers mentioned in the volumes of Miss CAROLINE MAY, READ, and GRISWOLD. The review is written in a kindly spirit, and its praise, if somewhat universal, is not given without general discrimination. Mr. E. G. SQUIER's work on the ancient western monuments is highly commended and liberally quoted from; and Mrs. SIGOURNEY receives at the hands of the 'North American' a notice which does justice to her fine moral and religious poetry. Taken as a whole, the present number of our venerable American Quarterly well sustains a reputation which is the growth of half a century.

BOOK OF THE HUDSON. Collected from the various Works of DREDDICH KNICKERBOCKER, Edited by GEOFFREY CRAYON. In one volume. pp. 215. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM.

Mr. IRVING, in a brief introduction to the very handsome and portable little volume before us, tells us that owing, as he does, many of his pleasant Hudson river associations to information derived in his youth from the venerable KNICKERBOCKER, he has thought that it would be an acceptable homage to that venerable shade to collect in one book all that he has written concerning the river which he loved so well. 'It occurred to me, also,' adds Mr. CRAYON, 'that such a volume might form an agreeable and instructive hand-book to all intelligent and inquiring travellers about to explore the wonders and beauties of the Hudson.' Surely our author is not mistaken in this; for a more delightful steam-boat or rail-road companion could not possibly be found, than this book will be to the voyager on, or traveller along the Hudson. Among other sketches, we find here the admirable story, written by Mr. IRVING for these pages, of 'The Guests from Gibbet-Island,' and the inimitable narrative of 'WOLFERT WEBBER, or Golden Dreams,' from the latter of which let us take a single characteristic passage, describing WEBBER's young daughter and her lover:

'His daughter was gradually growing to maturity; and all the world knows that when daughters begin to ripen no fruit nor flower requires so much looking after. I have no talent at describing female charms, else fain would I depict the progress of this little Dutch beauty. How her blue eyes grew deeper and deeper, and her cherry lips redder and redder; and how she ripened and ripened, and rounded and rounded in the opening breath of sixteen summers, until, in her seventeenth spring, she seemed ready to burst out of her bodice, like a half-blown rose-bud.

'Ah, well-a-day! could I but show her as she was then, tricked out on a Sunday morning, in the hereditary finery of the old Dutch clothes-press, of which her mother had confided to her the key. The wedding-dress of her grandmother, modernized for use, with sundry ornaments handed down as heirlooms in the family. Her pale brown hair smoothed with buttermilk in flat waving lines on each side of her fair forehead. The chain of yellow virgin gold, that encircled her neck; the little cross, that just rested at the entrance of a soft valley of happiness, as if it would sanctify the place. The — but, pooh! — it is not for an old man like me to be prating about female beauty; suffice it to say, AMY had attained her seventeenth year. Long since had her sampler exhibited hearts in couples desperately transfixed with arrows, and true lovers' knots worked in deep-blue silk; and it was evident she began to languish for some more interesting occupation than rearing of sunflowers or pickling of cucumbers.

'At this critical period of female existence, whence, when the heart within a damsel's bosom, like its emblem, the miniature which hangs without, is apt to be engrossed by a single image, a new visitor began to make his appearance under the roof of WOLFERT WEBBER. This was DICK WALDOON, the only son of a poor widow, but who could boast of more fathers than any lad in the province; for his mother had had four husbands, and this only child, so that though born in her last wedlock, he might fairly claim to be the tardy fruit of a long course of cultivation. This son of four fathers united the merits and the vigor of all his sires. If he had not a great family before him, he seemed likely to have a great one after him; for you had only to look at the fresh bucksome youth, to see that he was formed to be the founder of a mighty race.

'This youngster gradually became an intimate visitor of the family. He talked little, but he sat long. He filled the father's pipe when it was empty, gathered up the mother's knitting-needle or ball of worsted when it fell to the ground; stroked the sleek coat of the tortoise-shell cat, and replenished the tea-pot for the daughter from the bright copper kettle that sang before the fire. All these quiet little offices may seem of trifling import; but when true love is transmuted into Low Dutch, it is in this way that it eloquently expresses itself. They were not lost upon the WEBBER family. The winning youngster found marvellous favor in the eyes of the

mother; the tortoise-shell cat, albeit the most staid and demure of her kind, gave indubitable signs of approbation of his visits; the tea-kettle seemed to sing out a cheering note of welcome at his approach; and if the sly glances of the daughter might be rightly read, as she sat bridling and dimpling, and sewing by her mother's side, she was not a whit behind Dame WEBBER, or grimalkin, or the tea-kettle, in good will.

Well, well — 'we say nothing;' but if any of our oldish readers can peruse this, and not think of being 'carried back' to their younger days, why then 'they are not the persons we took them for,' and we 'hold it meet that we shake hands and part.' Good as 'Wolfert Webber' is, it is no better than the seven kindred sketches, some of them already 'married to all coming generations,' which keep it company in this timely-issued volume.

FOOT-PRINTS. By R. H. STODDARD. pp. 48. New-York: SPALDING AND SHEPARD.

HERE now is a young man, and a young writer, who will soon make himself favorably known to a wide circle of readers. In the first place, we cannot help thinking that he writes because he cannot help it. His effusions seem to us to be the outpouring of natural thoughts in spontaneous verse. He observes well, moreover, and is really a faithful limner of nature. Our readers will remember some graceful and pleasing lines upon 'Harley River,' which were contributed by Mr. STODDARD to the KNICKERBOCKER, and which we are glad to find included in the little pamphlet volume before us. They afford a fair example of the faithfulness with which he transfers natural pictures to the printed page. We would ask the reader's attention to the following lines, descriptive of several of the writer's family pets:

BESS.

'A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to herself,
Through the live-long summer day,
In nooks and places far away.
Now in the forest, up the trees,
Rocking, swinging in the breeze,
Scattering dew from off the spray,
On her face — anon away,
In a race with barking TRAY;
Shaking her tresses to the wind,
Shouting, scampering o'er the plain;
Through the wavy meadow-grass,
Up the hill and down again.
In the green-edged garden-walks,
With a wreath of roses crowned,
Scaring from the flowers the bold
Angry bees, with belts of gold;
Chasing butterflies around;
Tired of this, in the house she 'll lurk,
And busy herself with knitting work;
And hide away in a quiet nook,
And sit for hours with a picture-book;
Nodding, falling asleep at last,
Murmuring in her sleep
Of past delight, as a red-lipped shell,
On shore, of the sounding deep.'

'A pleasant thing, a spirit bright,
Full of gladness and delight;
A little angel — strayed away
From the walls of Heaven — at play;
Flying through its pearl'd gate
After Morning's pomp and state;
Wandering to a world of care,

Sin, and sorrow, and despair;
Making, with her angel-face,
'A sunshine in a shady place.'

JOE.

'A LITTLE youngster, five years old,
A roguish mad-cap, free and bold,
Tricky, frolicsome and gay,
Plotting mischief all the day,
Stealing Granny's spectacles,
Looking as his een were dim,
And the ivory-headed cane
And the wig of Uncle TIM;
Strutting with a manly stride,
Mocking, taunting him;
Romping in the shady nooks,
With our darling little BESS;
Peering over WILLIE'S books,
Feigning deepest studiousness;
Grave as a master in his school —
Sitting on his little stool
By our stately 'BXL, be sure,
Staid and sober and demure;
Making faces unaware,
Climbing RUTH'S or MOTHER'S chair,
Tickling, letting down their hair;
Dropping with a merry shout,
Laughing, chasing KATE about —
Scampering from room to room,
Hiding in the curtained gloom —
In the corners dim and dark
Huddling, crouching in the shade,
By his shuffling feet at last
And his smothered laugh betrayed.'

Now take the following, and observe, please, the little touches of natural pathos,

not unlike those of DICKENS, in his sketch of 'TINY TIM,' which pervade the picture of the deformed little boy :

W I L L.

'WILL is an innocent child,
With a full, great, earnest eye;
Where the tears do gush and start
Without a reason why:
A fountain of pity his heart,
Whose waters are never dry;
A thin and hectic cheek,
A voice gentle and meek,
Tremulous, soft and shy,
As he were afraid to speak.

'WILLY is lame, but he,
Dear heart! doth never complain;
He sits sometimes for hours,
With a look of sorrow and pain,
Dreamy and sad and mute,
Surveying his shrunken foot.

When JOE and the neighbor lads,
A merry troop, are at play,
He looks on, sad for a time,
With a sigh, and limps away;
Seeking some quiet nook,
Far from noise and folly,
To read a religious book
Or weep in melancholy.

'POOR WILLY! he seems to me
Out of his sphere, below;
Pining away like a bird of the South
In a region of ice and snow;
A rare exotic, far
From its native clime away,
Transplanted in cold, ungenial soil,
And withering day by day.'

We shall keep an eye upon Mr. STODDARD; for we are well assured that he has that within him which will yet win for him an honorable repute in the world of poetry. We may be pardoned perhaps for advising him to avoid hasty publication, and to prune and revise carefully before giving his lucubrations to the public. This, with the study of good models, from the golden age of English poetical literature, cannot but prove beneficial. We commend his little venture to the hearts of our readers.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD COMPANY to the Stockholders, in March, 1849. pp. 40. New-York: SNOWDEN.

If all our readers could have been, as we have been, over the New-York and Erie Rail-Road to its present temporary termination at Binghamton; if they could see, as we have seen, with admiration and a surprise that rose at times to a sense of sublimity, the awful difficulties of nature which have been boldly met and triumphantly conquered in the construction of this great work; they would appreciate as we do, and acquire an interest in, the apparently dry details of a mere rail-road report like this before us. The 'interest' of which we speak is not in our case at all a pecuniary one, since not a dollar of this rail-road stock ever found its way to our pocket; it is the interest which is derived from seeing the results of a far-reaching forecast, once unappreciated, if not ridiculed, made palpable to every observer; from beholding the fruition of well-directed enterprise, vigorously prosecuted, which has silenced doubt, and placed that which was deemed visionary beyond the reach of cavil or gainsaying. The present is the first full and detailed report which has been issued by the Company since five years ago; although the stockholders and the public have from time to time been kept well advised, by requisite statements, of the general condition of the work. The increased expenditure, over too small estimates, we believe has occasionally created some dissatisfaction in the minds of stockholders; but not so with those of them who have had opportunity attentively to examine the great natural barriers which have been met and overcome. Take for example the heavy rock and earth excavations, the deep ravines filled in with embankments and high massive walls, which were required to pass the Shawangunk mountain; the large and expensive bridges, the miles after miles cut deep in the face of precipitous rocky bluffs on the Delaware,

with high retaining walls and abutments in massive masonry ; and above all, take that portion of the road which traverses the high lands between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, through deep cuts, over ravines, along expensive culverts and heavy embankments, until you reach the ' Cascade Bridge,' constructed over a chasm one hundred and eighty feet in depth, with one span of two hundred and seventy-five feet in length ; and a little farther on, mark well the ' Starucca viaduct,' which carries the road, at an elevation of a hundred feet, over eighteen massive stone piers and arches, of the most imposing architecture, erected at a cost of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. These are works of which the state, nay, the nation, may well be proud. The cost of the road, however, although large in the aggregate, is nevertheless proved in the report before us to be small, when its great length is taken into account, and its cost per mile is compared with other rail-roads. The earnings of the road are increasing every year ; in some instances by more than thirty per cent. ' The road has now reached a point,' says the report, ' where the business to be derived from the country on either side of it for hundreds of miles is exposed to little or no competition. Every year will widen and expand the area of country that will be dependent upon it for a communication with the city of New-York ; and the business of the wide extent of country bordering on the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers will tend to this road as certainly as the numerous tributary streams of that whole region flow to and unite with those rivers. By assuming the same ratio of increase that has resulted from the small additions to this road in 1847 and 1848, the addition of a hundred and twenty-seven miles will produce more than one million of dollars as the gross earnings of the road to Binghamton.' The following paragraph we take from the close of the report. It is based upon irrefragable arguments, previously adduced :

' This road, when completed, will be the longest line under one management in this or probably any other country, and will command the trade of a larger area or district, which by its natural position will be dependant upon it, than any other, and without any serious competition. It runs along the southern border of this state and the northern border of Pennsylvania for a distance of nearly four hundred miles, commanding the trade, by its natural position, for a distance of thirty to fifty miles in width on each side. The numerous rail-roads, to say nothing of the plank-roads and turnpikes now constructed or in process of construction, terminating on this road throughout its whole length, and extending far back into the interior, will be so many valuable tributaries to the business of the main line ; and when constructed, will amount in the aggregate to more than the whole length of the road from Piermont to Lake Erie. When extended to Lake Erie, carried as it will be through a country the resources of which are but partially developed, it will draw to it by its position the trade and business of an area of country nearly as large as the whole of New-England. No one, upon a careful examination, can doubt that this road must upon its completion be as profitable, if not more profitable, to its stockholders than any other rail-road in our country. And when we farther take into consideration the fact, that with one terminus of this road in this city, or in other words, upon the Atlantic, and the other on the great lakes, the commerce and business of which already approximate in amount to that of all our foreign commerce, and are enlarging every year with the rapid increase of population bordering on the shores of these vast inland seas, no doubt can be entertained of the profitableness and value of this road to the stockholders and the public.'

We cannot take leave of this report without rendering a just tribute to the untiring energy and well-directed efforts of the chief officers of the Company. To personal business talents and unswerving devotion to the interests of the road, the President, **BENJAMIN LODER, Esq.**, has added the ability to perceive, in the selection of his associates in council and in action, kindred qualities with those which have made himself so acceptable to the stockholders, and so favorably known to all who have an interest and a pride in the construction of this magnificent work. We believe it will be conceded that no similar work in this country, in all its departments, is better ' officered' than the New-York and Erie Rail-Road.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTERNATIONAL ART-UNION.—We like to see emulation in all good and tasteful matters; and the success of the 'American Art-Union,' now so well patronized, would seem to have led to the establishment of a somewhat kindred institution, the particulars of which are set forth by a capable correspondent in the subjoined communication.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'MY DEAR CLARK: It is so great a privilege to be permitted to hold intercourse with the readers of the **KNICKERBOCKER**, that I never presume to intrude unless I really have something to say. The last time we foregathered I had some musical opinions to propound, which were then speculations, but are now history; and since in my metropolitan peregrinations the growth and development of the fine arts is the subject that most nearly interests my inner sense, I have now a few words to say about pictures. As to home-criticism, or remarks upon the paintings of our own artists, whom we shake hands with and touch our hats to every day, that is far too delicate a matter for me to meddle with. The 'old masters,' too, are quite out of my parish. It is true that I have 'travelled' a 'few;' but unfortunately it has been in the wrong direction for the cultivation of my critical taste in any thing but cat-fish, niggers and high-pressure steamboats. However, since my return to these 'diggings,' I have occasionally turned up an hour or so to devote to the study of arts; and so far as enthusiasm in their cause, and an utter devotion to the beautiful in every form, from a belle in Broadway to the last spiral wreath of cloud that melts in the rosy alchemy of sunset, can qualify me for speaking, I claim a right to be heard.

'Of course you know all about the 'International Art-Union,' established by the individual enterprise of those public-spirited Frenchmen, **GOUFFIL, VIBERT AND COMPANY**, the great Parisian picture-dealers and print-publishers. The plan is the same as that of the German, English and American Art-Unions, which, by being permitted and patronized by magistrates, clergymen and legislators, is tacitly admitted not to violate any law of strict morality, notwithstanding that the prizes purchased for the subscribers out of the surplus funds accruing after the Annual Engraving has been paid for, are distributed by lot. The reason of this is very evident; because clergymen, magistrates, legislators and editors—who are the oracles of law and public opinion—are all deeply sensible of the fact that every picture, every engraving, every statue, bust or statuette, in marble, alabaster, porcelain, bronze or plaster, that represents in a permanent form ever so small a segment of the eternal outline of beauty which flows and undulates throughout all God's universe, is an apostle of God's love, and a monitor of purity, chastity, virtue and holiness to the heart of man. Indeed,

it is beginning to be more and more widely admitted by the wise and good, that if mankind in childhood and youth could be constantly surrounded by the beautiful forms and harmonious breathings of painting, sculpture, architecture and music, and could at the same time receive a corresponding treatment of love, affection and sympathy from parents, friends, relatives and associates, the necessity for terror and punishment would totally disappear from among men. What a glorious thought to the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the musician, the poet, that he is contributing, ever so little, to the hastening of that time when love and beauty shall be the guide of action and the rule of life; when the world shall be converted, by the conjoined efforts of man with his brother, into a paradise, and society shall begin to realize the promised millennium on earth!

'But let us talk a little about the 'International Art-Union' and the beautiful pictures which adorn the walls of its free gallery. They are from what is called 'the modern French and German schools' of art, whose peculiar merits are very different from ours and from each other. In the French we find wonderful harmony and force of coloring, exquisite finish of costume and accessories, and a general tone of subdued and well-bred elegance, which can only result from a thorough study and analysis of the mechanism of art and the laws of physical beauty. The composition of the French pictures is generally exaggerated and dramatic, and its defect is a want of sincerity and spiritualness. The artists of modern France deserve the highest credit for the faithfulness with which they finish their work, and the integrity with which they fulfil the conditions of its sentiment and situation. Nor are they destitute, perhaps, of true spirituality; but the conventional restraints which the fear of ridicule, the only fear to which a Frenchman is susceptible, has reduced the whole nation, too frequently prevent their artists from expressing those wild and startling thoughts, those electric, cometary inspirations, which wander invisibly through space, and only now and then flash into light as they come in contact with the soul of a daring genius.

'The German school is the antithesis of the French. Cold and monotonous, almost gray, in color, subdued and unconscious of effect in composition, and entirely destitute of those gorgeous attractions which arrest the eye and predispose the judgment to favor, the works of the great German masters seize instantaneously upon the soul with supernatural power. In the presence of such deep and fervent inspiration, such terrible sincerity of conviction and purpose, as are concentrated upon their canvases, you feel that it would be sacrilege to stop to quarrel with details. You accept at once the immortal truths that inspired the painter's heart and toil, and remain spell-bound before the manifestation of a sphere beaming high up between you and heaven.

'There is another class of pictures — small cabinet paintings and interiors, representing every-day characters and scenes in common life — in which the Germans have always excelled all other nations. The life-likeness, the distinctness of detail combining to produce unity of effect, the individuality of expression and diversity of feature in a small space, by which many of these German cabinet pictures are characterized, is quite incredible to one who is only accustomed to the crude composition and feeble effects of our own and the English cabinet painters. One of the most exquisite specimens of the cabinet painting of modern Germany is the 'Children leaving School,' by WALDMÜLLER, now the property of the International Art-Union, and to be distributed to some fortunate member of that institution at its first annual drawing, in December next. The excellences of this picture are so remarkable, and

of so high a grade, that they are instantly and universally acknowledged, as well by the experienced connoisseur and the accomplished artist as by the uneducated and indifferent. Children, and especially girls, who are taken to the Gallery, never fail to arrest their heedless romping through the rooms when they arrive in front of this picture, nor to give expression to their admiration in accents of passionate delight. The anxious, care-worn, yet noble and intellectual expression of the teacher, his fore-finger raised high in admonition to his riotous and tumultuous charge, who tumble head-over-heels down the dark stairway of the crumbling old school-house into the broad and glorious summer sunshine, like a mountain stream leaping from a forest cavern into the rejoicing plain; the venerable and benevolent grandfather whose eager and child-like love would not suffer him to wait at home the return of his dear little play-mates, but has driven him hobbling forth to meet them with outstretched arms at the first instant of their escape from prison; the harum-scarum throng of little people, their life-like faces absolutely beaming with the joy of slaves set free, here and there broken by the frown of a sulky one, the contest of a couple of the pugnacious, or the touching sight of a sister imploring impunity from a big boy for her little brother; these are all so many episodes in rural life, actually transpiring and living before us. This remarkable picture was purchased from the painter by the International Art-Union for twelve hundred dollars.

'Of the modern French religious school of painting, the International Art-Union is in possession of one of the acknowledged *chefs d'œuvre*, in the 'Christ Dead' of ARY SCHEFFER. The 'Christus Consolator,' through the very perfect engraving of that great work by DUPONT, and other reproductions in a similar style of many of his other master-pieces, have made the name and fame of ARY SCHEFFER as well known among the connoisseurs of this country as that of DA VINCI or PERUGINO. The 'Christ Dead' is, however, the only original picture from his hand ever brought to the United States; and if the Institution of which I am writing had done nothing else for the cause of art than the importation of this picture, it would deserve the warmest gratitude and most cordial encouragement of every enlightened American. This picture strikingly exhibits the peculiar cold, grey coloring and sketchy execution which characterize some of the sublimest achievements of the religious pencil. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that there is something in the idea of elaborate finish, of handling and well-studied contrasts of color so generally admired, that is absolutely impertinent and sacrilegious in a picture representing the sublimest passages in the life and death of the SAVIOUR. It is a subject which the true artist must ever approach with a species of trembling awe; and, conscious of the utter impotence of his art, if he have enough of earnestness and power of genius to impart to the canvass some faint reflex of the humble worship that pervades his soul, his reward and his triumph are great indeed. This appears to have been fully felt by SCHEFFER; and the sublime expression which he has known how to communicate to the serene and super-humanly lovely countenance of the GODHEAD in mortal death; the convulsive, absorbing agony of the bereaved mother, tearing from the marble jaws of the sepulchre the corpse of her only son and pressing it to her bosom; the holy sorrow and angelic sympathy expressed in the beautiful faces of her companions; are all the elements he has invoked in his appeal to the heart of the spectator. And they are enough! They thrill the frame with a fearful shudder; they stop the blood in the heart; they arrest for a moment the tide of life, and suspend the soul of the beholder in the spiritual atmosphere

which they enclose. We feel that we are on sacred ground; and an image of the dead yet everliving REDEEMER becomes from that instant forever fixed in the heart.

'I have left myself no room to speak of the fifty or sixty lighter pictures in the gallery of this new institution, comprising originals of various degrees of merit by PAUL DELAROCHE, COURT, LANDELLE, GRÖNLAND, MULLER, etc., nor of the exquisite and surpassing beauty of the eight or ten 'pastels' by BROCHART. These latter are obnoxious to the accusation of insipidity of expression and exuberance of drawing; the faces of young girls of fourteen being generally accompanied with developments of form which only exist in the fully-matured woman. But in point of brilliancy of color, gorgeous effects of costume and delicacy of the flesh tints, these pictures have never been approached by any modern artist with whose works I am acquainted. Among the other pictures worthy of especial note are the 'Belle of the Belles,' and the 'Seraglio Window,' by COURT; the 'Joy' and 'Sorrow,' (companion-pieces,) by LANDELLE; the 'Goddess of Liberty,' by MULLER, and a head of our SAVIOUR, by PAUL DELAROCHE. For a knowledge of these, and the other works in this choicely-selected and admirable Gallery, I must refer the reader to his own eyes and the catalogue.

718 Broadway, April, 1849.

'Yours, very truly,

'G. G. FOSTER.'

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Just been reading the first 'Part' of BULWER'S new work of '*The Caxtons*.' There is a great deal of good descriptive writing in it, but the old gentleman, the father of the hero, is at times a sad bore; with his lame duck, and learned twaddle upon themes which one can easily see are 'dragged in by ear and horn' to illustrate the varied knowledge of the author. But on almost every page of the work there will be found little clusters of terse sentences, in which there is sometimes a world of meaning. Observe the following: 'Whatever in truth makes a man's heart warmer and his soul purer is a belief, not a knowledge. Proof is a handcuff—belief is a wing. A religious man does n't want to reason about his religion; religion is not mathematics. Religion is to be *felt*, not *proved*. There are a great many things in the religion of a good man which are not in the catechism.' Here is a bit of good advice to the morning sluggard: 'I was always an early riser: happy the man who is! Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom and purity and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called 'old' so long as he is an early riser, and an early *walker*. And oh, youth!—take my word for it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedge-rows!' Remark this picture of setting out in a fast family-coach called 'The Sun,' which had lately been set up for the convenience of the neighborhood:

'This luminary, rising in a town about seven miles distant from us, described at first a very erratic orbit amidst the contiguous villages before it finally struck into the high-road of enlightenment, and thence performed its journey, in the full eyes of man, at the majestic pace of six miles and a half an hour. My father, with his pockets full of books and a quarto of 'GEBELIN on the Primitive World' for light reading under his arm; my mother, with a little basket containing sandwiches and biscuits of her own baking; Mrs. PRUMMINS, with a new umbrella, purchased for the occasion, and a bird-cage containing a canary, endeared to her not more by song than age, and a severe pip through which she had successfully nursed it; and I myself, waited at the gates to welcome the celestial visitor. The gardener, with a wheel-barrow full of boxes and portmanteaus, stood a little in the van; and the footman, who was to follow when lodgings had been found, had gone to a rising eminence to watch the dawning of the expected planet, and apprise us of its approach by the concerted signal of a handkerchief fixed to a stick.'

On his way to London on foot, while engaged at a wayside inn on a rasher of bacon and a tankard of what the landlord called 'No mistake,' his attention is arrested by two pedestrians at the other end of the table. One of these is thus felicitously limned:

'THE elder of the two might have attained the age of thirty, though sundry deep lines, and hues formerly florid and now faded, speaking of fatigue, care, or dissipation, might have made him look somewhat older than he was. There was nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. He was dressed with a pretension ill-suited to the costume appropriate to a foot-traveller. His coat was pinched and padded; two enormous pins, connected by a chain, decorated a very stiff stock of blue satin, dotted with yellow stars; his hands were cased in very dingy gloves which had once been straw-colored, and the said hands played with a whalebone cane, surmounted by a formidable knob, which gave it the appearance of a 'life-preserver.' As he took off a white, napless hat, which he wiped with great care and affection with the sleeve of his right arm, a profusion of stiff curls instantly betrayed the art of man. Like my landlord's ale, in that wig there was 'no mistake;' it was brought—in the fashion of the wigs we see in the popular effigies of GEORGE the Fourth, in his youth—low over his forehead and raised at the top. The wig had been oiled, and the oil had imbibed no small quantity of dust; oil and dust had alike left their impression on the forehead and cheeks of the wig's proprietor. For the rest the expression of his face was somewhat impudent and reckless, but not without a certain drollery in the corners of his eyes.'

Of 'The Caxtons' more anon, when the concluding portion shall have made its appearance. . . . SINCE the last number of this Magazine was published, WILLIAM WILTSHIRE CHILTON, who has not unfrequently, to the gratification of our readers, contributed to its pages, in which he always felt an interest, has passed calmly from the present to another and a better state of existence. He has gone from us, in the expressive words of the Bible, with the 'dew of his youth' yet fresh upon him. And looking back thoughtfully upon the past, and forward 'in immortal hope' to the future, one can feel, in its full force, the illustration of a modern author: 'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light cloud should fade away in the morning's breath than to travel through the weary day, to gather in darkness and end in storm.' A 'tear to the early dead' may indeed fall; and the thought *will* force itself upon the mind, 'Why should the young and the gifted be taken away, and they who 'cumber the ground,' who are a bane to themselves and a curse to the world, left behind?' But anon interposes the reflection: 'Surely, in the resistless dispensations of Providence, as we are given to know in words of sacred inspiration, 'surely it is well.' How truly can *we* appreciate the feeling which dictated these touching lines of a surviving brother:

I knew that he was dying; for his meek
Beseeching eyes told the sad tale too well,
As trickling o'er his wan and wasted cheek,
The glistening tear curved inward ere it fell:
I knew that he was dying; yet I strove
To check all signs of grief, all shows of love.

I knew that he was dying when he spoke
Of early days, and friends, and things long past,
As if the tide of memory had broke
The flood-gates of forgetfulness, and cast
Before his eyes, in all their early truth,
The bright, forgotten fragments of his youth.

I knew that he was dying when his eyes
Rested upon a simple bunch of flowers;
For I could see the thoughts within him rise
And wander back to past delicious hours,
Until his face grew blank and full of wo,
To think that he no more should see them grow.

I knew that he was dying when his face
Grew pale and leaden as a wintry cloud,
Robbed of all life, all fairness and all grace,
And seeming to reflect the scant white shroud
Within whose chilly folds he soon would rest,
With his pale hands cross-folded on his breast.

I knew that he was dying when his breath
 Came thick and short, and o'er his features thin
 Spread the contracting shadows of blank death,
 And my own heart-beat seemed a noisy din,
 As his grew dull and muffled; till at last
 The cord was snapped in twain— life's portal passed.

R. A. O.

'JUDGE STOWE, of Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin,' appeared before the readers of our last number with OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' 'Breeches' on! 'What does he i' the North with 'em, when they should be serving their owner i' the East?' Is 'Judge STOWE' a male 'MRS. HARRIS'? We suspect so. And we say to the 'MRS. GAMR' who sent the 'clothes-lines' to us, that we 'do n't believe there ain't no sich a person' as Judge STOWE; if there is, 'he's no judge' of meum and tuum. 'In view of this subject,' Dr. HOLMES may well exclaim, seeing his lines flying on the 'sail-broad vans' of the press throughout the land, even as he exclaimed when he saw their subject 'straddling through the air,' 'My Breeches! oh, my Breeches!' . . . SINCE the eulogy upon 'Mr. HIGGINS and General WASHINGTON,' by an eloquent member of the Florida legislature, we are not aware of having encountered any thing superior to the following specimen of western eloquence, in which the 'agony' of rhetoric is piled up to the maximum point. It is an extract from a patriotic oration delivered at Lancaster, Wisconsin, a few months ago. Listen:

'AMERICANS!—Remember that your country was born in blood, baptized in gore, cradled in the war-whoop, and bred to the rifle and bowie-knife. We have it, through blood and carnage and thunder! They tore their blanket wide oping. Once-t or twice-t it looked like a mighty slim chance; but they cut, and sheared, and tore, and slaughtered away like blazes. (*Cheering.*) They grappled JOHN BULL like a pack of bull-terriers. They took him by the haunches; they grappled his wine-pipe; and last, they made him bellow like bloody thunder! WASHINGTON sheathed the sword. The gentle olive-branch of peace waved her green and luxuriant foliage in majesty over the shores of Columbia; and furriners flocked in and built their nests with us among its sheltering boughs. But a few years had rolled away down the rail-road track of time, when JOHN BULL came again, bellowin' up the Mississippi, pawing up onto his back the rich and luxuriant sile of Louisiana, and horning the bank of seyed river, and lashing his tail like fury. But jest before Orleans he found the great JACKSON, and he could n't shake him more than an oxen; he could n't, shurs! (*Great Applause.*) JACKSON stood there like a *tourador*, and met JOHN BULL as he advanced, every time. At last he hit him a lick, right back in under between the horns, that knocked the breath out of him, and sent him off *bia-ating* and bellowing, like he felt disagreeable at the stomach!

'Soldiers of Winnebago war, and invincibles of SAUX-FURSE! (*Here thirteen men arose.*) Heroes of Bad Axe! Veterans of STILLMAN's fight! Very nimble men! You have come down to us from a reform generation. Heaven has bountifully prolonged out your lives, that you might see the fruits of your valor. You behold no longer the torch of the savage, and the gleaming of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. Those houses that you see around you are the abodes of civilized and refined white-folks. This spacious edifice that surrounds you is not a wigwam, but a temple of law and justice. How changed all things ar'! Under the spur of the schoolmaster, the very tail of civilization advanced beyond what the front cars then was. Glorious freedom! Great and glorious country! Let me die in contemplation of thy sublime destiny, exclaiming with my dying breath: 'Bear the stars and stripes aloft, and onward!—onward!' (*Terrific Cheering.*)

These thrilling 'observations,' says the editor of the 'Little Pedlington Weekly Observer' of Wisconsin, were received with 'almighty effect. There was n't a dry eye in the whole crowd!' . . . We have been relieving the shivering 'water-cold' of a winter evening in April, a cold that no fire seems to relieve, so confoundedly *saturating* is it, by reading with pleasure a very original and clever performance in verse by an old and esteemed friend and correspondent, which he designates by the title of 'Crossing the Sea.' It is full of vivid description, and is written (at sea all the while) in that easy, natural way, which makes us feel at once that we are looking upon a daguerreotype rather than a painting. At the risk of offending our friend, who has only sent us his 'verseling-records for personal,' we shall venture to copy a passage

or two, which we thumb-nailed as we read; 'commencing with the words following, viz.:'

'So the ship passed down the harbor,
And into the outer bay;
Albeit the storm was overhead,
And the sky was heavy and gray;
And hauled around to west-nor'-west,
The wind and the scud and the blinding rain
Athwart came down that way.

'And then the high-wheeled, wizard thing,
That had rolled us hither and yon,
Its huge black chimneys about the sky,
As writing a scrawl thereon,
Left us alone with the storm and the night,
And the light of the breaking sea;
Nor sky, nor moon, nor the white star-light,
But only the ghost-like glimmer and flash
From the dash of the breaking sea.

'Now head the ship for England!
The captain said to the mate,
And the mate cried out to the helmsman,
And the helmsman, not belate,
With his top-sails and top-gallant sails, and royals, made reply:
'Ay, ay, Sir! up for England!—up for England, Sir! ay, ay!'

'Then quick, as with encircling arms,
And mantle folded around,
Shutting us up in its own deep gloom,
The grim, black night came down,
Oh, gloomy and sad, and dark the sky,
And heavy and sad the look,
Of those who went with the ship that night,
As we rolled off Sandy Hook:
As we rolled out into the dim, dark night,
Away off Sandy Hook!

'And when the morning came, and the light
Broke over the white-capped sea,
The only land that was left in sight
Was one pale star, in the skirts of the night,
And far in the heavens was he,
But aloft and aloft was only the blue,
'For England, ho!' which the ship dashed through.'

How forcibly this brings to mind our old friend Capt. Howz, of the 'Hazarderx Hudson' steamer, (now of 'The America,') of the upper lakes, looking down from his eagle-eyrie into the pilot's room, one dark night in 'Thunder-Bay,' on the great blue Haron: 'Pilot!' 'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'How does she head?' 'No'th-east by no'th, half no'th.' 'Give her a p'int west.' 'Ay, ay, Sir.' 'Handsomely.' 'Handsomely, Sir!' And on we surged, through the tumbling billows of that great 'Northern ocean.' Observe the life and spirit of the following stanzas, toward the close of the poem:

'Thus night and day, with head due east,
And day and night, we sailed;
Sixteen in all, and but three alone
That ever the wind had failed;
When suddenly and beautifully,
Far streaming over the sea,
A light flashed up in Europe,
And beckoned us that way.
'T was the edge of the night, and Cape Clear light,
That beckoned us that way.

'And beautifully and royally,
For we had no thought of fear,
The moonlight played in our top-sails,
As we dashed around Cape Clear.
Close-hauled, double-reefed, with nearly a gale,
A glorious sight was the ship that night,
As we dashed around Cape Clear!'

Shall we not some time or other see a light-house light suddenly 'flash up in Europe?' We hope so — and in the meanwhile 'bide our time.' How admirable are the solemn lessons of faith enforced by these closing reflections, so natural to every voyager upon the 'great and wide sea:'

'O'er, white-winged bird of the ocean,
Whoever would sail with thee,
Say thou to them, and the mariners all,
That CHRIS is on the sea.
And, beautiful bird, say on: 'Wait not,
Wait not till the night be dark and dim,
And the breakers under the lee,
But make thou now a friend of HIM,
The God of the land and sea!'

And when thy life's brief race is run,
And the night falls dark and cold,
And thou must away on that lone sea
Whose shores have ne'er been told:
Then up, faint heart! Oh, heart! be bold,
For He will be there — He will not fail —
He will be there, and will go with thee
Over the lonely sea!

SOME two months since we happened to be on board a staunch vessel, 'having 'immediate despatch' for the Isthmus of Panama, with old and cherished friends as passengers. On the mizzen-mast we pencilled privately a prediction that they would

'Take with them gentle winds their sails to swell:'

and in short, 'have a good time' altogether. Now, having had good luck in our prophecy, we are willing to take 'short risks' on any well-built vessel 'up' for the Isthmus, for 'a con-sid-eration.' Observe the following passages from a letter dated 'Caribbean Sea, twenty-seventh of February, 1849:'

'MY DEAR L —: Rejoice in your 'prophetic soul,' for we have had 'prosperous gales' ever since leaving New-York, and are now rapidly nearing our port of destination. I have more than once noticed your 'pencilings' on our state-room partition and on the mizzen-mast, and felt that they had exercised a magical influence upon our voyage. It is now twelve days since we left New-York, and we have sailed over two thousand four hundred miles; a speed almost unparalleled on any part of the ocean, and especially on the route we have taken. You will bear in mind that a sailing-vessel cannot take the same course as a steam-ship, owing to the prevailing winds and currents; otherwise we should have arrived at Chagres three days since. . . . On Sunday we passed between the islands of Hayti and Porto Rico, and entered this, the Caribbean Sea. We have gentle and balmy breezes; the water as smooth as you ever knew it upon Long-Island Sound; a light, clear, perfectly transparent blue, so clear that you may discern a shilling when sunk to a depth of twenty feet: this, with the thermometer ranging from sixty to eighty-five degrees, has made the poop-deck of our clean little ship about as heavenly a spot to lounge upon as heart could wish. We are all appalled for the climate. My dress consists of shirt, silk Turkish drawers, socks and slippers; and even with this tropical suit, out of the breeze I am uncomfortably warm. I rather imagine, while you are huddling around your well-filled grates, that a 'swap' would n't be distasteful. Ah, if one could always be insured such Sunday sailing as this, every body would be a sailor; but we have been remarkably favored, and I am afraid to crow yet, lest a 'change may come over the spirit' of the deep. It is now near midnight; every one has retired save myself; the moon has just sunk below the horizon; and feeling wakeful, I have 'taken up my pen,' not with any expectation of amusing you, but as a sort of pastime for myself; and I am just SWEDENBORGIAN enough to feel that while I am writing to you my spirit is with you. . . . We are within a few miles of Chagres, and on all sides we hear and see busy 'note of preparation.' My duties are about to commence, and I must bring this scribble to a close. I send my thoughts just as I jotted them down. Read and burn. ('No, S-I-A-N!') We have been becalmed three or four days within sight of land, off 'Cartagena,' and I have for the first time had a sight of 'mountains as is mountains.' Just conceive of a range of 'hillocks,' the least of which is a thousand feet, and the highest thirteen thousand feet high — towering far above the clouds! In the morning the rays of the rising sun are reflected by their snow-clad peaks, and you feel — ah! I 'gin o'bat; I can't describe my sensations — a sort of 'all-overishness.' Good God! L —, one view would repay you for a month's suffering. Yes, I have 'seen something,' at last. We were at least sixty miles distant, and I assure you the highest peak reared its craggy, snowy head so high in the heavens that time and a steady gaze alone convinced me that I was not looking at clouds. I can convey to you but a faint idea of the grandeur of the sight. The sun

at ten o'clock in midsummer would not overshadow it. Sublime! . . . Among our little family of ten we have three 'tip-top' companions from M— H—; persons of substance, peculiarly, physically, mentally and socially; 'and strange to say,' they are all readers of the 'Knick.' Your 'Gossip' for years back they are more familiar with than I am; and many an old anecdote is related, with due credit to its source, that we have laughed over in your sanctum before it ever saw the light. They are all 'trumps' in their way, with a keen relish for a 'good thing.' Then there is PHIL. B—, a New-Yorker, and an old friend, who is equal to any six wags whom you could pick up in a day's journey. He has travelled all over the world, and is consequently entitled to some consideration on ship-board. He has had mere hair-breadth 'escapes than 'the next man,' and is beyond all question a veritable 'MUNCHAUSER.' For example, he will commence his stories by saying: 'When I was with WELLINGTON at Waterloo, he remarked to me,' and so forth; or, 'I never could forgive NELSON at Trafalgar for his disregard of my advice,' etc. And then his intimacy with METTERNICH, and his flirtation with the BONAPARTES; not to speak of his curious researches, in company with the earliest navigators. He is always minutely accurate in dates. Every incident, however trifling, has a singular coincidence with some event that occurred in '84, or 'forty-three years ago last Thursday—just such a day as this.' And all these veritable matters he recounts with a fluency, an ease and a coolness that provokes the most obstreperous mirth. The passengers for a while really conceived that he was delivering 'gospel truth;' and even now, whenever 'PHIL.' commences one of his yarns, they are so inimitably given that he commands every ear. In the middle of the night he will wake some of us to recount a most singular circumstance that happened to him once in the 'Ural Mountains!' Our skipper we have christened 'BUNNAR,' from his extraordinary resemblance to JOHN BROUGHAM in that character; and like all sailors, he loves to 'spin a yarn' now and then; but 'PHIL.' invariably distances him by some curious incident in his life, never omitting the slightest detail or the most insignificant circumstance that is material to a true story. Why, DE FOX himself would waste away if he could be with him forty-eight hours. He tells the passengers that he attended college with you, and has spent at least three evenings of every week with you for the last five years; has assisted you in your labors, and has during that time written the most of your 'Gossip!' He is a thoroughly 'good fellow;' he 'sells' the second-cabin passengers regularly; and they are impressed with an opinion that he either owns the ship or the Isthmus. He is, of course, a 'Secret Agent' of the government, and in his capacity of Consul-General for the whole of South America he gives passports to the green ones and pills to the sick ones; sends the steward on fools' errands; never laughs himself, and is surprised that there is any thing to create mirth in any thing he either says or does. Good-by: God bless you!

J. R. C.

We 'hope we do n't intrude' with the remark, that it is truly a great pleasure to all who know Mr. ALEXANDER H. SCHULTZ, of this city, as we have known him, now some seventeen or eighteen years, to find his name among those of the aldermen elect of this great metropolis. To a warm, generous heart, replete, let us add, with true poetical feeling, (as more than one tender effusion of his pen might show,) Mr. SCHULTZ adds a thorough knowledge of business, great energy of character, and a courtesy of manner, which will add to the influence and contribute to the amenities of our metropolitan councils. Success to him! . . . An obliging correspondent in Baltimore, while reading in our last number the article in this department upon 'The clergy of America,' jotted down for us, among other acceptable and accepted anecdotes of clergymen, the following:

'VESTRYMEN in the country parishes of Maryland are usually elected on account of their respectability and standing in the community, without much regard being had to their religious character. One of these gentlemen, who was quite an important member of the vestry, being wealthy, dignified, and influential, made it a rule to entertain all the clergy who visited his neighborhood. On one occasion he was escorting home a faithful preacher, who had often heard of him, and being aware of his indifference to religion, was determined to seize the first opportunity that presented itself to give him a little admonition on this subject. As they rode along, the vestryman pointed out a number of beautiful farms along the road, all of which were his own property. 'Ah, yes!' said the clergyman, 'they are noble estates; but, my dear Sir, did you never consider that you must die and leave them?' There was a pause in the conver-

section, which was finally broken by the vestryman with the exclamation : ' Yes, Sir — *that's the devil of it !* ' The preacher ' gave him up. '

VERY striking and beautiful, to our conception, are these lines from a recent poem by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, entitled '*The Parting of the Ways.*'

' Who hath not been a Poet ! who hath not,
With life's new quiver full of wingéd years,
Shot at a venture, and then, hastening on,
Stood doubtful at the Parting of the Ways !

' There once I stood in dream and as I paused,
Looking this way and that, came forth to me
The figure of a woman veiled, who said :
' My name is DUTY — turn and follow me. '
Something there was that chilled me in her voice ;
I felt youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine
As if to be withdrawn, and I replied :
' O leave the hot, wild heart within my breast ;
Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes DEATH !

' Then glowed to me a maiden from the left,
With bosom half-disclosed, and naked arms,
More white and undulant than necks of swans.
And all before her steps an influence ran,
Warm as the whispering South that opens buds,
And swells the laggard sails of northern May.

' Suddenly shrank the hand, suddenly burst
A cry that split the torpor of my brain,
And as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens
From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense :
' Save me ! ' it thrill'd, ' O hide me ! — there is DEATH !
DEATH ! the divider, the unmerciful,
That digs his pitfalls under love and youth,
And covers beauty up in the cold ground ;
Horrible DEATH ! bringer of endless dark !
Let me not see him ! — hide me in thy breast ! '

WE have had the pleasure to attend, on two recent occasions, at the '*School of the Mechanics' Association*' on Broadway and Crosby-street, to hear the examinations of the pupils, and to witness the presentation of premiums ; and we can truly affirm, that for thoroughness of acquisition in all the departments of instruction ; for order, and for propriety of demeanor, we have never seen the Mechanics' School surpassed. The Board of Trustees, from the PRESIDENT and Mr. INGALLS downward, seem to regard the institution with a personal affection ; and in this they seem to be emulated by all concerned in the active supervision of the school. It was a pleasant sight to see the ingenuous boys, standing in line before their indefatigable instructor, Mr. McELLAGOTT, and receive their certificates of honorable renown ; and certainly, it was even a still more beautiful scene, to observe the classes in the female department, under the care of Miss MARY Y. BEAN (who has no superior in her profession, and who is indispensable to the institution with which she has been so long and so honorably connected) and her capable assistants, pass in review before their examiners, with a success so entire as to show that the system of education here pursued is well-based and thorough. . . . A GENTLEMAN in great haste, entered one of the hotels down town the other day, and addressing the book-keeper, exclaimed : ' When do the rail cars start ? ' ' Which cars do you mean ? ' ' Oh ! ' it makes no difference ; I want to get out of town ! ' Think of the *ennui* that must have prompted this ' state of feeling ! ' There was what BYRON terms the ' fulness of satiety. ' . . . WE cannot confess to any very great confidence in ' phonography ' as a ' science ; ' but we ought certainly to be grateful to the friend who pencilled in ' phonetics ' the following admirable passage from a lecture by Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. We doubt the propriety

of 'cribbing' a lecturer's thoughts in this way; but we have got the extract — e'yah! e'yah! — and the Doctor must 'help himself.' Our correspondent believes it to be 'as nearly as possible in the very words of the lecturer.'

OPEN that volume of enchantment, the 'Arabian Nights,' to the story of Prince AHMED and the fairy PARI BANOU. The SULTAN has promised the delicious Princess NOURONNIMAN — the 'Light of the Day' — in marriage to the one among his three sons who should bring him the most extraordinary rarity. HOUSSAIN finds a piece of carpet upon which one 'may be transported in an instant wherever he desires to be, without being stopped by any obstacle.'

'ALI purchases a tube, which renders visible the most distant objects or persons, by looking in at one end of it. AHMED obtains an artificial apple, which 'cures all sick persons' after the easiest manner in the world, merely by the patient's smelling to it.'

'They meet to compare their treasures. HOUSSAIN takes ALI's tube, desiring to see the lovely Princess. She appears, but surrounded by her weeping women, and almost ready to breathe her last. The three brothers get instantly upon HOUSSAIN's carpet and are transported to her chamber. Prince AHMED, says the story, rose from the tapestry, went to the bedside and put the apple beneath her nostrils. In a few moments the Princess rose and asked to be dressed with the same freedom and recollection as if she had awaked out of a sound sleep.'

'This is the dream of oriental fancy. As you are smiling over its childish extravagance, a messenger suddenly appears and puts a slip of paper in your hand. Alas! your own NOURONNIMAN — the Light of your Day — far away beyond the fair Hudson or the broad Susquehanna, is even now in the extremity of suffering and danger. A magic as wonderful as that of ALI's tube, brings her image before you, and breathes her sigh of anguish upon your ear almost as it issues from her pale and trembling lips. 'Oh for the carpet of HOUSSAIN!' It is before you; a roof over it, walls round it, windows in them, through which you see the panorama-like landscape as you fly along; rocks and hills, fields and trees flowing in broad torrents on each side of you, as if the great wave which they say passed over the continent, were sweeping by you with its whole freight of drift and boulders.

'You are there. O for the apple of AHMED to sooth the pangs that are convulsing the delicate frame before you! A little flask is placed in your hand; from its mouth exhales a sweet odor, as if the richest fruits of the orchard had yielded it all their perfume. Go to her bedside like AHMED, and let her inhale its virtues for a few moments. The deep furrows of pain grow smooth upon her forehead. The knotted limbs relax and fall passive as in slumber. Her lips are moving; they seem to say:

'WHAT is this dissolves me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath:
Tell me my soul, can this be DEATH?'

'It may be that in this shadowy eclipse of thought and sensation the exhausted lamp of nature shall be replenished; and that when the soul returns to the temple it seems to have quitted, it shall find all its chambers irradiated with the rekindled glow of life.

'How strange that civilization should call out, as palpable realities of our own every-day existence, the creations which were the idle dream of story-tellers on the banks of the Bosphorus and the Euphrates!'

Need we ask you, reader, if this is not very beautiful? . . . 'A MAN,' writes an esteemed metropolitan correspondent, 'who in the course of time attained the high position of chancellor, and who was very strict in his temperance notions and his religious observances, was reputed early in life to have been pretty wild, and to have played 'brag' with some success, particularly on the northern frontier during the war of 1812. After he became chancellor, as he was one day sitting in his chambers, a red-faced and rather rough-looking man entered, apparently a little 'boozy.' 'Well, REUB,' says he, 'how are you? Got up some in the world since we used to play cards together up there in the Chatagay woods! Drink water yet, I 'spose, do n't you? That was the way you always beat us. But that's all right: if we were a-mind to drink rum while you drank water, why we'd get beat, of course, you know. You remember how you tucked it into me once? I mean when I gave you the

'L. O. U.' for two hundred dollars? You drank water and I drank rum then, you know. But that's all right; I did n't complain; but, d——n it! I did n't like your suing the note after you j'ined the church!' . . . We sat the other day, for one memorable hour, to hear a friend read an original poem which he is at times engaged in writing, which we venture at this early day to predict will make a sensation when it is published. We had just been reading LAYARD's splendid work upon Nineveh, and were so struck with the following episcodical passage from the poem in question, that we asked permission to copy it for the KNICKERBOCKER:

'Oh! world, that like old Nineveh,
Art slowly buried, day by day,
White sands rolling, church-bells tolling,
Tell of the same sure destiny;
Even while thy palace-walls are gay
With paint, as for an holiday,
Lowly art thou buried,
And sittest meekly with the dead;
And when the sands have drifted o'er
Thy painted chambers, as before,
Other pale and out-worn faces
Come up seeking for the places
Where they may rest and toll no more.

'So above thy palaces,
Wherein now no malice is,
Or trouble more, but eyelids closely pressed,
And folded hands, and slumber, and calm rest;
So above thy palaces,
Where all pomp and glory is,
(For there must be room

Always for the tomb.)
Building deep and broad and strong,
As for a race that will hold it long,
The ancient, pale-faced, outcast race,
They raise their last still dwelling-place.

'There in marble beds they sleep,
While above the heavens are deep,
And around the white sands creep,
And above the warm winds sweep,
And night dews weep.
Oh! strong and mighty in that still place,
Each with his cold and ashen face,
Is that ancient outcast race!

'But thou shalt arise, oh, world! one day,
As by the breath of God! then shalt thou see
The paintings on thy palaces,
All whose beauty and glory is
Only in darkness and decay,
'Like mist-lines fade away!'

'The American Dramatic Association' held its first annual dinner at the Astor House on the seventeenth of April. The chair was taken by DAVID C. GOLDEN, Esq., who presided with signal ability, and during the evening addressed the large and distinguished company with his accustomed felicity. At the upper table we remarked many of our oldest and most respectable citizens, including among those whom the city had often delighted to honor, the venerable PHILIP HONE; we say 'venerable,' but we do not mean aged, by the term; unless an undimmed eye, an unabated natural force, a clear and cheery voice, and a buoyant spirit, are significations of age. The meeting was variously addressed by the President, Mr. HONE, Mr. THOMAS HANLON, JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Mr. BROUGHAM and Mr. BLAKE. The music, instrumental and vocal, under the direction of Mr. LODER, was admirable in all respects. Many amateur songs were sung, with marked applause. Mr. J. K. HACKETT gave that exquisite air from 'The Sonnambula,' 'As I view Now,' etc., in a style that we have seldom if ever heard surpassed. The dinner will long be remembered as a very pleasant occasion by all who had the good fortune to be present. The addition to the fund was very handsome. . . . THERE is a saying common in Ireland, when one feels a sudden chill that acts upon the skin, I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave.' 'I wish I was that goose!' said a sighing fool of a swain one night to a beautiful girl in Dublin, who had made the above remark; and 'goose' he was, 'and no mistake,' who at the same moment established his own *genus* and invoked his mistress's death. In the following passage from a modern love-letter to a young lady, which has been handed us by a friend, we recognise a somewhat kindred delicacy of compliment: 'How I wish, my dear ADELINA,' he writes, 'my engagements would permit me to leave town and go to see you! It would be like visiting some *old ruin*, hallowed by time, and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections!' . . . 'An Event of Real Life' describes very beautifully, as we conceive,

a young English peasant-girl coming to the studio of a lady portrait-painter, to employ her, with the little money which she has gained by her own toil, to paint for her a withered rose, which she herself resembles, having fallen into a decline. We subjoin a few stanzas :

' *THW* her voice grew faint and fainter,
Faint and fainter then it grew ;
' *LADY*, you're a portrait-painter,
And for *that* I come to you :
You can paint whate'er 's before you,
You can paint whate'er you see ;
And, oh, lady ! I implore you,
Paint this *WITHERED ROSE* for me !

' Not as when 't was blooming newly,
Freshly plucked the stem apart ;
Paint it, lady, paint it truly,
Torn and withered, like my heart !'
From her bosom then she drew it,
Saying, ' *This*, dear lady, *this* !'
And she pressed her pale lips to it,
That grew paler with the kiss.

' Many flowers were growing near us
When *he* wandered last with me,
With the heavens alone to hear us,
And the stars alone to see :
Even then my tears were starting,
Though I thought I could discern
That which soothed the grief of parting
With the sweet hope of return.

' And he said : ' I go, my dear one,
Ere we wed, once more to sea ;
Not a danger, could I fear one,
But I 'd blithely risk for thee :
Treasure this——' and lightly stooping,
Gathered gently as he might
This poor rose, now wan and drooping,
Then so beautiful and bright.

' In my bosom while I laid it,
' *When* again I come to thee,
Show me *that*,' he said, ' though faded,
And I 'll know thou thought'st of me.
Cheer thee, cheer thee ! though I 'm going
Far away, love, trust that when
Summer roses next are blowing,
I shall come to thee again !'

' He will come no more to me, lady !
He will come no more to me :
In a far-off stormy sea, lady,
He is buried, far from me !
Far from me and life and love,
Where the tempest struck the blow,
When the stormy night-blast roared above
And the billows raged below !

' Oh, the days so long and dreary,
Dragging heavy o'er me now ;
Oh, the nights so long and weary,
Heaping fire on my poor brow !
What is all I 've seen or seen, lady ?
All that is or yet must be ?
He will come no more to me, lady,
He will come no more to me !

' Now this rose is all I cherish,
All I love in my despair,
And before its last leaves perish
I would have it pictured fair ;
Pictured fair, but pictured truly,
Withered thus, and blighted sore,
That some gentle eyes may duly
Weep when mine can weep no more !'

We regret to hear of the recent death, at Yazoo City, of MILFORD N. PRÆWETT, Esq., late editor of 'The City Whig' of that place, and formerly editor of the 'Natchez Courier.' We had the pleasure, some four or five years since, of making the acquaintance of Mr. PRÆWETT, while he was on a visit to this city ; and his agreeable manners, intelligent conversation, and genial enthusiasm, were ever afterward freshly remembered. Too assiduous devotion to business, added to a constitution not the strongest, brought on, some two years since, a paralysis, from which he never recovered. He is pronounced by his contemporaries to have been a well-educated, whole hearted man, correct in all the relations of life ; a good husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend. He leaves behind him a widow and three children, who have our warm sympathy in their greatest of earthly bereavements. . . . How simply and yet how effectively are expressed these thoughts of the late Judge DAVIS, of Massachusetts : ' In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country ; and every pleasant evening, while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with an indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on I feel very sad to see those leaves falling, one by one ; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes ; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond.' Very forcible is the lesson imparted in these few words. . . . An odd

clergyman, preaching before some of the American army at Corpus-Christi, made use of these remarks: 'Ten thousand dollars is a sum large to most of us; yet what would it profit? You cannot carry it out of the world. Then what would you do with it, or you, or you, or you?' pointing with an oratorical flourish at each repetition to different individuals before him. At length an old stager, well known to the Corpus-Christi army, Judge H———, could contain himself no longer. When the finger pointed at him, and in the momentary pause succeeding the searching question, the Judge broke the solemn silence by answering, in a loud, shrill tone, '*Lay it out in mules!*' 'Shall I attempt,' says the narrator, 'to portray the effect? The audience was convulsed. The holy man maintained himself with becoming gravity and self-possession for a moment, and made a feeble attempt to proceed, but soon gave up in despair.' . . . THE subjoined stanzas, impregnate with deep feeling and replete with the spirit of true affection, are from the pen of FREDERICK WEST, Esq., one of the editors of 'The Sunday News.' They will commend themselves to every sensitive heart:

THOU ART NOT WITH ME.

THE spring is come, in freshness and in bloom:
I do not see its brightness; all is gloom!
My eyes are not on earth; they're in thy tomb:
Thou art not with me!

Quenched is ambition's fire; the lust of money;
This globe to me is no more bright and sunny;
What is the hive, bereft of its sweet honey?
Thou art not with me!

I knew not half thy virtues till too late,
Or the despair I feel were not my fate:
O, that I'd been each moment thy fond mate,
When thou wert with me!

Too late!—thy angel form in rest is sleeping;
Thy gentle spirit is in God's own keeping,
While I, on earth, in heart and soul am weeping:
Thou art not with me!

ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of 'P. P. P.'s' 'Lines.' They didn't show a spark of 'fire' till they were put in the grate. Sorry to say so, but it is true, 'and pity 't is 't is true.' . . . THE old captain in 'The Caxtons' says pertinently enough: 'Science is not a club, it is an ocean. It is open to the cock-boat as the frigate. One man carries across it a freightage of ingots, another may fish there for herrings. Who can exhaust the sea? Who can say to intellect, the deeps of philosophy are preoccupied?' . . . HERE is an advertisement which will apply to more than one 'popular church' in this city:

WANTED: ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YOUNG MEN, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a cushion, down to the beardless upstart. The object is to form a *Gaping Corps*, to be in attendance at the church door on each Sabbath before and after divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make gentlemanly and delicate remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above corps, will appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance, etc., registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers. To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess more than ordinary intellectual capacities.

HERE is a good thought from the letter of a correspondent, in which he laments the neglect of early mental culture: 'How can one reasonably expect a harvest of 'beautiful things,' as WORDSWORTH would say, without first sowing the seed? Or who would be so unwise, not to say foolish, as to expect a plenteous crop, without first tilling, at the proper season, the soil into which the seed was cast? The winter is not the time to sow. It is the time to enjoy the fruit of past industry and culture. The

injunction of the wise man is in point: 'In the morning sow thy seed.' How impressive the language!—how beautiful! But how can a man sow in the morning when the morning with him is past? The solution of this question is as difficult as that propounded by NICODEMUS: 'How can a man be born when he is old?' . . . BURWICK has well illustrated the 'Morality taught by the Rich to the Poor' in England: but we believe it is not saying too much to affirm, that on *this* side of the water the 'lesson' would not be quite so easy of acquisition. It is another kind of fruit that grows on the tree of liberty:

'As soon as the urchin pauper can totter out of doors, it is taught to pull off its hat, and pull its hair to the quality: 'A good little boy,' says the 'Squire; 'there's a ha'penny for you.' The 'good little boy' glows with pride. That ha'penny instils deep the lesson of humility. Now goes our urchin to school. Then comes of course the catechism; that manual of morals must be thumbed into the heart: why? Because, above all other manuals, it insists on the reverence due to the rich. Because it especially enjoins the poor to be lowly, and to honor every man better off than themselves. A pound of honor to the 'Squire and an ounce to the Beadle. Then the boy grows up; and the Lord of the Manor instructs him thus: 'Be a good boy, Tom, and I'll befriend you; tread in the steps of your father; he was an excellent man, and a great loss to the parish; he was a very civil, hard-working, well-behaved creature, knew his station; mind and do like him!' So perpetual hard labor, and plenty of cringing, make the ancestral virtues to be perpetuated to peasants till the day of judgment. Another insidious distillation of morality is conveyed, through a general praise of the poor. You hear false friends of the people, who have an idea of morals, half chivalric, half pastoral, agree in lauding the unfortunate creatures whom they keep at work for them. But mark the virtues the poor are always to be praised for: Industry, Honesty, and Content. The first virtue is extolled to the skies, because Industry gives the rich every thing they have; the second, because Honesty prevents an iota of the said every thing being taken away again; and the third, because Content is to hinder these poor devils from ever objecting to a lot so comfortable to the persons who profit by it. This is the morality taught by the Rich to the Poor.'

'*The Soul's Passing*' is the title of a touching poem in a late 'London Athenæum.' A husband is looking upon the scarce cold form of his dead wife:

'TAKE her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted, speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

'Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start,
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home the heart!

'Hope not answer to your praying!
Cold, reponseless lies she there,
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers soft as slumbers—
She is with HIM elsewhere!

THERE is a hint in the following passage from SOUTHEY'S 'Doctor' which we hope will not be altogether lost upon our New-Haven censor: 'Levity,' says Mr. DANBY, 'is sometimes a refuge from the gloom of seriousness. A man may whistle 'for want of thought,' or from having too much of it.' 'Poor creature!' says the Reverend PHILCALVIN FRYBAGE; 'poor creature!' little does he think what an account he must one day render for every idle word! And what account, odious man, if thou art a hypocrite, and hardly less odious if thou art sincere in thine abominable creed, what account wilt thou render for thine extempore prayers and thy set discourses? My words, idle as thou mayst deem them, will never stupify the senses nor harden the heart, nor besot the conscience like an opiate drug!' *Rather* severe, perhaps, but 'pretty true.' . . . 'R.' has made a mistake surely. We said in our 'private note,' that 'R.' had not 'painted,' but that his sketch offered only 'suggestions' for a discriminating

artist. Hence our 'declination.' The difference between our correspondent's sketch and the kindred 'model' we spoke of in our note to him, is that between a confused crowded composition in art, in which *nothing* is distinct, and a painting with only three or four figures, (like the 'Gil-Blas' picture of Edmonds, elsewhere noticed,) the *specific expression* of which is *every thing*, and 'tells the whole story.' We cannot be mistaken as to the purport of what we wrote to 'R.' At all events, our decision is 'final.' . . . THE editor of the '*Bantamville Chronicle*,' we perceive, has permitted two or three errors to escape in his journal, which we did not read until some time after it was printed. He should be more careful, or employ a better proof-reader. Neither of the errors which we note, however, is so gross as that made by a French dancing-master among us, who recently invited the mother of one of his pupils to call at his rooms on a certain day, and 'witness her daughter's profligacy!' Guess he meant 'proficiency.' . . . IN the neighborhood of one of the most frequented of the great thoroughfares that run along the western line of the metropolis, there is seen, over a grass-plot and garden, a populous grave-yard; a gloomy object in a gloomy day, but very beautiful when the moon silvers the thickly-sprinkled white stones that gleam in her pale light. There, last autumn, we paused one day to see a child laid in the grave with many tears, by an afflicted father, a German; and it seemed as if the consolations offered in his native tongue only added to his distress. Yesterday, going down town, we saw that father standing by the little hillock where he had 'buried up his hope.'

'THE first bland voice of Spring had called him forth.
Receding snows revealed the fatal mound:
The grass revives, but not to him revive
The joys of parentage: the robins sing;
That sweeter music, which a child's whole life
Warbles, he cannot hear.'

The mourning father seemed in his loneliness to say: 'I shall go to him, but he will not come back to me!' . . . A THOROUGHLY accomplished young lady, of eminent purity of character, who has officiated as *Governess* for four years in one of the best families of Washington, is now in New-York, where she is detained by the illness of her mother; and she is desirous of employing the leisure time which she can command, in the duties of a permanent or day-governess in a city family, or one in the near vicinity of the metropolis. She has the very best of references; and we hope every admirer of filial affection and duty, who may be in need of her services, will address us in her behalf. . . . Two numbers of a large and well and variously filled Saturday journal, entitled '*The Examiner*,' have been laid before us. The editors and proprietors are MESSRS. ARCULARIUS and SCOVILLE; the first the late democratic candidate for Register, and the second, late associate-editor of '*The True Sun*' daily journal. '*The Examiner*' already affords evidence of rare correspondents and marked editorial ability. Among its contributors we remark the name of 'HENRY,' of whom we lately spoke in terms of deserved commendation. His valuable services have been secured exclusively for '*The Examiner*.' This journal has our best wishes for its success; a success which we are confident it will deserve. . . . WE rejoice to be able to congratulate the citizens of Rhode-Island upon the honor they have conferred upon their state in the election to its chief magistracy of the editor of the '*Providence Daily Journal*.' Gov. ANTHONY, we believe, is the youngest man upon whom such an honor has been conferred in this country; but his commanding talents, his strict integrity, his firmness of purpose, and his enlarged and liberal views of public policy, render him fully equal to the task which the people of his native state have

laid upon his shoulders. As an old friend, we congratulate Governor ANTHONY upon the appreciative intelligence of his constituents. . . . WITHOUT being particularly *en fait* in musical matters, we yet feel ourselves qualified from 'actual knowledge and observation' to say, that the '*Boudoir Piccolo Piano-Forte*,' which has superseded the 'Grand-Piano' in Europe, is a very sweet-toned, handsome, and extremely convenient and portable instrument. Our old friend Mr. BROADERS will convince any skeptic of the justice of our praise who will call upon him at RILEY AND COMPANY'S music-store, No. 297 Broadway. . . . NOTICES of the 'American Art-Union' pictures, and of their annual engraving; of the 'Dusseldorf Collection of Paintings'; of 'The Era,' 'Sunday News' and 'Israel's Herald' weekly journals; and of several new books, periodicals, addresses, reports, music, etc., prepared for the present number, we have been compelled, from reasons which we trust will be apparent, to omit until our next.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—We have only found leisure to visit twice the *Exhibition of Pictures at the National Academy of Design*, and are therefore only too glad to avail ourselves of the subjoined notice of some of the more prominent paintings, by a capable correspondent, whose judgment may be set down as honestly entertained, and delivered 'without fear or favor?'

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

WE have now open to the public the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. The number of pictures amounts to about three hundred and forty-six, inclusive of a few drawings, etc. It is our purpose to discuss—impartially, we hope—the merits of those paintings which have struck us upon several visits made to the exhibition since its opening. We cannot proceed to this duty without insisting upon the strong claim the Academy has upon the public. It is necessary that there should be a nucleus around which the arts and the artists may gather. There is no humbuggery about the National Academy of Design. Its governors are artists, as should ever be the case in institutions intended for the encouragement of art. In all other associations intended to benefit a peculiar class of men, the preponderance is always given in the representation to the class intended to be benefited. There are distinguished artists in the control of the Academy of Design, whose names shed a lustre upon American art, and afford a security that its interests are near and dear to their hearts. We can trust implicitly to this institution, as one free from all those low and huckstering characteristics that unhappily blur the fair fame of some other artistical institutions, not many leagues from where we write. There are some trivial objections to the convenience of location to be urged against the Academy. Its rooms are fatiguingly high up, and our breath is almost exhausted ere the saloons are reached. Heaven help a fat amateur in June who ventures the ascent of those long-winding, never-ending stairs! It may be said that all this is to be expected in 'high art.' We believe it is the intention of the council to change the locale; so that hereafter the exhibitions will occur on floors more convenient to the public.

The spareable space of 'MAGAZINE' for the present month will barely enable us to notice a few of the paintings, and we will take them up as they are numbered in the catalogue:

No. 1. *Portrait of Right Reverend John Hughes*. A good portrait of the reverend gentleman's canonicals.

No. 6. *Early Recollections: a Landscape*: INNES. Mr. INNES is rapidly rising into excessive mannerism, and mannerism of the very worst kind. His fore-ground trees are the same color with his middle-distance hills, and over the whole picture a sad and heavy tone pervades, and wounds the eye. This young artist should study the *colors* of nature, and not so much the mere *form*. Color is fixed in nature; form is arbitrary. If he will take our advice, he will pay more attention to the various lights and shades of his pictures.

No. 19. *Christ restoring the Daughter of Jairus*: H. E. WINNER. Here is a picture replete with ambition; would that we could say, replete with merit; and yet it is not deficient in many of the qualities of a good picture. It reminds us, in the large form of the heads, and in some portions of the coloring of the drapery, of WMEYER. The subject is one that should have inspired a grander result.

No. 32. *Rural Old England*: WARRS. Here we have a truly fine picture, painted by a fresh and vigorous student. We might object to the monotonous green observable throughout the landscape; but the climate of old England produces, by its excessive humidity, this very effect of verdure, so remarkably illustrated in the work before us. The distant church peering through the village trees, and the pond in the foreground, with the horses and the wagon, and the old waving grove of trees breaking against the sky, with their leaf-covered branches, form the main elements of this truthful transcript of nature.

No. 49. *Landscape: Sunset*: A. B. DURAND. What a stride has the worthy President of the Academy taken within a year! A year ago, and his air and his mountains and skies and earth were all yellow: a yellow hue pervaded every thing, and the eye was wearied with this one distinctive characteristic of the artist. But now how all is changed—and how changed for the better! We greet Mr. DURAND with pleasure, and congratulate him, and American art, at the alteration he has made in his style. Look at this glorious picture before us; gaze with hand-protected eye over that range of dim and sun-powdered mountains, until you catch, just over the last range, the setting orb of day. The middle-distance lies in shadow, and the fore-ground, made up of rocks and waving pines, gleams and glitters in the last rays of the sun. To add to the lonely desolation of the scene, a bear is introduced in the fore-ground, sole occupant of the vast solitudes that lie beneath and around him.

No. 62. *The Hunter's Victim, not his Prize*: J. W. AUDUBON. A most horrid picture.

No. 64. *Scene from 'Measure for Measure'*: JARED B. FLAGG. Here is a performance of exquisite feeling in color and general tone. The face of ISABEL is filled with poetry, and the story is told with an eloquent pencil. Mr. FLAGG has an eye of great discrimination in the adaptation of color, and with his delicate handling, and keen perception of historic truth, will speedily assume his true position in the ranks of art, if he has not already obtained it.

No. 68. *The Angel appearing to the Marys, at the Sepulchre of the Lord*: D. HUNTINGTON, N. A. How difficult soever it has been found to express in language the appearance of celestial beings, and give form to airy nothings, we still have ever thought it much more difficult for the painter to express upon canvass the dim and divine beauty that should appertain to an angelic being. Color but occupies the space of form, and presents to us either a handsome female or a good-looking youth with wings. The angels of RUBENS were painted with a heavy hand, and it is passing to imagine how the little blue pinions could support in mid-air the fat red bodies of their angelic owners. Mr. HUNTINGTON, however difficult his task, has given us the head of a sweet and holy visitant. It is a head that expresses the most dispassionate character, and has afforded the artist an opportunity of indulging in those pure tints for which he is so remarkable. The kneeling MARY is good in color but bad in drawing. Altogether, this picture is worthy of Mr. HUNTINGTON's wide-spread and well-earned reputation.

PAGE exhibits two pictures this year. They are both male heads, remarkably well-drawn and modelled, and unquestionably close resemblances of their originals. The hands of Number 77 are beyond all praise. We cannot say that we altogether affect PAGE's present style of color. Our recollection of some of his earlier pictures induces the belief that his close application to this particular branch of his art, instead of bringing him nearer nature, has led him somewhat astray. Truthful as many of his tones are, the general effect of his pictures is such as to create a doubt whether the light of heaven shone uninterruptedly or through some colored medium upon his sitters' faces. Where, however, there is so much to claim admiration, it seems almost hypercritical to speak at all disparagingly. PAGE is an acknowledged master in his profession, and in many respects has no superior, even if he has an equal.

No. 107. *View in Berriedale*: J. B. FINE. This is a beautiful effect of color, but we have seen so many late pictures by this eminent master that we will not dwell upon this one of his earlier works, it being unjust to criticize that which is so unequal to the matured efforts of his genius. We will only simply remark, that a mistake has been made in the catalogue in locating Mr. FINE at Newark, New-Jersey. He is at this present time in or near London, where he has resided for many years. England is his birth-place, and his rank is very high in the English schools of art.

Rocky Scene on the Juniata: JESSE TALBOT. Exceedingly sweet in tone, but deficient in detail.

No. 126. *Emeralda*: T. P. ROSSITER. A head well painted, but not the 'EMERALDA' of VICTOR HUGO, by any means.

No. 131. *West Rock, New-Haven*: F. E. CHURCH. Mr. CHURCH has given here a faithful, natural picture. While we admire to excess some of the smaller works of this gentleman, we cannot acknowledge our admiration of his larger efforts. His 'Storm in the Alps,' from 'CHILDEN

HANOLD,' is but a repetition of his 'Above the Clouds,' in the gallery of the Art-Union; and in both these pictures, though we have exquisite handling in all the details, there is wanting that soul, that feeling for the sublime, that should characterize the scenes attempted to be represented. It is not enough to paint blasted trees, and rolling clouds, and a flash of lightning, to create in the mind the idea of elemental horror and confusion: there must be composition and unity in the work, and small incidents by which to contrast the awful war that is raging among the lightning-riven peaks of the mountains.

No. 145. *A Vision*: C. DEAS. What have we here? How disentangle the human sufferers from those winding serpents, and release them from those fangs, so wild, so horrible, of shapeless, unknown monsters? Until we do disentangle, we can make nothing of this extraordinary effort of paint. You must separate the beings that struggle and die in the blue waves of the mystic sea, and then when you have done so, you will be astonished at the beauty and delicacy of the handling, and the correctness of the drawing. A 'vision,' is it? Yes, and a horrid one! Despair and Death are together, and Frenzy glares from the blood-red sockets of the victims, and haunting weird thoughts arise, as we reflect over this singular effort of talent.

Portrait of an Artist: C. L. ELLIOTT, N. A. Mr. ELLIOTT has established his fame upon a basis so solid, that attack could do him no injury, and compliment scarcely afford him pleasure. Conscious of his own powers, he pursues his peculiar method of color and drawing, both so distinguished for their brilliancy and correctness. The head before us is eminently painted; but as we are to notice another picture by this artist, we will reserve our remarks until we reach it in the catalogue.

Portrait of a Lady: C. C. INGHAM, N. A. Mr. INGHAM is celebrated for his female portraits, and this effort, after a lovely original, justifies the position awarded to him on all sides. The exquisite finish and beautiful contour of his outline, the taste of position, the expression, and the perfect color, all have combined to produce a portrait, of which the artist, the husband, even the original herself, might well be proud.

No. 180. *Mountain Stream*: A. B. DURAND, P. M. A. Turn we from the sweet face of woman to the limpid brook, the dim mountain, and the shade-yielding trees. Here is a complete eulogium of paint. Never did DURAND produce a better picture—one so full of tenderness and truth. See over the waving woods the vapory effect of light; catch the sparkling brook, tumbling among rocks; hide yourself, lest you disturb that listening stag; tread lightly over the stones, for fear that you may ruffle the limpid surface of the mountain-stream; lie prostrate on one of those rocks, and gaze through the interlacing branches of those forest-kings; and, lulled by the rippling flow of water, sleep, and dream of a sylvan paradise, for you are in one now.

No. 186. *The House of John Knox, the Reformer*: W. W. WOTHERSPOON, A. We can bear testimony to the truth of this picture, for we have often stood under its old gable, and looked upon the droll figure of the reformer stuck in the wall. This picture is one of value, both from its historical correctness and delicacy of color.

No. 206. *Portrait of a Lady*: C. L. ELLIOTT, N. A. Why is this picture in so bad a light? But after all, does it make any great difference? Portrait of a Lady: mystery of portraiture! Whose head is this, that ELLIOTT has so given life to on the dull field of canvass? Here is art without effort; color without paint; breath without life, and glancing eyes that speak through their winkless lids. The dreamy effect given to the eyes in this portrait is magical. The opening lips, about to speak, are so natural that you almost feel inclined to listen to the voice that you expect to issue thence. ELLIOTT'S power lies in the simplicity with which he produces his results; and those results, in their effect upon the spectator who will examine them, are apparently the result of complicated labor. But it is not so. He works, like all other men of eminent genius, in the simplest method; a method unattainable by ordinary minds. He has breadth with refinement and gentleness with strength.

No. 217. *Fancy Piece, in water color on Ivory*: T. S. OFFICER. This excellent artist has only two pictures in the exhibition this year. His fancy-piece is the head of a female, with eyes uplifted. There is a sweetness and refinement in the coloring of Mr. OFFICER, that will always command admiration, and we are happy that his position is so high among the miniature-painters of the country.

We had marked several other pictures for notice, but are compelled to pause. There is no more difficult task than that of artistical criticism; none more thankless; but as the Academy appeals by its usefulness and importance to the intellectual portion of the community, we have felt it to be our duty to speak freely and candidly of the works of art upon its walls. We have omitted many of excellence, in the hope, that we may be able to devote a few pages to their consideration in the next number of the КРИТИКОМЪ.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1849.

No. 6.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

—
SECOND SERIES.
—

DAY-BREAK throughout Germany is the hour for breakfast.

At day-break on the morning of the twelfth of May, 17—, I was seated at the table of the 'Weiss-Schwan' in Leipsic, in company with several persons who were on that morning to take the schnell-post for *Dresden*.

What sent me to Dresden ?

The hope of rescuing Leila St. Leger from Laurent de Vautre.

How was I to effect this even if I could find Leila, which was doubtful enough ?

I did not stop to answer the question. I determined to trust to the hour and to the circumstance. Full of new projects and plans without number, I made a hasty breakfast, and rising from the table, paced up and down the hall while waiting the arrival of the ponderous vehicle which was to transport us to the capital of Saxony.

My host, perceiving that I had done poor justice to the morning meal, insisted that I should strengthen myself with a glass of schnapps, which it would have been discourteous to refuse; after which, and purely as a matter of self-defence to prevent further interruption, I lighted my meerschaum and resumed my walk.

At length a noise resembling the sound of distant thunder was heard, and shortly after, drawn by some ten or twelve crazy horses, the schnell-post came rumbling down the street.

By means of kicks and screams and the free use of the whip interspersed with sundry oaths made up of a *patois*, which would have done credit to the dispersed builders of Babel, the bedlam-looking steeds were finally persuaded to stand still.

I bid my host farewell, and distributing a few groschens among the

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civil attendants, I mounted the ladder, meerschaum in hand, and after a short journey arrived safe — inside.

Another set-to then commenced. The kicks and screams and whip and oaths, were plied with an impartial distribution; and presently at the rattling pace of four miles the hour we took leave of the 'book-shelf' of Germany.

And who were 'we,' who with one accord had sought a common destination on that same morning?

At first, owing to the dense vapor of tobacco smoke, I was unable to satisfy myself on that point, but as we left the town, the air had a freer course through the windows, and I found opportunity to inspect my fellow travellers.

There were five beside myself inside; how many were in front and rear and upon the top I do not know; but the inside contained just six including myself. There could be no mistake about it, for I counted my companions several times.

They were for the most part substantial looking Dutchmen, with staid appearance and civil demeanor. Your German is a humane and a polite man. He does not possess that busy politeness which under cover of a benevolent assiduity, scrutinizes your dress, even to the most minute portion thereof, which pries into the very recesses of your pocket, which values each article of your luggage, and puts a price even upon your own importance; but on the contrary, his is that unostentatious, unobtrusive civility which permits every one to enjoy his own quiet after his own fashion, and busy himself with his own reflections without interruption, which answers a proper question with candor, without following up the advantage by seeking to gratify an idle curiosity.

One — two — three — four. I stuck at the fifth man each time. Not that I made any mistake in the count; there *were* five beside myself; but this same 'fifth' personage baffled all my conjectures as to his nation, kindred, language or occupation. The four were Dutch, I was sure enough of that. Not that they were just alike, for one might have been a professor, another a dealer in laces, the third a manufacturer of porcelain, the fourth a stadtholder, but all Germans, not a doubt of it.

This fifth man, he was my *vis-à-vis*, how could I help looking at him?

Presently he dropped asleep; then I looked at him the more steadily. In the first place it was quite impossible for me to conjecture his age. One could make him appear almost any number of years old from twenty up to forty-five. The lines with which anxieties or disappointments or pressing cares encircle the face, the forehead, the eyes, the mouth, could be distinctly traced on the countenance of the sleeper — strange that such heart-ache characters should be in circles, instead of sharp angles and straight lines — but then the mouth even in slumber seemed to set these lines at defiance. It was an honest mouth from each corner round to the *embouchure*; but for all that the lips were compressed; whether in the self-relying honesty of a pure heart, or in stern resolution, or in bitter endurance

I could not determine. The character of the face told forty-five; a something distinct from that, partaking of innocence and simplicity, said twenty. But little could be seen of the forehead, for an immense quantity of tangled light hair inclining to red, was shook over it in most uncouth disorder. The nose was large and ugly; the face was well enough, if it had not been for the nose, but the mouth redeemed the whole. I had not as yet a chance at the eyes.

As to his dress, it was somewhere between a gentleman's, and a gentleman's valet. It was nearly threadbare, that belonged not to the gentleman: it was in slovenly order, that partook not of the valet. In cut and fashion it resembled the costume of no one country in particular, but appeared to be a sort of medley, made up for the sake of a compromise, of the fashions of a dozen different countries.

After glancing over the dress I went back to the face again.

With what different feelings do we regard a person sleeping and the same person awake! The defenceless character of the situation disarms us of that depreciating spirit with which we are apt to scrutinize the unknown and the stranger.

As the *schnell-post* descended a steep hill a few miles out of Leipsic, it dashed across a small bridge with such a tremendous jolt that my neighbor opposite was startled from his slumber. He hastily replaced the cap upon his head, which had some time before fallen off, and as he did so, caught my eye; I suppose there was something in it which provoked speech, for although not quite awake he muttered in a low voice:

'Ich bin über dem grossen Lärmen aufgewacht. Ich habe vergangene Nacht nicht gut geschlafen.'

And then as if suddenly attracted by the beauty of the morning, he thrust his head out of the window, took a glance up and down, snuffed in the fresh air, looked half angrily toward the smokers (I had laid aside the *meerschaum*) then out of the window again, then once more at me.

'I believe I am awake now,' he continued in German.

'It is a fine morning,' said I.

'Too fine to be shut up in this filthy place. At the bottom of the next hill let 's have a run; what say you?'

'With all my heart.'

And so on coming to a hill we got out and proceeded on foot in advance of our conveyance. We ran on for some time in silence until we had gained considerably upon the *schnell-post*, when we stopped on a small mound by the road-side to take breath. My companion turned and surveyed me with an amusing scrutiny. I say amusing, for shrewdness and simplicity were so mingled in the expression of his face that one knew not what to make of it. I now got sight of his eyes: they were of light-gray, not large, yet expressive of humor, pathos, deep feeling, and as I have said, shrewdness and simplicity. At length he commenced as follows:

'Ne venez vous pas de France?'

'Je viens de Leipsic.'

'Mais où allez vous si vite?'

‘En Dresden, comme vous voyez.’

My companion looked around and gazed at the prospect; taking off his cap, he ran his fingers through his hair, shook his head, took two or three long breaths as if to drink in the air, and then exclaimed:

‘Cuan puro y saludable es el aire del campo!’

‘En el campo,’ continued I, ‘es donde se disfruta la verdadera libertad; yo me ahogo, encerrado en el interior del pueblo.’

My new acquaintance turned again to survey the landscape, and his eye happening to fall upon a quaint looking old building not far from the road-side, he attacked me with the following:.

‘Questa casa è fabbricata a modo di castello.’

To which I replied: ‘Oltre modo. Di grazia non mi romper la testa.’

The other looked full in my face and with an easy, pleasant smile, exclaimed in pure English:

‘When did you leave home?’

‘Longer ago than I care to remember.’

‘You are English!’

‘And you are’ —

‘A scape-grace whom any country would be ashamed to own,’ interrupted the other, good humoredly.

‘And what do you mean by a scape-grace?’

‘Me!’

‘That is talking in a circle.’

‘No. You have only to get acquainted with me to know the meaning of both terms.’

‘How do you make that appear?’

‘Wait till we *are* acquainted, and it will appear as plain as the hill of Howth.’

‘I have caught you — Irish?’

‘And my name is Robert Macklorne.’

‘Mine is William Henry St. Leger.’

‘William Henry St. Leger, let us abandon that cursed vehicle and go to Dresden on foot; but stay, we shall know each other in a few hours; we come for the noon-meal (Mittag-Essen) to the toll-gate. The keeper hath a handsome rosy-cheeked daughter with flaxen hair and light blue eyes. I say it in all innocence; we will make a halt at the toll-house; your luggage shall go on to your hotel in Dresden; for myself I am not encumbered with the article; but see they are making signs to us.’ (For while we were talking, the *schnell-post* had gone quietly along and had now reached the top of the hill.) ‘Let us run;’ and off we sprang for a race up the ascent; we stopped a moment at a small hut on the summit and got a draught of sour wine, then we mounted to the inside and the *schnell-post* rolled on.

It was a grateful exercise, that of talking in my native tongue to one equally familiar with it. While at Leipsic I do not remember to have conversed in English with one of my countrymen. And what little of the language I did occasionally speak was entirely out of the conversational way.

I was not long in forming an opinion of my Irish friend. Possessing by nature an extreme impatience of every thing like restraint, he indulged his love of license until it became a sort of vagabondism. His story was told in a few words. He was a younger son; his family of limited means; considered a precocious youth, he was sent to Trinity college; the discipline proving irksome, he abandoned it in a couple of years and resolved to see the world after the fashion of poor Goldsmith. He accordingly set out with ten pounds in his pocket, all he could induce his friends to trust him with; this did not discourage our adventurer; stimulated by an inordinate desire for novelty, and aided by a surprising facility in acquiring languages, he went from country to country, enjoying with a natural ingenuousness, not to say childishness of heart, every new scene, and entering into the sports and pleasures with which the moment chanced to surround him. In this way he had repeatedly traversed every country in Europe, selecting ordinarily the most unfrequented routes and visiting the most secluded and out of the way places.

Robert Macklorne was a solitary being. He had both friends and relations, but he was nevertheless emphatically alone in the world. Did he nurse an affected wretchedness; did he deplore the unlucky fate which had sent him forth with a keen relish for novelty and change; with an exquisite taste, a delicate ear, and a nice appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art, and yet had withheld the means of enjoying these? Not a jot! He set his 'fate' at defiance; not by gloomily folding his arms, contracting his brow and feeding upon dark fancies; not by turning misanthrope and sneering at humanity; but by a resolute, good-humored and persevering indifference to every thing concerning himself, which after all is often the token of a superior will. There was something in his singleness of heart that stood in the place of the shrewdest penetration; one could not be a half hour in his company without feeling it, and there was that about his society that made you think better of yourself and more kindly of all the world.

I gathered most of the foregoing circumstances respecting my new acquaintance, as we sat conversing together during our morning's ride. The opinion I formed of him a subsequent intimacy confirmed, and I give to the reader the benefit of such confirmation in advance.

The 'Half-way House' between Leipsic and Dresden is nearly thirty miles from either place, and just one half of the day was employed in reaching it. Long before we came to it, however, I had determined to adopt the suggestion of Macklorne and turn pedestrian for the rest of the way. I was moved to this from several reasons. In the first place I was delighted with my companion. What a contrast with the characters I had left behind me! Again, I was charmed with the idea of taking to the road in the very extreme of liberty and license; and, once more, I believed Macklorne, who was familiar with Dresden, might aid me in the object of my journey thither.

A sudden turn in the road, just as the traveller begins to fear that he has been misinformed as to the proximity of the half-way house, discovers, close at hand, the house itself. At this point the postillion

invariably gets up another agitation among his cattle, preparatory, and indeed essential to the excitement of bringing them to a halt. At five minutes before twelve we were safely deposited on the north side of the toll-gate. In five minutes more we were summoned to dinner. My new friend was recognised by the host as an old acquaintance; and the flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Margaret, readily presented either cheek for his salutation. I was then brought forward, and should have been allowed a similar favor, so current was an introduction from Macklorne, had I cared to avail myself of it. I do not know how it is, but a kiss has always seemed to me a sacred seal of a sacred feeling, and I have looked upon the custom of extending it indiscriminately with disfavor, not to say repugnance. But Margaret had no time to listen to any such philosophical apology, for the guests were now nearly all seated, and she was the only attendant. I have ever since remembered that simple-hearted maid with a kindly feeling. She seemed to find her recompense in suiting all. With a pleased alacrity she anticipated every wish before it was expressed; and the smile of satisfaction, when she had procured for you whatever you desired to have, came from her very heart.

The dinner was plain but neat. We were hungry, and the leberwurst, the kartoffel-salat, and good home-brewed ale, served literally to gladden our spirits. Dinner over, the passengers lighted their pipes, the schnell-post rattled to the door, and with a sympathizing German guttural, giving token of a general inward satisfaction, the whole party set off again.

As I stood with Macklorne watching the retiring vehicle, I felt for the first time in years an absolute and unbounded sense of freedom. Presently we strolled out to take a view of the scenery around. I was struck with its beauty. The turnpike wound through a delightful valley, and at this spot the ground upon our left rose gradually higher and higher, until it formed a hill of considerable elevation. The high land, even to the very summit, was cut into terraces, and laid out in luxuriant vineyards. To the right the country was undulating, and covered with immense grain-fields. The whole had the appearance of an extended garden. Indeed, it was a sight rarely to be met with, even in the most cultivated regions. Doubtless it had required years of toil, from the rising to the setting of the sun, to elaborate such an exquisite picture of human industry.

We strolled through the vineyards up the ascent. From thence we could see several red-roofed cottages scattered around, and here and there we encountered a Saxon peasant at his labor. His coarse but well-mended garments spoke in praise of the 'gute frau,' while his honest look, and his quiet eye, in which beamed not the restless light of education, exhibited an entire contentment with his lot of patient plodding.

At a distance, surrounded by a dense wood, I thought I could perceive the walls of a habitation. I pointed it out to Macklorne, and asked him what it was.

'That is the castle of the Graf. He is the owner of the surrounding domain, and to him each cottager must make his returns. So it

is,' continued my friend cheerfully, "Unto every one that hath shall be given;" but let me tell you, of all the souls that inhabit the Grafenschaft, he is the most unhappy. I know these poor peasants: there is scarcely a red-roofed cot within our view which has not, at one time or another, afforded me shelter; and I know the Graf too; I saved his life—at least he says so—when lingering under a malignant fever. The peasant is happy—"Unto every one that hath shall be given"—the Graf is miserable; from him is 'taken away even that which he hath.' Ah! it is an excellent rule, it works both ways!

My companion went off upon some other topic, but I was impressed with his idea, that even in this life the favors of Providence are dispensed with a more even hand than man is disposed to admit. I had received a lesson from one who was drifting about, a lone and solitary waif upon the world. How cheerful he was, how trustful, how ready to vindicate, how slow to complain—I began to love this Robert Macklorne!

We descended slowly toward the inn. Arriving there, we found a carriage before the door, with outriders and servants in livery in attendance. The new comers were two ladies. They had alighted, and, as Macklorne ascertained, proceeded at once to a private apartment. Feeling no curiosity on the subject, I inquired of Margaret what room I was to have, thinking to rest awhile before starting upon a short excursion, which my companion had proposed.

'We have given to Madame and the Fraulein the room of Herr St. Leger,' said Margaret, modestly; 'it is but for an hour. It was our best chamber. Will the gentleman step into the next one for a little while?'

I willingly assented, and passed up the staircase to the apartment pointed out by my pretty hostess. The room occupied by 'Madame and the Fraulein' was situated at the head of the wide staircase which I was to ascend. The door of the room was open; I mechanically glanced into it while passing, and beheld, standing in an attitude of expectation—Leila St. Leger! Her face was turned toward the door, and she looked earnestly at me as I walked by, but gave not the slightest sign of recognition. Almost unconsciously I went directly past, and entered my temporary quarters. Here was a new dilemma. The door of my chamber was partly open, and led into the one occupied by Leila. I did not know what to do. At first I wondered why Leila should slight me at such a time; when I happened to reflect that five years had worked a great change upon my person. My frame was developed, and I was larger and stouter every way. My hair, instead of being cut short, in the English style, was worn after the manner of a German student; besides a respectable beard and mustaches covered the chin and lips, where nothing was perceptible on the boy of sixteen. [And William Henry St. Leger, do you recognise yourself? Where is the earnest-believing youth who, child-like, prayed as his mother taught him, and who, though unhappy, and ill at ease, believed in CHRIST the Saviour?

It was a momentary pang; it passed suddenly away.]

I ceased therefore to reproach my cousin for the imaginary wrong, and setting down at a little window which overlooked the road, I busied myself with watching all that was going on about the house. Leila paced up and down her chamber with an agitated step.

'Strange that he does not come,' said she to her companion, whom I had not seen.

'My child,' said the other, in a calm voice, 'it is not yet time. You mistake the hour. Have patience.'

'Patience—patience. Have I not had patience? must I not have patience from this time henceforth? Do not chide me, think of my fate. Think of this meeting, which I have nerved myself to bear, and oh!—oh!—oh!—think of Henry! *Patience!*'

At this moment the sound of horses hoofs struck my ear, and looking out, I beheld a horseman galloping violently down the road. He never slackened his speed till he came close up to the door of the inn, when he brought his horse to a stop so suddenly, that it threw the animal back upon his haunches. The rider flung himself off, and at a sign from one of the liveried servants, ran hastily up the staircase. I had but a moment's sight of him. He was tall, well formed, with light hair, and an agreeable countenance. I had no time for a close scrutiny. The new comer dashed up the stairs, and into the chamber, and folded Leila in his arms. I could hear sobs and stifled groans, and then a kind voice in expostulation; it was the voice of the stranger lady, but it availed not—at least she appeared to think so—for in a moment or two she got up, and went out of the room, and left the lovers together. I do not think a word was spoken for a quarter of an hour. The sighs and sobs continued the whole time, and I began to find my situation awkward enough. I could not shut the door, for it opened into the other room; I would not go out, because I wished to—stay in: so I kept my seat by the window.

'Oh, Leila!—'Oh, Henry!' were the first words uttered.

'Great God! am I in my senses? Leila! Leila! For Heaven's sake speak, and tell me that I am dreaming! Is this the meeting at the trysting-place? On such a day you would return; on such a day we should meet *here*. Almighty God! what has bereft me! The day has come; this is the place, and here are we; you and I, my love, are both here. Leila, Leila, am I not with you?—do I not clasp this hand as I was wont?—does not my deep heart beat as always for you? And you, my angel! are you not here, and ——'

The young man spoke to dull ears. Leila St. Leger had swooned in his arms.

Quick as thought he sprang to the table for some water, and sprinkling a quantity upon the face of his mistress, she presently opened her eyes, and faintly exclaimed: 'Henry, have you left me?'

'I am here, dearest; I will never leave you—never, never—I swear that I never will!'

'It is too late! I must keep my oath! I promised to meet you here, and I have fulfilled my promise, although I sink under it. But I do not think of that; I have confidence in my strength to *suffer!*'

'Do you remember our last meeting, Leila?'

‘Oh, Henry, do not, do not speak of what has been! I cannot, I cannot recall the past. It is only for *what is to come* that I have nerved myself.’

‘And are you so resolved?’

‘Fixed and immoveable! Henry, we suffer together. I shall love you always, but we meet no more on this earth! If you always love me, then in the great eternity we shall be blest. I have vowed that I would *wed* the Count de Vautre; I promised nothing more. I shall never be his *wife*.’

The conversation, which was continued for half an hour, I cannot trust myself to detail. It completely unmanned me. At length Leila’s companion entered the room and announced that it was time to return to Dresden.

How my heart ached for them! It seemed as if I might do something. I stepped forward; I entered the apartment. ‘So, Leila St. Leger, you do not notice your kinsman, who is travelling the world over after you!’

Leila turned upon me a look full of wonder and of terror. ‘It is my own cousin William!’ she suddenly exclaimed, as she clasped her arms around me; ‘alas! here is another sorrow!’

I threw one arm around Leila; the other I extended to her lover. He took my hand and pressed it in silence. The tears stood in his eyes; mine were moist too. We understood each other.

‘We must go, my child,’ said the lady; and Leila rose to leave the room. The young man approached her slowly, and bending over, imprinted one kiss upon her brow. He then turned and walked in silence to the window. I saw that his eyes were streaming, but he did not speak. I assisted Leila to the carriage; her companion stepped in, and, accompanied by the servants and out-riders, it rolled away.

I returned to the chamber. Leila’s friend stood where I had left him, gazing out with a vacant eye into the distance. I approached and laid my hand upon his shoulder. He started, looked at me wistfully, shook his head, and turned to the window again.

‘This will never do,’ said I, in as cheerful a tone as I could command. ‘I want to serve my cousin Leila. In serving her I find that I serve you.’

‘I understand you,’ said the other; ‘but she is unshaken in her resolution. No persuasion can influence her.’

A common interest makes a speedy friendship. We sat down together, and I learned the history of the love affair.

Heinrich Wallenroth was the son of one of the most distinguished nobles of Prussia, and resided at Berlin. Many years before he had met Leila St. Leger at the house of Madame de Marschelin, a noble lady of Dresden, related by marriage to the De Soisson family. Her husband had been long deceased, and Leila St. Leger had lived with her from childhood, except when her father required her presence at St. Kilda. The connection on both sides was unobjectionable, and Madame de Marschelin did not consider that she was exceeding her trust to favor it, especially as the young girl would require, in the

event of her father's death, a more efficient protector. The lovers had plighted their troth, and the years ran happily away, when Leila was summoned to her father's dying bed. What followed I was already acquainted with, from her letter. She had but lately arrived in Dresden, and strange as it was, I was witness to the first interview between the two. I inquired when Leila was to wed the count.

'The day after the morrow,' said Heinrich, despairingly.

I was struck with horror. 'Something must be done,' I exclaimed, 'and what is done must be done with Vautrey.'

'Think you *that* has not occurred to me?' said Heinrich; 'but he is not to be found. I have searched Dresden through and through for him. By the Power that rules above us, could I encounter him. (understand me, he should have an even field,) the question should be to the death!'

'You would probably be the victim. It is the way of such things. The villain is usually successful. And then, what would become of Leila?'

'What *shall* we do?' exclaimed Heinrich, impatiently.

'Would not Vautrey waive his privilege, provided Leila would relinquish a portion of her large inheritance to him—ay, or the whole, if a part should not satisfy him?'

'I do not believe it. Still, it is worthy the trial. But, even if he can be found, who will propose this?'

'I will, much as I dislike the office. You go to Dresden to-night?'

'Yes; without delay.'

'I shall stay here. I will be in town by ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Where shall I see you?'

'I am at the Stadt-Prüssien.'

'It is where I am to lodge myself. My luggage has already gone forward. In the mean time, find Vautrey, if possible.'

'Good! I begin to have a little hope. Adieu!'

The next moment Heinrich Wallenroth was galloping madly toward Dresden.

I descended into the public room, and found Macklorne just rising from a game of chess with the host. He had been so much occupied with the play that he had not noticed my long absence. On the contrary, he apologized for letting the time run by until it was too late for our intended excursion, but proposed a short walk instead.

We sallied out together, and taking an opposite direction from our previous stroll, were soon in the midst of new beauties.

I felt mysteriously drawn toward my new acquaintance, and I resolved, if it were possible, to retain him in my company. I therefore narrated to him all that had passed at the inn; giving at the same time enough of the history of Leila St. Leger to interest him in our plans.

'Now, my dear friend,' continued I, 'for friend of mine I am determined you shall be, help us by your counsel. In the first place, I must be in Dresden by ten o'clock to-morrow. It is nearly thirty miles. In England it would be but a pleasant ride or drive before breakfast; here in this deliberate land it is an affair of half a day.'

'Leave me to manage that,' cried Macklorne, who entered into the enterprise with all the glee of a school-boy. 'Leave me to manage that. The honest Herr has a very decent 'fuhrwerk;' and although his horse is an old quadruped of the last century, yet Margaret has a fine young 'klepper,' which I know she will allow me to drive to Dresden; at any rate, I will try for it; and if the worst comes to worst, we will set out to-night and walk the distance in seven hours. There now; I will stay by you, my true heart, till the close of the play, and as much longer as you choose.'

I took the hand which Macklorne in the warmth of the moment extended to me, and acknowledged my sense of his kindness by a cordial pressure. So strongly reinforced as I had been since the morning, I began to take courage.

It was near sunset, and we turned toward the inn. The declining glories of the day gave a softened aspect to the landscape, and lent a new charm to what seemed perfect before.

As we approached the house I turned to take another look at the prospect we had left behind. I beheld two horsemen coming at a slow pace down the road. Presently they overtook and passed us. The foremost was—Laurent de Vautrey; the other was the same sinister-looking wretch who was his attendant at Glencoe. Both master and man were soiled and travel-worn. The Count had not altered as much as one would suppose, considering the lapse of years. His hair, long and black, hung as it was wont, and his countenance exhibited the same expression of secure indifference, coupled with that air of careless, quiet assurance, so generally acquired by men of the world of a certain stamp.

But without discussing his character farther, fiend, brute, devil or what not—*there* he was! With the servant the world had evidently gone harder. His appearance though quite as sinister as ever, was considerably subdued, he was thinner and had a more hang-knave air. Perhaps he was in disgrace that morning and was trying to look contrite!

As the horsemen came up with us, Vautrey cast a searching glance not at me, but at Macklorne. The latter returned it with a look of defiance.

At the moment of passing, Vautrey muttered in a low tone, '*Beware!*'

'It is for you to beware, Sir Chevalier,' returned Macklorne. 'I am upon your track again.'

A grim look of hatred was the only return, and the horsemen passed on.

'Do you know that man,' said I.

'Yes, it is the Chevalier Montbelliard, the most abandoned, the most unprincipled, the most unscrupulous roué in all Europe. He hates me because I rescued a simple-hearted girl from his clutches before he had accomplished his hellish object: it is a long story, at another time your shall hear it.'

'Macklorne, that is Count Vautrey, the affianced of my cousin Leila St. Leger!'

'Now may the GREAT God forefend!' exclaimed my companion, wildly. 'Go! cut him down; kill, murder, assassinate, perish yourself, perish all of us, but arrest that awful doom for the innocent! Not a moment should be lost; away, let us ——'

Just then something pulled Macklorne sharply by the sleeve. We both turned and I beheld an object the most hideous and repulsive I had ever set eyes upon. The creature — I can scarcely call it human — was in the last stages of destitution. His body was covered with rags, his hair had apparently been unshorn for years, and hung in matted locks upon his shoulders, mingling with his long and grizly beard, his head rested upon his breast, his frame was absolutely bare of flesh, and the nails upon his fingers had grown to be like birds' claws. This was the creature that had stolen so noiselessly upon Macklorne and plucked his sleeve.

'So, so, my poor fellow, we have met again!' said my friend to him, soothingly. 'You look famished. Deutschland does not agree with you. I wish I could spare you enough to make you comfortable; here, it is the best I can do;' and Robert Macklorne drew out a few groschens from his pocket.

'Let me see if I cannot do something,' said I. At the sound of my voice the object raised its head; it relieved me to find that he *could* raise it; and peered at me with the smallest, the keenest, the most intensely infernal pair of fiery-black eyes that I ever encountered. Alas! that I should say so when doubtless all this was the effect of misery and want.

No sooner had the creature set those same eyes upon me, than he uttered a wild cry and extended his hand eagerly to receive the promised alms. I drew out my purse and extracted some silver. The creature shook its head impatiently and pointed to the road as if in haste to get on. I gave my purse another turn and a guinea and two thaler pieces rolled out. The miserable wretch clutched them with an air of desperation and springing rapidly past me, made a wild gesture to Macklorne, and setting into a sort of dog-trot, was soon out of sight.

'How our friends accumulate on our hands,' said Macklorne. 'Do n't look so surprised. In this section transformed and deformed and devil-formed creatures are common enough. The devil-formed on horseback and the wretch on foot. I have a story to tell you about this too; but not now. I must go and provide for our morning's conveyance; we must set off by five o'clock.'

There are certain periods when events seem to hasten to their consummation. — I say *seem* to hasten, for though it is but short work to reap the field and get in the harvest, yet how slowly did the seed germinate, the leaves sprout, the blossoms put forth and the fruit mature. The consummation is sudden nevertheless. — And at such periods how rapidly the scenes change, how swiftly one after another do the actors glide across the stage; how strangely circumstances tend to concentrate every thing upon some one hazard; and how irresistible is the force which concentrates!

The toll-gate that day had been the neutral ground. What a singular grouping — had the several characters chanced together! But they were not thus to chance. Another act of the drama remained. A last scene in which all these should meet: The kind hearted but complacent matron; Leila and her lover; Vautrety and the beggar: Macklorne and I!

Our Winter Birds.

THE OWL.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night.

I.

WHAT bird, by the howl of the tempest unawed,
In the gloom of a cold winter night is abroad?
He quits his dim roost in some desolate dell,
And skims like a ghost over meadow and fell.

II.

To break his long fast the red fox is a-foot,
But pauses to hear a wild ominous hoot,
As, muffled in feathers, the hermit glides by,
With a fiery gleam in his broad staring eye.

III.

By hunger the robber is driven away
From haunts where in summer he hunted his prey;
He banquets no more on the robin and wren,
And the white-breasted dormouse is safe in his den.

IV.

Hushed now in the farm-house are voices of mirth,
And pale ashes cover the brand on its hearth;
The windows are darkened; no longer a-glow
With lights that made ruddy the new-fallen snow.

V.

The barn of the farmer, wind-shaken and old,
Is a favorite haunt of the plunderer bold;
And thither, like phantom that flits in a dream,
He hurries to perch on some dust-covered beam.

VI.

The gloom of the place his keen vision explores,
Both granary, hay-loft and straw-littered floors,
And merciless talons will capture and tear
The poor little mice that abandon their lair.

VII.

Sometimes on his perch, till the breaking of day,
The lonely marauder of night will delay ;
And his globular orbs, that see well in the dark,
Sly foes on the walk are unable to mark.

VIII.

They spare not — for plumage discovered at morn
Nigh dove-cote and hen-house was bloody and torn ;
And, victim of false accusation, is slain
The mouser that preyed on the robbers of grain.

IX.

To kill I forbore, when a mischievous boy,
Though lifted on high was my club to destroy ;
So bravely the creature received my attack,
Fiercely snapping his bill, and with talons drawn back.

X.

Old tales of romance on my memory crowd,
When Eve is abroad with her mantle of cloud,
And dolorous notes, in the wilderness heard,
The waking announce of night's favorite bird.

XI.

I think of old abbeys and mouldering towers,
And wrecks dimly seen through lorn moon-lighted bowers,
Where beasts of the desert resort for a lair,
And howlet and bittern for shelter repair.

XII.

The gray feathered hermit would frighten of old
Rude hinds overtaken by night in the wold,
By hoary tradition, from infancy taught,
That his screech with a fearful foreboding was fraught.

XIII.

His image flamed out on the terrible shield
That PALLAS up-bore when arrayed for the field ;
An emblem that Wisdom, when others are blind,
Clear-sighted, a path through the darkness will find.

XIV.

When proud Idumea was cursed by her God,
And brambles grew up where the mighty once trod ;
Owls, flapping their pinions in palaces wide,
Raised a desolate scream of farewell to her pride.

XV.

When shadows that slowly creep over the lea
Call the feathered recluse from his hollow oak tree,
That murder scene oft to my sight is displayed
By the wizzard of Avon so grandly portrayed.

XVI.

While drear shapes of horror are gibbering round
 Guilt whispers, appalled: 'Didst thou hear not a sound?'
 Then blood curdling tones pierce the gloom in reply:
 'I heard the Owl scream, and the hearth-cricket cry!'

XVII.

Oh, vex not the bird! let him rule evermore,
 In a shadowy realm with antiquity hoar:
 Quaint rhyme he recalls that was sung by our nurse,
 And the masters of song weave his name in their verse.

W. H. C. H.

HORACE AND JUVENAL AS SATIRISTS.

BY FRANCIS.

THE relative merits of Horace and Juvenal as satirists, have afforded prolific themes for discussion to the scholars of every age. It is a question on which men will form different opinions according as their dispositions are suited to relish the playful raillery of the one or the bitter invective of the other.

It is impossible to estimate fairly, the claims of these two great satirists to superiority by simply contrasting their beauties and their imperfections; we must take into consideration the nature of the different periods in which they wrote, observe the different influences to which they were subjected, and especially the corruption of the Roman morals and manners after the brilliant age of Augustus.

Before proceeding, therefore, to a particular examination of the respective characteristics of Horace and Juvenal, let us first direct our attention to the prosperity of this Roman empire during the reign of Augustus; its degeneracy in the subsequent age of Domitian; to the consequent difference in the range of subjects which were presented for satire; and lastly, to the characteristics of the two poets as illustrated in their satirical compositions.

The battle of Actium resulted in the defeat of Antony, and Augustus now remained the undisputed sovereign of the Roman world. The civil wars which had exhausted the strength of the republic; the proscriptions which had marked the bloody progress of the triumvirate had now ceased, and the Roman once more enjoyed the blessings of universal tranquillity. For seven successive centuries a series of brilliant triumphs had extended the Roman empire over the fairest portions of the eastern world. The cities that had once rivalled Rome in grandeur and in influence had gradually sunk into comparative insignificance, and even the Athenian republic had acknowledged the supremacy of the proud mistress of the world.

The politic Augustus now sought to console the Roman people for their loss of liberty by preserving the image of the free constitution; by concealing his insatiable ambition under the subtle veil of his hypocrisy; and especially by fostering that taste for luxury which had been acquired by intercourse with the effeminate nations of the East. The influence of Grecian philosophy and poetry had already given a new direction to the Roman mind, and we now behold with a mixture of surprise and admiration, the brilliant triumphs of arms succeeded by the imperishable conquests of the mind, and the stern nature of the Roman subdued and refined by the softening influences of literary pursuits.

This change in the prospects of the Roman Empire was attended, like all other great revolutions, with its advantages and its evils. On the one hand, a new direction was given to the tastes of the Roman; the researches of philosophy; the ideal creations of poetry nourished his understanding and delighted his fancy; while the exquisite models of Grecian Art, which had been transferred to Rome, inspired him with new and purer conceptions of the beautiful. Thus was literature encouraged, and the pursuits which add the charms of refinement to the blessings of civilization fostered and cultivated.

But on the other hand, with what unfortunate evils was this same prosperity attended! An appetite for luxury and sensual indulgence insensibly grew up, and strengthened with this love for intellectual enjoyment, till it ripened into a passion which was destined soon to predominate over every generous inclination, and eventually to result in the prostitution of every physical energy. Elegant taste in letters was too often most unhappily combined with an inordinate love of splendid show. Men like the effeminate Mæcenas, who enjoyed the patronage of the munificent Augustus, though the noblest patrons of learning were unfortunately at the same time the most professed devotees of pleasure. 'They,' says the historian of Roman literature, 'were frequently imitated in their villas and entertainments by those who had no pretensions to emulate such superiors, or who vied with them ungracefully. The wealthy freedman and the provincial magistrate rendered themselves ridiculous by this species of rivalry, and supplied endless topics for sportive satire; for it would appear that Mæcenas, and those within the pale of fashion, had not made that progress in true politeness which induces either to shun the society of such pretenders, or to endure it without contributing to their exposure. Hence the picture of the self-importance and ridiculous dress of Anfidius Luscus, and the entertainment of Nasidienas, to which Mæcenas carried his buffoons along with him, to contribute to the sport which their host supplied.'

At this period there was also another class of society, which were so entirely destitute of those nobler and more manly feelings which were the peculiar characteristics of the early Romans, as to seek to gratify their avaricious appetites by paying the most assiduous homage to the more wealthy at Rome; such persons presented fit subjects for the cutting ridicule of the satirist, who viewed with a generous indignation this utter prostitution of the Roman character.

The intimate connection which existed between Horace and Mæcenas afforded every opportunity to the satirist of observing the different dispositions of mankind. The crowd of clients that thronged the *atrium* of the elegant courtier; the stern stoic, whose inflexible doctrines so little accorded with the voluptuous habits of the community; the inferior poets, who obsequiously courted the patronage of Augustus; all presented to this keen observer of human nature ample field for the display of his satirical humor. It was, however, an age of *follies* rather than of *vices*. The enlivening draught of pleasure had rather exhilarated than intoxicated the Roman mind. The pleasures of the body were still in a considerable degree tempered by the refined enjoyments of the mind; courtly flattery had not degenerated into that heartless intrigue, nor elegant luxury into that debasing sensuality, which characterized the profligate age of Juvenal.

Such was the social and the intellectual condition of Roman society in the polite age of Augustus, and these were the scenes which excited the delicate irony of Horace. Let us now briefly consider the previous state of satirical composition and the concomitant circumstances which would naturally contribute toward rendering Horace the sportive philosopher rather than the bitter declaimer. His predecessor Lucilius lived at a period which, though corrupted by luxury, had not attained to the polished elegance of the Augustan age. He flourished in the days of the republic, when vice could be attacked with impunity, when society was divided into factions, and when the powerful patronage of Scipio and Lælius afforded sufficient protection against the wrath of the unprincipled and profligate Lupus. But Horace lived in a far different state of society. With the death of Cicero expired the last voice for freedom; the powerful advocates of republican liberty had fallen beneath the proscriptions of the triumvirate, and Rome now bowed in servile submission before the most affable, but at the same time the most despotic of tyrants. The old freedom of speech was now interdicted by the enforcement of the laws of the twelve tables; and the Roman satirist could well exclaim:

'*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
Judiciumque.*'

In addition to these legal restrictions, the natural disposition of Horace exerted a powerful influence on the character of his satires. High intellectual abilities are rarely combined with strong physical energies. The graceful poet who can sing the praises of Bacchus or celebrate the joys of the convivial circle, is little fitted to assume the sombre garb of the inflexible moralist. The imaginative disposition of the one is incompatible with the stern nature of the other. Horace inclined more to the agreeable theory of the Epicureans than to the vigorous doctrines of the Stoics. His penetrating observation saw the follies of an effeminate age; but his natural timidity attempted their correction by the winning influence of gentle dissuasion rather than by the doubtful effect of vehement censure. His abhorrence of

vice was tempered by his thorough knowledge of human nature, while his own moderate addiction to convivial pleasures led him to regard more charitably the unrestrained excesses of others.

From the combined influences of these external circumstances and his own natural disposition, we might expect to find Horace the lively philosopher instead of the virulent censor. The keen shaft of cutting ridicule was in fact the only weapon that he could successfully employ; it was far better suited to the nature of his age than the ponderous blows of Lucilius or the resistless thrusts of Juvenal.

It is an universal principle of human nature that men can more easily be persuaded than forced into reformation; and this is most especially true when their errors partake more of the nature of extravagant follies than of flagitious crimes. Roman comedy had not at this time any higher aim than the mere gratification of a vivacious populace. The plays of Terence illustrated Grecian rather than Roman failings; and even these, at the time of the accession of Augustus, had degenerated into empty pantomime. This did not escape the observation of the sagacious Horace; he saw before him the most extensive field for the exercise of his brilliant genius; he regarded with sorrow the increasing degeneracy of his time, and in devoting his whole energies to its reformation exhibited to the world one of the most pleasing examples of a mind which, though subjected to all the demoralizing influences of a voluptuous court, could yet inculcate the principles of exalted virtue and the precepts of true morality.

With this general outline of the circumstances in which he was placed, and the objects which he proposed to accomplish, let us proceed to a more minute investigation of his peculiar characteristics as a satirical poet. This perhaps may be accomplished more successfully by critically examining the spirit of several of his more popular satires, than by presenting a mass of imperfect illustrations collected at large from the whole.

II. We begin with the second satire of the second book, in which Horace ridicules the extravagant luxury in which the wealthy courtiers indulged, by vividly contrasting the evils resulting from such effeminacy with the happiness attendant on a frugal life and moderate diet. These lessons of morality are represented as coming from the Sabine Ofellus, who, like Virgil, had been deprived of his lands to reward the valor of a veteran who had served at Philippi :

‘Nec meus hic sermo est,’

says the artful poet,

‘sed que præcept Ofellus
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens crassaque Minerva.’

It has been well suggested that Horace has thus added more truth and liveliness to the picture ‘than if he had inculcated these moral precepts in his own person.’ The frequency with which he attended the sumptuous feasts of Mæcenus would have exposed him to the charge of inconsistency had he not thus skilfully disguised his own

keen reflections under the plain observations of the virtuous Ofellus.

It must here be observed, that the private habits of Horace exhibited little of the rigorous abstemiousness of Lucilius or the frugal simplicity of Juvenal. His more vivacious temperament inclined him to greater indulgences; but the lessons of practical morality which he had received from a father, who united the fondness of an affectionate parent with the severity of a moral adviser, prevented him from immoderate excesses; and it is only when he is excited by the enthusiasm of the convivial circle that we observe in him a temporary suspension of their influence.

Horace next requests his friends, while 'away from sumptuous banquets,' to discuss calmly the pleasures of a contented and frugal life:

— *LEPORUM* sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito, vel, si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum Græcari, seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,
Seu te discus agit; pete cedentem æra disco;
Quum labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta.*

How happily is the purpose of the poet here introduced! Without denouncing his friends for their extravagant indulgence in those habits which impair the physical energies, he gaily requests them, in his own amiable way, to engage in those invigorating exercises which strengthen the body and refresh the mind. 'Let me see you,' he laughingly exclaims, 'despise coarse food or refuse to quaff the Falernian unless tempered with Hymettian honey, after you have exercised yourself in hunting, in throwing the ball, or in pitching the quoit. For,' he adds,

— *Non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in te ipso est.*†

He next proceeds to ridicule the epicure who preferred the inferior flavor of the gaudy peacock to the delicate meat of the unpretending fowl, by archly inquiring:

— *Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma?*

The succeeding passage strikingly exhibits the effeminate character of the age, and presents an admirable illustration of the exquisite irony of the satirist:

* *Unde datum sentis, lupus hic Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci?*

'How happens it,' says he, 'that you are favored with a percep-

* *Pope* has prettily and concisely rendered this passage in his 'Imitations of *HORACE*':

'Go work, hunt, exercise,' he thus began,
'Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.'

† *'The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.'* — *Pope*.

tion so delicate, as to distinguish a different flavor in a fish caught between the Milvian and Sublician bridges from one taken at the mouth of the Tuscan river?' We can conceive of no more delicate way in which he could have satirized these absurd fancies of the fastidious epicure. Keen reproof is so tempered by sound advice, and cutting raillery is so agreeably softened by graceful pleasantry, that we can readily unite with Shaftesbury in calling him the most gentlemanlike of Roman poets.

When we consider the folly, the extravagance and the luxury which pervaded every class of Roman society, the debauchery and licentiousness which was daily exhibited at the banquets of the wealthy, and especially the rapid decline of that rigorous morality and noble-minded virtue which characterized the early career of the Roman republic, we wonder at the gentle admonitions of the satirist. Men, like Horace, who amid the contamination of universal corruption can still lead lives of comparative purity, are seldom apt to regard with any degree of clemency the existence, much less the continual practice, of immorality. That Horace foresaw the future results of these pernicious practices is evident from his eulogies on the early founders of Rome, from his allusions to the simplicity of an earlier age, and from his enthusiastic enumeration of the virtues of the '*prisca gens mortalium*.' But what reformation could a single man, who was dependent for his support upon the bounty of a professed sensualist, effect in a community whose loss of liberty was unhappily succeeded by the decline of every national virtue? All that he could do was to hold before them the mirror which should faithfully reflect the foibles and the extravagances of a thoughtless and impulsive populace.

Having thus vividly detailed the evils of immoderate indulgence, the poet next proceeds to illustrate the advantages of a moderate and simple diet :

'ACCIFE nunc, victus tenuis que quantaque secum
Afferat. Imprimis valeas bene : nam variis res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,
Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit.'*

'See you not,' he continues, 'how pale each guest arises from the profuse entertainment?—and beside, how the body, overloaded with yesterday's excesses, weighs down also the mind, and depresses to the earth this portion of the divine spirit?'

'Trausius, indeed,' replies the epicure, 'can justly be censured with these words; but I enjoy a large income and possess an ample fortune for three kings.'

'Why, then,' replies Horace, 'do you not better dispose of your abundance? Why should any one be in want, while you are wealthy? Why do the venerable temples of the gods fall to ruin? And why

* * * * *
Now hear what blessings temperance can bring,
Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:
First, health; the stomach
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.'—POPE.

do you not, from so vast a treasury, bestow something upon your beloved country ?'

In this passage we perceive the first conceptions of that spirit of public charity which in the progress of civilization has been developed into one of the greatest blessings of society. That pure, disinterested philanthropy, that generous sympathy in the sufferings of others, that lends such a charm to the human character, is not to be found in a community where the poor are rather the slaves than the countrymen of the wealthy ; it is only the inestimable blessing of a truly enlightened and cultivated people.

'*Templa ruunt antiqua Deum,*' says the satirist. How pregnant with meaning is this single sentence ! When society is so far advanced in the ephemeral pleasures of the body as to neglect the eternal interests of the soul, then may we predict its inevitable destiny. However absurd be the principles of the national faith, however dishonored by its ministers or corrupted by its disciples, still in the absence of any purer it must be cherished and honored as the only institution by the preservation of which social happiness can be increased and national prosperity be secured.

— 'Cura, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?'

continues Horace. 'Patriotism' was a word whose meaning the Roman did not clearly understand, or whose importance he did not fully estimate. He was proud of his noble lineage, proud of his country, and proud of her unrivalled grandeur ; but here the feeling ended. He had no conception of that genuine patriotism which exhibits itself in a harmonious union of the interests of the rulers and the ruled, in a sacred reverence for the national honor, and in a generous desire for the attainment of one sole object—the general happiness of society. The character of Horace, then, appears in a still more beautiful light when we reflect that these noble-minded sentiments were uttered with none of that intolerant asperity which is so often the characteristic of the enthusiastic reformer ; they were delivered with that earnestness of feeling and that gentleness of persuasion which touches the heart and awakens the kindred sympathies of our nature.

The concluding lines of this satire indicate the unhappy condition of the times and the mutations which society had undergone. They partake, however, more of the character of philosophical reflections than of satirical reproach :

• *Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quocirca vivite fortes
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.'*

These passages will fairly exemplify the satirical powers of our author, when directed against the luxurious voluptuary. It remains now to consider, before we leave this division of our essay, the merited scorn which he bestows upon the obsequious and unprincipled parasite.

The manner in which this is effected is somewhat remarkable. Homer, in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, represents Ulysses as descending into Hades to learn from the prophet Tiresias his future fortune. Horace continues the episode at the point where it was left by the Grecian poet, and through the answers of the soothsayer directs the keenest satire against those who were known by the significant appellation of Parasites.

The incongruity of ascribing to the Grecian soothsayer Tiresias, who lived in an age of frugal simplicity, as describing those sordid habits which are incident only to a corrupted state of society, and which did not exist at Rome till several centuries after the decline of the Grecian power, is forgotten when we observe how artfully the poet metamorphozes the heavenly prophet into the worldly satirist, and with what exquisite skill he 'accommodates Grecian characters to the circumstances of Roman life.' Ulysses thus begins :

'Hoc quoque, TIRESIAS, præter narrata, petenti
Responds : quibus amissas reparare queam res
Artibus atque modis. Quid rides !'

(This also, O TIRESIAS, now declare
How I my ruined fortunes may repair.)

TIRESIAS.

'Iamne doloso
Non satis est Ithacam reveli, patriosque penates
Adspicere !'

(What, not enough, O, artful man ! for thee
Thy household gods, thy Ithack again to see !')

ULYSSES.

— 'O nulli quidquam mentite, vides ut
Nudus inopsque domum redeam, te vate, neque illic
Aut apotheca prociis intacta est, aut pecus. Atqui
Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, villor alga est.'

(O, thou, to no one false, you now behold
How destitute I come, as you foretold :
Suitors at home have taken what I did possess ;
My birth, my virtue, are nothing now but emptiness.)

Tiresias then informs him that he can very easily obtain the object of his desires by obsequiously courting the favor of the wealthy. This, however, does not seem to be in accordance with the disposition of the haughty Ulysses, for he indignantly replies :

'UTNE tegam spurco DAMÆ latus ? haud ita Trojes
Me gessi.'

(What, thus on filthy DAMAS wait ?
Not thus at Troy I bore myself.)

And again demands :

— 'UNDÆ
Divitias ærieque ruam, dic augur, æcervos.'

(Whence
Riches, wealth, can I amass ? O, sacred prophet, tell !)

The prophet gives an answer, the sense and spirit of which have thus been happily translated :

' For wills of rich old dotards lie in wait ;
 Though some, more subtle, nibbling shun the bait,
 Despair not, but still carry on your plan,
 And take in all the bubbles that you can.
 If with his betters a rich knave contend,
 Whate'er the cause, if childless stand his friend ;
 Reject the juster side, the purer life,
 If there be children or a fruitful wife,
QUINTUS or *PUBLIUS* call him ; names like these
 Vain, empty coxcombs wonderfully please.

See, a bystander jogs him and commends
 Your zeal and patience to assist your friends.
 You by such wiles fresh dupes will daily get,
 And shoals of gudgeons soon will fill your net.*

The prophet proceeds to suggest as a second method of repairing his fortune, the not unusual expedient of supplanting the sickly heir of some wealthy dotard :

— ' THIS chance seldom falls :
 If fate the boy to *ORCUS* sends,
 His place you may supply.'

The most striking feature of this satire consists in the strong antithesis which is continually presented between the advice of *Tiresias* and the replies of *Ulysses*. These two characters may be considered as representatives of the two grand eras in the social history of Rome ; the age of simplicity and virtue, and the age of avarice and corruption. We behold the stern fortitude, the unwavering integrity of the manly soldier most painfully contrasted with the effeminacy, the immorality of the cringing courtier.

The humorous character of Horace is very admirably displayed in the ninth satire of the first book. It is replete with that elegant wit, that exquisite display of unlabored brilliancy, which so particularly distinguishes Horace from the other Roman satirists.

From these illustrations of the distinguishing features in the didactic compositions of Horace, we perceive that his merits as a satirist consist in his perfect knowledge of human nature, in his exquisite appreciation of the foibles of his age, and especially in the delicate way in which he expresses his abhorrence of vice by inculcating the principles of virtue and morality. His philosophy is the philosophy of an impulsive, an unreflecting people, now inclining to the abstruse theories of the Stoics, and now to the accommodating doctrines of the Epicureans ; distinguished by a decided predilection to no particular creed, it yet embodied the general principles and the worthier features of them all.

In his manner we see the simplicity of the virtuous Sabine peasant combined with the urbanity of the voluptuous Roman courtier. He was suited exactly to the nature of his age, possessing as he did that most inestimable of all faculties, the power of amending without first angering a friend. That bitterness of scorn, that vehemence of censure, and we may add, that intolerance of spirit, which are almost the essential requisites of the moral reformer, were in him supplied by that liveliness of sarcasm, that gentleness of dissuasion, and that

* *DUNCOMBE.*

openness of disposition, which operate so powerfully upon the nobler feelings of our nature. His successor Persius has thus graphically and truly described him :

' OMNE vafer vitium ridenti FLACCUS amico
Tangit, et admissus circum prœcordia ludit
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.'*

THE STREET MUSICIAN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

He played along the dusty street
The music of his native land ;
And boys with kites and hoops in hand
Listened, and little lasses sweet,
With hoods thrown back, and pin-a-fores ;
And maidens, by the curtains screened,
Peeped out, and o'er the casement leaned,
And mothers stood in open doors,
And held their children, laughing gay,
To hear the street musician play.

II.

He played amid the motley crowd
The music of his native land ;
'T was soft and low, 't was rude yet grand —
It died away, and thundered loud ;
At last he played the homesick strain,
A sweet old tune, devoid of art :
A thrill ran quivering through his heart ;
A mist, a shadow filled his brain,
And memory crossed the ocean's foam ;
The street musician was at home !

III.

He stood beneath his native clime :
He saw the snowy Alps arise,
And cleave with icy peaks the skies —
Eternal, awful and sublime !
He heard the foaming torrents dash,

* ' WITH greater art thy HORACE gained his end,
But spared no falling of his smiling friend ;
Sportive and pleasant round the heart he played,
And wrapped in jest the censure he conveyed :
With such address his willing victims seized,
That tickled fools were rallied and were pleased.'

From rock to rock, in chasms deep,
 The glaciers slipping on the steep;
 The toppling avalanche's crash,
 The noise of storms, the shock, the jar;
 The thunder shouting from afar!

iv.

He chased the chamois on the hills,
 Through trackless snows for ages white;
 He drove his wild flocks, morn and night,
 To sunny vales and limpid rills;
 He heard the tinkling of their bells;
 He played his pastoral reed again,
 And listening shepherds caught the strain,
 And answered from the neighboring dells;
 And Echo, with melodious ear,
 Prolonged it in the caverns drear.

v.

The bells were rung, and rebecks played;
 'And young, and old came forth to play,
 On a sun-shine holiday,'
 In groups a-dancing in the shade;
 The sun was bright, the sky was blue:
 He took his true-love by the hand,
 Tripped down and led the saraband;
 And bows were bent, and arrows flew,
 And tales were told of what befell
 The country in the days of TELL.

vi.

He sat at home, a winter night;
 The snow was falling on the moors:
 Without, the wild winds shook the doors,
 But all within was glad and bright,
 And filled his heart, with pleasant cheer;
 He sat before the blazing fire,
 Beside his white and reverent sire,
 His mother and his sister dear;
 They sang their pleasant country airs,
 And offered up their simple prayers.

vii.

Away the mocking vision flies;
 'T was but a coinage of his brain:
 A moment, and he woke again,
 And tears were gushing in his eyes;
 He brushed them off, and played away,
 But lighter music, gayer reels,
 And children followed at his heels
 To see his little marmot play.
 But all unseen that merry band,
 His heart was in his father-land.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TROPICS.

BY JOHN ESAIAS WARREN.

THE world which we inhabit is but one of a countless host of islands which stud the illimitable ocean of infinity. From the moment when the voice of an omniscient God echoed throughout chaos, and called it into existence, it has been ceaselessly revolving from year to year around a grand centre, from which it derives its light, its heat and its beauty. This is the sun of our system. The various relations which the earth bears to this magnificent luminary, and which occasion the peculiarities of atmospherical temperature, have given rise to the distinction of zones—the Frigid, the Temperate, and the Torrid—into which our globe has by geographers and astronomers been divided. The Temperate zone, in which fortune has cast our lot, is characterized by the quarterly changes of the seasons; the Frigid is governed by an eternal winter; while the Torrid, which lies between the Tropic of Cancer on the north and the Tropic of Capricorn on the south, is the abiding-place of perpetual summer.

In the Frigid zone the spirit of desolation, like a dark pall, seems to brood over the face of nature. Gigantic mountains of ice, motionless and sublime, tower in silent majesty to the sky. By day they glitter with the prismatic hues of the mocking sunbeams, and stand like spectre-sentinels during the long night, bathed in the glow of an electrical twilight. Endless fields of unmelting snow, the accumulated hoard of ages, stretch out like seas of silver to the poles. Cold and piercing winds whistle and howl among the craggy icebergs, and freezing storms of sleet and hail sweep incessantly over the whitened plains. Here no pleasant spot of verdure greets the eye of the living, or blade of grass springs up over the graves of the dead. Warmth does not exist, save by the ruddy fires of the hamlets, unless it may be the warmth of love and affection, which burn here as elsewhere, in the still recesses of the human heart.

How striking is the contrast which the tropics present to the enraptured vision of the beholder! Extend your gaze over land and sea; over broad waters mantled with sunshine, and vast forests gay with flowers and sparkling with dew-drops; over grassy meadows, where droves of wild cattle graze in peaceful tranquillity, and groves of waving palms, where birds of crimson and azure and golden plumes twitter and sing amid the feathery branches; where gentle breezes fan the languid foliage, gathering sweet perfumes from the blossoming trees. Behold this charming picture; and while your soul is drinking in its beauty, tell me if aught but virtue is required to convert this fair realm into one's 'beau ideal' of a terrestrial paradise?

Never can I forget the exquisite feeling of delight which came

suddenly upon me when for the first time I wandered in a tropical forest. It was mid-day, but the atmosphere of the woods was refreshingly cool, and odorous with the breath of flowers. A dense wilderness surrounded me. The trees were of immense proportions and of great height, while their colossal trunks seemed like huge columns supporting the leafy canopy which their thickly-matted branches formed overhead. The light of the sun was nearly excluded, and a solemn twilight prevailed. Flowers, of prodigious size and grotesque shapes, shone like stars amid the verdure; plants of the deepest green, with expansive leaves and enormous stems, clustered together in luxuriant groups; creeping vines encircled many of the trees with their serpentine folds, and in some places were so effectually netted together, as to constitute an impassable barrier in the path of the traveller; festoons of parasitic flowers drooped in floating masses from the loftiest boughs; frolicksome monkeys gambolled and chattered among the tree-tops, while at intervals the bright plumage of some sylvan bird might be seen in bold contrast with the emerald tint of the foliage. The effect of such new and wondrous beauty upon the mind of the wanderer is beyond the power of language to describe. He almost fancies that he is in the midst of a delightful dream, from which he may at any moment be awakened, or that he has been translated by some magical influence to the far-famed gardens of the Hesperides.

But beautiful as the scenery of the tropics appears by day, it yet seems far more beautiful at night, when every leaf and tree and flower is bathing as it were in the liquid light of the moon. The wild landscape, which expands indefinitely around, is suffused with a mellow flush, as soft and sweet as the smile of innocence; tall palms raise themselves above the mass of surrounding foliage, while their graceful branches, silvered by the moonlight, flutter gently in the midnight breeze; the melodious song of a southern nightingale is perchance the only sound which steals upon his sense; all save this strain of bewitching music is hushed in silence, sacred and profound. While listening to this thrilling harmony, the contemplative mind grows sad, as thoughts too deep for utterance glide like shades from the spirit-land through the heated imagination of the spectator; home, with all its kindling associations, rises up vividly before him: the happy home of his boyhood. 'A change comes over the spirit of his dream;' he thinks of the eternal home to which the whole human race are hastening, 'with steps so noiseless, yet so sure,' and the wings of his soul expand, as if to transport him to that immortal country 'from whose bourne no traveller returns.'

But the splendor and romance of the torrid zone is by no means confined to the land. The ever-glorious sea claims its due share of eulogy and honor. A broad expanse of quicksilver by day; an ocean of liquid fire by night! At times as quiet as the slumbering child, and again as boisterous as a frantic giant. Either in its repose or its anger, it is the grandest object in nature; vast, unfathomable, and sublime, it is the symbol of Eternity.

'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now !'

Behold ! it is early morn, and the magnificent orb of day is just rising from his oriental couch, and shedding his effulgent rays over the spreading waters. The stars fade away as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand. A delicious breeze springs up, gradually becoming fresher and stronger. The white sails of your proud vessel swell out like the pinions of a joyous dove, and away she flies with redoubling speed over the crested billows.

A glorious sense of freedom takes possession of your mind. You are in the centre of a watery plain, circled by the horizon and arched by the firmament, with no one to dispute your sovereignty or poison your delight. Verily, there is sufficient on the sea to employ the noblest powers of the intellect, and the heart itself is not lonely while it hearkens to the voices of naiads and mermaids, in the soft murmuring of the waves. It is related of a celebrated German writer, that while on his death bed, the only regret that he expressed, was that he had never beheld the ocean ; and in a few moments after the regret had passed his lips, his soul drifted out upon that unknown sea which encompasses the material universe.

The waters of tropical seas are remarkably phosphorescent ; so much so, that on nights when the moon and stars are partially obscured, the waves seem to be of molten gold, and the wake of the vessel glitters like the luminous tail of a brilliant meteor. The climate too is singularly bracing, and by its exceeding blandness and purity exercises a genial influence in restoring composure to the anxious mind and color to the pallid cheek. The principal drawback to the inexperienced is the ship's rolling motion, which is apt to produce a most uncomfortable malady, that at once puts to flight whatever thoughts of grandeur and romance the magnificence of the ocean may have excited. But to the accustomed mariner, whose whole life has been spent amid the hardships of the sea, this rocking of the vessel is a source rather of comfort and pleasure. It tranquillizes the agitations of his mind, as the motion of a cradle composes and quiets the restless child. Terrible as is a storm, sailors are generally more apprehensive of a calm ; and of all parts of the world, a calm in the tropics is particularly to be dreaded. The waters on every side are either smooth, like the surface of a stagnant lake, or agitated by slow, heavy and monotonous swells. The sails droop languidly and flap against the mast and spars with an almost sickening sound, while the still air becomes so heated by the unrestricted rays of the sun, that even breathing is irksome and painful. The heart pants for action ; the mind sighs for change : a squall, a gale, a tempest ; any thing to destroy the overwhelming silence and lethargy which prevail. Often, indeed, is this deep repose of the elements but a premonitory symptom of an approaching hurricane.

The winds, like a crouching tiger, have only been collecting their energies for a more fearful spring. A lurid flame glows along the border of the horizon : if it is night, the stars twinkle dim and feebly, as if about to be extinguished, and the moon glimmers with a bloody

redness upon the sea. The atmosphere becomes more and more suffocating, and you feel as if you were standing in a vacuum. Something, you know not exactly what, but of a most appalling character, you are certain is about to ensue.

Suddenly the imprisoned winds break from their dungeons with a portentous roaring, and come with all their concentrated fury upon you : a desperate calm gathers around your heart, for you feel that your last hour has come. The masts of your vessel are torn to splinters, and immense spars are carried away like feathers by the resistless power of the tempest. Even chains of iron are sometimes drawn out to double their original length. The bellowing of the elements is so deafening, that all other sounds, even the cry of human anguish, are borne away unheard. The waves swell into enormous billows, which threaten each moment to overwhelm you. The wind rushes by at the rate of a hundred miles per hour. The air is very dense, and the blackness of night gathers over the sky, while at intervals the forked lightnings gleam for an instant with the supernatural glare of a torch hurled into the darkness of a subterranean cavern !

The pitiable wretch is agonized with the stern conflict of fear and despair. Thoughts, wild and tumultuous as the hurricane itself, chase each other with the speed of lightning, shrieking and echoing through the secret chambers of his soul. The panorama of his entire life presents itself with the distinctness of a picture before his mental vision, and grim and leering death seems clothed with additional terrors. The value of life becomes intensified ; life, abstractly and without any qualifications — ay ! life upon a rocky isle, in a loathsome dungeon ; life — only life ; even if it is to be filled with misery and sorrow !

After a protracted voyage, the first glimpse of even the most barren land is a cheering spectacle, that at once raises the drooping spirits and imparts new tone and vigor to the mind. Judge then of the irresistible effect which the splendid luxuriance of the tropics must have upon one who, at the termination of a long and dreary voyage, gazes for the first time upon its enrapturing beauty ! His vessel is perhaps snugly riding at anchor in the mouth of the mighty Amazon. The sun has just disappeared from view, and a mellow twilight, which will linger but for a few moments, now rests upon the wild and lonely landscape. The choristers of the wood are chanting their vespers to the evening stars, while monkeys innumerable are making the forest resound with their diabolical cries ; drowsy beetles fly with a whizzing sound near you, while myriads of luminous insects, hover about in the shade of the wilderness, and join their chirping to the universal jubilee of animated nature. Finally, the spell of silence falls gently upon the tenants of the forest, and you hear only the hovering of bats through the dusky air, or the delicate music of merry guitars vibrating sweetly from the hamlets along the shore. Anon too the sound of rippling laughter comes joyfully to your heart, like the fancied trill of an angel's lyre !

The first impression that is made upon the imaginative mind is often one of surprise, that regions so vast and beautiful should exist and yet be so little known save by vague and uncertain rumors to the

mass of mankind. Even one's wildest dreams are more than realized. You long to plunge at once into the inviting shade of the forest, to saunter along crystal streams and Indian footpaths with your trusty gun on your shoulder; to revel in orange groves, and indulge in the thousand delights and luxuries of the torrid zone. If you are a naturalist, your reveries will be of birds and plants and flowers, of strange animals and curious shells; if a poet, your soul will expand with delight in contemplation of the beauties of nature around you, and a murmur of gratitude may perhaps escape your lips, to that kind PROVIDENCE which has brought you safely to this captivating country, where all is poetry, and beauty, and love:

'WHERE Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone.'

The traveller in the tropics cannot fail to be struck with the immensity of the rivers, and the grandeur and sublimity of the mountain scenery. Where can a more majestic wall be found than the towering range of the mighty Andes, lifting their snow-capped peaks far above the lower clouds, and extending nearly the whole length of the southern continent. Fancy yourself transported to one of their loftiest summits. Westward direct your gaze, and behold the boundless Pacific rolling in tranquil splendor far down below. Look then to the East, and mark how different is the scene which meets your eye. A gorgeous landscape, covered by an unbroken forest, stretches away in every direction, far beyond the limit of your expanded vision. A solemn silence reigns continually over this vast region, whose recesses have never yet been explored by man. Behold a glorious torrent, deep and wide, dashing onward with a powerful current through the midst of this dark and emerald-tinted wilderness. It is the far-famed Amazon. For nearly four thousand miles this wonderful river continues its rapid and winding course to the Atlantic, into which it pours with such an irresistible impetus as to affect its waters for more than a hundred miles from shore. Were it not for the tide, assisted by a strong and steady wind from the east, it would be utterly impossible for any power but that of steam to cope successfully with the formidable current. As it is, the light and fantastic crafts of the Brazilian natives find but little difficulty in navigating the river, although their progress is necessarily slow and tedious.

Beside the scenery and the productions, there is still another subject well calculated to arrest the attention and excite the wonder of the solitary wanderer in the tropics: I refer to the ruins of ancient cities which have been found in various sections of South America, completely buried in the depths of the forest. Antiquarians have in vain speculated in regard to these extraordinary relics. No possible clue to their origin has yet been discovered; they are mementoes and monuments of a race that has long since passed away, leaving behind them no other traces of their existence. Beyond this, all is mere conjecture. Of one fact, however, we may be certain: these shattered and crumbling cities must have been built by an enlightened nation; a people that had attained to a high degree of advancement

in the arts and sciences, and not by wandering tribes of barbarians and savages. Of this no better proof can be rationally demanded by the most sceptical, than the magnificent ruins themselves, which in their architecture display the most consummate skill, and in their ornaments and decorations the most delicate taste and invention.

Among the ruins of Copan, which were visited by Mr. Stephens, the well-known traveller, in the year 1839, the altars and monuments are numerous and manifest an extraordinary perfection of art in the workmanship. Some of the former are above twenty feet in height, and are composed of a single block of stone, sculptured and carved in a manner quite equal to the finest obelisks in Egypt. A sepulchral gloom hangs continually over the majestic ruins, and the tall monuments loom up like grave-stones in the solemn twilight, speaking to the imagination not only of years but of centuries which have emptied with the stream of time into the ocean of Eternity forever! Both the origin and the destruction of these cities are equally mysterious. What has been the destiny and doom of their unknown inhabitants? Were they carried away by a deadly pestilence, destroyed by famine, or swallowed up by an earthquake? Strange indeed that some few should not have escaped to tell the mournful tale; that some legend of their history should not still exist, by which mankind could have some faint clue to the impenetrable gloom which conceals their fate so completely from human ken! Who can contemplate these sacred ruins of once splendid cities, without realizing the instability of all human possessions and the vanity of all earthly grandeur and magnificence? Long before Columbus dreamed, amid the luxuriant valleys of Portugal, of the existence of a great western hemisphere beyond the wide waste of untravelled waters, a nation more polished and refined perhaps than his own had grown up, matured and withered amid its grand old forests; and who can deny that there may not have been among the numerous inhabitants, whose mouldering works proclaim the superiority of their nature, some former Columbus, who had also speculated upon the probability of an Eastern world, and even suggested the importance and practicability of an exploring voyage!

Beautiful as are the countries which bask in the sunlight of the torrid zone, yet every delight seems to be attended with a counter-acting circumstance. If bright birds sing and fly amid the foliage, venomous snakes, of numberless varieties, creep along the ground. If butterflies with painted wings flit in the air like animated jewels, noxious insects of a thousand kinds sting and torment the defenceless traveller. If glittering fish sparkle in the glassy streams, huge alligators lay in wait along their shores. Thus does it seem to be in human life. How narrow is the avenue which lies between delight and sorrow; between pleasure and pain! The brightest sunshine casts a gloomy shadow. The fairest rose has its secret thorn; and the sweetest smile is often but the precursor of a tear.

Thus, in the tropics, amid all that is lovely and beautiful to the eye, a deep groan sometimes rouses you from your dreams of happiness;

it comes from the agonized breast of nature ; it is the herald of the earthquake.

This appalling phenomenon occurs most frequently in the near vicinity of volcanoes, and is seldom experienced in countries where the surface of the land is low and level. On the western coast of South America earthquakes are very frequent, and in some sections the inhabitants are kept in a continual state of alarm. In order to resist the shocks, the dwellings are built of solid stone, with broad foundations, and walls of extraordinary strength. These edifices, however, are often demolished, and become the tombs of those whose wealth erected them.

The perfect serenity of the elements which precedes the earthquake, as well as the hurricane, is calculated to heighten if possible the terror which both inspire. The sun and sky are crimsoned, as if with rage ; the wild beasts of the forest are seized with the general panic, and rushing madly from their secret lairs, fill the woods with their frightful cries. A sound at length breaks upon your ears like the heavy rumbling of distant thunder ; the birds scream wildly, and the dogs howl fearfully in the streets of the cities. Shock follows shock, in rapid succession, and the subterranean sounds become louder and louder. Although no wind is perceptible, the ocean is violently agitated ; the waves concentrate themselves into tremendous billows, and appear to boil and foam like water in a heated caldron. A horrible death stares each one in the face ; the unutterable doom of being swallowed up alive by the ravenous jaws of the hungry earth ! Mountains totter to their bases, and the rivers and streams become choked up by the immense quantity of falling rubbish. The ground opens in many places, and closes again over forests and cities, and crowds of human beings, no more to be seen again forever !

Probably the most disastrous earthquake of modern times occurred in the year 1693, in the island of Sicily. So powerful were the shocks, that their force was felt from Naples on one side to Malta on the other. Fifty-four cities and towns, beside a large number of villages, were totally destroyed. Among the former was the elegant city of Catania, distinguished for the splendor of its monuments and edifices, as well as for the royalty and wealth of its inhabitants. This was completely shaken down, and more than eighteen thousand persons were sepulchred amid its ruins. During this sad catastrophe the gigantic volcano of *Ætna* stood like a gloomy demon frowning in silent grandeur upon the scene, while a dark cloud hovered over the fatal spot, intercepting entirely the benignant rays of the sun. A terrible and stunning crash, as of the collision of worlds, announced at last that the end of the struggle had arrived ; that the final knell of the doomed city was tolled !

Devastating as earthquakes always are in their apparent consequences, yet they are doubtless the result of fixed natural causes, which have been established by the DIVINITY for wise purposes beyond the scrutiny of man. This is a truth, too, which we see manifested in the moral world. Napoleon deluged half of Europe with

the blood of millions, yet thinking men can already perceive the benefits which owe their origin to this great political hurricane. Beautiful flowers grow upon poisonous plants; good springs up spontaneously from the seeds of evil. Voltaire aimed a venomed arrow at the invincible armor of Religion; harmlessly it glanced aside, and sank deep and sure into the unprotected breast of modern Superstition. Thus it is throughout nature: we find nothing to have been created in vain; even that which we regard as evil is not so in reality, but only in appearance; gaze at it boldly, and you may perhaps discover an angel in disguise.

Of all tropical countries, Brazil may be deservedly ranked as the most magnificent. Its vast extent; its wild and impenetrable forests; its lofty mountains; its charming groves of wavy palms; its mammoth river, lined by a flowery wilderness and dotted with luxuriant isles; its mines rich in gold, and its streams laden with precious gems; the beauty of its fruits, its flowers and its birds, all conspire to render it worthy of the title which enthusiastic naturalists have bestowed upon it: 'The Paradise of the Indies.' It may truly be said that all here, 'save the spirit of man, is divine.'

Much reason has the writer to be thankful for the many joyous hours which a generous Providence afforded him in this enchanting land. The remembrance of these has been a fountain of peculiar pleasure, and often in spirit have I bathed in the sweet waters of the past; again have I sauntered along the arched pathways and levelled my gun at the gay-winged parrots, the roseate spoon-bills and the large-beaked toucans; again have I paddled alone in my little canoe down the embowered streamlets, stopping here and there to visit a favorite hunter whose cottage was erected upon the bank; again have I swung in my grass-woven hammock beneath the shelter of a leafy verandah, and listened to the mellow songs of the simple-hearted natives. For nine months Jenks and myself lived in a state of perpetual novelty and delight. True, we were obliged to encounter hardships and submit to a variety of inconveniences which some might have deemed intolerable; yet such was the fascination of the pursuit in which we were engaged, that to us they appeared like motes floating in a sunbeam. What though we were obliged to repose in mud-houses, thatched only with palmetto-leaves? We had wandered all the day in the wild woods, and could have slept contentedly upon the hard earth itself. What though our food was of the most unsavory kind, and oftentimes prepared by no better cooks than ourselves? Abundance of exercise and fresh air gave us appetites that would have relished either a lizard or an alligator. What though we were precluded from the joys of refined society? were we not in the constant companionship of nature, where every bird and insect and flower spoke to us unceasingly of the wonders and beauties of creation? What are books, but a printed collection of human thoughts? How much better is it to study the language of nature and read the thoughts of God from the volume of the universe!

The study of nature is a pursuit at once ennobling and humane. It elevates the mind and purifies the heart; it excites an universal sympathy; kindles a spirit of charity; gives new interest to life, and leads the soul insensibly to the consideration of the great first cause by which all things were produced, and by which they are continued from season to season in such perfect harmony and order. Let the atheistical sceptic peruse the pages of nature, and his scepticism will vanish like darkness before the light of day. The minutest insect that ever flew is a demonstrative proof of Divinity. The united power and genius of man is wholly insufficient to create even a common fly.

The nearer we approach the equator the more prolific do we find the mysterious essence of life. We see it floating in the air, glittering in the rivers, and darting through the shrubbery; we see it on every wave and flower and leaf, in every curious shape that an inexhaustible nature could devise. Life itself is the great secret of creation; a mystery at which the philosophic mind recoils with dread, as it meditates from whence it came and whither it goes, but with which the ignorant laugh and play, like the inhabitants of a little island, who in the enjoyment of the present, heed not the gloom and darkness of the ocean which surrounds them:

'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.'

Oh, weak indeed must be that man who can in his heart deny the existence of a God! Ay, weaker far than if he denied the existence of himself, an insignificant atom in the universe; whereas God is infinite, and 'from eternity to eternity.'

In concluding this rhapsodical and imperfect sketch, let us turn our eyes for a moment upon a land which, though without the torrid zone, has nevertheless an enduring interest for us all. It is a country of unlimited extent, rich in its resources, glorious in the past, prosperous in the present, and unrivalled in its prospects for the future. Man here stands upright and free in all the original dignity of his nature. A parental government extends its guardian arms over him. Like the dew of heaven, its kindly influence falls alike upon the timid flower by the brook-side as well as upon the sturdy oak in the untrodden forest. Truth, goodness and virtue flourish in far greater beauty than the wild flowers of the tropics. The soul germinates, and fills the land with its loveliest fruit. Domestic joys, like the tendrils of the South, entwine themselves closely around one spot more sacred and consecrated than the rest. Love and affection are here the only sovereigns whose sway is acknowledged; whose reign is without discord, and whose laws are those which the heart craves as absolutely essential to its own welfare and happiness:

'WHERE shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around:
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy Country, and that spot thy Home!'

THE REVOLUTIONS OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

When the officers attached to the expedition under the command of Lieutenant Lynch were encamped at 'Aiu-Jiddy,' on the shores of the Dead Sea, a messenger from Jerusalem brought tidings of the revolutionary state of Europe, and the spirit of republicanism animating all factions arrayed against the dominant authority. The following lines were suggested at the time and place above mentioned, and were finally written in the present form at Beirut. NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

THE gloom of tyranny is gone !
The nations cast in outer night,
'Mid groans and gnashings, see the light
That gleams from Freedom's coming dawn.

Great FREEDOM comes to judgment : kings
And rulers of wrong-governed earth,
Nobles and princes, ye of titled birth,
Stern dukes, proud lords, cold-hearted things ;

Who ruled your states with iron rod,
From cries of justice turned away,
Wrung from the poor your means of sway,
Heard not their voice, the voice of God ;

The day of your redemption's gone !
Upon her holy judgment-seat,
The lightnings gathered at her feet,
Her bold brow dark with righteous scorn,

Stern FREEDOM sits : her eyes divine
Flash with a holy fire, to smite
Oppression to the heart, and light
The groping nations to her shrine.

She paces through the realms ; her tread
Startles old anarchies, and light
Bursts on the trampled people's night,
As flashes heaven upon the dead.

Great mother of the wronged and just,
To thy armed bosom fly for rest
The weary-laden and oppressed,
When once thy spirit warms their dust.

There nurtured, when the ' need' doth come
They strike, and boldly ; hewing down
Oppression, though it wear a crown,
To bugle-blast and throbbing drum :

As when an earthquake shakes a realm ;
And down through chasm, rift and chink
The toppling cities reel and sink,
Mountains arise, and floods o'erwhelm :

So to her voice, which shakes men's hearts,
Yawn fearful gulfs 'twixt Right and Wrong,
'Old lies' unbased, not over strong,
Reel headlong down, 'Free Thought' up-starts.

Free thought and action ! free ideas !
Beneath whose firm diffusive strength
Roll sceptres, thrones, and kings at length,
A mockery for the unborn years.

It wakes a fever at the heart
To see these silken fools of chance,
These lords of cattle, glebe and manse,
Put rule and righteous law apart.

What God himself hath joined, again
Are sundered by some frantic fool,
Whose Juggernaut of mad misrule
Rolls, crushing out the hearts of men.

A dweller 'mid the pine and palm,
Shut out from graver tyrannies,
I hear a voice come down the breeze,
A tumult rising through the calm :

A sound of banners borne in wars,
Shrill trumpet-blasts, and thund'rous drums,
The shock of squadrons, bursting bombs,
Loud battle-shouts and wild hurraas !

With a low under-tone of shrieks
Of women in sacked cities, when —
The streets all clogged with armed men,
But dead — each findeth what she seeks.

Now brazen bugles ring and blare,
Hark ! like a storm of naked steel
I hear the charging horsemen wheel,
And burst upon the hollow square !

Now swells the loud triumphal hymn,
'Mid rending mines and crashing domes,
The roar of flames in burning homes,
Then silence where the hearths are grim.

When banded factions fan the flame
And ruffian Riot stalks abroad,
Wears Phrygian cap and Spartan sword,
Great FREEDOM'S eyes are drooped in shame

To hear her holy name profaned,
To see men so degrade her trust,
Call her to aid with lips of lust,
With hearts so foul and hands so stained.

Upon the ark of her high cause
Lay not your unanointed hands,
Lest lightnings scathe your impious bands,
And o'er your heads her thunder roars.

If, FREEDOM! in thy sacred name
Grim Insurrection, gathering head,
From realm to realm diffusive spread
In hearts which lack thy holy flame,

Smite the blasphemers, and put down
The right arm of Revolt; oh, stay
The wrong, misguided people's way
With the stern censure of thy frown.

If, sanctified by thy pure fires,
They rise to have their wrongs redressed,
Make firm each heart and bold each breast,
Make keen the blade for their desires:

Let holy madness fire their veins,
Till through the world such valor runs
That Spartan mothers arm their sons,
And slaves brain tyrants with their chains.

Till kingdoms no more curse the land,
But in the north, south, east and west,
A brotherhood of freemen blest,
A mighty federation, stand.

While feuds and unions threat'ning swarm
Around the Old World's dynasties,
How calmly sitteth, unlike these,
My own dear land, amid the storm!

Thou art not vexed like them with broil,
All tyranny to thee 's unknown;
For freedom is the only throne
Can stand unshaken on thy soil.

Thy fame shall traverse land and sea,
And from the Arctic's death-white isles
To where green summer ever smiles,
Some echo of thy name shall be.

Where'er shall float thy flag unfurled
Its stars shall shine as *one* of old,
To warn the shepherds of *her* fold
That FREEDOM 's born into the world.

Teach thy great watch-words, and there must
Go forth 'mong nations, like a blast,
Resolves which make kings look aghast,
When all their thrones are rolled in dust!

MACAULAY AND THE PURITANS.

BY G. F. FISHER.

THE great work of Mr. Macaulay has recalled the attention of the public to historical themes. His masterly discussions have revived questions, of which some had been regarded as settled, and others had long been suffered to repose, untouched by the dust of debate. The popularity of the volumes, recently published, is a proof that the Present is not tired of the Past; and, at the same time, is a strong testimonial to their fairness and merit. Still, their reputation is not entirely unclouded; for we find men, of various partisan attachments, complaining that the author has not fully entered into their views and aims. We see that the ultra Churchmen are denouncing the historian for declining to canonize Cranmer; and the Presbyterians, through their able organ, the *North British Review*, are hinting that their martyrs have been too slightly honored, and their creed occasionally 'reviled.' It is enough to reply to such criticism, on the supposition of its justice, that it is impossible for a finite mind to comprehend all the principles and prejudices and feelings of the manifold parties that have struggled, during so many centuries, in Saxondom. The work will induce fresh research, and cause a reinvestigation of characters and events, upon which our fathers, and perhaps ourselves, with good-natured complacency, have once passed judgment.

This is not strange. Progress is in accordance with law; and the man who is so strenuous a conservative as to be blind to brighter light and deaf to clearer voices, may not be a positive fool; but he is certainly disqualified from making any advance in knowledge. As the mature age of the individual modifies and moderates the judgment of youth, so History disdains not to become wiser with the lapse of years and centuries.

These obvious thoughts may serve to excuse novelty in the author, and may explain the fact, apparently so dark to many minds, that he may have tempered the warmth of early opinion, or abandoned views, when convinced of their falsity.

Puritanism has been regarded, now as a struggle for Power, now as a strife for Liberty, and now as a contest for Religion. It has presented various aspects with the different stand-points which authors have occupied. Men, who have no faith in religion, and who regard liberty as a chimera, have arrayed themselves under the banner of Hume, and have dismissed Puritanism with a graceful sneer, by branding it with the convenient stigma of fanaticism. Others, like Carlyle, charmed with its heroism, have entered into its spirit, and have exalted its very faults; while not a few trading in wares stolen from *Hudibras*, have laughed merrily at its manners and its excesses. Some, unable to sympathize with the Puritan character, and unwill-

ing to be unfashionable, have sought to flatter it by a tribute of measured and courtly praise.

Mr. Macaulay brings to the discussion the fruits of diligent and fearless research, and a desire to do impartial justice. In 1825 he published in the *Edinburgh Review* his celebrated article on Milton; an article whose critical opinions, he tells us, he has long ago abandoned, and whose style he censures, as 'overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament.*' But whatever faults may belong to it, no one will deny that it presents the character of Puritanism with great power and eloquence. In the elaborate pages of the historian we find no single view that can rival, in distinct and truthful energy, the early effort of the essayist.

In the preliminary chapter we have a succinct and graphic account of the rise of the Puritan party in England, and a splendid tribute to the free spirit of Zurich, Strasburg and Geneva, whose disciples indignantly refused to submit to the upstart authority of the new hierarchy.† We see the effect of persecution, in strengthening their opinions and deepening their convictions and rendering them firmly averse to any compromise or accommodation.' The persecution, which the Separatists had undergone had been severe enough to irritate, but not severe enough to destroy. They had not been tamed into submission, but baited into savageness and stubbornness.‡ While they were a persecuted minority, the historian praises their virtues, the austere morality of their armies, and their unbending devotion to principle. But when they were triumphant, he censures their meddling intolerance and their prudish conscience, and devotes several pages to a vivid description of their uncouth and morose manners. He shows how a nasal twang and gloomy visage became the badges of religion, and thus how there were gradually mingled in the Puritan ranks the basest hypocrites, who stole a sanctimonious livery for the purpose of improving their desperate fortunes, and to enable them to serve the devil with greater personal comfort. He describes their depression on the event of the restoration, when coarse ribaldry and licentious sneers were heaped upon them; when piety was made a synonym of cant; when Baxter and Howe were thrown into jail for praying in a manner forbidden by law, and the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* pined in prison, for obeying his Master by preaching to the poor.

Of the characters of the Puritan leaders, Mr. Macaulay has given many forcible delineations. Those of Baxter, Bunyan and Kiffin,§ may be selected as fine portraits of worthies embalmed in our memories. For the writer of the best allegory in any language, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the historian cherishes a profound and earnest admiration. On a previous occasion,|| he has done full justice to the remarkable genius of him whom he has justly associated with Milton as one of the great creative minds of the seventeenth century. It is a goodly

* See Preface to MACAULAY'S *Miscellanies*: Eng. ed. † Vol. 1: p. 55, HARPER'S ed.

‡ Vol. 1: p. 74. § Vol. 1: p. 210, et seq. || See Article on *Pilgrim's Progress*: Ed. Rev.

sight to see the unlettered Tinker bravely take his place with the noblest and wisest teachers of the English race.

In speaking of the independent, the warrior, the statesman, Oliver Cromwell, we think that the eloquent author has not been equally successful. Indeed, Oliver presents an enigma to almost all who have endeavored to interpret him, and it requires a thorough Puritan to comprehend the Prince of Puritanism. The strange contradictions in his character; dark anomalies in his career; agonies of devotion and supplication; broken utterances; dauntless courage, bordering on ferocity, are all inexplicable to most men. With many of the noble traits of the Puritan, with his fearless love of freedom and his hearty contempt for the pomp and circumstance of earthly power, the historian can freely sympathize. But his deep spiritual struggles, his fear of God, his constant fervor of devotion, those qualities that explain many strange phenomena in his life, are not exhibited in vivid forms. No man can do faithfully by the Puritan without ever keeping before his eye the peculiar type of his spiritual life; and if he do this, the explanation of the frequent paradox becomes easy. The errors into which so acute an observer and thinker as Macaulay may fall, from failing, as we conceive, to regard the true source of a spiritual change in man, is seen in his article on John Hampden. After quoting from Clarendon an account of the extraordinary change that occurred in his habits and character at the age of twenty-five, he proceeds to ascribe it to his marriage and to his entrance into political life. Doubtless Baxter thought otherwise when he declared in the 'Saint's Rest' that one of the enjoyments which he anticipated in heaven was the society of Hampden. The same cause that led the reviewer to overlook the religious change in the heart of Hampden, has prevented the historian, we fear, from fully knowing the heart of Cromwell. The former is evidently Macaulay's favorite. Both were Puritans, both did not scruple to resist the king to the death; but while Hampden possessed the refinement of the polished gentleman, Cromwell had the rough and ready manners of a soldier. In real ability, in power over men, in services to the popular party, we believe that Cromwell was greatly superior to his noble rival; and the fairer fame of Hampden is to be attributed to the advantage of superior culture, and the circumstance of an early and glorious martyrdom.

The posterity of the Puritans, however, thus far have occasion to find little fault with the work of Macaulay. To a mind stored with a various wealth of learning, and to a diligence that is not appalled by any toil that is requisite for the illustration of his subjects, he joins a noble love of liberty, rising above all allurements of power and rank. Neither the pageantry of Church or of State, neither the sceptre nor the mitre, can dim the clearness of his vision or awe into feebleness or silence the indignant voice of rebuke. His lenient judgment does not become effeminate. High birth and gentle blood are compelled to answer at a courteous but impartial tribunal. Even the graces of intellectual culture are not suffered to dazzle his eye or swerve his mental rectitude. Even the charm of a courageous death cannot hide the blackness of a vicious, or tyrannical life. This last

peril, the temptation to judge a man's character by his manners in death, has been the stumbling-block of English historians. The scene at the execution of Charles I. has been a favorite theme of our writers; and as they have portrayed the sad parting with the beloved son, the slow procession, the grim minister of vengeance, and the 'gray discrowned head' bleeding upon the block, how many readers have dropped a tear for fallen royalty, and forgotten its faults, in its sorrows. More than a century afterward, the monarch of France, when he was preparing to endure the same fate, drew consolation from the tale of the elegant Hume, and the last days of Louis XVI. were cheered by the recorded example of the First Charles. Not less true than beautiful are the lines of the poet :

'Moss are men's ends marked than their lives before:
The setting sun and music in its close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.'

Of how many men whom the world and history have called great is nothing great narrated, save their final exit; so that we may say of each, as Duncan said of Cawdor :

——— 'Nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it.'

Having spoken thus of the work of Macaulay, we may offer a few suggestions upon the importance of a thorough study of Puritan history by our people, and may briefly allude to causes which hinder its successful prosecution. The Puritans are the ancestors of a large part of our countrymen. They were not men, who could die without leaving, in deeply-graven lines, the impress of their character. Accordingly, the form of our institutions, and much that is peculiar in our social and national character, are derived from them. If then we would know ourselves as a people, and comprehend the wonderful phenomena of our civil and moral life, we must carefully study our ancestors. It is no less true of a state than of an individual, that 'the child is father of the man;' so that the infancy of a commonwealth is ever prophetic of its character and destiny. If we may not, like the Romans, trace back the line of our progenitors to the gods, we may boast that they were less tainted by vice and infirmity than even the divine founders of ancient republics.

Puritanism, too, is heroic, and presents much that is adapted to awaken the nobler sentiments and inspire active virtues. Happy shall we be, if, while we perceive and shun its faults, we succeed in incorporating in our social character its traits of stern and strong excellence! Of them would we say, as Tacitus says of Agricola: 'Forma mentis æterna, quam tenere et exprimere non per alienam materiam et artem, sed tuis ipse moribus passis.'

Let the American study the history of Puritanism. Tracing it to its germ, in the Lutheran Reformation, he will watch its growth until in the time of Elizabeth it boldly rears its head in the parliament of the nation. In doing this, he should not blindly rely for his opinions upon English authorities. The warm loyalty of John Bull often leads

him to associate his national prosperity with the fame of the sovereign who happens to sit upon the throne; and we believe that he has exemplified the spirit, in his estimate of this proud princess. The glories of her reign, to be attributed in great measure to her accommodating policy and to the profound wisdom of her advisers, have served to throw a bright but deceitful light over her character. We believe that her boasted celibacy is her shame; that she loved herself better than her friends or her fame; in short, that she was a peevish, selfish, hard-hearted woman; we would add, *vicious*, if the revealed facts of her private history would fully justify the reasonable suspicion. A dissenter herself, she persecuted dissenters with little mercy, and as far as her prudent self-love allowed; and her conscience had about the same agency in chaining Puritans that it had in cutting off the heads of her pretended admirers. The student will mark the gradual growth of Puritanism through the reign of her feeble successor, who alternately employed his pedantic pen and his servile ministers in ineffectual efforts to repress the stubborn heresy. He will observe the great contest of Privilege against Prerogative, whose beginning is dimly discerned in the earliest periods of English history, now approaching a bloody crisis; and he will see the Puritan party forming itself in solid array and preparing for armed resistance. The civil war will next engage his attention and he will hail the birth-star of freedom appearing amid the darkness of that fierce struggle, destined to send forth its genial and radiant light to illumine every pathway of science and religion. He will observe the rise of the independent republican party, as distinct from Presbyterianism as Presbyterianism was distinct from Episcopacy; whose poets and statesmen amused their imagination with visions of ideal republics, not more beautiful than unreal, and whose stern soldiers triumphed on every field of battle, and ended the war by bringing their king to the block. He will not fail to follow across the wintry ocean the sturdy Pilgrims who came to found a new republic beyond the Atlantic. He will watch them in that first winter, when women and children bravely endured the horrors of cold and famine, and 'the record of misery was kept by the graves of the governor and half the company.' Here he will find a nobler picture of female character than can be found on the dreamy pages of poet or novelist; and he will learn a practical refutation of the contemptuous sneers of cynics at the alleged inferiority of the gentler sex. He will behold this feeble colony growing stronger with years, and the wilderness under its diligent hands beginning to bud and blossom. He will observe the emigrants spreading themselves along the rivers of New-England, and by their piety and industry laying the foundations of powerful and enlightened commonwealths. He will see institutions of learning rising in the forest, and trace the progress of civilization, as it encroached upon the dominion of barbarism, and forced its ancient lines to recede at the approach of superior culture and enterprise. Nor while he contemplates so proud a spectacle of courageous goodness, will he omit to notice those clouds that rest upon parts of our early annals, when the demons of persecution and superstition achieved a

temporary victory over freedom and charity. If he be a true man, he will not seek to justify the murder of women and children on the charge of witchery, or the scourging of Quakers for errors of opinion. Especially will the candid student honor the rare nobility of those who like Roger Williams embraced the full idea of soul-liberty, and preferred exile or death to conformity.

Among the many hindrances to a just estimate of historical persons is a disposition to apply to people of a past age sentiments and modes of reasoning which had no place in their minds, but are in most cases the productions of a later time. It is justly complained of Hume that he puts into the mouths of men of a remote period the doctrines of his own enlightened political philosophy, and attributes to the rude forefathers of our generation the knowledge and logic of the present day. This fault of course renders us utterly unable to judge men, and by hiding their motives from our eyes, causes our praise as well as our blame to be often misplaced. This proceeds sometimes from ignorance, but oftener from partisan zeal. We should not forget that when we misinterpret facts we not only do violence to truth but also fail to gain those lessons which the past was designed to teach. History, instead of inculcating philosophy by example, performs the menial office of ministering to passion. She loses the dignity of conscientious virtue, and becomes a courtesan, seeking the favor of men by flattering their vanity or gratifying their malice. Truth is often distorted in the mirror of faction, and being robbed of her pristine beauty, is made to reflect the ugly features of Falsehood. 'The Muse of History should ever be of saintly aspect and awful form; the guardian of the virtues of humanity.'

A prominent example of the fault which we have mentioned may be seen in the discussions upon the execution of King Charles I. Many have attempted to establish the innocence of the Regicides by long dissertations upon the civil compact, and the theory of state necessity, and many others have sought to convict them of guilt, by arguments equally profound and inapplicable. Now history should inform us with respect to their motives and assigned reasons, and then only can we be capable of judging their character. What were these motives and reasons? It was not until the beginning of the year 1647 that the principal officers of the army resolved to bring the king to judgment. In their petition to the House in November, 1648, their main argument was, that an accommodation with the king would be in itself unjust; and the safety of the state was made a secondary consideration. A majority of the men who executed the king regarded themselves as the agents of God, chosen to render justice to a wicked tyrant. Their religious character had been formed by a too exclusive study of the Old Testament, and under their fanatical preachers the fire of their zeal knew no bounds. They were impressed with the conviction that Justice required the sacrifice, and were determined to obey her voice. We look in vain through the life of Cromwell for the evidence of a mature design to build up his own greatness by deceiving and cajoling his friends. 'Had any one,' he says, 'voluntarily proposed to bring the king to punishment, I

should have regarded him as the greatest traitor; but since Providence and necessity have cast us upon it, I will pray to God for a blessing on your counsels.' Hume, in the estimate of his character, at the close of the second chapter on the commonwealth, asserts that the 'murder of the king was to him covered under a mighty cloud of republican and fanatical illusions, and it is not impossible that he might believe it, as many others did, the most meritorious action that he could perform. But whatever may be said of the sincerity of Cromwell, his language is a sufficient proof of the fanaticism of the men whom he was addressing, and shows us that they believed themselves the instruments in the hand of God for executing vengeance.

The biography of Colonel Hutchinson, by his noble wife, throws much light upon the question. 'It was upon the consciences of many of them,' she observes, 'that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue, by their suffering him to escape.' Bowed down with the pressing responsibility, he sought relief in prayer, and in conversation with 'conscientious, upright and unbiassed persons,' and being confirmed in his opinion, he proceeded to sign the sentence against the king, although he did not then believe but it might one day come to be disputed among men.

Ludlow believed that an accommodation with the king would be unjust and wicked in its nature.* In support of his opinion, he adduces a chapter of Numbers, in which he finds this passage: 'Blood defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein, but by the blood of him that shed it.' He could not consent to leave the guilt of so much blood upon the nation, and thereby to draw down the just anger of God upon all. We might quote the same sentiments from the lips of Harrison, who at his trial in 1660 asserted that he had received divine assistance, while discharging his duties in the Court of High Commission for the trial of Charles; from the lips of Carew, who submitted himself to the court, 'saving to our LORD JESUS CHRIST his right to the government of these Kingdoms;' and from the dying declaration of Scot: 'I take God to witness, I have by prayers and tears often sought the LORD, that if there were iniquity in it, he would show it to me.'

In the trial of Charles, Sir John Cooke was the solicitor of the parliament, and prepared a long speech for the occasion, which is fortunately published in full in the fourth volume of the 'Somers Tracts.' His argument rests upon the ground of retributive justice, and is supported by copious quotations from the Scriptures, the principal statute-book of the Puritan lawyers. The strong tone in which he announced his propositions may be known from one of the first sentences of the exordium: 'Had the king ten thousand lives, they would not all *satisfie* for the numerous, horrid and barbarous murders of myriads and legions of innocent persons.' It is true that Ireton, called by good Burnett 'the Cassius' of the Regicides, with his followers, was strong for civil freedom and a democratic government;

* LUDLOW 1: 267.

but the Republicans, who were indifferent to religion, were styled by Cromwell 'heathens,' and formed only a small section of the party.

From these and other facts, it is evident that the executioners of Charles defended their conduct on the ground that they were commissioned by Heaven to punish a great criminal, and that to suffer him to escape would be to call down the vengeance of God upon the guilty nation. Now it is worthy of remark that the modern apologists for the execution of the king do not sustain their opinion by any of these considerations, and the sturdy Puritans would have disowned the reasoning which is adduced at the present day to justify their conduct. They condemned Charles, not on the feeble ground of state necessity, but as a tyrant and murderer, who had been delivered into their hands by the just and omnipotent God. It was a fanaticism that infected many of the best men of the age, and found a home in the bosoms of those who were destined to work out most important and beneficial changes in various departments of social action. The simple statements of the actors themselves furnish an exact key for the explanation of their conduct, and render many a profound but prolix discussion no longer pertinent.

Another illustration of the fault which we complain of may be seen in the comments of a certain school upon the early history of New-England. A certain class of people, quite as eminent for their obstinacy as for their scholarship, have strutted forth upon the arena of debate, claiming to be the peculiar representatives and champions of Puritanism. They belong not to the pure society of Robinson and Winthrop, but find their noblest ideal of the man and the Christian in the person of Cotton Mather. Faithful to their unworthy vocation, they seek to defend the Puritans where their conduct can admit no fair defence; thus injuring the cause which they are so forward to espouse. It is curious to observe the reasons assigned in justification of the persecuting policy; reasons which the persecutors themselves, in many instances, would have heartily despised. The early Statute of Massachusetts denounces punishment against Quakerism as a 'damnable heresy;' these defenders sigh over it and declaim against it as a great violation of civil order. It would be ridiculous, if it were not too sad for laughter, to see men in this age writing in defence of laws that ordained the public whipping of women for the crime of publishing their religious sentiments, and enjoined magistrates to bore Quakers' tongues with a red-hot iron. To hold up the errors of Puritanism as virtues to be emulated in our lives, is wantonly to plant nettles over their hallowed dust. It savors of audacity to defend the bloody code of persecution by an appeal to our reverence for the dead. The Puritans, if they were now alive, would ask to be saved from many of these pert Diliputians, whose mental littleness seems the more diminutive when viewed near the Alpine elevation of the men upon whom they daringly perch.

We have written these pages with the hope of contributing a mite to the proper understanding and diligent perusal of our own history. Other nations have recorded their annals in national monuments of

beauty and grandeur. The sky-cleaving pyramids and massive mausoleums of Egypt perpetuated the glories of her buried dynasties; the grave of patriarch and prophet, and the gorgeous temple of religion, kept alive in the heart of the Hebrews the ancestral dignity of their nation, and inspired them with proud and grateful recollections; the Athenian and the Roman lived among mighty works of art, that carried their minds far backward in the pathway of time to the dim twilight of their national being; the ruins that dot the banks of the fair rivers of Europe, the antique structures of our father-land, are all the tombs of past eras and the mournful memorials of busy generations.

We have few visible monuments to remind us of other days, and to connect us constantly with the scenes and events of our early history. No stately columns or ivied arches stand among us, the survivors of a remote age, still echoing the faint voices of the past; our short history is recorded on other monuments; in institutions of learning and religion, in free and strong governments, and in all the arts of comfort and elegance that minister to our social happiness. To study these monuments, to trace the growth of these institutions, will enable us to escape our perils, and render us hopeful and earnest in the discharge of our duties.

B E L S C H A Z Z A R : A P O E M .

BY FREDERICK GERRIT CARVER.

God-defying King BELSCHAZZAR pampers at the festal board,
 And around in numbers gather dainty wife and jealous lord;
 Still around in numbers gather priest and soldier, serf and seer,
 Minions of the haughty monarch, multitudes from old Chaldea.
 There beneath the pillared palace, there within the thousand halls,
 Where the floors are carved mosaic and with trophies hang the walls,
 Heard is riot and blaspheming, blent with music's luscious strain,
 While the stars illumine the heavens and the night is on the wane.
 Then BELSCHAZZAR from the revel rising, loftily and proud,
 Throws aside his 'broidered mantle, thus harangues the pausing crowd:
 'Am I in my regal splendor, am I with that power divine,
 Who declares his will superior — will that works no more than mine?
 What though envied among nations; what though proudest on the throne?
 If there's one above provokes me, I'm but great on earth alone.
 Babylon may boast her splendors; I have made her presence so;
 Yet the curse of CAIN descending, Death may prove a stubborn foe.
 Did the brave NEBUCHADNEZZAR idly from the temples tear —
 From those temples at Jerusalem — the victor's righteous share?
 Did he sack the marble altars, and with goodly spoil return,
 That as recompense to Heaven on those altars we should burn?
 No! — before me range the gold and silver vessels that he won,
 And the grim metallic idols that we worship with the sun;
 Let the song and dance grow wilder; swell my praises to the sky;
 For I drink with all my household, and the DEITY defy!

Then a joyful acclamation rends the air and echoes long,
 And the dance is more voluptuous, more lascivious the song,
 As they bring the costly treasures, as they quaff the ruddy wine,
 As they kneel before the altars and proclaim their king divine.

In that hour came forth fingers of a hand upon the wall,
 And it wrote above the cressets in bright symbols seen by all.
 Lo! BELSCHAZZAR shrinks with terror; lo! aghast he gazes up,
 And he points, he points confounded, and he drops his brimming cup;
 While the crowd, dismayed and doubting, from their impious orgies cease,
 And await the sudden problem — sword of war or sign of peace.

' Call the magi and astrologers who in my kingdom dwell;
 Of this riddle they must rid me, of its meaning they must tell.'
 But the wise men and soothsayers have no knowledge to relate
 What is written with the lightning, what is typical of fate.
 Trembling at the awful omen, glaring still with rooted eyes,
 In his agony the tyrant for the prophet DANIEL cries.
 Then arose a form majestic, full of wisdom and of age,
 Offspring from the land of Jewry, holy man, celestial sage.

' Read to me that horrid writing, which alarms my very soul!
 Read, interpret, oh, thou DANIEL! for my fear hath much control!
 Has my glory all departed? is my name an empty word?
 Is my sceptre to be wrested? are the mighty Medes preferred?
 And with much inspired grandeur DANIEL looks upon the wall,
 And he thus resolves the warning — warning blazoned there for all:

' Wicked son of noble sire! thou hast deeply erred in pride,
 Seeking to be greater — reckless, thou thy MAKER hast denied:
 Setting up against His tablets shapes of iron, wood and stone,
 In the heinous sin exulting, vaunting of thyself alone:
 Drunken, thou hast pledged in vessels sacred at the holy shrine,
 Shown thyself ungrateful ever for the blessings which were thine;
 Therefore hath the LORD uplifted from thy brow the royal crown,
 All thy heresy rebuking, all thy power tumbling down.
 Thus a lesson shall be taught thee, an example set to all
 Who, possessed of large dominion, deem it difficult to fall:
 Thus His fame shall be unrivalled — God the Father and the Friend —
 HE whose Life had no beginning, and whose Love can have no end.'

Then BELSCHAZZAR bows in wonder, and his people bend in fear;
 Then from off the mural frescoes, lo! the emblems disappear.
 Meat and wine are now deserted — fruit and flower have no charm;
 For are seen the scales of Justice hanging from the Almighty Arm.
 Round about the neck of DANIEL have they wound a chain of gold,
 And his gracious form enveloped in a robe of scarlet fold:
 Then with homage and caresses they his presence overwhelm,
 And proclaim him for his sapience lawful sovereign of the realm.
 Ere the morning burst asunder were the Medes upon the plain,
 King BELSCHAZZAR dragged from slumber by the foul usurper slain.

So upon the walls of Being, written long and speaking loud,
 Daily doth supernal language chide the impious heart and proud:
 So the conscience, like a DANIEL, rising up attests the foe,
 And our weak imperious nature cannot brook the overthrow.
 God of universal essence, give us grace that we may see,
 In this judgment of BELSCHAZZAR, what belongeth unto thee!

THE TRYSTING TREE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

EVERY village has its 'Lover's Grove,' its 'Cupid's Rest,' or its 'Wooring Lane;' but few can boast so ancient a trysting tree as the town of M——; neither can the 'Green Mountain State,' beautiful as its localities are, show another fairer or better adapted to awaken and keep in exercise the great principle of *loving*, than this same quiet spot. The little river, noisy and impetuous elsewhere, here widens its blue waters, and, as if weary, lingers in its course; fit emblem of love's resting-place in life's rapid stream. The smooth, grassy lawn, with its almost imperceptible slope; its dottings of graceful shrubs; the majestic elms that dip their long waving branches in the clear waters; the heavy woods that skirt the broad field; and the dark mountain-tops, overlooking each other in the distance like sentinels placed to guard the haunts of Venus herself; conspire to render it, in natural beauty, almost fairy land.

The 'Trysting Tree,' a maple of unusual size and perfect proportions, stands at some distance from the water's edge. For many years its isolated position, its beauty, and its fresh, vigorous foliage, have arrested the attention of every passing traveller; and very many have paused to read the dates and initials, and gaze upon the roughly-cut 'hearts, darts and Cupids,' engraven on its trunk and lower branches. There they are still. Many, through the destroying lapse of years, are seams on the rough bark; others have but a single letter left; in some the moss is but beginning to gather; and others still are as fresh as if cut but yesterday. Legend tells of an enamored youth and love-smitten damsel, who in days of yore fled from the parental home to escape the censoring eye of disapproving guardians, and wending their way into the then unexplored woods of Vermont, cleared this small fertile spot, reared the roughly-hewn log cabin, and transplanted the single maple to shade their door. Here, before their days of love and romance had been swallowed up in the cares and labors of this rough-and-tumble world, they carved their initials upon its trunk, and the dates of their births and union; making it a family-register, as well as a guardian shade. Children were born to them, but one after another they died; until in old age this hoary-headed couple might be seen alone, as they had wandered here in youth, sitting beneath the spreading branches of the tree, thoughtful and quiet, yet blessed in each other's love. Neighbors had settled around them; a village had sprung up within a mile; frame-houses had taken the places of the Indian wigwam and log-hut; the Indians themselves had disappeared before the encroaching tread of the white man; but unmolested in their humble dwelling, they had learned to do without the world, and were peacefully biding their time of de-

parture. Advanced far beyond the allotted three-score-and-ten years of life, they at last, almost together, passed from earth and from the enjoyment of earthly love to the full felicity of heaven.

No provision for the future ownership of the little estate had been made by the old man, so none came to claim it. The rude dwelling mouldered away; the fences soon went to decay; the little mounds of earth covering their mortal remains sank to the level of the surrounding land; fresh green grass grew in the garden and foot-paths; and the wandering cattle cropped the starting bushes while young and tender, and kept the herbage smooth as a royal lawn. But the maple, sole remnant of the place's former occupancy, flourished in its loneliness. Not in loneliness either, for it became a favorite resort of the youth in the neighboring settlement, and the tale of its origin, whispered at the fire-side, carried many there to gaze upon the fading initials carved by the hand now cold and motionless in the grave. For many years these were carefully renewed; but as time passed away, most were satisfied to add their testimony to the power of Cupid by placing their own names and seal upon this his tree.

'The Trysting Tree sendeth greeting to its children and its children's children, and would fain gather them all beneath its branches once more, before itself passeth away,' was the tenor of the white-winged messengers that were circulating in M—— one summer-day not long since; and in token of its desire, lo! a green, glossy maple leaf beneath the snowy folds. How it came about, no one ever said; but on the day appointed, there had arisen as if by magic beneath the old tree a table, laid with its spotless cover, and seats, from mossy log to cushioned chair, were scattered about under the shadow of its branches. It was one of those faultless days in July, when heaven and earth seem to mingle; the 'deeply-blue' firmament above blending imperceptibly with the emerald green of the firmament below; when the air, bland and genial with the breath of summer, kisses softly the cheek of beauty, and the gentlest of breezes fans the flowing ringlet, and calls forth the roseate hues of health. The sun had scarcely fallen below the meridian, before cheerful, happy groups were gathering in the appointed place, and the joyous sound of merry voices broke its stillness. It was a scene for a poet or painter, this meeting of young and old, the gray-headed and the child in arms. The boys and girls merrily playing on the soft turf; the aged carefully seated, with their thoughtful countenances, as they pondered on life's changes, ever and anon lifting the wrinkled hand to brush away the heart-mist that arose in the eye; middle-aged matrons bustling about, and lifting the white napkins from baskets borne to them by fair maiden hands, and arranging and re-arranging their contents on the table. Beneath the skirting trees were the careful owners of the horses and wagons that had brought both maiden, matron and basket hither. One carefully loosening the tight harness; another jauntily dressing the ears and sides of his beast with the long leaves of the fern or branches of birch, to ward off the offending flies; and yet another laying down the 'lock of hay,' with which to beguile the time; all, in Scripture sense, 'merciful men, merciful to their beasts.' The

Trysting Tree itself bore its honors meekly, twined about with wreaths of bright flowers, and crowned with festive offerings from the young and fair, and children peered up into its thick foliage, and 'thought they saw something up there,' then turned away half ashamed, half amused, when asked 'if they were looking for cupididos.'

And now the place swarmed with guests. The friendly greeting was exchanged; the hand of neighborly love pressed; the inquiry of interest answered; maidens had smoothed the folds in their gala dresses, and pressed the ruddy palm upon the shining hair, to make sure that that was right; and many a young swain had good-naturedly submitted to fantastic wreathing and garlanding of his person, and in return stuck the straight, prim branch of evergreen awkwardly in the braids of his ladye-love, serving thus to set off his own want of taste, and the beauty that could not be spoiled; little reconnoitering parties had passed up and down the stream, and returned; cool water was brought from the spring; and gathered about the table were the happy faces. The minister, *ex-officio*, taking the head, and the others grouping themselves as chance or choice dictated; the genuine politeness of good feeling guiding the feast, and love to the old tree the crowning happiness of each brimming heart. Oh! say not that life is full of conventionalities; society full of ceremonies; hearts full of selfishness; when thus can be gathered such a group, where the sun shines on such a company, where the blue heavens may look down upon such a scene! Even the eager, insatiable appetite of growing youth was at last stayed; and as one delicacy after another vanished, more frequently resounded the ringing laugh, the merry jest, and the mirth-provoking reminiscence.

'Why should we not spread for each other's entertainment the feast of our experience in life?' asked the worthy doctor of the village. 'Dating from that point when to us bachelor habits passed away, and we came under a new dispensation, we must each have found that in life with which to 'point a moral or adorn a tale.' Why shrink we from the task, fair ladies, or gentlemen Sirs? Here, gathered beneath the shade of this our *Alma-Arbor*, let us whisper, as in the ear of a mother, the story of our wedded life. For myself, it is twenty-two years since I came hither with an empty purse, a ready tongue, a willing hand, and a sheep-skin diploma. Two years after I had richer possessions in the heart and hand of this my worthy and beloved wife, and for her and myself I can truly say that 'mercy and goodness have followed us all the days of our lives.'

'Prosperous love like mine,' said old 'Squire Thomas, 'makes no entertaining story, though through it life is rendered pleasant and happy. I could scarcely believe that so many seasons have come and gone since I, a young and eager lover, stood here and pleaded my cause, had I not so many witnesses to time's flight in the infirmities of age, the whitened locks and dim eyes, and more than all, in the knowledge that my children have stood in the same place and are here to-day to tell their story. My history would read like the old Scripture genealogies: 'And Seth lived and begat Enos, and he

died ; and Enos lived and begat Canaan, and he died ;' but I can bear grateful testimony that no reasonable happiness that we looked for forty years since has been denied to us. Has it been thus with you, my friends ?'

'I have looked to-day,' said the hoary-headed Methodist class-leader, 'for the memorial on yonder tree which my own hand placed there in the flush of youthful hopefulness, but it is gone ; and but a single letter is left of that carved ten years later in life, when a knowledge of life's changes made the hand tremulous and an experience of God's goodness made the heart stronger to bear those changes. But I come not here to-day to complain of the dealings of an overruling Providence, who in His unerring wisdom has twice written me desolate, and now childless. Like the Trysting-Tree, I have been young and vigorous ; like it, I am now old and passing away ; those dry branches and leafless twigs tell of energies gone and strength decayed ; so does this trembling frame, these tottering limbs. Like it, I stand alone ; like it, I shall pass from the remembrance of man and be forgotten ; like it, another shall fill my place ; *unlike it*,' said the old man, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, 'I shall live again, blessed be God ! live again, and that forever !' He sank back in his seat, while every heart and voice gave testimony that like it his life had been full of love and refreshment to all who had come within the shadow of his influence.

'Squire Smith's experience' was called for ; and from a group of the youngest and prettiest girls there appeared the portly figure and ruddy countenance of a well-kept, well-to-do man, somewhat advanced in years.

'You may think it strange,' said he, 'that I, an old bachelor, have come hither to-day, and can hurrah for *our* Trysting-Tree with any of you ; but could my old heart be exhibited to you, you would see many a crack and many a patch which the wear and tear of living among so many pretty girls has made necessary. Laugh away,' continued he, turning to the children ; 'it is a queer sight to see old Solomon Smith under a lover's tree, and curious enough to hear him tell of vows plighted here. But so it was. He once stood here a youth of twenty years, and by his side a fair girl. Just such an afternoon, thirty years since, was his love plighted to one who now sits among us, and with whispered words did she confess that her heart was his. Why am I here now, do you ask, a lonely old man, with neither chick nor child to care for me ? I shall not tell you without leave ; but if our blooming friend across the table. Mrs. Sally Cumstock, is willing to oblige us all, why she can tell the rest of the story.'

Mrs. Sally Cumstock had been taken quite unawares by this appeal, and her blooming cheeks glowed still brighter beneath her capborder. She cast a reproving glance at her children, who were making merry with the thought of their mother's ever having been 'Squire Smith's sweetheart ;' she looked at her husband, who exclaimed : 'Never mind me, wife ; I had no hand in *that* business.'

'You are quite too bad, Squire Smith,' said she, in a low voice,

'to call me out in this way, and make it seem as if I were an old woman, with your 'Old Solomon Smiths' and your 'thirty years ago;' but I will tell the reason why you would not marry me, indeed I will. You must know, my good friends,' she continued, raising her voice, 'that 'Squire Smith here had in his youth some peculiarities — not that he has any now; oh, no! old bachelors always get over all these! — but thirty years ago we were, as he says, plighted lovers, and upon this tree he carved with a big pen-knife the letters 'S. S.' and 'S. A. P.' Old Father Time — one of 'old Solomon Smith's contemporaries,' she added, with a merry twinkle in her black eye — 'has been so obliging as to hide from all eyes this evidence of youthful folly; indeed, he may possibly have had some help from his friend Smith. As I was saying, our friend here had some peculiarities; one was, a tremendous sense of his own dignity; he was not to be made fun of; another, a love of his own prejudices. Now I loved a bit of fun dearly, and wanted him to enjoy what pleased me. So to make a long story short, I heard that he said he 'hated warts on people's fingers, and would n't marry the prettiest girl in the country if she had one.' Thinks I, 'This is a good time to break in my young gentleman, and let him taste a practical joke.' We were going to singing-school that evening, and I took considerable pains to select——'

'Let me finish the story, Lady Cumstock,' interposed Mr. Smith; for her face grew redder and redder as she proceeded; 'I cannot bear to see you so embarrassed. Yes, my friends, she took considerable pains to tease me. I called for her at the usual hour, and found her cloaked, hooded and muffled for the walk. As we were coming home she had one arm in mine, and there was pointed toward me a very inviting opening in her muff, into which, without much ado, I thrust my ungloved hand. I started at first, for though I felt but one finger, it was cold; so cold, that I, all anxiety for her comfort, asked if she were warm enough. She replied, 'Yes.' 'Your hand is cold,' said I. "'Cold hand, warm heart,'" she flip-pantly responded. But I was not satisfied. I grasped the little member, and sought to warm it. What was my horror to find it covered with those little excrescences that from my youth I had hated! 'Sally,' said I, 'you are cold.' 'No such thing,' she answered, and sang 'Sol, fa, la—fa, sol, la,' as if to reassure me. Again I sought her hand, while strange thoughts and wonderings took possession of my mind. I remembered that love was blind, but it was incomprehensible to me that it should have made me so. I again felt of it, to be sure that I was not now mistaken. Bah! it was cold, damp and rough! In the impulse of the moment I seized it, and found it yielded to my hand. My lovely Sally meanwhile seemed unconscious both of my movements and of my state of mind; and after asking if I did not think Lizzy Potter a pretty girl, continued her mocking music. One desperate pull, and I held up in the pale moonlight a beautiful, green, taper *pickle!* Such a laugh as Sally Pitkin gave then! To me it sounded like the merriment of a demon, for my self-love was touched. 'Sally,' said I. 'Well,

Solomon,' said she, and again that merry ringing laugh sounded in my ear. I turned from her in anger. That anger lasted two full years, despite her pleasant treatment of me when we met. It was then dispelled, and with it vanished my blindness and deafness—for a man wounded in his dignity is both blind and deaf—by hearing one Sunday afternoon the banns of matrimony proclaimed between John Cumstock and Sally Ann Pitkin. Then was I in a pretty pickle! Men laughed and jeered at me for 'getting the mitten,' and the women said that I was not to be trusted, and treated me with coolness instead of smiles. From that day to this no mortal has known from my lips that once there lay between me and matrimony but a solitary green pickle!

From the other end of the table was heard the manly tones of honest Archie McDougal, a young Scotchman, who stood holding by the hand his fair sandy-haired sister, with her downcast eye and tender smile.

'Ye maun a' ken,' said he, 'when my puir mither cam' hither, bringing Jessie and me wi' her; and ye maun remember when she died, and left us twa thegither amang ye. That was a lang wearisome day to us, puir bairns, with neither kit honor kin this side of the big water; and bitter and sad were the salt tears that we shed, as we lay her hoary head down to sleep, far frae the heather fields of bonny Scotland. Too desolate was our little cot that night, and Jessie and I wandered hither by the moonlight. We had heard of the Trysting Tree, and we knew we were beneath its branches by the carved letters on its mossy trunk. We stood here thegither, and vowed help and love, never-dying love, to ane anither. By your good help, neighbors and friends, our little patrimony has put bread in our mouths, and water to our lips; and your good will, and our vow well kept, has brought sunshine to our hearts. May God bless ye, ane and a' for your kindness to the dead and to us!'

'I know not,' said the gentle lady who sat near the minister, 'why I should shrink from speaking here to-day, where I too have been in happier hours, and with which is connected some of my most treasured remembrances, nor why I should be here with other than a happy face and a grateful heart. True that to me,

With shadows from the past we fill
 These happy woodland shades,
 And a mournful memory of the dead
 Is with us in these glades;
 And our dream-like fancies, and the wind
 On echo's plaintive tone,
 Tell of voices and of melodies
 And of silvery laughter gone!

But I am not here alone; in yonder group are my children. I am blessed in these, and by my side sits my eldest son, bearing his father's name. May he inherit those virtues that made me so long a happy wife.'

She sat down, and a shade of pensiveness came across that 'merrie companie,' at the remembrance of one whom all had known and valued; but the hour was not one in which to indulge in saddened

memories. Up rose the big, burly, shock-headed Tommy Alsop, bent on aggravating his own awkwardness. Throwing his features, good-natured as they were, into the most comical expression of rustic sentimentality, he began :

‘I stand here, beloved men, women and children, jest to mention that I found making love one of them undergaments that are rale tryin’ to nater. After a fellow has made up his conclusion in that ’ere tendency, he never can get over his twitteration feelin’s till he ’s all through with the circumlocutions and how-about. Catnip-tea aint no quieter nor hushaby to a thumping heart, that lies kittering in a fellow’s throat, so that corners hit corners. Bless your souls, young fellows, you have got a heap of tribulation before you in that ’ere line. When you find yourselves going all over pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and are in the dreadfulest hurry forever more, running here and nowhere, with nothing to say and doing nothing, then take my word for it, no creatur on airth can help you save the girl you ’re thinking of all the time. Take an old fellow’s advice ; go straight up to her : if she says ‘Yes,’ you ’ll soon get quieted ; if she says, ‘No,’ give one big swallow ; love, anger, shame-facedness, all in a lump, swallow them all down together, wish her good morning, look up another that will have you, and if she is like my Susy, you ’ll never be sorry.’

He turned to his wife, who sat by his side, and imprinted upon her cheek a sonorous kiss.

‘She’s a good wife, God bless her !’

‘A good husband makes a good wife, Tommy,’ she answered, taking the conjugal salute, as a thing to which she was not unaccustomed.

‘But why is our friend the school-mistress here ?’ asked one of the company.

‘She comes to bring a little acid for your sweet,’ gaily responded a plain woman of forty. ‘I was afraid that in your matrimonial felicitations you might forget that such a being could exist as a happy old maid. You have all told of the joys of wedded life ; but as for the going to market and mill ; the washing days ; the heavy bread ; the empty soap-barrels to be filled ; the sick wives ; the touchy husbands ; the crying babies, and the no-helps, these are forgotten, not put down in the books. Do you think that there is no joy in freedom from these troubles ? — no pleasure in independence ? Must love, to be genuine and healthful, be put up in little parcels of the size of a man’s or woman’s heart, and scrimpingly dealt out one by one ? I am here an advocate and example of single life, and can testify that there is happiness in loving every body. The truth is, my friends, that I have found out that romance and reality live at least a thousand miles apart, though fair maidens and youthful gallants would have them go roaming, hand-in-hand, through this work-a-day world, and I would that my young friends here (my children, I may almost call them, for I have taught them all their A B C’s) should know that all happiness is not inseparable from matrimony.’

‘Did you ever have an offer ?’ saucily asked the free-and-easy Tommy Alsop.

'No, never,' was her free reply.

'That shall be the case no longer,' loudly exclaimed Solomon Smith; 'for I take all here assembled to witness, that I make you the offer both of hand and heart!'

'Which I do most joyfully accept,' she laughingly replied, 'and we'll live on the best of pickles!'

'If love here on earth, in a world checkered with disappointments and trials, be so full of joy to mortals, imperfect and frail, what shall that be which shall fill the heart when this mortal shall have put on immortality and purified spirits shall exult in the exhaustless, unbounded love of heaven? Let us give thanks,' said the worthy pastor, 'to HIM who hath set us in families, HIMSELF the source and fountain of all our delights all our love!' and reverently rising from their seats, they listened to his voice, while with earnestness and simplicity he offered up their united thanksgivings and petitions that from past blessings they might find fresh arguments for love to God and devotion to HIS service.

They had hardly risen from the table, before there issued from the woods a party of young men with spades and hoes, bearing a young and thrifty tree.

'The Young Trysting Tree! The Young Trysting Tree!' the children loudly cried; and true enough, The Young Trysting Tree it was! With all care and zeal did they join in transplanting and watering the sapling, no eye wandering from the work, or hand idle until it was accomplished. Then from the thickest of the branches of the old tree there came forth joyous strains of music; such music as makes the heart of youth throb and sets the feet in motion; and joining hands, they merrily and gracefully glided around it, fully believing with the inhabitants of sunny Italy that 'no transplanted tree will flourish until it is danced around!' But careful fathers, and anxious mothers were on the alert, and the rising moon must be used to light them on their homeward way. How the children, who were seized with a dancing frenzy and were active as young St. Vituses, pleaded for a little delay; how the matrons remonstrated and expostulated; how the farmers said, 'Whoa! whoa!' to their impatient beasts; how the young people would walk, and how it happened that they went mostly by two and two, we leave unsaid. Shall we leave untold too, how a couple neither young nor fair, lingered long after the others; how the lady said at first 'Nonsense, nonsense!' and 'I'll think about it,' afterward; and finally, 'Well, as you will!' And how their names were the first on the young Trysting Tree, and were put on the old one beside, because, as she said, 'they were old folks' — If we do, the reader will never know where the pastor's humble wife got the new silk-dress, in which she appeared at the wedding of Solomon Smith and the school-mistress!

G. R. M.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WOMAN! thou wouldst be man; so art thou no more woman;
Be true woman indeed; so art thou more than man.

E. A. W.

ELEGY IN A NEW-ENGLAND CHURCH-YARD.

BY THOMAS W. PARSONS.

O thou that in the beautiful repose
Of the deep waters, down below the storms,
Art calmly waiting where the coral grows,
With many wonderful and lovely forms.

If thou wert happy in the life above,
Thou art thrice happier bleaching there below,
Where no sad pilgrim, led by lingering love,
Can vex thy ghost with his presumptuous wo.

Or if misfortune dogged thee from the womb
To the last unction, thou art overpaid
By the majestic silence of thy tomb
For all the pangs that life a penance made.

Such rest kings have not in the marble caves
Before whose doors perpetual tapers burn ;
Nor saints that sleep in consecrated graves,
Nor bards whose ashes grace the loftiest urn.

Nor ev'n those humbler tenants of a mound,
Under some elm that thrives upon the dead,
In quiet corners of neglected ground,
Scarce twice a year disturbed by living tread.

For even there the impious throng may stream,
Startling the silent people of the sod ;
Fierce wheels may clash, the fiery engine scream,
And mortal clamors drown the voice of God.

Such fancies held me as I strayed at noon
By the old church-yard, known to few but me,
Where oft my childhood by the wintry moon
Saw the pale spectres glide, or feared to see.

Head-stone or mound had never marked the spot
Within man's memory ; weeds had strewn it o'er ;
Yet had no swain profaned it with his cot,
And the plough spared it for the name it bore.

Out on this busy age ! that noon-day walk
Showed strange mutations to my dreaming eye ;
No phantom passed me with sepulchral stalk,
The rush and thunder of the world went by.

Men, breathing men, no spirits faint and wan,
But proud and noisy children of To-day,
Flashed on my sight an instant and were gone,
Swift as the shades they seemed to scare away.

Curl'd o'er my head a momentary cloud
 From the light vapor that they left behind;
 Then, fitting emblem of that flying crowd,
 It sway'd and melted in the April wind.

O thou that slumberest underneath the sea,
 Down fathoms deep below all living things,
 Who seeks for perfect rest must follow thee,
 And sleep till GABRIEL wake him with his wings.

ENVY AND SCANDAL.

It is customary for us to boast of our virtue as a nation. If there is one thing more than any other which an American believes, and has been taught to believe from his youth, and is ready to maintain on all occasions, it is that he belongs to a particularly virtuous and moral community. And the reports given of other countries by that rapidly-increasing class of our countrymen who travel abroad, tends very strongly to confirm this impression. Interrogate a travelled American on this point, and he will be likely to answer (supposing him to be a man of pretensions to character and morals) after this guise: 'Can there be a doubt of our superiority? Compare our practices with those of Europeans. In Paris a young man speaks of his mistress as openly as he would of his horse; he would laugh at the idea of its being necessary or desirable to disguise the connection. In England parsons drink their bottle or bottles of wine after dinner, and poor men are starving by thousands, while lords incomes larger than what we consider the principal of a large fortune. In Italy——' And so on; every country supplies him with unfavorable points of contrast to our own.

Now it certainly is but just to admit, that after every qualification, and exception, and drawback, and caveat, which a candid and well-informed man would feel obliged to make, these pretensions are perfectly correct, so far as they go. Our men are decidedly more chaste than the Europeans, and the general tone of our society is in this respect purer. And in temperance, to use the word in its popularly limited and technical sense—I was on the point of saying in its slang sense—we stand far before several nations of the old world. Our superiority in both these respects may be correctly attributed to those Puritan sentiments, from the influence of which not even those of our states which were settled by the Cavaliers are altogether exempt. And it is also certain that there is among us a more general sympathy between different classes of society, which prompts the undertaking and promotes the carrying out of schemes of general benevolence to a greater extent than is customary elsewhere. And this merit is the direct result of what we conveniently sum up in the phrase, 'our democratic institutions.'

But readily granting and gladly accepting all this, it remains to be

considered how far the influence commonly thence drawn is sustainable. It remains to be inquired, if the whole moral law is included in abstinence from sensual sins and exemption from the pride and selfishness of class feeling. And though the pursuit of this inquiry may subject us with the unthinking to the charge of unpatriotic feeling, it is in truth a most patriotic investigation, because it is one likely to be beneficial. The profit of haranguing people against a sin to which they are *not* given, is exceedingly problematical. At best it is a mis-spending of time, since every audience has sins enough to which it is prone, and in the condemnation of which the preacher or moralist may find ample employment. But, moreover, it is particularly apt to create self-righteousness, and lead people to

‘Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.’

To declaim, for instance, upon the errors of Popery before a congregation of rigid Presbyterians, or ‘Evangelical’ Episcopalians, amounts to just nothing; there being no rational probability that any of such an auditory will ever go to Purgatory or pray to relics. The man who makes a profitable use of the theme is one who, like Whately, points out how these errors have their origin in human nature, and to what similar or corresponding errors Protestants are liable. And a ‘tee-total’ lecture to a meeting-house-full of New England women and boys, most of whom never see the outside of a bottle of wine from one year’s end to the other, is very much a work of supererogation. And generally, people are more apt to be pleased than profited by homilies on the faults of their neighbors. Let us then not shrink from the examination through any such erroneous views of the requisitions of patriotism.

Our democratic polity, as we said, has introduced a very general spirit of sympathy between classes, and consequently of pecuniary benevolence, contrasting favorably with the exclusive constitution of many European societies. But as this peculiar good is the direct result of democracy, so does there also directly and peculiarly result from democracy a mighty evil—a prevailing sentiment of envy directed against individuals in any way distinguished. In the leading idea of democracy being that ‘all men are equal,’ or as St. Tammany used to express the principle, ‘one man’s as good as another,’ whoever is better than others; whoever rises above the mass by his talents or wealth, or any other distinction; above all, whoever is distinguished from them by his principles and conduct, becomes popularly condemned of *incivism*, and is assailed by envious and malignant detraction and persecution. Hence is it that our greatest statesmen of all parties are found occupying subordinate positions in the state, and repeatedly see inferior men put over their heads into the highest offices. Hence too, that wealthy and fashionable men are constantly slandered and vilified. Some of our most widely-circulated newspapers make it a great part of their business to represent the ‘Upper Ten’ as one sink of profligacy and dishonesty. We are inclined sometimes to indignation, and sometimes to laughter, on ob-

erving the *dispensing* of rank and wealth in England, which frequently allows a *respectable* man — *i. e.*, one of property or title — to do things which, if done by a poor individual, would meet with prompt punishment. But meanwhile we ought not to overlook that opposite extreme here which renders the possession of property, liberal education, and fashionable connections, a thing to reproach a man with, and a certain weapon against him, if he is brought before the public in any other than a purely literary light. And if our literary men *pur sang* escape comparatively unscathed, it must be attributed to a lucky accident. The want of something to admire (so common a want among a new people) having no rank, and comparatively little wealth to gratify itself upon, has fixed upon literary reputation or rather literary notoriety, and hence our national predilection to toady indiscriminately all literary lions, great or small, native or foreign.

So too the Puritan spirit, while it has induced a very meritorious state of society in some respects, has also given birth to a very great evil, if not peculiarly, at least to a peculiar degree its own. The Puritan spirit, rigidly proper itself, is exacting and censorious in its demands from others, parading a virtue strongly hostile to the future existence of cakes and ale. While abstaining, moreover, from many popular amusements and topics of conversation, it is also (would it be too much to say *therefore*?) disposed to indemnify itself by a free discussion of character and conduct.

Now when to these influences is joined the national spirit of curiosity, a spirit from which no one class among us can be said to be more free than another, the consequence is, a *state of gossip unrivalled in any large community*, the peculiar feature of which is that the *men* are as great gossips here as the women are in the most gossiping of other countries. Those of us who have habitually lived in the atmosphere, though sometimes too immediately made aware of its pernicious effects, yet do not ordinarily, when not actually suffering from it ourselves, estimate its full virulence. It is only those who have been some time absent from the country on whom at their return a full appreciation of this general meddlesomeness is forced. Let a young man be abroad for several years, corresponding rarely with home, and seldom, if ever, seeing the face of an American; then let him return and ask after his old acquaintances and schoolmates. The budget of scandal he hears will fairly frighten him. If he be a stout politician and opposed to the party in power, this general deterioration of men is put down to the account of Mr. Polk or Mr. Tyler. But when he comes to ascertain for himself, in course of time, how little truth there is in all the sad stories he has heard, he will feel that a habit of detraction is one of our national sins, and will probably not be without some twinges of conscience for his own share in it at some period of his life.

Verily they manage these things better in Europe. In England gossip is the proverbial property of old maids. The first duty of an English gentleman is *to mind his own business*. This taciturnity of the Englishman is attributed, by people who cannot understand it, to selfishness, or want of interest in others; whereas it proceeds

from an excellent motive — a desire to avoid intermeddling in the affairs of others, or injuring them by rashly circulating false or mischievous reports. The French are not so discreet. A Gaul's vanity is such that it often runs ahead of his honor, and he will talk scandal of a woman to give himself consequence in the eyes of those around. Yet even a Frenchman does not gossip scandal for the mere sake of gossiping, and the low standard of Parisian morality has at least this one mitigation, that it renders fewer things scandalous and calumniable. And what makes our system of gossip less excusable is, that it has not the temptation of *professional idleness* elsewhere existing. Our women, who have something to do in their households, manufacture more tittle-tattle than the Parisian fashionables, who give up their very children to the care of hirelings. There is more scandal talked in the three or four clubs of New-York than in all those of London put together, though the former are chiefly composed of business men (nominally, at least,) while men of independent fortune compose no small fraction of the latter. Nor are our other cities, from Savannah to Boston, a whit less faulty than New-York in this matter, but, if any thing, rather worse.

'How very stupid and prosy you are growing!' says a good-natured friend, who has license to look over my shoulder.

That reminds me of a remark I heard a wicked wit make the other day, 'that good people were always stupid.' Pity 't is so, (I do n't mean that good people are, but that this essay is) for I never wanted more to write interestingly. Were I a parson I would preach a sermon on the ninth commandment that should stir up my hearers a little, I promise you. As it is, I can but write this — very stupid you call it — undeniably running somewhat off into general declamation, a thing very unprofitable. Let me therefore try to illustrate my meaning by some particular instances.

Let us begin with the most innocent, one which involves no positive malice, and which many will be disposed to smile at the idea of mentioning as wrong. It is an ordinary occurrence for 'the world;' that convenient personage whom the Gauls call *on* and the Teutons *man*; to announce that two young people are 'engaged,' the parties most nearly interested having no knowledge of the imputed relation between them. Hundreds of passably good folks have no hesitation of repeating such a report on the merest hearsay, or starting it on the vaguest evidence. Well, what harm does it do? Let us see. In course of time, before very long course of time, the young people hear of the happiness allotted to them by the benevolent public of their acquaintance. We will, in violation of the ordinary rules of gallantry, take the gentleman first. How is he affected? If a conceited young man, or disposed to be conceited, it puts him immediately on the very best terms with himself. Of course he sees through it all. The young lady would be glad enough to have him, no doubt. Most likely her friends have got up the report. But he is n't going to 'throw himself away without sufficient cause' in the flower of his days. Not he indeed. And so, though perhaps the damsel herself would n't take him at any price, he is fully confirmed in the delusion

of his own great value, and becomes fuller than ever of himself. Or suppose him to be a modest youth ; a rare animal, of which however some specimens remain to the present day. Then the intelligence comes upon him like a thunder-clap. He may be brave enough, and yet find himself not a little frightened. Henceforth he feels hopelessly awkward when thrown into his imputed betrothed's society, and is compelled in very self-defence to avoid it; unless he is a very romantic and high-minded juvenile, and then he may say to himself, 'The world has put Miss ——'s name and mine together. I am bound to propose to her;' and propose he does, and perhaps he is accepted, and marries her, so to speak, without meaning to. Here then on the one hand you have a pleasant acquaintance, which might have ripened into a happy marriage, broken off; and on the other, a match brought about which can hardly fail to be an unhappy one, founded as it is neither in love nor reason, but in a mistaken sentiment of honor. While the eligible young men who think well of themselves are driven to ludicrous extremities to avoid the fair-ones whom they suppose to be lying in wait for them. I have known some absent themselves from all parties and ladies' society for a whole season, and others put themselves under the protection of some most unfashionable and anti-ladies' man; a very male Duenna, as it were.

Of the lady's feelings little shall be said, for ladies' feelings are sacred subjects. Try to imagine them yourself, reader; how awkward they must be if she does not care for the young man, how more than awkward if she does. But putting aside all such hypothetical sentimentalities as feelings, I have known serious practical inconveniences result from such gossip. I once asked a clever Bostonian why she had given up her equestrian exercise, of which I knew her to be very fond.

'Because,' she replied, 'if I was seen riding twice with the same gentleman, people would say I was engaged to him, and I am not belle enough to command a different cavalier every time I go out; so I have stopped riding altogether.'

Here then is a matter of pure gossip, not involving malice or envy, and yet see how much annoyance, to use the mildest term, it may and does produce. Let us now go a step farther, and take an instance where malice generally does enter into the original motive of the report; the assertion or insinuation of a married woman's flirtation.

Flirtation is a pleasant euphuism, and many persons use it very much at random without appearing to attach any serious meaning to it. But what *does* it mean when applied to a married woman? Simply this that she is in danger of committing a heinous crime and is on the verge of ruin, and likely to ruin not only her own reputation but the peace of two families. *That's all*. An accusation sufficiently serious, one would think, to demand unmistakable grounds before making it. But on what sort of grounds do we hear such a charge made every day? Why that Mr. Smith has been seen occasionally in Mrs. Brown's opera-box, or that living within ten doors of each other, they have been once or twice observed walking together, by some self-constituted street-inspector, or that Smith has been heard

to praise Mrs. Brown for her beauty, or she him for his intelligence, or that he is often at the Browns', Brown having been his fellow-collegian and travelling-companion for years. There are some propositions which it does not require an astonishing amount of penetration or charity to admit, for instance that a real friend will naturally be more civil to his friend's wife than to Mrs. Anybody, and that a man may admire a woman's beauty or wit and be fond of her society without plotting against her husband's honor. But honest, straightforward, natural conduct, is the last solution for his imagined mysteries that ever occurs to your habitual gossip. It is so much more interesting to make a secret and an intrigue out of every thing and put a wrong construction on the most innocent actions.

It must be owned, however, that there are many well-meaning persons, quite free from malice, who honestly believe it an impropriety for a married woman to be seen in public with any one but a relative. This is the fault of an erroneous popular opinion respecting the position and duties of married women. When Willis said of a Bowery beauty, that 'after she is married, she is thought no more of than a pair of shoes after they are sold,' he might have extended his remark considerably beyond the Bowery. This notion seems to be based on the conventional fiction (which was true in an earlier stage of American society, when every matron was her own 'help,') that a married lady must have all her time occupied by household duties and the education of her children. This state of things we have, in a measure at least, outgrown, and beside it is not the lot of every woman to be blessed (?) with a large family. But owing to these deeply-rooted conventional ideas, most ladies on ceasing to be what is technically called 'young ladies,' desert their proper station in society, and are apt to be bored in consequence. They become dawdling and fussy under the supposition that they really are doing something in-doors; or they read stupid novels or frequent equally stupid lectures;* or they manufacture this infernal gossip that does so much mischief. There are clever women enough to break up the system. I sometimes wonder some of them do not in desperation throw themselves into the breach, and run quite wild for a time, smoke and drink grog like the Parisian *lionnes*, gallop out alone à la Fanny Kemble, and play the original Fourierite generally.

* I wish somebody able to do the topic justice could be persuaded to enlighten the public on this lecturing system of ours, and show how absurd and hollow and every way wasteful it is, and how instead of increasing knowledge and promoting intellectual discipline, it has a direct tendency to diminish the one and retard the other. The idea of any educated creature going to a lecture for amusement is amusing enough. Any lecture worth any thing as a lecture requires an exertion of the intellect to hear it profitably, as much exertion as to hear a sermon perhaps. But the female mind requires to be diverted with the sight of crowds, and therefore for those who have scruples of conscience against balls and operas, lectures on any thing form an agreeable alternation with Ethiopian Melodists and Lusus Nature. For my own part, I confess to a strong predilection for the opera on the mere score of morality; there is infinitely less hypocrisy about it at any rate. A tolerably large number of those who go there go to enjoy the music, and do enjoy it, and carry away pleasing recollections of it, but did you ever know man or woman who went to a popular lecture (save an occasional newspaper reporter) that could tell you any thing about it afterward except *who was there?*

Making allowance for all this, much of the scandal I have mentioned is directly chargeable on the spirit of envy. For, as the working of this spirit, so fostered by the democratic principle, makes the community at large hostile to the quasi-aristocracy, which is distinguished for wealth and certain sorts of knowledge, so does it make the quasi-aristocracy hostile to those among themselves who are distinguished for wit or other attractions. And married belles are more envied and hated and calumniated than single ones just in proportion as there are fewer of them.

Now comes a third kind of scandal, which I think more strikingly national than either of the preceding, the gossip of men, especially young men, about one another. This is carried on to such an extent, that it may fairly be called one of our national vices. We are ready enough to laugh at the young Englishmen whom we sometimes see here, their awkward dress and more awkward manners, their potatory propensities, and rusticity in many things; but there is one point in which it were well if we could or would imitate them: *they have not a habit of talking ill of each other.* It is positively frightful to hear how our young men will speak of their friends — yes, actually their friends — men toward whom they entertain none but good feelings; but the love of gossip is stronger than the considerations of friendship. On what grounds, for instance, or what *no* grounds, will a young man get the reputation of being dissipated. Jones sees Brown at the club some cold winter night with a glass of brandy and night before him. Perhaps Brown may not be in the same position for the next year. Perhaps he had been walking two miles in the frost, and had to walk two more. But he is not to have the benefit of any of the extenuating circumstances. Next day Jones tells Robinson that he sees Brown drinking o' nights at the club. Robinson tells Thompson that Brown is getting to be a hard fellow; and so the story grows on its travels, till Brown's Presbyterian mother and sisters in the country hear that the unfortunate youth tipples in all the bar-rooms of the city, and is carried up to bed three nights out of six. Or again, how easily and how falsely is the report started about any man that he is living beyond his means! Here we see another exhibition of the democratic spirit of envy, which delights in seeing a rich man ruined; and if it cannot be thus gratified, takes some satisfaction in saying that he is going to be ruined.

This is another case in which it is curious to mark the difference between our opinions and those of the English. In England, when a man lives well and spends money, he is usually supposed to have money; whence it arises that an impostor with a little ready cash and a large stock of assurance, often victimizes English tradesmen in a way that makes their gullibility almost incredible to us. Here, on the contrary, when a man lives freely, the general inference is that he has *not* the means sufficient to support his style, and is going to 'blow up' before long. To be sure there is some foundation in actual occurrences for the different views entertained in the two countries. If our people are sharp in making money, the trans-Atlantic Anglo-Saxons are more prudent in keeping it. You do n't

often hear of an English banking-house breaking from speculations in flour and cotton, and every thing but their regular business ; nor does an Englishman ever put half his fortune into his house, so as to find himself, at the end of four or five years, with a splendid mansion and nothing to keep it up with. If some of our parvenus have thus erred, their errors have been bitterly visited on the whole class of people who inhabit fine houses. With a ludicrous inconsistency, also, the amount of private fortunes is absurdly magnified by popular report, so that a man will be said at the same time to be worth three times as much as he really is, *and* to be on the high-road to ruin.

We can best estimate the power of gossip by observing the contrivances resorted to to propitiate and avoid it. A young lawyer who has let his moustache grow on the continent, sacrifices this ornamental appendage to his countenance immediately on his return, lest it should be taken for an indication of expensive and unbusiness-like habits. A gentleman who keeps horses will be careful not to boast of the number of his stud and the prices he has paid for them, as an Englishman would : he rather seeks to conceal both. I shall never forget the distress and confusion of a young merchant who lived in the upper part of our island, and occasionally sported a handsome gray tandem on the road. One day his Irish groom was ordered to wait for him about a mile out of town—say at Twenty-eighth-street, or thereabout ; but Pat, having his full share of that dunderheadedness from which the ‘finest pisantry’ are not *quite* exempt, tooled the equipage straight down to the store in Pine-street. Out came a crowd of the curious to criticize the unusual spectacle, and out came the unlucky owner, shaking in his boots, and dreading he hardly knew what. Fortunately he retained presence of mind enough to give Pat an emphatic slanging and order him to take off the leader and ride him home ; by which prompt measure my friend saved his credit and character. This happened several years ago, by the way. We Gothamites are getting a little wiser now, and I do not despair of seeing the time here when a man may spend his money as he pleases, provided he makes no criminal use of it, without incurring the suspicion of being *κακόβουλος τῷ δήμῳ*, or intending to break in a month. They are not so far advanced in Boston, judging at least from what their organ, the *Modern Athenian Blunderbuss*, says.

‘Why who in New-York ever reads the Blunderbuss?’ My dear fellow, it is not right altogether to despise any thing, not even the ‘Blunderbuss.’ After I have finished all the other magazines I usually take a dip into it, and occasionally pick up a piece of valuable information, such as the one I was going to call your attention to. You know how much money is given to literary and charitable institutions by the good people of Massachusetts, which we hear of, not from themselves—oh dear no !—but from the concurrent testimony of an admiring universe. Well, the ‘Blunderbuss’ has let the cat out of the bag. A late writer therein says that the public sentiment of Boston does n’t allow a man to drive four-in-hand, or put his servants into livery, (or build an elegant house, I suppose;) and so,

when a Bostonian has made a fortune, he absolutely does n't know how to spend the income of it, and the only way in which he can cut a dash with it is to give a handsome slice to a school or hospital, and so get his name into the papers. If one of us had said such a thing!—*said?* if you or I had only hinted the possibility of such a motive—what a tempest would have come down upon us! How the Mrs. Harris of the 'Modern Athenian' would have emptied the teapot of her indignation upon our devoted heads! But it is one of themselves that says it—or rather some of themselves, for the 'Blunderbuss' must count for more than one—so let us only be thankful that we are for once, by their own confession, a little wiser than our Athenian neighbors, though we have still enough to learn.

But the 'Blunderbuss' has led us into a little digression. To come back to our theme. Thus far I have been talking only of the circulation of things false; false stories invented, or false inferences drawn from admitted facts. I am now going farther—to a length that will surprise some people. I say that a story may be perfectly true, to your certain knowledge, and yet you have no right to repeat it. It has been a great mark for ridicule, and a fine field for declamation, that old English law maxim, 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel;' but it is not so entirely absurd, after all, when you come to examine it in all its bearings; and the unwritten rule of English society I would put down for one example in its broadest terms, thus:

You have no right to repeat any thing that comes to your knowledge disadvantageous to a man's private character, unless you are compelled to do so in self-defence.

There is nothing here said of your duty as a Christian; that may possibly require a little more; but only of your duty as a gentleman and a member of society. Here it is that the Puritan spirit manifests itself mischievously. You have seen a man in questionable company, or heard him swear, or suspected him of being the worse for liquor, and you deem it your duty to publish the matter on the house-tops, by way of showing your abhorrence for such sins; whereas your responsibility is in truth limited by your own example and that of those over whom you have power and influence. If then you are sufficiently intimate with the party to speak yourself *to himself* about it, do so; but you are not likely to do good by speaking of it to any one else, and are very sure to do harm.

I have said my say pretty much, and now methinks I hear some grave person exclaiming with asperity, 'And so, Sir, you consider talking about sin as bad as sin itself. You put gossip on a level with profligacy.' My dear Sir, or Madame, I do not think any better of dissipation than you do; but I think worse of scandal. I do not palliate the one: I condemn the other. It is not easy, or pleasant, or profitable, if it be possible, to weigh the comparative heinousness or venality of sins in themselves, but we can calculate the harm they do to others, and you can see as well as I, that while the evil produced by an act of debauchery or extravagance is frequently, if not generally, temporary and limited in its effects, ten words of scandal

may set half-a-dozen people by the ears together for life, and their children after them for three generations. You, Sir, have never had any wild oats to sow. Therefore you have great cause to be thankful. But do n't suppose that your correct life gives you a license to talk ill of others. That was just the mistake of the Pharisee of old. No one, not even the clergyman, or that mighty man of men, the daily editor, has a right to appoint himself *custos morum*; and if you make a practice of repeating unfavorable stories, *true or false*, your practice is a very ungentlemanly and unmanly one. You, Madame, are an unimpeachable wife and a devoted mother; regular at church, and charitable to the poor. For this you are worthy of much praise; but if, with all this, you delight in pulling to pieces your neighbors' reputations, and spreading scandalous reports, *you are a great sinner*, and your parson will tell you so if he does his duty. *Apropos* of parsons, I once heard a conversation between two, which will serve me for a fitting conclusion. A young clergyman, who found his position among his flock not very comfortable, had called on an old one for instruction and assistance. The senior did not send me away, either because I was too young to require this, or because he thought me old enough to share in the profit of his counsel.

'*Put cotton in your ears, Brother K.,*' said he, '*so that you can't hear any stories.*' The junior bowed.

'*Put cotton in your mouth, so that you can't tell any stories.*'

May 7, 1849.

CARL BENSON

CROSSING THE FERRY.

Those familiar with the German of UELAND, will remember the piece entitled 'Crossing the Ferry.' A traveller is in a boat passing over a stream, which he had crossed many years before in company with two dear friends, since dead. It is believed, however, that they are still with him in spirit, and he insists upon paying the boatman the fare for three. The following lines are supposed to express his thoughts on the occasion.

LONG years ago I crossed this stream :
Then fell, as now, the evening gleam
On yon proud castle, stern and high,
And the blue waters murmuring by.

Two friends most dear those wand'rings shared ;
One thoughtful, reverend, silver-haired ;
The other with a footstep free,
And youth's light heart of hope and glee.

The one with patient toil and slow
Fulfilled his mission here below ;
The other rushed before us all,
In storm and battle strife to fall.

Yet as our souls were wont to meet
In spiritual converse sweet,
So, linked in sympathy profound,
By the same tie we still are bound.

Then take, oh, boatman ! take thy fee ;
Threefold to thee I gladly pay :
Two spirit forms, unseen by thee,
Have crossed the stream with us to-day.

SIEMA

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY: Ninth Volume of the New Revised Edition of the Complete Works of WASHINGTON IRVING. New-York: PUTNAM.

WE have in this clear-typed and every way well-executed volume, the 'Tour on the Prairies,' 'Abbottsford,' and 'Newstead Abbey.' It does not need that we should dwell at any length, or indeed remark at all, upon the characteristics of these three divisions of 'The Crayon Miscellany,' so familiar are they to a great majority of American readers. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to quote a single *appétissant* passage from the 'Tour on the Prairies,' which we remember to have read, on the first appearance of the work, while at a pic-nic in the woods, with a relish greatly increased by the fact that we were at the time inexpressibly 'sharp-set.' It should be premised that Mr. CRAYON's party have been long without food, although from every prairie-eminence some one of the men have been sent up a high tree, to 'view the landscape o'er,' like a mariner from the mast-head at sea, to ascertain whether there were any signs of provant in prospect. At length a frontier farm-house suddenly presents itself to view:

'It was a low tenement of logs, overshadowed by great forest-trees, but it seemed as if a very region of Cocaigne prevailed around it. Here was a stable and barn, and granaries teeming with abundance, while legions of grunting swine, gobbling turkeys, cackling hens and strutting roosters swarmed about the farm-yard. My poor jaded and half-famished horse raised his head and pricked up his ears at the well-known sights and sounds. He gave a chuckling inward sound, something like a dry laugh; whisked his tail, and made great leeway toward a corn-crib, filled with golden ears of maize, and it was with some difficulty that I could control his course and steer him up to the door of the cabin. A single glance within was sufficient to raise every gastronomic faculty. There sat the captain of the rangers and his officers round a three-legged table, crowned by a broad and smoking dish of boiled beef and turnips. I sprang off my horse in an instant, cast him loose to make his way to the corn-crib, and entered this palace of plenty. A fat, good-humored negress received me at the door. She was the mistress of the house; the spouse of the white man, who was absent. I hailed her as some swart fairy of the wild, that had suddenly conjured up a banquet in the desert; and a banquet was it, in good sooth! In a twinkling she lugged from the fire a huge iron pot that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh-pots of Egypt, or the witches' caldron in 'Macbeth.' Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor, she inclined the corpulent caldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef, with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them, and a rich cascade of broth overflowing the whole. This she banded me with an ivory smile that extended from ear to ear; apologizing for our humble fare and the humble style in which it was served up. Humble fare! humble style! Boiled beef and turnips, and an earthen dish to eat them from! To think of apologizing for such a treat to a half-starved man from the prairies; and then such magnificent slices of bread-and-butter! Head of APICRUS, what a banquet!

'The rage of hunger' being appeased. I began to think of my horse. He, however, like an old campaigner, had taken good care of himself. I found him paying assiduous attention to the crib of Indian corn, and dexterously drawing forth and munching the ears that protruded between the bars. It was with great regret that I interrupted his repast, which he abandoned with a heavy sigh, or rather a rumbling groan.'

If this be not capital description; if the scene itself, and the actors in it, and the 'actions of the actors' be not painted to the eye, then we forfeit our judgment, and 'throw ourselves upon the indulgence of the public.'

KAVANAGH, A TALE. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume. pp. 168. Boston: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

It would prove a good literary 'exercise' for those merely pen-and-ink writers who deal in words; who are always on stilts, and can never write in a simple way upon a simple subject; to take up the volume before us, and observe with what effect a deep interest may be excited, sustained, and carried forward by regular convergence to the end, through means the most natural and unpretending. We finished 'Kavanagh' at a single sitting; never rising from the chair until we had consumed its contents, 'from title-page to colophon;' a consummation in which we were not a little physically aided by clear types, lines pleasantly separated, and the whitest of paper. The work can hardly be said to have any 'plot' proper; its incidents being those of a narrative which reminds us continually of GALT's 'Annals of the Parish;' insomuch that one can hardly resist the impression that the author chose that second 'Vicar of Wakefield' for his model. On the second page of the work we recognise the elaboration of a picture drawn by Mr. LONGFELLOW in these pages, many years since, in his 'Blank-Book of a Country Schoolmaster;' especially do we remember the loneliness of the old pedagogue on the hot Saturday afternoon in September, when his school was dismissed for the week: 'All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes.' A little farther on, as one of the observable features of the landscape which struck the schoolmaster on his way homeward, we read: 'The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds and they became as blood.' What a felicitous illustration of the tint which a red sunset imparts to nature! Now one of your pseudo-novelists, 'of great intellectual pow-er,' would doubtless scorn to have jotted down so simple a domestic picture as the following. The schoolmaster has reached his hearth, upon which a 'wood-fire is singing like a grasshopper in the heat and stillness of a summer noon.'

'No sooner had he seated himself by the fireside than the door was swung wide open, and on the threshold stood, with his legs apart, like a miniature Colossus, a lovely, golden boy, about three years old, with long, light locks, and very red cheeks. After a moment's pause, he dashed forward into the room with a shout, and established himself in a large arm-chair, which he converted into a carrier's wagon, and over the back of which he urged forward his imaginary horses. He was followed by LUCY, the maid of all work, bearing in her arms the baby, with large, round eyes, and no hair. In his mouth he held an India rubber ring, and looked very much like a street-door knocker. He came down to say good night, but after he got down, could not say it; not being able to say any thing but a kind of explosive 'Papa!' He was then a good deal kissed and tormented in various ways, and finally sent off to bed blowing little bubbles with his mouth; LUCY blessing his little heart, and asseverating that nobody could feed him in the night without loving him; and that if the flies bit him any more she would pull out every tooth in their heads!'

We were quite struck with an accidental coincidence of thought between the schoolmaster in his study and the Editor hereof in his sanctum, touching the books which looked at him from the walls: 'He gazed with secret rapture at them, and thought how many bleeding hearts and aching heads had found consolation for themselves and imparted it to others by writing those pages. The books seemed to him almost as living beings, so instinct were they with human thoughts and sympathies. It was as if the authors themselves were gazing at him from the walls,' etc. While

doubtless the manuscript of this passage was yet in the author's hands, we recorded, in the April number of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, our impressions while gazing half-unconsciously, with pen resting for a moment from gossiping, upon the volumes of a cabinet-library in the sanctum: 'There they stand, looking at us every day and night; each one the representative of a live man; each individual, and expressing its own character, and each ready to open and keep up a sustained conversation with us. Ah! we have 'ta'en too little care of this!' 'Cur'ous, is n't it,' that the author of 'Kavanagh' and 'Old Knick.' should have been jotting down almost the same thought at nearly the same moment? There is a very beautiful illustration in the following passage, which we remember to have encountered before, but not nearly so well expressed. Mr. PENDEXTER, the village parson, is writing his farewell sermon to a congregation before whom he has 'gone in and out' for twenty-five years:

'His heart glowed and burned within him. Often his face flushed and his eyes filled with tears, so that he could not go on. Often he rose and paced the chamber to and fro, and wiped away the large drops that stood on his red and feverish forehead. At length the sermon was finished. He rose and looked out of the window. Slowly the clock struck twelve. He had not heard it strike before, since six. The moon-light silv'ered the distant hills, and lay, white almost as snow, on the frosty roofs of the village. Not a light could be seen at any window. 'Ungrateful people! Could you not watch with me one hour!' exclaimed he, in that excited and bitter moment; as if he had thought that on that solemn night the whole parish would have watched, while he was writing his farewell discourse. He pressed his hot brow against the window-pane to allay its fever; and across the tremulous wavelets of the river the tranquil moon sent towards him a silvery shaft of light, like an angelic salutation. And the consoling thought came to him, that not only this river, but all rivers and lakes, and the great sea itself, were flashing with this heavenly light, though he beheld it as a single ray only; and that what to him were the dark waves were the dark providences of God, luminous to others, and even to himself should he change his position.'

The parson was rather a dullish speaker, given moreover to 'long prayers;' and one can quite easily see the weary restless children 'twisting and turning, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and hanging their heads over the backs of the pews, like tired colts looking into neighboring pastures.' We acknowledge to great sympathy for SALLY MANCHESTER. She was rather tartish, perhaps, and somewhat ancient; but she had 'seen the time when she was as good as ever she was;' and her pious suitor 'had n't ought to' have jilted her as he did, after

'THE wedding-day appointed was,
The wedding-clothes provided.'

Here is his cruel letter, announcing a 'change of heart:'

'It is with pleasure, Miss MANCHESTER, I sit down to write you a few lines. I esteem you as highly as ever, but Providence has seemed to order and direct my thoughts and affections to another — one in my own neighborhood. It was rather unexpected to me. Miss MANCHESTER, I suppose you are well aware that we, as professed Christians, ought to be resigned to our lot in this world. May God assist you, so that we may be prepared to join the great company in heaven. Your answer would be very desirable. I respect your virtue, and regard you as a friend.

MARTIN CHEERFIELD.

'P. S. The society is generally pretty good here, but the state of religion is quite low.'

No wonder that Miss SALLY, walking home in haughty and offended pride after the receipt of this pious epistle, 'curbed in like a stago-horse,' to use her own phrase. A capital 'picture in little' is drawn of the departing pastor, driving down the village-street in his chaise known as 'the ark:' 'The old white horse, that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, seemed to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavoring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village.' The next time the old pastor was seen was at a 'general training' making a long prayer on horseback with his eyes wide open! Mr. CHURCHILL was led to know Mr. BANTAM, the Boston *profliet*. We

wonder if he ever encountered the terse transcendental advertisement of that artist which we published many years since in these pages? It was, we remember, very 'rich.' We 'smiled a smile' at the annexed passage from a school-girl's letter, giving some account of the events of the winter in the village: 'JANE BROWN has grown very pale. They say she is in a consumption; but I think it is because she eats so many slate-pencils. One of her shoulders has grown a good deal higher than the other. BILLY WILMERDINGS has been turned out of school for playing truant. He promised his mother, if she would not whip him, he would experience religion. I am sure I wish he would; for then he would stop looking at me through the hole in the top of his desk.' We now close our notice; proposing to stimulate, rather than to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, touching the beautiful love-story interwoven like a golden tissue in the volume before us. If they would make the acquaintance, therefore, of the handsome young clergyman, ARTHUR KAVANAGH; of the lovely CECILIA VAUGHAN, (so beset by youths 'of elegant manners and varnished leather boots,') and her self-sacrificing companion, the gentle ALICE ARCHER, a rose with a 'worm 't' the bud;' if our readers would learn more of these, and of their intermingled fate, let them procure the book which records their simple story, and be well repaid for their 'time and trouble.'

MY UNCLE THE CURATE: A NOVEL. BY the Author of 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' etc. In one volume. pp. 159. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

OUR readers will remember the estimate which we placed upon 'The Bachelor of the Albany;' our admiration especially of its terseness and clearness of style, its author's vivid conception of humor and the burlesque, and his power of graphic portraiture, whether of a natural landscape or of human character. 'My Uncle the Curate' affords a wider range than 'The Bachelor,' and is altogether a more elaborate production. There are individual characters in it which very much remind us of some of the recent creations of THACKERAY. The SPENSERS, senior, father and step-mother, and the two daughters, are admirably drawn and most artistically discriminated or individualized. The love-scenes, often so sickening in a second-rate novel, have in the present a reality and a freshness that will make the old wish themselves young lovers once more, while to the young who may not yet have learned the 'art of love,' it will supply an important desideratum, namely a model of 'love-talk' as far as possible removed from the 'bald disjointed chat' which passes for the language of true passion in so many modern fictions. HERCULES, the eccentric divine, SYDNEY SPENSER, MARKHAM, and the villain DAWSON, not less than VIVYAN, who 'divides the honors' with his friend MARKHAM, are full of life; but we should be doing injustice to very important personages, if we omitted to mention Miss M'CRACKEN, and her confrere LUCY, for they have a prominent position in the subordinate and coordinate incidents of the novel. Perhaps, as a general thing, the scenic features of the landscape, and of the transitions of day and night, are a little over-described; but there are portions of the work which in graphic description will compare favorably with any modern production; such for example, as the island scenery in 'The Pic-nic' division, the subterranean marine cave, under the old castle, with the temporary picture and statue gallery, with the thieves sending down their plunder. We commend the volume to our readers as one well calculated to afford them entertainment of no mean order.

THE GENIUS OF ITALY: being Sketches of Italian Life, Literature and Religion." By Rev. ROBERT TURNBULL, author of 'The Genius of Scotland,' etc. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THE unexpected length to which the 'Original Papers' of the present number have extended, alone prevents us from presenting the many extracts which we marked for insertion as we perused this interesting volume. It is not, as the author justly claims in his preface, a hackneyed 'Tour in Italy'; he has not endeavored so much to give incidents of travel, descriptions of scenery, roads, public buildings, etc., with which most volumes on Italy are filled to repletion, as to furnish a clear idea of the real character and spirit of the Italian people; to give brief and vivid glimpses of their life, literature and religion, as embodied in men and books, in history and usages. He does this with great freshness and interest; taking his readers along with him through the principal parts of the country, especially the larger and more influential cities; indulging only in such occasional descriptions of scenery and localities as furnish a back-ground for his observations or a becoming frame-work for his portraits. 'The genius of a country,' says Mr. TURNBULL, in explanation of his plan, 'is always localized; and it gives one a clearer and more impressive view of its religion, literature and politics, to see them *in loco*, or to become acquainted with them in the very scenes with which they are associated.' The volume, which is written in an easy, natural, attractive style, furnishes, we cannot doubt, a just idea of the present state and future prospects of the Italian race; and while the great events which are now occurring on the classic field of Italy are borne to us by every steamer which crosses the Atlantic, a work like the one under notice will be found to supply the growing demand for information concerning a people who are but too little understood on this side the water.

THE EARTH AND MAN: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind. By ARNOLD GUYOT, Professor of Physical Geography and History at Neuchâtel, Switzerland. Translated from the French by Professor C. C. FALTON, of Harvard University. Boston: GOULD, KENDALL AND LINCOLN.

THESE lectures certainly compose a very interesting and instructive work. The physical characteristics of our globe, and their influences upon human societies, are described in them with vivacity and elegance. The contrasts between the different portions of the earth, their reactions upon each other, their adaptation to the special part that each, in the order of Providence, has been called upon to perform in the drama of human history, are presented with a clearness of plan, a skill in exposition, a harmony of arrangement, that give a permanent value to these discourses. The author has applied his deductions to 'the great events of human history, presented in a rapid series of striking and finely-executed pictures, on which the great generalizations he draws from the science of physical geography throw a surprising light. He has clearly shown that the varied characteristics of our physical globe have a most intimate relation to the great march of history, and that the study of the two ought to be combined for the proper understanding of either. He has shown that every peculiar formation, whether of a continent, an ocean, a sea, a mountain, or a plain, is designed by the CREATOR for a special end, and is not a fortuitous assemblage of material atoms. Every where he traces the handiwork of an all-wise and benevolent BEING, carrying forward in the smallest, as well as the greatest combinations of physical agents, the plans of Goodness and Mercy.' The volume is illustrated by several excellent maps, the first one of which possesses unusual originality and value.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GOSSIPING EPISTLE FROM LISBON, PORTUGAL.—A friend, an officer on board the 'St. Lawrence,' an American vessel-of-war, sends us the following familiar gossip 'of and concerning' Lisbon, which we commend to the consideration of our readers: 'The only information I can pick up 'bout decks' as to the history of this city, is that no one knows any thing positive of its origin. The 'Encyclopædia Americana' no doubt possesses some interesting matter touching its birth, parentage, etc.; but as I cannot at this moment 'flipper' the volume containing 'L-L-a,' I must trust to luck and my own jaundiced observation. The prevailing opinions as to its origin are numerous; the one having the best 'holding-ground' in my mind supposes it to have been founded by ULYSSES, shortly after the destruction of Troy. It has gone at different times by different names: 'Ulyssipe,' 'Felicitas Julia,' (with a thousand others, 'for what I know,') and Lisbon, its present appellation. It has been distinguished for lots of misfortunes and villainies; principally, however, for a great fire, which burnt up, among many other things, a young married couple. The *ms.* setting forth the deplorable fate of these two lovers has been but recently discovered among the rocks, hard by a quaint old cork-tree at Cintra. I shall translate it for you by-and-by, and serve it out as the government used to do butter and cheese to the men—once a week; viz., on banyan-days. The sailing of VASCO DA GAMA occupies another important point at the mouth of the river, and so do the revolutions, rheumatisms and earthquakes; but the modern rapidity and slyness with which clipper brigs and small craft are fitted for the slave-trade is to me by far the most surpassing event. Lisbon is beyond doubt a city of some note, particularly in the manufacture of wines. I think JIM BAILLY, in Philadelphia, has some good 'Lisbon.' I bought some from him once, and a friend said it was *good*; being but a poor judge myself, I then said it was good, too.

'The Theatre of SAN CARLOS, or Italian Opera-house—the second place, I believe, ever visited by sailors when they get adrift from the ship—is rather an imposing-looking edifice, two stories high, though by no means tastefully decorated in the interior. It was constructed by some wealthy men in a few months, and thrown open to the public some time in 1793, in honor of the birth of DONNA MARIA TERESA, aunt of the present Queen, and wife of DON CARLOS, of Spain. It contains five tiers of boxes, each box being separated from the others by thin partitions of pine, papered or painted to suit the fancy of the proprietor. Directly in front of the stage the Queen has an immense *barn*, occupying in height the space of three tiers, and handsomely curtained with blue silk richly bordered with fringe of the same color, and surmounted

by the national coat-of-arms. She uses it only on state occasions, a smaller one to the left, in the second tier, being occupied by 'Her most Serene Highness' on other evenings. A large chandelier, full of glass icicles and 'curlycues,' and lighted with olive oil, is suspended over the pit, and adds one of the finest Naples yellows I ever saw to the complexions of the audience. The orchestra is good, and numbers perhaps fifty hale, hearty and fashionable-looking hombres. 'MACBETH' was the opera, and as it was to be the first of SHAKESPEARE'S plays I ever heard operatized, I was of course on the *qui-vive*. The music is charming, original and replete with melody. The scenery, machinery, etc., excelled any thing of the kind I had seen, either in the United States or Europe. I hardly think it worth while to say to you that I have been in London, Genoa and Naples. Some people are fond of talking of their travels. Mum! The Prima-Donna, 'LADY MACBETH,' possessed a clear voice, destitute of richness of tone, and not altogether true; some of her touches, however, were exceedingly fine, and strikingly like Madame ANNA BISHOP'S; but she lacked altogether the mellow warbling and fine acting of that lady. SHAKESPEARE says something about suspicion being but 'a coward's virtue.' I'll admit it, in some cases; but in the present I am sure I am borne out in suspecting the prima-donna's hands to have been stained with a kind of dark tint. What the object was heaven only knows; it may have been part of the play: I know that soap and water is sometimes used in such cases with great success. It would do your heart and soul good to inhale the stale smoke of tobacco in the lobbies, to say nothing of the peculiar and disgusting smells from the stage, and other 'cubby-holes' about the building. The opera is divided into four acts, somewhat long and tedious, with the usual quantity of thunder and lightning, and plenty of hot water in the coppers for the witches to boil down the bones.

'When I saw MACDUFF and his troops scraping their feet and scratching their noses with the leaves and trees of Birnam Wood, I 'cut' for the 'Braganza Hotel' close by; the only decent establishment of the sort, by the way, in Lisbon. It is navigated by an Englishman named DYSON; who, although not 'a fellow of infinite jest,' is a man who has dwelt twenty-one years in Portugal without having had his throat cut,* and whose billet-head speaks as plainly of extra rations as Captain TOMIX did to the secretary of war. Like myself and most others who are fond of 'goodies,' the rest of his person utterly denied the charge. 'Sundries' are high; the rent is low; fifteen hundred dollars covering all, and dropping into the pocket of the Empress of Brazil, to whom the property belongs. An old lady and son, of some notoriety in the fashionable world, were the only boarders of distinction at the time of my visit; and the son, poor fellow! was said to be galloping into eternity on the Quaker's mare—consumption. (I believe it's reduced to a positive 'short shoulder' that the Jersey Quakers eat more pickled sturgeon than any other class of people on the face of the earth.) . . . 'It would be a source of extreme pleasure to me, my dear CLARK, if I could, with any regard for decency and truth, say even *one* word in favor

* 'THE assassinations in the streets of Lisbon,' says BYRON in 1829, 'are not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but the English are daily butchered. I was once stopped on the way to the theatre, at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend; and had we not fortunately been armed we should have 'adorned a tale' instead of telling one. In Sicily and Malta also we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly.'

of the cleanliness of this 'Felicitas Julia,' as the Romans distinguished it. I think it quite becoming, if not dashing, to speak of the Romans here. You know they were a dirty set of fellows, chock-full of fleas and 'piojos;' (pronounce this latter word *peeochees*; the English pronunciation is better than the Spanish; ask any one who has ever seen a 'Mahon soger.')

But to the point of cleanliness. Bob'd-tailed cats, musical rats, cowardly dogs and blear-eyed beggars, are the 'A. Number One' scavengers of Lisbon.* There is a unanimity of feeling among them, not to be found about the Irish and Dutch scavengers in New-York and Philadelphia; and highly commendable it is, too; for it shows how well filth and hungry things can be made to harmonize when there is no help for it. I blush to say it, but after several days' diligent search in different quarters of the city, particularly in the 'outskirts,' where one is most likely to meet with misery and oddness, I positively aver that I did not see over half-a-dozen cats with whole ears and tails. So eager indeed was I to find one not shorn of its fair proportions, that I watched an overgrown, leopard-skinned 'Tommy,' with a string of bells about his neck, for quite an hour; until he descended from the roof of a small shanty and entered the door of a second-hand furniture store, when, coolly coiling himself down in a large punch-bowl, he commenced licking his paws. I was glad he went into *that* shop; it reminded me of hunting up a thing or two, especially old paintings and queer candlesticks. Do n't you like a funny candlestick? (Certainly: send us one.) 'As usual with the same kind of common-sewers in our country, it was stocked with all sorts of trumpery; the difference in quantity being in favor of the South-street establishments in Philadelphia. The predominant articles seemed to consist principally of the portraits of the VIRGIN MARY, DON JOHN, (a dropsical-looking old man, with a double-chin and a star on his breast,) and the 'hooked nose' of the Duke of WELLINGTON, tied up in a red coat, with a very small shirt-collar. Poking about in the 'stow-holes,' I accidentally thrust my stick into the queue of General WASHINGTON; quite a clever mezzotint, published in Boston many years ago. I 'priced it,' as the ladies say, but did not 'buy,' in consequence of its being one crown higher than my pocket could afford. On coming out I was accosted by a poor devil, 'all tattered and torn,' who in the most pitiful and supplicating tone of voice informed me that he had eaten nothing for four long days. I knew it was a lie, for he had teeth, and seemed to be much swollen about the abdomen; so I bowed as low as possible and passed on.

'The paupers are considered somewhat better off here than in other Portuguese towns. They thrive on mere trifles, and make out, 'by hook and by crook,' to save up something for a rainy day. The little children, I think, monopolize the best share of public patronage in this way, it being a profession to which they are trained from a very early age — as soon as they can waddle, in fact; and it is a matter of astonishment to me with what good-will they pursue it. One little soul perseveringly followed me, with a doleful ditty, for nearly a mile: finally, to save a penny, (rather

* LISBON would seem to have retained undiminished the savory character given of it by CHILDE HAROLD:

— Whoso entereth within this town,
That sheeving far, celestial seems to be,
Discoillate will wander up and down,
Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e:
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
No personage of high or mean degree,
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plagues, unkempt, unwash'd — unhurt.

mean and tricky on my part, I admit,) I 'cut' into a by-street, and thought I had fooled her. Alas! that we cannot see into futurity and stone-walls! The end of the street was blocked up, and I was 'jammed!' I 'forked over;' and it has since occurred to me that I ought to have taught that child the song of

'THEY told me to shun him,
His fortunes were broken,' etc.

'Middling maids' are as plenty as blackberries; their color, however, is more akin to that of 'green gages' than blackberries. Allow me to blush again here, and pity my weakness. I do n't know how it is, but from beyhood up I have never been able to call that venerable class of females who fluctuate between the ages of thirty-five and fifty 'old maids.' It may possibly be owing to the vivid remembrance I have of one very masculine person of this sort, with hair on her lip, having given me a trouncing for eating an apple-dumpling by mistake, or it may not. Early impressions are said to be lasting; and I am of opinion that the fiery face of that apple-dumpling-loving woman will never leave me. One thing I *can* state without blushing; and that is, that the bachelors— I mean villanous, sallow-faced old bachelors, full of wrinkles and as crabbed as the devil—are just the same here as elsewhere, and quite as fond of cards, chess, scandal, rum and segars. The lower class of both sexes are decidedly the prettier looking, but are more pitted with the small-pox than the upper and middling ranks. As I take you to be a man who does not despise the good things of this life, I think you may naturally enough wonder what particular dainty is preëminently 'gobbled up' in Lisbon; and I very much fear my veracity will be sorely tried by you when I state the fact that *beans* are mixed with bread, beans are mixed with coffee, and beans are eaten in every form and shape, save in their raw state. The fish-market, however, is unmatched; and that is an excellent thing for a Catholic country. The beef is abominable, and turkeys and chickens tough and stringy. The meanest rat in our country would spurn the idea of being seen at all in the day-time where I have seen turkeys and chickens feeding. The most of the 'plenty-penitentiaries' and 'big-bugs' generally, dwell on the top of a hill, about a mile from the centre of the city, and dine late. They 'go it with a perfect looseness' on port, and watch each other from their windows, as Major BAGSROCK did Miss TOX. A couple of Yankees are here; one extracting teeth, 'heedless of weather, and without pain,' while the other amuses himself by drawing a 'bead' of Daguerreotype on the victim. What a horrid life it must be; and how the victim must suffer! . . . 'I spent ten minutes or so in the Academy of Fine Arts, and was much gratified at the idea entertained by one of the old artists in painting ELIJAH's ravens with large modern-sized Lisbon loaves of bread in their mouths! I do n't mean to be ungenerous; but had you seen that picture, would you not have supposed the fellow was hungry, or that he had been brought up in a baker's shop? 'Sassengers' seem to be as great favorites here as in our own country; they are, however, much stouter, altogether better filled, and seasoned 'up to the nines.' I am at a loss to conjecture of what they are composed; because from personal observation I know that all and every portion of 'piggy' is totally used up in other ways. c. z.

WE are promised farther communications from our correspondent, who in his distant cruising can scarcely fail to see and hear many things which will prove of interest to our readers. He will address us next from Seville or Cadiz.

GOSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.— We have private letters, under date of February twenty-second, from our esteemed friend and correspondent at Constantinople, (from whom we never hear without pleasure, which is almost always shared with our readers,) from which we venture to make one or two extracts. The following passages we may believe will interest many persons :

'We go on here with 'internal improvements' and useful and ornamental edifices, with praiseworthy determination to regenerate the 'City of the Sultan,' as Miss PARSON will call Constantinople. I believe I have mentioned to you the university which is being erected near the Mosque of St. SOPHIA ; and these two will ere long be the greatest works of the East. It is worthy of remark, that while the Mussulman-Turks deny the sanctity of SOPHIA, they continue her name to the church, which was converted by the conqueror into a mosque. This may, however, be only from a sense of gallantry for the fair sex in general. An Italian artist of merit has the building in charge, (M. FOZZARRI,) who, by the by, is a warm admirer of our free institutions. He is also repairing St. SOPHIA, and for several months past the interior of the mosque has been filled with scaffolding. All the interior of the vast dome has been freed from the numerous coatings of whitewash that covered it, and the peculiar gilded glass mosaic work is again exposed to 'mortal gaze.' The four cherubims in the angles of the dome, with their six wings, seem once more to peer down from their lofty eminence upon the world below. The aisles too now present many saints, of the same elegant and rich mosaic. Recently M. FOZZARRI discovered the full figures of the Greek Emperors CONSTANTINE and HERACLIUS, over one of the greater portals. The SULTAN is expected soon to call and see them. I believe that the cherubims, being of a heavenly origin, will continue exposed ; but the saints and the emperors, being supposed to come within the limits of that part of the commandment which forbids to be made any 'image of things in the earth,' they will be covered over with a framed writing of some part of the Koran. The exterior too has been greatly embellished, with true Italian elegance and good taste ; but what is most remarkable in the matter is, that an infidel, a 'Ghaour,' has been employed to do the work ! Shade of the Islam prophet, who lived on dates and camels' milk, and never knew the luxury of a shirt, whose palace was a mud-hut, and who performed his devotions in an humble chapel, little larger than a tent, how must you feel indignant at the desecration ! and yet how proud of the noble structure which your followers have taken from the same Triune-Christians against whom your Unitarian creed was put forth in Arabia ! Another architect, from a less sunny clime than Italy, from the foggy precincts of London, is also employed by the SULTAN in the erection of public buildings for him. This person, a Mr. SMITH, has also built a theatre, or more properly speaking, an opera, for an Armenian proprietor. The SULTAN aided it in several ways ; one by a gift of two thousand five hundred dollars, and another by a grant of land, which added to the fund of the builder. A good Italian company is now 'in full play' on its boards, and the enterprise has this winter been very successful. There has been, however, the usual 'noise and row' of such places, and a rivalry between the 'Prima Donnas.' The result has been shown by wreaths of flowers showered in abundance on the stage, varied by *cadeaux* of turnip-tops, cabbage-leaves and a live gobbler ! This latter, you will say, I suppose, is but natural in Turkey ; and yet the unfavored Donna thought very differently. A duel ensued among the admirers, as bloodless as the cabbage itself, and now all goes on quietly again. We have had 'MACBETH,' 'ERNANI,' 'LINDA di Chamounix,' and 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' and are promised soon 'LUCRECIA BORGIA.' The SULTAN owns the centre box, (the theatre is in the shape of a horse-shoe,) and has been present once. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that he did not visit it at night, and that an exhibition was got up for him, 'extra,' during the day-time. His highness could not go at night, and have the crowd of spectators seated together promiscuously in his presence, and perhaps even boisterously applaud the performance, without any reference to his wishes. Yet as he was very curious, no doubt, to see a regular theatrical performance, the matter was compromised, and 'LINDA DI CHAMOUNI, one of the sweetest of operas, by DONNIZETTI, (whose brother is the director of the SULTAN's band,) was performed for his private entertainment at noon on Friday last. 'On-Dit' says that his highness was much pleased, and was so much struck with the *rôle* of the old marquis, whose libertine passion for poor LINDA is in such

striking contrast with that of his nephew, that he exclaimed to some of the courtiers present : ' It is not surprising that such terrible revolutions constantly occur in Europe while noblemen are sufficed to act the dishonorable part shown by this one !' In the same discreet sentiment his highness made no especial *cadavre* to 'LINDA,' (whose beauty and grace certainly made a deep impression on his young heart,) but sent fifty thousand piastres as a donation to the whole *Corps de Theatre*. He also left tokens of his generosity in the shape of snuff-boxes in diamonds, for the architect, the directors and the proprietor of the theatre. The edifice is made to contain about twelve hundred people ; the boxes are let for the season, and as I hear, alone pay the expenses of the opera. Pera, like the fabled phoenix, is only now rising out of its ashes ; and I believe that in a year or two more it will also have a Théâtre à la Corp de Ballet. Many of the officers of the Porte visit the opera at its usual night performances, and the young Turkish gentry, as well as the Armenians and Greeks, are fond of music. M. DONNIZETTI, the leader of the SULTAN's band, for some time past has been engaged in giving lessons on the piano to the SULTAN, and it is said that he makes creditable progress. He is also learning French of one of his secretaries. Seldom does an artist of celebrity visit Constantinople without receiving an invitation to perform before the SULTAN, and is handsomely recompensed ; yet you must not believe the unnatural tales told of his 'going into perfect ecstasies' and 'embracing the artist,' etc., for the SULTAN is as dignified as he is generous ; nor must you believe that his mother ever drives *into* the theatre in her carriage drawn by buffaloes, as I once read in one of our public papers. It is probable that she never will even see the inside of the theatre, and certainly cannot drive into it. It is said that the SULTAN has ordered the whole corps to perform at his palace, where a theatre will be got up for it ; and this to gratify the ladies of his harem. Then fair 'LINDA' will not go unrewarded, and she certainly will not leave the palace without at least one beautiful Cashmere shawl to cover her shoulders.

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WE desire to call especial attention to the excellent article from our friend 'CARL BENSON,' in preceding pages, upon the prolific theme of '*Envy and Scandal*.' We hope it will not be altogether lost upon that large class of philanthropists who are willing to dispose of such portions of their spare time as are not required in minding their own business, in looking after that of their neighbors. . . . 'M.'s request reminds us of the cautious person who wished to purchase a load of hemlock wood, with the privilege of returning it if it 'snapped' in burning. His 'contingency' is equally out of the question. We do not often publish rejected articles. . . . 'AMICUS' does not close so well as we could wish ; but the annexed stanzas indicate feeling for nature, and an agreeable facility of versification :

Oh in the 'leafy month of June,'
When the forest trees are green,
And the roses full of rich perfume
Bloom in the fields unseen ;
When sighing winds with fragrance filled
Come floating o'er the fields,
And the murmur of the tinkling rill
Its sound so sweetly yields :

Oh ! in that month serene and bright,
When the glad sky laughs for joy,
When the meadow lark in its upward flight,
Seems like some glittering toy ;
When the sun pours forth his golden rays
In the many-colored west,
Oh ! that in this loveliest month I may
Be laid in my tomb to rest !

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SOME clever writer in a London magazine has a very sensible article upon '*Literary Aspirants*.' Speaking of inexperienced amateur writers, he says :

'If we by chance encountered a man who all at once, not being hitherto accounted a mechanic, fancied he could make a church clock, and proceeded gravely to file out pieces of brass and fix them in certain positions, with the notion that they would work, and inform the town of the time of day, we should say he was remarkably foolish, to use no stronger terms. And

yet every known literary man will tell you that every week he has a novel sent him, in manuscript, either by a friend or through his introduction, the first work of a person who, with scarcely a knowledge of putting down a phrase, or the simplest elements of the art of composition, dashes at once at the conventional three volumes, and, as is usual in such cases, only building the characters from types that struck his fancy in reading, and which he thought he could imitate, instead of originating, introduces us to all those old friends in alighty new dresses, characteristic of such productions.'

In reference to 'that indefatigable class, the aspirants to periodicals, and small poets,' the writer remarks that he was bored almost to extinction with their crude communications:

'I READ a great many of them, but none were ever available. If the notion was original, the style was either immature or over-elaborated; and if betraying some knowledge of construction, the articles were nothing more than clever imitations of popular writers. The would-be aspirants to light literature were the most painful; those who thought it comic to use such phrases as 'the immense sum of eighteen-pence;' or, 'that specimen of sable humanity yclept a chimney-sweep;' or believed that humor consisted in a simple change of synonymes, such as calling an old maid an 'antiquated spinster;' or in that elaboration of meaning by which a dancing-master was described as 'a professor of the saltatory art' (which, according to the present style, he is *not*;) and the simple word 'married' could only be explained as 'led to the hymenal altar.' In fact, the drollery chiefly aimed at was of the school in which police cases are written by facetious reporters.'

We may begin something by quoting the above; and there are two of our late 'corresponding'-readers who will understand what it is. . . . HERE is a very simple yet forcible illustration of the truth of BYRON's remark, that the heart 'must leap kindly back to kindness;' and we hope it may not be lost upon those parents who never spoil their children by sparing the rod, and with whom there is no other but the imperative mood: 'A boy was once tempted by some of his acquaintances to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. 'You need not be afraid,' said one of his companions, 'for if your father should find out that you had them he is so kind that he would not hurt you.' 'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, 'why I would not touch them.' An exposition of cause and effect, worthy of heedful consideration. . . . 'The Independent' weekly religious journal, in a letter from the Pacific, gives one a favorable impression of the moral character of some of the pious padres of Panama; of one especially, who, after morning service, lost twenty dollars in a cock-pit, betting on his own fowl. He made it up, however, after evening service, at the monte-table. He was quite successful. He won a hundred dollars. Such a 'line of conduct' pursued by a clergyman on Sunday would be apt to 'excite remark' in some parts of Connecticut. . . . WHOEVER has passed northward by the quaint old Dutch church, toward the entrance to Sleepy-Hollow, must have remarked, beyond the little grave-yard where so many of the 'forefathers of the hamlet sleep,' a succession of woody eminences and tranquil dells; a charming spot, breathing the very spirit of seclusion and repose, and yet, 'by glints,' looking out upon the haunts of men; the distant village, the broad Hudson sprinkled with sails or streaked with white 'wakes' of gliding steam-craft, and the blue hills that fold themselves together beyond. In this delightful umbrageous neighborhood there has recently been laid out 'The Sleepy Hollow Cemetery,' a rural burying-place, which it seems to us could scarcely be excelled in point of position or association. The names of the several divisions are appropriately and tastefully chosen; such as 'Woodland-Hill,' 'Forest-Shade,' 'IRVING-Ridge,' 'Shady-Dell,' 'Mount Hope,' 'Woodland-Avenue,' 'Morning-Side,' 'Hudson-Hill,' 'Tarry-Grove,' 'Battle-Hill,' 'Vesper Dell,' etc. Nothing could be more pleasingly various than the scenery, or the foliage of the trees and shrubbery, while the soil is such as commends itself especially to sepulchral purposes. The grounds have been laid out with taste; a spacious receiving-tomb is prepared; and burial-lots are open for examination and purchase. 'After life's fitful fever' how

many hereafter will 'sleep well' in the beautiful cemetery of 'Sleepy Hollow!' Its immediate accessibility to the metropolis by steam, and soon by rail-road, the classical region in which it is situated, and its great natural advantages, must combine to secure for it the preëminent favor of the public as a place of sepulture. . . . A CORRESPONDENT in Georgia sends us the subjoined capital bit of free-and-easy Latinity, which was written some years ago, and which he 'lighted upon' during a research in an ancient family trunk. It will carry some of our readers back to the days of 'Viri Romæ:' The following is an extract from a book which has found its way to Washington, entitled 'Catalogus Senatus, Facultatis, et eorum qui munera et officia gesserunt; Quique aliquis gradus laurea donati sunt, in Facultate Medicinæ in Universitate Harvardiana Constituta Cantabrigiæ, in Republica Massachusettensi. Cantabrigiæ: Sumtibus Societatis.'

MDCCCXXXIII.

GRADUS HONORARII.

ANDREW JACKSON, Major-General in bello ultimo Americano, et Nov. Orleans Heros fortissimus; et ergo nunc Præsidis Rerumpub. Foed. muneris candidatus et 'Old Hickory,' M. D. et M. U. D., 1827. Med. Fac. honorarius et 1829 Præsides Rerumpub. Foed. et LL. D. 1833. Ob proclam. et Veto celeberrimus. Salv. Pop. Amer. a Nullif. horrib. Denique propter Dep. Rem. multis condemnatus.

ANNA ROYAL, Armig. domina 'emunctæ naris;' quæ nuper Respub. foed. in terrorem maximum Typographorum perambulavit, suo libello subscriptionem 'ci et armis' exigens, D. M. et postquam M. D. 1825, et M. U. D., 1827, Med. Fac. Honoraria.

ISAACUS HILL, Neo. Hant. populi ductor, suæ factioni constans. Qui epistolas fœtas iudicibus suis adduxit, 1830. Munchausen Professor Mendacitatis emeritus, Med. Fac. Honorarius.

FRANCES WRIGHT, prænomen. 'Miss,' sed vere neut. gen. prælector perfrictæ frontis, castitate stigmosa, quæ primum cum OWEN patre, tum OWEN filio vixit. Quæ Haytiam cum Nigris adit et ex re nigra one hundred 'dollars' recepit, 1829. Med. Fac. Honoraria.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, Armig. Civitatis Soriba Reipub. Foed., spud Aul. Brit. Legat. Extraord. sibi constitutus. Reip. Nov. Ebor. Gub., 'Don. Whiskerandos;' 'Little Dutchman;' atque 'Great Rejected,' Nunc (1832) Rerumpub. Foed. Vice-Præsides et 'Kitchen Cabinet,' moderator, M. D. et Med. Fac. Honorarius.

SAMUEL HOUSTON, Armig. Tenn., Gub. atque Indiæus, qui, memb. Cong. castigatus jussu Mr. Speaker STEVENSON, 'considered himself reprimanded,' et igitur, 'felt cheap.' M. D. et Med. Fac. Hon.

JOHANNES DOWNING, prænominatus 'Major,' Gen. JACKSON sodalis, litteris celeberrimus, M. D. et Med. Fac. Hon.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, TABITHA TROLLOPE, atque ISAACUS FIDDLER, Reverendus; semi-pai centurio, famelica transfuga, et semicoctus grammaticaster, qui scriptitant solum ut prandere possint. Tres in uno Med. Munch. Prof. M. D., M. U. D. et Med. Fac. Honorarii.

GULIELMUS LLOYD GARRISON, Liberator; qui nuper spud Londinum (adjuvante DAN. O'CONNELL) Americano *sp. Salt River* rowavit. 'Rara Avis' adhuc implumis sed nunc honorum ornithol. (sub specie 'Tar et Feathers') candidatus, igitur, Med. Fac. Hon. et M. U. D.

MISS CRANDALL, prænominata 'PRUDENCE' 'lucis a non lucendo.' Scholæ Nigræ fundatrix, Africanorumque propagatrix. Martyra, M. D. et Med. Fac. Honoraria.

THERE is much of true eloquence in the subjoined passage from a late address at New-Haven by Rev. Dr. WHITE, President of Wabash college: 'That voice is silent which once said, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' but the sound has never ceased to reverberate and to echo. Every wail of sorrow is its echo; every petition from isle or idolatrous continent. Every revolution invokes us; every uprising of man, struggling for the liberty of manhood and the equality of civilization, is an invocation. But amid all these sounds there comes one louder, deeper and more earnest. Is it the wind that comes to our ears sighing across the prairie? It is the voice of our kindred that dwell there. Is that the roar of the forest, or the breaking of the lakes upon the shore? It is the sound of the multitudes, loud as the 'voice of many waters' or as 'mighty thunderings.' It rolls from the vast basin of the Mississippi, along the far-travelling Missouri, and from the mountains whose snows it drinks, and over them from the shores of the Oregon. It is the Pacific calling to the Atlantic — 'deep calling unto deep.' The multitudinous dwellers between these shores are our kindred; we taught those lips to speak. For us they yearn at eventide

For us they sigh when fever-scorched, and turning to the East, with devotion fonder than the Oriental, they call for father and mother! — names in this land next in love and sanctity to the name of God.' . . . Here is a capital epigram from the pen of a friend, on a woman with red hair who wrote poetry:

'UNFORTUNATE woman! How sad is your lot!
Your ringlets are red — your poems are not.'

A CORRESPONDENT, whose little notelets we always like to encounter in our drawer at the publication-office, writes: 'Did I ever tell you this story? On the day of ADAMS' funeral, I went down to the Battery to witness the ceremonies. While standing on the side-walk opposite the Bowling-Green, I saw the military companies marching down in all their glory, with their music playing and banners flying. As they arrived near where I was standing, they generally halted and dismissed for a few moments, waiting for the remains of the departed sage to arrive. Among other companies was one that had a fine band, and I listened to the music until it stopped. As soon as it did, the band dispersed, and one of them, a fat, jolly-looking fellow, wearing a very red coat and almost as red in the face, came over toward me. He carried one of those immense brass instruments, on which these bands are accustomed to manufacture, as their base-parts, a pretty good imitation of walking thunder; and as he passed me, puffing and blowing with recent exertion, he looked so good-natured that I could not help saying to him, 'It must require a strong constitution to carry so much brass about you!' Whether the rogue knew me or not, I did not know. If he *did*, the joke was all the better, for he answered very promptly: 'Well, I do n't know. Do you find it so?' . . . You will find a pleasant picture in the opening of TENNYSON'S 'Princess,' of a baronet's park given up for a day to a mechanic's institute, who hold there a sort of scientific gala. Rapidly, and with touches of sprightly fancy, is the whole scene brought before us; the holiday multitude, and the busy amateurs of experimental philosophy:

— 'SOMEWHAT lower down,
A man with knobs, and wires, and vials, fired
A cannon; Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were telescopes
For azure views: and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter; round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied,
And shook the lilies: perched about the knolls,
A dozen angry models jetted steam;
A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusty groves,
And dropt a parachute and passed;
And there, through twenty posts of telegraph,
They flashed a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
With science hand in hand went; elsewhere
Pure sport; a herd of boys with clamor bowled
And stumped the wicket; babies rolled about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country-dance, and flew through light
And shadow.'

THERE is a very touching and we have no doubt authentic story just now going the rounds of the religious and secular press, entitled 'The Old Family Bible;' to the effect, namely, that on the banks of the Wabash, the effects of a poor widow, who had been left comparatively destitute at the death of her husband, had been seized by the sheriff for debt, and were being sold at auction; and among these effects an old

family Bible was put up for sale. She begged the constable to spare this memento of her dear and honored parents, but he was inexorable. The Good Book was about going for a few shillings, when the widow suddenly snatched it, 'and, declaring that she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they each called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's hand-writing, were the following words: 'When sorrows overtake ye, seek your Bible.' And on the other, in her father's hand: 'Your Father's ears are never deaf.' The sale was immediately stopped, and the Family Bible given to its faithful owner.' 'Hence we view,' is the corollary derived from this incident, by several religious journals, 'the great good to be derived from examining the Bible.' The pecuniary turn given to this anecdote, reminds us very forcibly of a story which our departed friend, the lamented HENRY INMAN, used to relate, with inimitable effect, of an illiterate English Methodist minister at the west, who one night, at a class-meeting, related the following affecting circumstance: 'It is but a little while-ah, since I was a-travellink along one of your great rivers-ah, surrounded by the deep forest; I stopped at a rude shanty by the low river side-ah, and there I found a poor family in gre-a-a-t affliction-ah. They were all sick; their children were shivering and starving; their heads frowzy and dirty; and I was informed by the mother that they had *lost their fine-tooth comb-ah!* They was ignorant of the go-öspel, and did n't seem to care about it, 'ither; for when I reasoned with 'em-ah, the woman was all the time lamenting the loss of her fine-tooth comb-ah! 'Have you the Bible in your cabin?' said I to her, says I-ah; says she, 'Yes, theer it is, up theer on the catch-all-ah,' p'inting to a narrow shelf over the smoky fire-place, 'but we do n't often read into it-ah; ha'n't read any on't but onee-t, when our little BILL died with the ager, for as much as tew months-ah!' I got onto a die-tub, my friends, that stood in the corner, and reached up and took down the blessed Book, all covered with dust-ah; and what do you think it was that I opened to-ah? What do you think it *was* that I found there-ah, to satisfy the longings of that poor woman-ah? It was the long-lost, the long-wanted, fine-tooth comb-ah! Oh, my hearers, *s'a-a-rch the skripters-ah!* If she had only s'aärched the skripters, how her mind would 'a been eased-ah!' It seems to us that the *morale* of searching the scriptures for money is not far removed in absurdity from the inculcation above recorded. . . . IN reply to 'H. L. R.,' we can only say, that our firm *belief* is that the lines he quotes as from 'W. G. C.' are his. We quite well remember his reading them to us; but when they were printed we cannot say. . . . 'FOREIGNERS,' incidentally writes a metropolitan friend, whose 'notelets' it is always a pleasure to read, 'make queer mistakes sometimes in using our language. I recollect when I was at school, a Spanish boy from South America attended the same academy, and was learning English. He got along famously. He frequently heard us use the expression 'poor as a church-mouse.' One day he conveyed the idea, by saying that he was as 'poor as a meeting-house rat!' I knew a Frenchman, too, who on one occasion feeling himself very much insulted, and being very angry, cried out in his wrath, 'I blow your nose, you d—n r-r-rascal!' . . . Our printers have made a clean sweep of the postponed matter on their 'galleys,' so as not to include any deferred 'gossiping' in the first number of our new volume, the *Thirty-Fourth*, which commences on the first day of July. The literary matériel already selected for that issue is of the character

known in mercantile phrase as 'A. Number One.' We can promise, for our new volume, ample stores, and no abatement of our own exertions. . . . WE were forcibly struck, lately, in reading DUMAS' 'Shores of the Rhine,' by this contrasted picture of 'Napoleon going to and Returning from Waterloo.' The two scenes are worthy the pencil of DELAROCHE:

'WE saw two carriages approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running toward the town, crying 'L'Empereur! L'Empereur!' We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw NAPOLEON! He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallion head of the old Roman emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince JEROME, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well-formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past. Opposite the Emperor was LETOUR, his aid-de camp and ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle; he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

'THREE days afterward, toward evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin; they said that as they came away they had heard cannon. The morning of the seventeenth a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The eighteenth nothing. The nineteenth nothing; only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The twentieth, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the court-yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. NAPOLEON could not be beaten! That fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember the years which had gone before! My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's account of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that NAPOLEON and his brother were killed. This we would not believe: NAPOLEON might not be invincible—invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night.

'At ten o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the EMPEROR!' I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed NAPOLEON; seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. JEROME and LETOUR were not with him to bow and smile in his place. JEROME was gathering together the remnants of the army; LETOUR had been cut in two by a cannon ball. NAPOLEON lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief, strident voice, 'What place is this?' he said, 'Villers-Coteret, sire.' 'How many leagues from Soissons?' 'Six, sire.' 'From Paris?' 'Nineteen.' 'Tell the post-boys to go quick,' and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head fell on his chest. The horses carried him away as if they had wings!

The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of NAPOLEON! . . . WELL do we remember the school-days' scene recalled by our country friend 'G. A.' Be well assured of this, that

'THE burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten *still* in Memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.'

We shall expect the promised account of 'J. C.'s 'post-academic history.' Into the pleasant vista of the past which he so feelingly describes we look with mingled

emotions of chastened sorrow and remembered delight. . . . THERE is nothing about which there are more unmeaning twaddle and pure cant than in the dissertations of certain of our small uneducated *littérateurs* upon the necessity of a 'National Literature.' A sectional novelist, let us suppose, who has survived a short-lived reputation for cleverness at elaborating 'things in books' clothing, when informed by one of our first publishers, in declining his *ms.*, that his works *do n't sell*, whether published in New-York, Philadelphia, or Charleston, shall reply, with mortification 'in 's aspect,' 'It is because we have no encouragement for a National Literature!' National fiddlestick! Do IRVING, COOPER, PRESCOTT, BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, and kindred men of mark and genius, complain that there is no encouragement for *their* 'national literature?' No; and for the best of good reasons; their repeated editions find a ready market, instead of being tied up in sheets, and crowded upon the highest shelves of our popular book-stores, labelled with names which repeat to every visitor, 'No Sale!' We hold with Mr. CHURCHILL, in 'Kavanah:' 'A national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call 'originality,' to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. All literature, as well as art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement.' . . . 'POOR POWER!' whose bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep; the incomparable actor, the pleasant companion, the courteous gentleman; who that ever saw him, or hears his name mentioned, does not involuntarily exclaim, 'POOR POWER!' in warm commiseration of his untimely fate? A correspondent, from whom we are well pleased to hear, sends us the subjoined: 'One morning, near where some masons were at work, POWER overheard the following colloquy between the master and one of his men, who had come rather late: 'Faith, PAT, and this is the hour ye come to your work, is it? It's aisy to see where ye was the night; ye was down at TIM DOOLAN's, and ye're the worse for it this morning.' 'Dade, Mr. O'CONNOR, a man might pass the night in *your* house and be niver the worse for it in the morning!' Once when POWER was leaving the Tremont-House, after a protracted stay, he called up the fire-maker, and gave him a gratuity. PAT looked at it, and with a cold 'Thank you' was about pocketing the insult, when he perceived it was a gold-piece instead of 'a quarter,' as he at first thought. His manner instantly changed, and he wound up one of those superabundant overflows of Irish gratitude with: 'And I hope, Mither POWER, I shall have the pleasure of making the fires for you *hereafter*!' 'Could gratitude,' said POWER, 'go farther?' I wish you would get some one, who had ever heard the story from POWER, to write out the one of the Irishman who acknowledged: 'Indade, this *is* a great country, Mr. POWER. They're at laste a hundred years ahead of us—in dhinks, Sir! Did ye ever taste a julap?' . . . WE are conscious of doing a real service to all those who travel hereabout by land or water, 'and citizens generally,' in mentioning the fact, that the 'St. Charles Restaurant,' on the corner of Leonard-street and Broadway, is kept open from sun-rise in the morning, with a corresponding period beyond the usual time of closing at night; thus supplying persons who are leaving town by the earliest conveyances, or arriving late at night, either by 'rail' or steamer, with a desideratum heretofore greatly desired. Under the supervision of Mr. CHARLES B. GRAVES, its new proprietor, the 'ST. CHARLES' is without a superior among all the restaurants of the city. Prompt attendance, unmatched catering, a *cuisine* no where

excelled, and the perfection of neatness in all its departments, are the 'causes of this effect.' . . . THE following 'Sonnet on looking at a Portrait by Page' does no more than justice to the merits of that distinguished artist, while it reflects honor upon the heart and intellect of the writer :

'THOU, so far off of late, art near me now,
 Distinct and palpable, in living guise;
 I read thy thoughts beneath that even brow,
 I see thy soul out-looking from those eyes,
 And almost hear the unlettered speech that lies
 Pausing upon the threshold of thy lips.
 The thought born at thy death itself now dies,
 For death no longer holds thee in eclipse.
 Blessings forever rest upon his head
 Whose genius, setting time and space at naught,
 Hath to grief-blinded eyes this image brought,
 Radiant with that immortal spark which fled
 Ere yet the artist's hand had wholly wrought
 This link between the living and the dead.

L. S. C.

An esteemed correspondent, in a letter from Syracuse, relates the following 'too-good-'un-to-be-lost.' Mrs. BUTLER gave one of her readings last week at Canandaigua. She was advertised in the village newspapers to read 'Much Ado about Nothing.' On the day of reading, at the request of several citizens, by whom she had been invited there, she changed the play, and read 'HAMLET.' An honest shop-keeper heard the reading, and became quite enthusiastic in his admiration. The next morning he happened to see the advertisement in the paper, and went to a gentleman with it, foaming and boiling over with rage: 'See here,' said he, 'what these infamous scoundrels have been doing! They have published Mrs. BUTLER's reading last night as '*Much Ado about Nothing!*' And not content with such an insult,' added he, 'they have put it in capital letters—'*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!*' They ought to be horse-whipped!' And off he started, in a towering passion, to arouse public indignation against the rascals who had committed the outrage. . . . GALT, in his 'Annals of the Parish,' has, with apparent unconsciousness, so entirely simple is the narration, drawn a most touching picture of blighted affection in the person of a poor half-demented girl, who had fallen in love with a young Englishman named MELCOMB, who was on a visit to the parish, and who, to 'humor her fancy,' had 'allemanded her along the street on Sunday, going to the kirk in a manner that should not have been seen out of the King's court.'

'THIS sport did not last long. Mr. MELCOMB had come from England to be married to his cousin, Miss VIRGINIA CAYENNE, and poor daft MEG never heard of it till the bans for their purpose of marriage was read out by Mr. LORIMER on the Sabbath after. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the simple and innocent natural gave a loud shriek, that terrified the whole congregation, and ran out of the kirk demented. There was no more finery for poor MEG; but she went and sat opposite to the windows of Mr. CAYENNE's house, where Mr. MELCOMB was, with clasped hands and beseeching eyes, like a monumental statue in alabaster, and no entreaty could drive her away. Mr. MELCOMB sent her money, and the bride many a fine thing; but MEG flung them from her, and clasped her hands again, and still sat. Mr. CAYENNE would have let loose the house-dog on her, but was not permitted.

'In the evening it began to rain, and they thought that and the coming darkness would drive her away; but when the servants looked out before barring the doors, there she was, in the same posture. I was to perform the marriage-ceremony at seven o'clock in the morning, for the young pair were to go that night to Edinburgh; and when I went, there was MEG sitting looking at the windows with her hands clasped. When she saw me she gave a shrill cry, and took me by the hand, and wished me to go back, crying out in a heart-breaking voice: 'O, Sir! No yet! no yet! He'll maybe draw back, and think of a far truer bride!' I was wae for her, and very angry with the servants for laughing at the fond folly of the ill-lesas thing.

'When the marriage was over and the carriage at the door, the bridegroom handed in the bride. Poor MEG saw this, and jumping up from where she sat, was at his side like a spirit, as he was stopping in, and taking him by the hand, she looked in his face so piteously, that every heart was sorrowful, for she could say nothing. When he pulled away his hand, and the door was shut, she stood as if she had been charmed to the spot, and saw the chaise drive

away. All that were about the door then spoke to her, but she heard us not. At last she gave a deep sigh, and the water coming into her eye, she said: 'The worm—the worm is my bonny bridegroom, and JENNY-with-the-many-feet my bridal maid! The mill-dam water's the wine o' the wedding, and the clay and the clod shall be my bedding! A lang night is meet for a bridal, but none shall be langer than mine!' In saying which words she fled from among us, with heels like the wind. The servants pursued; but long before they could stop her she was past redemption in the deepest plumb of the cotton-mill dam.

'Few deaths had for many a day happened in the parish to cause so much sorrow as that of this poor silly creature. She was a sort of household familiar among us, and there was much like the inner side of wisdom in the pattern of her sayings, many of which are still preserved as proverbs.'

A LITTLE satire, we should say, in the reply of a man recently returned from the Sandwich Islands, who, when asked whether the missionaries had been successful in civilizing the natives, replied: 'So much so, that I know hundreds who think no more of lying or swearing than any European whatever!' . . . JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq., is the author of the words of 'Home, sweet Home.' We are surprised that 'J. M. J.' was not aware of the fact, from the circumstance that occurred in Georgia, when Mr. PAYNE was arrested and carried through the forest to a place of confinement, on mere suspicion of being improperly concerned in the Indian difficulties in that State. On his lonely night-journey, with the guard that had been placed over him, he heard one of them singing 'Home, sweet Home;' and the announcement, incredulously received at first, that he was the author, had a favorable influence upon the subsequent treatment which he received. . . . THERE is not a great deal of flattery in this description of one of your dandy 'beaux:' 'He is an abstraction substantialized only by the scissors; a concentrated essence of frivolity, infinitely sensitive to his own indulgence, chill as the poles to the indulgence of all others; prodigal to his own appetites, never suffering a shilling to escape for the behoof of others; magnanimously mean, ridiculously wise, and contemptibly clever!' . . . A CORRESPONDENT at Buffalo remarks as follows upon these lines in LOWELL'S 'Fable for the Critics:'

'ONE needs something tangible though to begin on,
A loom as it were for the fancy to spin on.'

'The poet shows an accurate idea of housewifery in putting Miss FANCY to spinning on a loom! It reminds me of the Widow PATTERSON, mistress of a log-cabin hereabout, who called upon a carpenter with a request that he would 'bring over his augur and saw her front-door off,' which shut with difficulty from some up-rising of the sill beneath it.' . . . THIS morning at half-past six o'clock; a fine breeze blowing in the leafy trees without; little JOSEPHINE coming in at the time, showering her silken ringlets over a fair white brow and a pair of the largest, brightest eyes that ever beamed with the soul-light of childhood; coming in to say 'Brek'sus is weady;' whereby, imparting the morning kiss, we did remark, that we should presently be down; this morning, we say, did we laugh 'somedele' at the following: 'A clergyman, being opposed to the use of the violin in the church service, was overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday the parson commenced the service by exclaiming, in long-drawn accents: 'You may fi-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the fortieth psalm!' . . . SOMETHING there is, very quaint and curious, in the profusely figurative language of the old English writers. Nothing with them was too unimportant or too familiar for purposes of illustration. Observe the following, where the devil is supposed to have 'got the whip-hand' of a fashionable prodigal: 'His vehicle is the post-coach of ruin; the horses that drew it are VANITY and CREDIT; the footmen who ride behind it are PRIDE and OPPRESSION; the servants that wait at table are FOLLY and EXTRAVAGANCE, and SICKNESS and

DEATH take away.' Next to this, in its exact kind, commend us to our friend SAMUEL LOVER's 'Road of Life;' the echo of his parlor-voice in the singing of which, in the drawing-room below, seems hardly yet to have subsided from that 'locality.'

'Oh! youth, happy youth, what a blessing,
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew,
When Hope the young heart is caressing,
And our griefs are but light and but few;
But in life, as it swiftly files o'er us,
Some musing, for sadness, we find;
In youth we've our troubles before us,
In age we leave pleasure behind.

'Ay, TROUBLE 's the post-boy that drives us,
Up hill till we get to the top,
While Joy 's an old servant behind us,
We call on, forever, to stop.
'O! put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 't would be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose.'

'But there stands an inn we must stop at,
An extinguisher swings for a sign;
That house is but cold and but narrow,
But the prospect beyond is divine!
And there, whence there 's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust!'

ALBERT we are 'chained to the oar,' for the most part, during the fervors of the summer solstice, we have yet an unselfish pleasure in reminding our more fortunate readers of the pleasures which to them are compassable. For example: At Saratoga, *The United States*, already large enough to contain the population of a small village, is to be amplified by the erection of a wing one hundred and forty-four feet in length by forty in breadth, which is to contain a hall and concert-room over an hundred feet long. Who can doubt what *this* vast establishment will be, under the auspices of our friends the MARVINS? *Congress-Hall*, too, an old and well-deserved favorite, with its new and graceful front piazza, with windows opening upon them from the ceiling to the floor, its renovated and re-modelled upper apartments, its improved grounds, and (more important, and better still) its experienced, assiduous host, BROWN, who 'each particular of his duty knows,' whether appertaining to the larder, to the *cuisine*, or to the wine-cellar — *Congress-Hall*, we say, opens on the first 'instimo,' to wit, namely, June 1, 1849. There is now a superb rail-road from Saratoga to Whitehall, so that visitors can now get to beautiful Lake George, (where SHERRILL, that excellentest of hosts, stands ready to welcome them to his thoroughly well-kept house,) with comfort and facility. Nearer home, but with equal attractions, comforts and luxuries, and unsurpassed views, ocean and inland, the *Hamilton House*, under the watchful care of its popular host, CLAPP, opens on the same day. There will be great enjoyment at these several places of resort the ensuing summer. . . . 'We say ditto' to the following address of a contemporary 'To Occasional Contributors:': 'Our correspondents will confer a real favor by sending us fair copies, and not the original and sole ms. of their works. If an article is worth any thing, it is worth the trouble of a fair copy. Not intending the least discourtesy to our occasional contributors, we yet find it necessary to say, in general, that *time* is not so cheap a commodity that we can conscientiously employ it in doing up and directing rejected copies of verses and short essays, to save authors the trouble of making fair transcripts of their own works. We hope, therefore, that no offence will be taken, if in future we fail

to comply with the usual injunction, 'to return the *ms.* if it be not used,' unless it is too long to have been copied without considerable labor. A fair copy is also a favor to the printer and proof-reader, for which they are always grateful.' . . . **HERE** ensues a very interesting anecdote connected with the late Mexican war. We derive it from an officer who was in General Taylor's column :

'**VERY** early in the morning of the twenty-third of February, and before the battle had fairly commenced, a horseman was observed moving very leisurely along the main road that leads through 'Los Angosturos' toward Saltillo, and approaching the position of the American forces. He was mounted on a rather small but active horse, very plainly caparisoned, and was himself completely covered, in the Mexican style, with a blanket, which hung on all sides so low as partially to envelop in its ample folds, a portion of his horse. He rode along as unconcernedly, though but a short distance from the troops drawn up in battle array, as if he had been passing through a smiling country in a state of most profound peace, and seemed no more disturbed, though he occasionally glanced to the right and left, with the scene before him, than if he had been gazing upon mere flocks of goats, feeding upon the neighboring hills. The road was completely commanded by Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) **WASHINGTON's** battery, which was placed behind a parapet thrown across it at about its narrowest point. The ground on **WASHINGTON's** right was intersected in almost every direction by broad and deep ravines, with sides almost perfectly perpendicular; and on his left, rose a hill, whose crest was occupied by the lamented **HARDIN's** regiment of Illinois volunteers. So close had the foot of this hill formerly been to the ravines, that to make room for the road it was necessary to blast off a part of its face, leaving bare the rock of which the hill was almost wholly composed.

'The self-complacency with which the traveller trotted along, threw all our men, who were watching him, entirely off their guard; and so confident was Captain **WASHINGTON** that his object was wholly peaceable, that as he was drawing nigh, he directed one of his sergeants, to cross the parapet and ask him what he wanted. The order was immediately obeyed, and the sergeant walked up the road to meet him; still he continued to advance without sensibly altering his pace; and appeared not the least discomposed although within thirty yards of the battery, and not more than fifty or sixty from a line of between four and five hundred infantry; and it was not until the sergeant had nearly reached him, that he began to hold up. In an instant after he halted, gave a few rapid but searching glances at our dispositions, for defence; and as the sergeant stretched out his hand to seize the bridle, turned his horse with almost lightning rapidity, and fled at the very top of his speed. His true character was instantly known; and **HARDIN's** men opened upon him, with a full volley; but although a perfect shower of balls followed him, not one reached the mark. The balls struck the road on all sides of him, raising little clouds of dust, but he and his horse rushed along, wholly unscathed. At this moment one of **WASHINGTON's** lieutenants asked permission to discharge upon him one of the pieces loaded with grape and canister, but **WASHINGTON**, inspired with admiration at the daring conduct of his gallant adversary, and at the cool and admirable manner he had carried through his most brilliant reconnoissance, replied: 'No, no: Noble fellow!' he has had his chance — let him go.'

'The horseman was a colonel of engineers, who unfortunately lost his life in a subsequent part of the battle; but if all Mexican officers had been like him, Mexico would still possess many laurels to adorn her brow.'

'W. D. F.'

VERY many of our citizens lose no small share of positive enjoyment through the impression that a Museum can afford little attraction to grown people. A greater mistake could scarcely be made. We drop in occasionally at *Barnum's American Museum*, and can truly affirm that we never do so without being greatly gratified. Aside from the specified daily and evening 'performances,' which are exceedingly various and entertaining, there are several works of art to examine, which are alone worth the price charged for admission. A large painting, representing the French revolution, at the moment **LAMARTINE** was proclaiming the republic, is among the collection; a superb picture, embracing portraits of all the principal actors in that grand drama, comprising altogether some four hundred figures. . . . No; we don't like 'M. L.'s' 'model.' He may be 'great' in his way, but his 'way' is small. He

is 'maximis in minimis;' great in small things. 'M. L.'s puns are not such as we should care to print. This play upon words, unless *well* done, is very poor employment. A pun is not worth a copper which shows the labor of producing it. Of all indifferent exertions, spare us from forced puns, written around and up to. These glass gems, in pinchbeck setting, have no charms for us, 'and that 's the truth.' . . . THE eccentric 'Dow, Jr.,' in allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church-goers from the sanctuary, by reason of the enormously high pew-rents in our 'fashionable churches,' characteristically remarks: 'There is a high duty upon the fashionable waters of divine grace; and you have to pay at least a penny a-piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church in any kind of tolerable style costs a heap a-year; and I know very well that the reason why a majority of you go to BÆLZEBUS is, because you can't afford to go to heaven at the present exorbitant prices!' . . . THE well-written '*Scene from the Past*' would be acceptable were it not too well known. We have seen, and not long since, but where we don't now remember, a beautiful print which tells the whole story, with the title, '*Mort de la Pucelle d'Orleans.*' Her noble figure is clasping the image of the VIRGIN to her breast; the fire is kindling at her feet; her cruel judges are around her; she has asked for a crucifix, which a soldier has made for her, a rough stick of wood, which she grasps with the fervor of true devotion; the flames rise around her; the last word she utters is the name of JESUS, the Consoler of the Afflicted, and the last thing unconsumed is her heart. . . . WE were struck, in reading the other day an article in an able religious journal, entitled '*How to make Secret Prayer Pleasant*,' with the following passage: 'Pray much to Christ. He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was tempted, tried, in all points as we are, and presents himself before us in a form to meet our sympathies, and invite our most confiding approaches. Why did STEPHEN, in the hour of his trial, pray, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?' There is a volume of instruction in that prayer. It points us to ONE who, having trode the paths of temptation, suffering and death, bears toward us the heart of a brother, that can be touched—combined with omnipotence to save.' . . . IT was poor TOM HOOD (may the turf lie lightly on his untimely grave!) who wrote these odd remarks in an article upon autographs: 'With regard to my own particular practice, I have often traced an autograph with my walking-stick on the sea-sand. I also seem to remember writing one with my fore-finger on a dusty table, and am pretty sure I could do it with the smoke of a candle on the ceiling. I have seen something like a very badly scribbled autograph made by children with a thread of treacle on a slice of suet-dumpling. Then it may be done with vegetables. My little girl drew her autograph the other day in mustard and cress. Domestic servants, I have observed, are fond of scrawling autographs on a tea-board with the slopped milk. Also of scratching them on a soft deal-dresser, the lead of the sink, and, above all, the quicksilver side of a looking-glass—a surface, by the by, quite irresistible to any one who *can* write, and does not bite his nails. A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'Remember JIM HOSKINS'—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up.' . . . THANKS, thanks! friend 'H.' So we think we may. Well do we *know* the pleasure we should derive from a trip to Cincinnati, *via* blue-green Erie, Sandusky, and 'the rail:' it is only the *incessant* supervision of 'letters, words and sentences,' that has hitherto detained our steps from the 'Queen City.' We have cherished friends in the capital of the 'Buckeye

