

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

VOL. I.]

RICHMOND, JUNE 1835.

[No. 10.]

T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The contents of the present number of the Messenger will be found various and entertaining, many of them possessing uncommon merit. They are, like those of the last preceding number, entirely original.

The continuation of the *Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell*, is highly acceptable. The description of a Storm on the Prairies is told with much vigor, and will compare favorably with a similar scene in Mr. Hoffman's excellent itinerary of a Winter in the West.

Nos. XV and XVI of the "*Letters of a Sister*" are delightful. The vivacity and elegance of the style, and the feminine grace which breathes through the whole correspondence, are peculiarly observable in these numbers.

The 2d and 3d chapters of "*Lionel Granby*" exhibit an improvement on the first. But we think the writer has chosen a bad model, since he displays sufficient ability to render his writings interesting without imitation. Perhaps unconsciously, he has fallen into what may be denominated the *Bulwerian* style, one which pleases less than almost any other in the hands of an imitator, as like that of Byron it is essentially an egotistical style.

Our reforming friend, "*Oliver Oldschool*," has hit off with great force some of the fashionable assemblages of the present day. Without entertaining a zeal in the reproof of these extravagancies, quite commensurate with his own, we are fully aware of the justness of his strictures upon those modern customs which banish social intercourse from what are intended for social parties, and burthen the enjoyment of pleasure with so many qualifications as to make it little better than pain.

The story of "*The Sanfords*" is the production of a young girl; and if the reader should not find in it the skill of riper years, or the deep interest of more stirring fictions—still, we trust he will agree with us in the opinion, that it is highly creditable to the talents of a young lady of sixteen and promises better things, when experience and observation shall have stored her mind with incidents, and taught her the art of using them with effect.

"*English Poetry, Chap. II*," is highly meritorious. We scarcely supposed that so trite a subject could have been rendered so attractive. Our correspondent has evidently studied his subject with great care, and, which is better, *con amore*. He does not follow in the beaten track, but has the boldness to differ from many former critics; and there is a freshness and originality in his remarks which cannot fail of being admired by the classical reader.

Mr. Poe's story of "*Hans Phaall*," will add much to his reputation as an imaginative writer. In these ballooning days, when every "puny whipster" is willing to risk his neck in an attempt to "leave dull earth behind him," and when we hear so much of the benefits which science is to derive from the art of ærostation, a journey to the moon may not be considered a matter of mere moonshine. Mr. Poe's scientific Dutch bellows-mender is certainly a prodigy, and the more to be admired, as he performs impossibilities, and details them with a mi-

nuteness so much like truth, that they seem quite probable. Indeed the *cause* of his great enterprise is in admirable harmony with the exploits which it encourages him to perform. There are thousands who, to escape the pertinacity of uncivil creditors, would be tempted to a flight as perilous as that of Hans Phaall. Mr. Poe's story is a long one, but it will appear short to the reader, whom it bears along with irresistible interest, through a region of which, of all others, we know least, but which his fancy has invested with peculiar charms. We trust that a future missive from the lunar voyager will give us a narrative of his adventures in the orb that he has been the first to explore.

"*The Sale*" is one of Nugator's best sketches, and will be recognized as true to the life, by those who best know the scenes and circumstances described. The characters of the Hoe-Cake ridger and his steed are admirably drawn.

Among our Reviews, those upon *Bancroft's History of the United States*, and the *Writings of General Washington*, are from the gifted pen of the reviewer of the orations of Messrs. Adams and Everett. The former displays much research, and contains some highly interesting details of our early history. The latter is the most eloquent tribute to the character of Washington that has ever met our eye. It is not our custom to notice our reviews; but it would have been indelicate in us to assume for a moment, even indirectly, the authorship of two articles of such transcendent merit.

The Poetical department in the present number is well supplied. "*The Daughter's Lullaby*," a parody of Mrs. Hemans's *Sunset Tree*, but a parody only in the form of the verse, is a perfect gem. The *Lines on Lafayette*, by Mrs. Willard, possess much merit. "*The Old Parish Church*," will be read with feeling by the Virginia antiquarian—if such a being exist among us. The stanzas to "*Estelle*," and the lines which follow, were formerly addressed to us under the signature of *Fra Diavolo*, and were not inserted, because accompanied by another poem which the late editor deemed objectionable. The author has requested us to suppress the latter, and has permitted the publication of those pieces to which no exception was taken by our predecessor, who was fully impressed with the spirit of true poetry which characterizes these productions. The scene from the unpublished drama, entitled "*Arnold and Andre*," will be read with uncommon interest. The author is not unknown to fame, and in this fragment of a work, which he informs us it is his intention to complete, he has given earnest of the merit which it will possess as a whole. The description of the battle of Princeton (the only occasion as we believe, in which Washington drew his sword during the whole war,) is powerfully described by the Old Officer, as also the great influence which the father of our liberties possessed and exercised over the minds and actions of his followers. It is with great pleasure we announce the writer of this admirable scene, as one from whom future contributions to the Messenger may be anticipated.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

[From the Manuscripts of D. D. Mitchell, Esquire.]

I left the Fort early in the morning of the 28th December, accompanied as usual by my Spaniard and a few Canadian servants. The season thus far had been uncommonly fine, not a spot of snow was visible on the prairies, and, as we passed along, the Elk, Antelope, and Fox, were seen in various directions reposing with all that lazy listlessness which the warm suns of March and April never fail to produce upon both man and beast. There was in fact nothing to remind us of the presence of winter, except the barren nakedness of nature, and the long range of the rocky mountains whose snowy peaks glittered in the sun, and whose hoary summits stretching far to the north and south, were undistinguishable from the white vapory clouds which floated around them. Towards evening, however, a fresh gale sprung up from the north, and a very sensible change in the temperature was experienced. We drew our Buffalo robes closer around us, and jogged on, talking and laughing away the time, inattentive to the signs of the storm which was rapidly gathering. A few flakes of snow began to descend, and the sun became suddenly obscured. We were now sensible that a snow storm of unusual violence was fast approaching, and we laid whip to our horses, in the hope of reaching the shelter afforded by a spot of timbered ground, about eight miles distant. The tempest however had already burst upon us in all its fury; large snow-flakes came whirling and eddying about our heads, which were caught up by the wind before they could fall to the earth;—darkness and confusion increased every moment, and in half an hour it was impossible to see ten paces before us. Our horses now became blind and ungovernable, some dashing away with their riders across the prairies, heedless of what direction they took, and others taking a firm and immoveable position with their heads opposite to the wind and refusing to stir an inch. Of course, all of us became soon separated. It was of no use to call out to each other, for our voices were drowned in the roar of the tempest, and could not be heard twenty steps. In this emergency I dismounted from my steed, and leaving him to his fate, endeavored to keep myself warm by vigorous exercise. Blinded and chilled by the wind and snow, I stumbled forward, groping my way in darkness, and regardless of the route which I took. At length, having proceeded some distance, I tumbled headlong into a deep ravine filled with snow, from which, with all my efforts, enfeebled as I was by fatigue, I was unable to extricate myself. After some rest and many unavailing trials, I at length crawled out, and perceiving at some little distance a kind of shelter formed by an overhanging rock, I immediately sought it, and wrapping my cloak and blanket around me, sat down in no enviable mood, contemplating my forlorn and apparently hopeless condition. After remaining in the ravine about two hours, the fury of the storm subsided, when on making a careful examination I discovered a place in the bank which was of comparatively easy ascent, and accordingly succeeded in gaining the level prairies. I looked around for my unfortunate companions, but no vestige of them was to be seen. The snow lay piled up in ridges several feet high, and

the wind though considerably abated, continued to throw its light particles into such dense masses or clouds as to intercept the view beyond a short distance. There was a kind of hillock or mound in the prairie, about a half mile off, to which I directed my steps in the hope that from its summit I might make some discovery, and I was not disappointed. I thought that I saw a few hundred yards distant, the whole of my party collected together, and I instantly turned to join them. Guess my astonishment, however, when in lieu of my unfortunate comrades, I recognized my horse standing all benumbed and shivering with cold, in company with a few old buffalo bulls. I approached very near before they saw me, but on reaching out my hand to seize my horse's bridle, the buffaloes took to flight, and whether it was that my horse being a regular hunter, followed them from habit, or clung to them in the present instance as companions in misfortune, I do not know,—but so it was that he scampered off with the rest, and by his ill timed desertion greatly aggravated my distress. I was now thirty miles from home,—the night was fast approaching and the weather intensely cold. What was I to do? If I lay in the open prairie, without the means of kindling a fire, I knew that the snow would at once be my winding sheet and grave: the thought too of my companions, and their uncertain fate, added poignancy to my reflections.

After a few moments of melancholy musing, I determined to pursue my horse, and if he could not be reclaimed to shoot him on the spot, in order that I might recover such articles as he carried on his back, and which might aid me in repelling the cold. I followed for nearly a mile, the horse and buffalo still walking off before me, when my patience being entirely exhausted, I took deliberate aim and fired. The ball however fell short of its mark, the buffaloes ran off at full speed, and my horse, greatly to my surprise, instead of following the bad example of flight, suddenly pricked up his ears and looked inquiringly around. Whether it was that he knew the report of my gun, which had so often brought down the buffalo, when mounted on his back, or that he really took compassion on my desolate situation and repented his ungrateful conduct, it is of course impossible to tell, but so it was that he turned round and hastened to meet me at a brisk trot. When he approached very near, he stopped and seemed irresolute, but having reloaded my gun I was resolved that he should not again escape. I made towards him as warily as possible, when making a sudden spring I seized the bridle, and in a few moments was safely seated on his back.

A moment before I could have exclaimed with the ill-fated Richard, "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" but now that I had reclaimed my own, I found my situation but little alleviated. The sun had already sunk far behind the mountains, and the wind, which blew directly from the north, came with such intense bitterness that in spite of my clothing and robe, it seemed to penetrate my very vitals. I gazed round on the boundless prairie, in the hope of descrying some timbered spot which should serve as a place of refuge, but all was one dreary waste. Nothing was to be seen but a broad expanse of plain, undulated by ridges of snow—and nothing heard but the hollow and mournful gusts which swept over the desolate scene and sounded like a fune-

ral dirge. My apprehensions were gloomy enough, and losing all confidence in my own half-bewildered reason, I threw the reins on the neck of my horse, and giving him the whip, surrendered the choice of the route to his own better instinct. The sagacious brute seemed conscious of his new responsibility, and as if to atone for his unkind treatment after the storm, he gave a loud neigh, and then sprung off at a sweeping gallop which he continued for an hour and a half. It was now completely dark, and I was so thoroughly benumbed with cold, that I could scarcely retain my seat. I felt indeed like one lingering on the very brink of despair, when my horse suddenly gave another loud neigh which was instantly returned. He sprang forward with renewed life and spirit, and in a moment after, upon reaching the top of some rising ground, a large fire sent up its cheerful blaze to my view; and to my utter surprise as well as delight, I beheld my companions who were so recently dispersed by the storm, comfortably seated around it. With a loud shout of congratulation I hurried down the hill and joined them. A sailor who has been wrecked at sea, and who after buffeting the stormy billows until nature is exhausted, is at length cast on shore by some friendly wave, never felt a more thrilling sensation of pleasure or thankfulness, than I did at that moment. In the fulness of my heart I most fervently thanked heaven for its protection; then seizing my horse around the neck, I tenderly embraced him, and poured forth my gratitude and forgiveness to his unconscious ear. Many no doubt would be disposed to smile at this seeming folly; but let them reflect that when the spirit has been raised from the lowest depths of despair to the highest summit of hope and enjoyment—the man must be cold indeed who does not evince some extravagance in feeling or conduct, as in the case of the poor man, whose fortunes are suddenly made by a prize in the lottery, some excuse may be given for a few irrational freaks and absurd eccentricities. Like all excessive joy, however, mine was but temporary—or at least not unalloyed, for I soon discovered that one of my men was missing, having been separated from his companions during the storm, and not since seen or heard of.

With the aid of a large fire, a sufficient number of blankets, and a bottle of old Jamaica, we contrived to pass the night in tolerable comfort, notwithstanding the cold, which was tremendous. Early next morning, we proceeded to scour the prairie in search of our lost companion. We searched until late in the evening—but all our efforts were vain, and we returned once more to the camp. The unfortunate man had doubtless fallen a victim to the fury of the storm,—for we never heard of him more. His body probably lay wrapped in its snowy shroud until spring, when at last it was revealed to the eager eyes of ravenous birds and beasts. Death is in any shape appalling; and his near approach will for a moment shake the stoutest heart. It will even blanch the cheek of the hero, surrounded by the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war.” What then must be the situation of him who is overtaken by the violence of the wintry storm, and sinks, exhausted by cold and weariness, on the trackless prairie. For the last time he hears the night wind, as it chants his funeral dirge,—whilst the mournful howl of the starving wolf, or the scream of the ill-omened raven, as

he circles in the air, and watches the last vital spark as it vanishes—disturbs the dying moments of the victim!

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For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LETTERS FROM A SISTER.

LETTER FIFTEENTH.

Foundling Hospital—Hotel Carnavalet—Count de Ségur.

PARIS, —.

This morning, dear Jane, we visited the Foundling Hospital. Being told we should go there very early to behold the emptying of the baskets in which the babes are deposited at the gate during the night, we hastened there ere seven o'clock; but we had been misinformed, and were disappointed in our wishes. The infants are carried there at all hours; none however were received during our visit. We were conducted through the numerous wards, and saw many forsaken little creatures—a distressing sight, indeed! Then to behold the sufferings of such as were diseased! Some of them lying on hard beds, with a bright light from opposite windows torturing their eyes, which were generally inflamed from being thus exposed. Some of the nurses too, were exceedingly rough. For instance, in an apartment attached to the sick wards, four or five women were occupied in *dosing* and feeding several babes—one of them asked another who stood by a table, to hand her a spoon; instead of handing it, she threw it, and so carelessly, that the poor child received a blow on the cheek. I could have boxed the vixen! Each infant is swathed, and wears on its wrist a piece of pewter, telling the hour, the day of the month, and the year of its reception at the hospital; this enables a parent who may desire to reclaim a child, to find it. About six thousand children are annually received here, and frequently as many as twenty in the course of a day. A considerable number are sent into the country to be nursed, and during our stay, a half a dozen carts drove off, filled with peasant women and their helpless charges. The destiny of these we thought enviable, when compared with that of those who remained. At two years of age, the children are removed to another hospital, and there instructed until old enough to be put to some trade.

After breakfast, we visited a place of a more pleasing description; this was the Hotel de Carnavalet, formerly the residence of Madame de Sévigné. It is now inhabited by a Monsieur de P—, an eminent engineer, with whom we have become acquainted, and who kindly invited us there, to see the very chamber and cabinet occupied by that lady, when she penned those charming letters to the Countess de Grignan. The window of the cabinet overlooks a small garden, in which is a flourishing yew tree, that was planted by Madame de Sévigné herself. As I viewed it, and thought of her who reared it, Lord Byron's beautiful lines on the cypress came forcibly to my mind.

“Dark tree! still sad when other's grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.”

The charming old Count de Ségur has returned to town, and we have paid him our respects at his residence in the Rue Duphot. He was here yesterday, and invited us to dine with him *en famille* to-day; we are going, and I shall close my letter with an account of the party, when we come back. At present I must abandon the writing desk for the toilet table.

Eleven at night. We reached home a half an hour since, and having changed my dress for a robe de chambre, behold me quite at my ease, and again in possession of the pen. We spent our hours delightfully at the Count's! On alighting there, we were for some minutes sole tenants of the parlor, and thus had an opportunity of examining a beautiful portrait that decorates the wall of the room, and which we afterwards learned, is that of the late Countess de Ségur. It was painted during her youth, and if the resemblance be a good one, she must have been a lovely creature! Our observations were interrupted by the entrance of the Count from his library, adjoining the parlor—and our circle was soon increased by the addition of several French gentlemen, to whom he introduced us, but I quite forget their names. One of them had recently been in Greece, and described a horrible scene of carnage he witnessed there. In the evening the Count had many visitors, this being the time he prefers his friends to call on him. Among those who came in, was the authoress of "Adèle de Senange," that interesting novel we read together last winter. You may depend I heard the name of Madame de S—— announced with great satisfaction. She entered, and we beheld a plain looking woman, apparently about fifty years old. Then there was Monsieur de Marbois, who wrote the history of Louisiana, one of the United States; and Count Philip de Ségur, author of the "Russian Campaign," who is considered the ablest military historian of the age. I am now so sleepy I can write no more, so bid you, in the name of all of us, a fond adieu.

LEONTINE.

LETTER SIXTEENTH.

Saint Denis—Montmorency—the Rendezvous—the Hermitage—
Enghien—Mass at the Tuileries' Chapel—the Bourbons.

PARIS, —.

Dear Jane:—

Marcella Erisford has arrived, accompanied by her father, who returns to Soissons to-morrow. He has been residing there eleven months, in order to settle some business, relative to a legacy left him by an intimate friend; in the spring he expects to re-embark for Philadelphia, his native city. He resembles his sister, Mrs. Danville, and appears equally amiable and desirous of contributing to the happiness of those around him. We shall sincerely regret his departure. Marcella is quite a beauty, with her glowing cheeks, hazel eyes and pearly teeth, although her features are by no means regular. She is less lively than Leonora, but just as intelligent and accomplished; so you see I have two delightful companions to console me (if it were possible) for your absence. Our brother Edgar is, I think, desperately smitten with Marcella; certes, when she is by, he has neither eyes or ears for any body or anything else.

Now for our peregrinations. The weather being remarkably fine on Tuesday, and the carriages at the door by nine o'clock, according to order, we proceeded to Montmorency and the Abbey of St. Denis. Oh, how your pensive spirit will luxuriate in wandering through the solemn aisles and caverns of this "hoary pile," among the sepulchres of its mighty dead! You are aware that during the revolution, this asylum of deceased royalty, was invaded by a barbarous populace,

who dragged the corpses from their graves, loaded them with indignities, and cast them into ditches and other places of filth. It is related that the corpse of the brave Louis XIV, when thus profaned, raised its arm, as if to strike the miscreant who dared the deed, while that of the good Henri Quatre (which was found uninjured by time) smiled benignantly on his ungrateful subjects! The tombs have since been restored by Napoleon, who intended for himself and his descendants the vault which is appropriated to the Bourbons. It is secured by two massive bronze gates, which he had made to close upon his own ashes, that now repose under a simple stone on the barren island of St. Helena! So changes the glory of this world and its mighty ones! The Abbey of Saint Denis was originally a plain chapel, erected by a pious and wealthy lady named Catulla, to shelter the remains of that martyr (St. Denis) and his companions, after their execution. The generosity and care of various monarchs, have transformed the humble chapel into the present majestic cathedral. The relics of St. Denis are enclosed in a splendid shrine, the gift of Louis XVIII; and the sumptuous altar in front of this, with its enormous gold candlesticks, was given to the church by Bonaparte, after his marriage with the Empress Marie Louise, on which occasion it was first erected in the Louvre, where the ceremony was performed. In the side aisles of St. Denis, are several superb monuments, in memory of Francis I, Henry II, and Henry III, and their queens. The antique sepulchres of Dagobert, and his spouse Nantilde, are near the door, and that of Dagobert most curiously carved. In one of the vaults we saw the stone coffin of King Pepin; it is open and empty, and when struck upon the side, sounds like metal. Near the mausoleum of Francis I, stands the mimic bier of Louis XVIII, canopied and richly decorated with funereal ornaments. It will remain until succeeded by that of Charles X, for such is the custom of France. What gave rise to it I know not; but we may reasonably suppose that it was intended, like the monitor of Philip of Macedon, to remind the reigning monarch of his mortality.

At Montmorency we had fine sport riding about on donkeys to the different points of view that merit notice for their beauty. The little animal upon which Mr. Erisford rode, was at first extremely refractory, and the trouble he had to force it along excited our mirth; then my saddle girth broke, and this was another source of merriment. After riding over the valley, we alighted at the hunting seat of the unhappy father of the murdered Duke d'Enghien, the present prince of Condé, who is said to be yet overwhelmed with affliction at the untimely and cruel end of his noble son. The place is called the "Rendezvous;" it is shady and pleasant—the house a plain stone building: we did not enter it, but partook of some cool milk beneath the trees, in front of the door. We purchased it of the game keeper and his wife, who reside there. Retracing our path, (and the little donkeys, I assure you, trotted *back* much faster than they *went*,) we stopped at the Hermitage. This is the most interesting object to be seen at Montmorency, and indeed the chief attraction to that spot—although circumstances induced us to defer our visit to it till the last. It is a quarter of a mile from the village, and was the residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and afterwards of Andrew Gretry, the musical composer,

whose family still occupy it. They are so obliging as to allow strangers to visit this rural retreat of those celebrated men, and have arranged in a small apartment, various articles that were owned and used by them, and that are consequently interesting to the spectator; for instance, the bedstead and table of Rousseau; the cup and saucer of Gretry; his comb and spectacles, and the antique little spinet upon which he tried his compositions. A flower garden adjoins the mansion, and there we saw a rose bush that was planted by Jean Jacques, and the stone bench upon which he used to sit while writing his "Héloïse." From the bay tree that shades it, I procured a leaf for your herbarium. A rivulet meanders through the garden, and empties into a small lake, near which is the bust of Gretry, supported by a column, with an inscription in gilt letters. Rousseau's bust occupies a niche in the wall, and is covered with a glass to protect it from the pencils of scribblers, which have disfigured it considerably. Bidding adieu to the Hermitage, we returned to the "White Horse," an excellent inn we had selected in the town, and having recruited ourselves with a hearty dinner, resumed our seats upon the donkeys, and repaired to the village of d'Enghien, (a mile distant,) to see its neat and commodious sulphur baths, and the pretty lake of St. Gratien, on the border of which it stands. In the centre of the water is a restaurant, to which, if you choose, you are conveyed in a boat; but it was so late, that our parents would not consent to make this aquatic excursion, and we therefore returned to Montmorency, and thence to Paris. A bright moon lighted us home, where we arrived about eleven o'clock, pleased with our day's adventures, and so sleepy we could scarcely reach our chambers without falling into a slumber on the way. On Sunday Mr. Dorval brought us six tickets of admission to the Chapel of the Tuileries, where high mass is performed every Sabbath while the king is in the city. Not a moment was to be lost, so we hastened to array ourselves for the occasion, as full dress is required if you sit in the gallery with the royal family, and our billets were such as to admit us there. Marcella, Leonora and myself had just purchased new bonnets, and these we wore. Theirs are of straw colored crape, ornamented with blond and bunches of lilacs, and are very becoming; mine is of pink, and decorated with blond and white hyacinths. Our party, consisting of Mamma, Papa, Edgar, and our three ladyships, was soon ready and at the palace. The chapel was crowded, but we found no difficulty in obtaining seats—for on presenting our tickets, the captain of the guards handed us to them, and the throng yielded to him without hesitation. The music was very fine, and we had a close view of the Bourbons and their suite. They were sumptuously clad, and the King and Duke and Duchess of Angoulême seemed very devout. The Duchess has a most melancholy expression of countenance, owing perhaps to the sad vicissitudes of her youth. Neither she, her spouse or uncle are popular. The Duchess de Berri is exceedingly so, and is considered one of the most charitable ladies in the kingdom. She is extremely fair, has light hair and a pleasing face. She is not sufficiently dignified, I think, and is a terrible fidget; during service she was continually adjusting her tucker, necklace, or sleeve. It is reported, that when the omnibuses, or circulating carriages of the

boulevards were first introduced, she made a bet with the king that she would ride in one of them, and actually did so, in disguise! I am summoned to the parlor to receive visitors—so kiss my hand to you.

LEONTINE.

P. S. Our guests proved to be General and Mr. George Washington Lafayette. They came to take leave of us ere their departure for La Grange. The Chamber of Deputies having dissolved, they go to the country to-morrow, where the rest of the family have already established themselves. We have been so pressing invited to pay them a visit, that we have determined to do so, and anticipate great pleasure and gratification from spending a day or two in the midst of this charming and highly respected family. Again adieu.

L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

MY DAUGHTER'S LULLABY.

Tune—"The Sunset Tree."

Come! Come! Come!

Come to thy Mother's breast!

The day begins to close:

And the bright, but fading west

Invites thee to repose.

The frolic and the fun

Of thy childish sports are o'er:

But, with to-morrow's sun,

To be renewed once more.

Come! Come! Come!

Come to thy Mother's breast!

The day begins to close:

And the bright, but fading west

Invites thee to repose.

Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!

Sweet on thy Mother's knee!

To con thine evening prayer,

To him who watches thee

With a Father's tender care.

For parents and for friends

Then breathe thy simple vow;

And when life's evening ends,

Be innocent as now.

Come! Come! Come!

Come to thy Mother's breast!

The day begins to close:

And the darkening of the west

Invites thee to repose.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Sleep till the morning beams!

My song is in thine ear,

To mingle with thy dreams,

And to tell thee I am near.

Bright be thy dreams, my child!

Bright as thy waking eyes,

As the morning beaming mild,

Or the hope that never dies.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!

Sleep on thy Mother's breast!

Thine eyes begin to close;

And she that loves thee best

Has lulled thee to repose.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Troy, June, 1835.

MR. WHITE,—The very polite invitation received in yours of February 11th, (the more valuable because it in part originates with Mr. R.) to contribute to your well conducted, entertaining and instructive periodical, would have been sooner answered, but that I was desirous to write something specially intended for the Messenger. But owing to my having a work (Universal History in Perspective) now in the press, the manuscript of which is not yet quite finished, I am obliged to devote every leisure moment in that direction. Unwilling, however, not to respond to the Virginian politeness which dictated your letter, I have sent you, from my port-folio, some little poems which have not been published.

The Messenger, as I have learned from some of our gentlemen who frequent the reading room, is highly spoken of here. Accept my grateful acknowledgment of your favor, in sending it to me.

Respectfully, yours,

EMMA WILLARD.

OCEAN HYMN.

Written on board the Sully, on a return voyage from France, July, 1831.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
 Father, protect me while I sleep;
 Secure I rest upon the wave,
 For thou my God hast power to save.
 I know thou wilt not slight my call,
 For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
 And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
 Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
 Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,
 In ocean-cave, still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality,
 And sweet and peaceful is my sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

The following was written soon after the intelligence of Lafayette's death reached this country. At the public examination of the young ladies under my charge, they appeared in mourning, on the last day, August 5th, on account of the death of our country's father, and also on that of the death of two of their former school companions. At the close of the school exercises, the little poem in blank verse, was read by one of their number, and the dirge, with a plaintive accompaniment on the harp and piano, was sung. It may be thought strange that I should venture to produce this, when the performances of such eminent men as Messrs. Everett and Adams are before the public.* But the incidents of the life of Lafayette are so well known, that it appears to me only necessary to give to memory the key-note and excite her to use her own powers; and to this end a poetic diction gives to the writer some advantages, as it admits of greater condensation of narrative, of thought, and feeling.

* This was prepared for the Messenger before the number was received containing the critique on those publications.

LAFAYETTE.

On Seine's fair banks, amidst Parisian towers,
 Gather a multitude! Slowly they come,
 And mournfully. The very children weep;
 And the stern soldier hath his sun-burnt face
 Wet with unwonted tears. And see! From forth
 The portals of a venerable church,
 The mourners following, and the pall upborne
 By white-haired ancients of the sorrowing land,
 A coffin issues. Needless task, to tell
 Whose pallid lineaments—whose clay-cold form
 They bear to his long rest. France hath but one
 So loved, so honored; nay, the world itself
 Hath not another.

Who shall fill his place?

Who now, when suffering justice pleads, will hear?
 And when humanity with fettered hands
 Uplifted cries, who now will nerve the arm?
 Who break the silken bands of pleasure, spurn
 Ancestral pride, the pomp of courts, and sweet
 Domestic love, and bare his bosom in
 The generous strife?

Let us recall his acts

And teach them to our sons. Perchance the spark
 Extinct, rekindling in some youthful heart,
 The hero's spirit, will return to bless.
 Who treads Columbia's soil, but knows his blood
 Hath mingled with it, freely shed for us.
 For injur'd France, impoverish'd and oppress'd,
 In freedom's sacred cause, he next stood forth,
 And despotism closed her long career.
 But wild misrule uprose; and murder's arm
 Was bared to strike. Lafayette interposed;—
 Chief of a distant armed host, he wrote
 And bade the legislative band beware!
 Then Jacobinic tigers growled, muttering
 A Cæsar! Slay him! At an army's head
 He dictates to the Senate! Hush! he comes—
 Alone, unarmed, save with the sword of truth,
 And beards the monsters in their very den.
 They quail, and freedom's sons arouse.
 Then thou, poor sufferer, Louis had not died,
 Nor hapless Antoinette, thy beauteous neck
 Had never fed the greedy guillotine,
 Nor yet had Olmutz' dreary dungeon held
 That noble man, had ye but trusted him.

O'er the broad page of history, there comes
 A meteor glare. Napoleon rises!
 Other lights grow dim, or fade away;
 But plagues are scattered from the burning trail—
 Lafayette's star, tho' hid, moves on unquenched;
 O'er fair La Grange it shines with beauteous ray,
 And fosters in its beams domestic joy.
 The comet sinks beneath Helena's rocks;
 The star remains, undimmed, a guide to France.
 But hath Columbia no gratitude?
 She woos her brave deliverer to her arms!
 Again he rides the wave; not now, as once,
 The banner'd eagle droops the pensive wing,
 But proudly fluttering, o'er his favorite's head
 Bears high the starry crest.

He comes! resounds

Along Manhattan's strand and o'er her waves;
 The city is unpeopled, thronged the shore,
 Gay pennons wave, and cannon roar; men shout,

Children leap up, and aged veterans weep.

Even here he came; within these walls we saw
His face benign, and heard his kindly voice;
And here we blessed him in our artless song,
And raised our tearful eyes, and called him "father;"
And with a father's love he looked on us
And wept. And now **HE** sleeps in death, 'tis meet
That we should mourn. Would we could seek his grave,
With those the sorrowing ones, he loved the best,
There too would we, the mourning flowers of France,
And drooping willows plant, and kneel and weep.

Take comfort ye his offspring! God's own word
Is pledged to you; seed of a righteous man!
Lift up your downcast hearts, and joy for this,
That he hath died unchanged, as long he lived.
And tho' the perils of his age, outwent
The dangers of his youth, yet he hath stood,
And calm and fearless, tower'd above the storms
That scared the timid and o'erwhelmed the vile.
His fame shall be a light to future times;
But it shall fall in glance portentous,
On tyrants and their leagues; on the oppressed,
In gentle rays of pity and of hope,—
On dark hypocrisy, that hymns the name
Of liberty, to cheat for power, it falls,
Revealing guilt and shame. Meanwhile it shows
The good even as they are, not to be bought
Nor sold, nor daunted. Such a man was he,
Your father and your friend; nor yours alone;
Whoever bears man's image, he hath lost
A countryman, a father, and a friend!
Thus human nature mourns, and sympathy,
Wide as his generous heart, shall sooth your grief.

DIRGE,

Commemorative of the deaths Gen. Lafayette—of Miss Mary A. Coley, and Miss Helen Stuart Bowers.*

Sweep—slowly sweep the chords to notes of woe,
Breathe dirge-like sounds, funereal and low;
For sorrow flows—a strange and mingled tide,
The Beautiful are gone—the Brave hath died!

So good, so dauntless, generous, and kind,
Our Country's Father leaves no peer behind;
But ah our Sisters! must the bright and gay,
Leave the fair earth, and moulder in the clay!

Thus saith the Word, "Be not of little faith;"
Prepare for life,—prepare for early death;
So shall ye calmly part, or peaceful stay,
Be honor'd here, or sweetly pass away.

Sweep—slowly sweep the chords to notes of woe,
Breathe dirge-like sounds, funereal and low,
For sorrow still, will flow in mingled tide,
The **BEAUTIFUL** are gone—the **BRAVE** hath died!

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

MR. WHITE,—The attention of the traveller through Lower Virginia, is often powerfully arrested by the fine old churches in a state of dilapidation and decay, and he reverts with a melancholy feeling to the days when they were built, and the people who worshipped within

* Miss Bowers (who was a young lady of exquisite personal beauty) had a remarkably peaceful and happy death.

them. During our last war with Great Britain, these churches served as quarters for our soldiery, and sometimes as stables for the horses of our cavalry.

NUGATOR.

Yon ruined church! how it dimly stands
With its windows sunk and broken—
Of the parent scoff'd at the children's hands,
'Tis a sad and a guilty token.

Thou'rt a noble work and a lofty pile!
With thy spacious, vaulted ceiling;
These massy pillars, and long deep aisle,
Touch the heart with a holy feeling.

'Twas a proud, proud day, when our fathers laid
This stone of the mould'ring corner;
Ah! they did not dream 'twould so soon be made
A jest for the passing scorner.

Cold, cold in death are the hearts which throbb'd
To view thy rising glory—
Are we their sons, who have basely robb'd
What Time had left so hoary?

Long years have pass'd, now silent fane!
Since you rang with the solemn warning,
And years may pass, but for thee, in vain
The return of the Sabbath morning.

Ye slumbering dead! what a change is here,
Where once ye worshipp'd—kneeling—
No sound is heard but my hollow steps, near
Where the full tones once were pealing.

Lo! the sacred desk where your pastor read,
While angels smiled—impending—
There the ceaseless worm hath in silence, fed
With your dust, 'tis slowly blending.

God's tables torn from the sacred wall!
What hand was so rashly daring?
And their whiteness stain'd by the fiend-like scrawl
Of some lost spirit—despairing.

Oh, sight of woe!—the altar gone!
That spot of the Christian union,
Where once ye sought the eternal throne,
With the cup of the lov'd communion.

E'en soldiers here, beneath this roof,
Have held their midnight orgies,
And without hath tramp'd the charger's hoof,
Till the grave well nigh disgorges.

Adieu! adieu! lone house of God!
I shrink from thy profaning—
The impious foot of war hath trod
Where the Prince of Peace was reigning.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ESTELLE.

I'm standing at thy couch Estelle—
Thy hand in mine—awake my love!—
O'er silent lake and leafy dell
Calm eve is sinking from above;
Wilt thou not look upon the scene
Which from yon casement woos thine eyes?
The light shines beautifully between
The far off mountains where its last blush dies.

I kiss thee sweet—how cold thy lip!—
 How pale thy cheek!—thy brow how white!—
 And chill as unsunned flowers that dip
 Their colorless leaves in dews of night.
 In vain—in vain I call on thee—
 Thou answerest not that once loved call—
 Thou hast no word—no look for me—
 How heavily from mine thy hand doth fall!

Yet dearest, while I gaze on thee,
 Whom I have loved so long—so well—
 It seems not all reality
 That I have lost thee quite, Estelle.
 I have a sense, though vague and dim,
 Of something which my heart hath stilled—
 The formless shadow of a dream
 That with oppressive thoughts my mind hath filled.

The mist is fading—yet so fair!
 Can this be death?—this, beauteous sleep!—
 Yes!—Yes!—and they will lay thee where
 The earth is damp and worms do creep—
 Oh! God!—that reptiles—horrid thought!--
 Must banquet on those lovely limbs,
 Whose faultless outline, seemeth not
 Traced for this world of dark and sullen dreams.

It must be so—the grave—the grave
 Relentless, swallows all we love,—
 Mind—Beauty—Virtue—naught can save—
 And yet there is a God above!—
 I only know—I only feel
 Thou'rt doomed to be the earthworm's prey,
 The newt will o'er thy bosom steal,
 And loathsome things through thy rich tresses stray.

* * * * *

I hear the sound of many feet—
 A moment more, they will be here—
 One kiss—one more.—Farewell my sweet,
 Let others weep around thy bier,
 Who loved thee well—yet loved thee less—
 I cannot weep—the fount is dry
 In sorrow's utter wilderness—
 And with a tearless voiceless thought I die.*

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LINES.

—through the vigils of the joyless day and the broken
 dreams of the night, there was a charm upon his soul—a hell
 within himself; and the curse of his sentence was never to forget.
 [Falkland.]

There is a thought that still obtrudes in lone and festive
 hours;
 It falls upon my withered heart like desert winds on
 flowers:
 Oh! read it in my altered brow and in my sunken eye,
 I cannot speak it, for the words upon my lips would
 die.

At evening when I muse alone and calmer visions rise,
 Such as will sometimes swim before the veriest wretch's
 eyes,

* But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought sheathing it as a sword.

[Childe Harold, Canto III. Stanza xcvi.]

Not a plagiarism but a coincidence; a softer term, and more
 in vogue.

That thought will start up suddenly, like spectre from
 the graves,
 Andrend the fragile web of joys poor Fancy idly weaves.
 In scenes of mirth and revelry I mingle—'tis in vain—
 My spirit finds no Lethe in the cup I madly drain;
 And when I strive to laugh, like those whose hearts are
 light and free—
 What ghastly echo of their mirth!—what bitter mockery!
 Alas! the silver chord is loosed—the golden bowl is
 broken;
 Remembrance strews my blighted path with many a
 bitter token;
 And on my heart a fearful sign is set forever more—
 A burning seal like that they say the wandering He-
 brew bore.

* * * * *

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

FAREWELL TO ROSA.

Rosa, Rosa, first and fairest,
 Best beloved and ever dearest,
 How shall I tear myself away,
 Nor all the tender thoughts convey,
 Which my swoll'n bosom bursts to tell
 At bidding thee this last farewell.
 But mark not thou the changing cheek,
 The swimming eye, and accent weak,
 The quivering lip, and pallid brow,
 These signs of grief, oh! mark not thou,
 Nor see my vain attempt to hide
 Love's softness in the look of Pride.
 My gloomy look, my mournful sigh,
 Thou must not see, thou must not hear,
 Nor, Rosa, must thou ask me, why
 I brush away the gathered tear;
 Thou must not seek the veil to move,
 Which honor throws o'er hopeless love.
 I know 'twould grieve thy gentle heart
 To feel that thou art all the cause,
 That these unnumbered tears now start
 In eyes which were, while hope yet was,
 As bright as ever Love lit up,
 To beam on Pleasure's sparkling cup.
 My peace of mind forever fled,
 My hopes of future fame destroyed,
 My only tree of promise dead,
 Its fruit all blighted ere enjoyed,
 And gone the light that cheered my morn
 Of life, ere half its hours were worn.
 Live thou unconscious of the grief
 A hopeless passion wakes in me;
 It would not yield my heart relief
 To know its pangs were shared by thee;
 Let me but feel thy bliss secure,
 And know no sorrows threaten thee,
 And I can unsubdued endure
 All Fortune's malice heaps on me.
 But when some wild secluded spot
 Shall mark my life's eventless round;
 And when an humble lonely cot
 My once ambitious hopes shall bound;
 Oh! Rosa, let one sigh regret
 The hours that I can ne'er forget.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

LIONEL GRANBY.

CHAP. II.

For scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief marked me for her own.*[Camoens, by Lord Strangford.]*

My education had been superintended exclusively by my mother. Under her intelligent control I had mastered the common rudiments of learning, and had acquired, from my intellectual association with her, a taste for poetry and light philosophy. I read every thing with an earnestness which knew no satiety. In my fifteenth year, my mind was a rude mass of incongruous erudition; possessing learning without accuracy, and information without wisdom. My character derived a rudeness from the unbroken solitude of my studies, taking, like the insect of the forest, the hue of the leaf on which it lived and banqueted. The "Book of Martyrs," awakened into melancholy the sympathies of my heart, and lashed into bitterness the fierce intolerance of my passions. I was religious only in the vengeance of persecution! How often have I felt, beneath the prayers of my mother, the gentleness of a hallowed contrition stealing over my proud heart. Alas! that this contagious sympathy should leave no impression; for I would return to my favorite feast of blood, and arise from its enjoyment a tyrant and a bigot.

The day on which I was sent to school, is deeply marked on my memory. The preparations for my departure, the advice of my mother, the remonstrances of my nurse, and the tears of Scipio, were the gloomy heralds of my utter desolation of heart. Our slaves, as I passed them in the chariot, left their work and ran to bless me. Many of them bade me farewell with struggling emotion, while several of the old ones told me to be of stout heart, and never forget that I was a Granby. I sobbed aloud in the fulness of my heart, when I gave them my hand. The sternness of manhood has never blushed for those tears.

My teacher was a native of Scotland, and officiated as the minister to the parish in which he resided. Like most scholars, he could turn to the example of Socrates for resignation under the rule of the shrillest of all Xantippes. It was the principal weapon he used in his marital patience, but with that success which always made him doubt his own victory. He was a curious compound of pedantry, simplicity, and erudition. His existence was a verb, and his whole life was a dull routine of plain theology and pompous verbosity. He was under many ties of gratitude to our family, and my arrival was greeted by him with demonstrations of pleasure and affection.

I was now almost alone in the world. The silken luxury, the aristocratic pride, and the unsubdued temper in which I had been bred, utterly disqualified me for the democracy in which I was placed. In the solitude of my pride I turned to the resources of study, and by a severity of character I chilled into cold contempt the incipient friendship of many a noble and ingenuous heart. I made but one friend, and to him I clung with affectionate enthusiasm. To Arthur Ludwell I disclosed the secret feelings and desires of my nature. He could reprove me without inflicting pain, and excite me to labor without flattery. His heart was the chosen citadel of every virtue under heaven, and

he was wont to bear the whirlwind of my passions without a murmur of resentment. On one occasion I had treated him with excessive rudeness. He bore my pride with his accustomed fortitude; and that night, after I had retired to bed, he entered my room, and thinking me asleep, he bent over my face and wept like a child. Could I ask a keener reproach? Could I demand a better proof of the purity and delicacy of his affection?

In this school there was a student named Pilton, the only son of one who had been many years before my birth, an overseer on the plantation of my father, and who had amassed, by economy and industry, a large fortune. He was a rude, vulgar, and unfeeling boy, with a harsh countenance and coarsely built frame. His hair was a dingy red, and his frame uncouth and repulsive; yet he possessed a genius which could grasp every difficulty, and an intellect which could master the asperities of every science. I hated him with a vindictive and uncompromising energy. I did not envy him, for I could not so far disgrace the dignity of that passion (the cousin-german of school-boy emulation) as to extend its malevolence to such a being. My feelings towards him, were disgust and unalterable contempt. He was frank without liberality, and candid without honor. Deceit flung its patched mantle over the chronic vice of his character, and duplicity ruled a heart in which nature had thrown neither fire, delicacy, nor elevation. From the influence of his mind he had attached to himself a considerable party of the timid, irresolute, and indolent; yet he shrunk from the merciless venom of my scorn. Though a coward he could display the courage of necessity, and would sometimes retort my sarcasms with severity and firmness. Shortly before our separation, we had quarrelled with implacable fierceness. I called him a coward, and an ill-bred vagrant. He replied to my attack in these words, which ever in after-life, writhed around my memory in a cold and scorpion-like embrace:

"Mr. Granby! I know the history of your proud family. You are seventeen years of age. Do you not dread the mystery of that number, which made your grandfather a premature dotard? Beware! I am revenged. You will live a lunatic and die a driveller."

I was silent under this fearful curse. The narrative of my grandfather's precocious youth and imbecile adolescence, his lofty chivalry and stubborn pride, which I had often drank from the garrulity of my nurse, was borne before me in a full and freshening tide. I controlled my struggling passions, and quitted my adversary humbled more by the agony of my own feelings, than excited by the bitterness of his retort. This scene constituted an era in the history of my hate. Revenge hourly lashed itself into frenzy; and amid the bustle of the day and the solitude of the night, I never ceased from the pursuit of an opportunity to gratify the deeply seated passion of my heart. I never forgave him! I banqueted on that merciless revenge, which dripping in a steady and uniform course through the recesses of my heart, formed a cold and impenetrable stalactite of withering malignity. It was a treasured, honored, and hoarded hate which planted itself firmly in my bosom, and which eagerly longed for its time of fruition. Even now, when time has worn down the fierceness of my life and softened into resignation the frown of destiny,

this passion blooms on, with more freshness and constancy than the mistletoe which scatters its wild luxuriance around the blasted and ruined oak.

The period now approached when I was to quit school. I had never returned home, but the pains of absence had been alleviated by the monthly visits of Scipio, always laden with letters of reproof from my mother, love from Lucy, ambition from my brother, and scraps of Horace and quaint gallantries from my uncle. I had learned rapidly and accurately, mastering the spirit and elegance of the Latin language, and acquiring that measure of Greek literature which enables the Virginian scholar to play the pedant on it for one year, and authorises him to forget it in two.

Arthur Ludwell had promised to accompany me home; and in a short time the Chalgrave chariot, with its massy doors, conceited driver, tangled harness and gazing postilion, brought the glad tidings of my return to the home of my fathers. I quitted school without regret, for there I had spent some of the most miserable hours of my existence. With how much delusive philosophy do we dwell on the vapid pleasures of our school-boy days! and when tired of the poor farce of cheating ourselves into a little happiness, we labor to coax ourselves into tenderness by invoking the remembrance of some shadowy and negative dream. Our cares, vexations and disappointments, as men, make us envy the apparent tranquillity of the boy, while we forget that youth, though a smaller circumference of mortality, has yet the same centre of passion, hope and disappointment. In the spring-time of life we are full of elastic anticipation; and over the brilliant horizon which it creates, each cloud drifts rapidly by and none sojourns to darken the brilliant outline. We fondly believe that all beyond is a candid and generous world, eager to applaud our genius or reciprocate our sympathies. How soon is this gossamer fabric crushed beneath the rugged grasp of reality, and how truly do we find that anticipation is folly, and retrospection an utter foolishness of heart.

On a laughing morning in spring I quitted school for home, with all my buoyant feelings of filial and fraternal love chastised into wretchedness by the curse of Pilton.

CHAP. III.

Even the pine forests in which he rambled in boyhood, are still hallowed in his recollection.—*Farmer's Register.*

There is a bright and glowing loveliness in the climate of Virginia. Its sudden vicissitudes, like the smiles of the coquette, bring with them all the excitements of pleasing variety, and we half forget its momentary frowns in the constancy of its brightness. Spring dallies away all its freshness and gentleness among the hills, the flowers and the forests of Virginia; at this season of the year the cloudless sky, the exhilarating luxury of the noontide sun, the dark yet bright green of her woods and meadows, and the busy hum of animated nature, steal over the heart with a holy and impassioned sympathy. Habit, with all its deadening attritions, cannot wear off that admiration and rapture with which we revel in the softness of a Virginian day. Italy's burning sky awakens into ecstasy the sluggish native of England, and he breathes in polished verse the brilliancy of that clime which stands in bold relief

against the gloomy fogs of his own sea-girt isle. We catch the delusive truth which poetry whispers, and forget that the climate of Italy is saddened, even in its brightness, by a tedious monotony which falls on the sated appetite. It is a spirit without animation, and burns on with the steadiness and glare of a sepulchral lamp. In Virginia it is diversified by endless and varied blushes of gentleness and beauty. The laziest cloud seems to roll away in voluptuous ether. The breeze murmurs through the forest, and lingers there to gather all its swelling fragrance. Every thing is redolent of that freshness of nature which fancy would invoke for the bridal of the earth and sky.

"And all the scene in short, sky, earth and sea
Breathes like a bright-eyed face—that laughs out openly."

It was in this beautiful season of the year that, on turning an angle of the forest, the Chalgrave plantation with its stately mansion, extensive champaign and numerous cottages, broke upon our anxious view. The last rays of the setting sun poured their struggling light over the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, which reflected in trembling obscurity the shadowy outline of the forest, hill and plain. One bound from the chariot, placed me in my mother's arms. She was dignified even in her tenderness; and disengaging herself from me with a kiss, she left me to the affectionate salutation of Lucy, the warm greeting of Frederick, and the smiles of my uncle. A scuffle now ensued among the negroes who should be the first to grasp my extended hand; for in the fulness of my joy, I had offered this simple politeness with more of feeling than generally characterizes this striking indication of the well-bred Virginian. My old nurse sobbed, and laughed aloud in the rapture of her pleasure; the ostler commenced a tedious history of the pedigree, form, and swiftness of every colt on the estate; while the dining room servant told me that he was (Je-oh) delighted I had not learned to chew tobacco or wear striped pantaloons. For every salutation I gave, I received a compliment remarkable for its wildness of metaphor and for the affection which accompanied it. "Mass Lionel (said one) is a true Diomed, every inch of him." "He is born like the eagle, (cried another) a gentleman, and a man of spirit." "He is prettier (exclaimed a third) than all Miss Lucy's flowers!" I laughed outright at their odd and curious courtesy, and dismissing them with a promise that I would visit the aged and infirm in the morning, I lingered at the door, listening to their light and frolic laugh, which mingled and lost itself in the murmuring breeze which was now dancing over the Chesapeake.

And this was slavery! That heart must be torpid—that sensibility obtuse, which could experience such a display of unbought affection, without emotion. This devotion disarms slavery of half its gorgons dire, and leaves us the gratifying consolation, that its abstract vice is softened into gentleness by the humanity of its practice. Laws are not always the truest indications of the moral tone of society. They are the heartless creations of policy, necessity and faction, and take their pride of place from the darkest passions of human nature. Power and obedience are the necessary components of their being; penalty and punishment the active spirit of their existence. Fully armed, they spring into the conflict of virtue and depravity, and bear an iron front, independent of season, time and

circumstance. Policy may rivet their fetters, yet they fall inoperative and harmless beneath the silent force of that gigantic lever of society—public opinion. Slavery, considered with reference to the laws of Virginia, is a state of penalty, degradation and suffering. Viewed in relation to its practical existence, it is a condition of ease, tranquillity and protection. There is no misery where there is no complaint; no wretchedness where all is peace; and if happiness arise from comparative situation, the Virginian slave eminently enjoys it. He is far removed from the starvation and nakedness of European pauperism. He is a being who invites kindness by acknowledging gratitude; who excites humanity by the noiseless virtue of his life; and who awakens protection by the constancy of his fidelity. The master feels the pride of protection expanding into a chivalry of defence; the slave, in confiding in it, makes no other offering than that of fidelity. These blended feelings invigorate and form the strength and harmony of social life, and eloquently argue to us the truth of that simple maxim, that there can be no fear where all is confidence—no treachery where there is no oppression. The Virginian slave becomes a member of the family in which he was born, and what mutation soever of fortune attend him, his heart is never recreant to the scenes of his childhood. Proud in the prosperity of his “family,” yet never faithless in its adversity, he is the living chronicler of its rise and elevation, and cannot—will not, believe that it can fall. He is the greatest aristocrat on earth; and the surest avenue to his friendship, is made by that vanity which induces him to believe that the family in which he was raised, is noble, prosperous and proud. Quick to perceive vulgarity, and constant in his hatred of it, he wears his pride gracefully, and his dignity with calm tranquillity. Public opinion will suffer no master to use him inhumanly. Undisturbed by the cares and vexations attendant on the support of a family, he is clothed with comfort, and has enough of finery to be a Sunday exquisite; and though he be degraded in the order of society, he feels and believes himself to be an important link in the chain of life. Claudian’s beautiful lines convey no paradox when applied to the slavery of Virginia:

*“Nunquam gravior, extat libertas
Quam sub pio rege.”*

Home, with all its endearments of early association and present enjoyment, was now within my eager embrace, and my affections poured out their suppressed enthusiasm, in the expanded circle of tranquil rapture, even as a bold stream which gushes up to the full fountain which gave it life. This was home!—that ideal abstraction which takes the deepened hue of reality, and which leaps into existence, independent of all control. Strange, powerful, unconquerable passion! It asks no aid from the sternness of reason; it demands no support from the habits or pursuits of life. The heart is its chosen dwelling place; and around this hallowed altar, memory invokes her active drama, and fancy scatters its opiate dreams. It burns on amid the eternal snows of the poles, and glows with unextinguishable ardor under the sunny skies of the equator. It breathes its soft melody to the slumbers of the child—stimulates the energy of virtue—nerves the arm of

courage—chequers with light the gloom of despair—invigorates the hope of the exile—chastens into patriotism the wild riot of ambition—and while it is the first passion of our nature, it is the last vital fragment in the wreck of mortality.

The history of one day at Chalgrave, was the history of the year. Its portals were ever open to the neighbor and stranger, and a constant throng of company, attracted by its easy hospitality, rendered it gay, social and animated. Each morning the old bell summoned the household to prayers, which by their simplicity, awakened religious awe, without melancholy, and excited humble piety, without fanaticism. Breakfast was a feast, where the mongrel compound of dinner and supper appeared like the relics of a banquet for giants. Earth, sky and sea produced their tributary luxuries; and we were left not to wonder at its extravagance, but at that generous hospitality which found its honor in profusion. This important hour, so useful in dividing the day, having passed, the old chariot was regularly wheeled to the door; ponies for the ladies, blooded horses for the gentlemen, and colts for the boys, were brought out, and the whole household prepared for a ride. Any route would suffice—any highway would be agreeable; but the ride was as necessary to a Virginian’s existence, as sedentary grumbling is to an Englishman’s. He is then happy—for early and unbroken habit has made him for one half of his life a perfect centaur. On horseback he experiences no solitude, and in its exhilarating exercise, he can forget his much loved politics. The excursion being finished, the company to please their own feelings as much as the pride of their host, would gather around the stables, and for hours critically examine, and earnestly dispute the merits and points of every blooded colt. Dinner was the feast of a caravan. At its close, my mother would retire, followed by the ladies—and at the door she would make a curious old fashioned court’sy, which my uncle, graceful as he was, uniformly returned by a bow, equally aboriginal and grotesque. The pure wine of Madeira now sparkled on the board, and awoke flashes of wit from the indolent, and started from its dream of torpor that spirit-stirring eloquence which sleeps in the intellectual quiescence of the Virginian character. Festivity was never prolonged to debauch, and a firm step carried the gentlemen into the parlor, where the ladies, chess and newspapers, beguiled the lethargy of time.

Arthur Ludwell had resolved to pursue his studies at the College of William and Mary, and his determinations had influenced my mother to send me to the same institution. In a few days I was summoned into the library, where my mother and Frederick were prepared to persuade me into the scheme,—she by the resistless weapon of maternal tenderness, and he by the deceitful logic of ambition. I heard with patience their advice and flattery; and first learned to dread, from an intimation of my brother, that fiend-like spectre, which in the guise of a chancery suit, greets the rising opulence of every family in Virginia—lends a hue of melancholy to its prosperity, and never quits its iron grasp, until it shriek a requiem over the utter ruin and despair of its victim.

“You are affluent,” said Frederick, “but whether we gain or lose one chancery suit, it is highly probable that you may yet be forced to engage in some profession which

can ensure an honorable support. Can you object to the practice of law? It is a profession full of profit and honor—the highway to intellectual distinction and political advancement. Enter then diligently on its study, and how rude soever may be its details, you will quickly find that its pursuit will imperceptibly fashion your mind into a passionate love for its wisdom and philosophy. Look on it as a jealous coquette; give it all your attention or none; and success will be as honorable to your genius as it is gratifying to your pride.”

“Go! my dear boy,” said my uncle, who now entered the room, “for we all belong to William and Mary—it is the cradle of our genius, and the nurse of our chivalry. I care naught about your profession, but for God’s sake, learn something about the mystery of this fatal chancery.”

I might have been stubborn! My indolence reeled under the fear of this dark suit, and I instantly resolved to propitiate the demon by becoming a priest in his temple.

THETA.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

During the Summer of 1834.

NO. II.

SALT AND RED SULPHUR.

Having engaged a seat in the best line, I took a last look at the beauties of the White Sulphur, and soon found myself rolling away for the Salt. The morning was dark and cloudy, with occasional showers, and having shut up our splendid coach, we were left to our own reveries except when disturbed by an occasional “long yarn” from an gentleman of the box, narrating his adventures among the mountains of North Carolina, or ever and anon by the nasal melody from the olfactory organs of some fellow traveller, who had resigned himself into the arms of Morpheus. Our whole company, however, seemed to partake somewhat of the gloom which the aspect of the day was calculated to inspire, whilst our driver, on the contrary, with all imaginable glee, took advantage of the smooth turnpike and a noble team, to whirl us at a jehu rate over the first part of our journey. The joys of a good road and rapid travelling, were, however, very soon terminated, for our way left the turnpike and led us for several miles up the rough, stony bed of a creek, and over long and rugged hills, much to the annoyance of one or more fair fellow passengers. The day began to brighten as we approached Union, the seat of justice of Monroe county, and a neat village, containing a wealthy and intelligent population. Most of the country, after leaving the White Sulphur, had been wild and uncultivated, although it had the appearance of natural fertility; but now some of the large grazing farms, for which this section of Virginia is so celebrated, spread out their clovered fields in rich luxuriance before us. The general aspect of this region is that of a newly settled country; most of the farm houses, even of men of wealth,

being the log tenements erected in the rude style of the frontier settlements. Occasionally, however, there are handsome edifices, built in accordance with a more modern and refined taste. Large numbers of cattle are annually taken from this and the adjoining counties, to the northern markets. The natural growth of grass, found even in the forests, offers great facilities for amassing fortunes by speculations of this description.—After arriving at Union, there remained but three miles of our journey before us; and having taken leave of the worst of the rocks and hills, we forgot the unpleasantness of the morning, in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, and the fine, clear day, with which we were blessed, as we drew near the Salt Sulphur. On our right lay a continued range of mountains, upon one of the spurs of which could be seen the residence of a gentleman of South Carolina, who has erected a showy summer retreat upon this airy peak, which commands a view of the springs, the village of Union, and the adjoining country. On our left, was pointed out as we passed, amongst other attractions, the “royal oak,” an immense and most noble tree, to which Mr. Jefferson has given this title in his “Notes on Virginia.” The valley of the Sweet Sulphur opened to our view as we approached, but its beauties were forgotten, as through its further extremity we caught a glimpse of our place of destination, and especially as we soon plunged through the “creek,” and into the gate at the Salt Sulphur.

A stranger who takes the White Sulphur, as a specimen, as to external appearance, of the other springs, would be disappointed, when, after the first glance, he gets a full view of the Salt Sulphur. Nature has not been so lavish of her gifts as at the White Sulphur, and art has as yet added but little to its outward charms. The Salt Sulphur is situated in a ravine, between two small mountains. One of these, slopes very gradually, and upon its side at the distance of some two hundred paces from the base, a row of cottages has been erected. Parallel with these, at the base of the hill, is a similar range, both fronting the level in the valley. Then on the same ascent, and in the direction of the gate, through which you enter upon the spring’s premises, is a small hollow square, the farther side of which is connected with the range at the base of the hill, and runs up the acclivity at right angles to that range. Most of these buildings are constructed, according to the early fashion of the country, of hewn logs: many of them have piazza’s, and all are close and comfortable. We understand that the proprietors will soon erect ranges of two-story stone buildings in their stead. The hotel is a noble building; the main body of the edifice is near two hundred feet in length, the entire lower floor of which is used as a dining room. A double piazza extends along the whole front, and the upper story is occupied as a dancing

saloon, lodging rooms, &c. At right angles to this building, at the western extremity, and facing the long ranges on the opposite side of the level, are a few framed cottages, and a two-story stone building, affording very comfortable and pleasant accommodations. The spring, which is some hundred paces higher up the ravine, is protected by a temple somewhat similar to that at the White Sulphur, from the floor of which flights of cut stone steps lead down to the reservoir. The reservoir is a square of about two feet, and is also constructed of hewn sand-stone.

At the White Sulphur, the fairest prospects greet the visitor at his arrival, and every succeeding day of his sojourn only serves to make disclosures, such as mar the first impressions. At the Salt Sulphur, on the contrary, first appearances are rather unpropitious, but there is every thing to gain; we know of no more delightful place in the southern country for spending the sultry months of summer. Indeed we believe, that several families from the Carolinas, and one or more from the north, are accustomed to establish themselves here for the whole season. The proprietors are intelligent gentlemen, and more thoroughly skilled in the art of accommodating, than any men I have ever seen. Their table, which is so justly celebrated, is perhaps the finest in this country. The great danger, however, from this source, is, lest the refined luxuries of the culinary department, should destroy the medicinal effects of the waters. Every attention which could reasonably be required at such an establishment, is here received. All the arrangements are made with the most perfect system. During the last season, the visitors, generally, were of the very first order, and there was a smaller proportion of low characters than was to be found at perhaps any of the other springs. There was also much sociability and true Virginia feeling.

In the evenings, a fine band sent its notes over the still valley, and the more gay portion of the company passed the hours in the ball room. Among the visitors at this place also, was the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Baltimore, and other eminent ministers, and those disposed to enjoy the more abiding pleasures of religion, met, with the close of every day, and were led in their devotions by these men of God. On the Sabbath, too, there were always interesting and appropriate services.

The proprietors have provided for the visitors means of amusement and recreation, which serve to give a zest to the hours which sometimes hang heavily at these watering places, at the same time that they afford a substitute for those pernicious games which are so frequently resorted to in weary moments. Many of the younger visitors gratify their taste for horsemanship, by taking excursions along the wild and romantic roads, which wind through the country, on the fine Virginia steeds, which are found in this region.

The Salt Sulphur water has been particularly efficacious in affections of the stomach. It possesses most of the active, without the stimulating properties of the White Sulphur. On this account the Salt Sulphur water would probably be a more suitable preparative, in pulmonary cases, for those waters which act more directly upon the respiratory system. Indeed, some instances are mentioned where the use of this water alone has effected the cure of individuals subject to hemorrhage from the lungs. With an occasional use of the blue pill, its effect upon the liver is also very pleasant, although not so beneficial as the White Sulphur water. With dyspeptics, in addition to its other action, it has the peculiar property of neutralizing by its alkaline matter, the distressing acidity, to which they are subject. Cold and tepid sulphuretted baths, can be obtained at any time, so that the patient can have the combined effects of the external and internal action of the water upon his system at the same time.

At the distance of less than a mile, in the direction of Union, there is another spring called the Sweet Sulphur, which is also the property of the proprietors of the Salt Sulphur. This spring was a place of considerable resort, until the Salt Sulphur was discovered and improved: no separate accommodations are now provided, but it can be conveniently used by visitors at the Salt Sulphur. It is said to possess less sulphuretted hydrogen, and greater tonic properties than the latter spring.

We must now bid adieu to the Salt Sulphur, leaving with it our best wishes. The enterprising proprietors are continuing their improvements, so that this spring will, in every point of view, soon merit the praise of being the most inviting resort among the mountains.

RED SULPHUR.

After taking a lunch, we sat off early in the afternoon, with a crowded stage, for the Red Sulphur, seventeen miles west of the Salt. Our road wound by a very circuitous route, to the summit of the small mountain, in the rear of the Salt Sulphur. On our left, as we ascended, the mountain's side became quite precipitous, and at the base and immediately beneath us, lay the valley of the springs—its green lawn and white cottages presenting a most interesting and beautiful scene. This is one of the favorite strolling spots of visitors, since the view which it affords of the springs and the adjoining country, fully compensates for the labor of climbing the mountain. We believe, however, that most of our company would have preferred a situation on *terra firma*, to that which they occupied in the stage coach, which ever and anon, as it slowly grated over the rough and rocky way, gave fearful symptoms of carrying us down the dizzy steep which we had gained.

A great part of the road between the Salt and Red Sulphur, leads over long hills and continuous

ridges, out of the sides of which it has been in many places cut, in order to obtain the proper inclination. From some reason, most probably a scarcity of funds, the road is so narrow as to render it often dangerous, and entirely unsuitable for so public a thoroughfare. The reflections of the traveller, as he dashes down these narrow descents, are by no means pleasant. He involuntarily transfers himself to the upper side of the stage, as he gets a glimpse from the window, of the deep ravine, along the verge of which he is rolling at so furious a rate. The anticipation too, as well as the actual fact, of meeting other vehicles in these passes, is not at all agreeable. The driver of the coach, however, obviates, as far as possible, the difficulty from this source, by sounding his horn as he approaches and travels through these narrow parts of the road. Perhaps, however, we are conveying rather too unfavorable an impression of the way between the Salt and Red Sulphur. If, however, the traveller wishes to avoid all unpleasant reflections on account of his personal safety, it may be as well for him to adopt one of the expedients of the hero of "Sleepy Hollow," as he trod its gloomy paths, amidst the tortures of a fertile imagination, and shut his eyes, at least, if the presence of fellow passengers will not admit of one's raising his voice in a consoling *solo*. We can, however, present to our readers, the prospect of a resource, which will be a more satisfactory expedient than this. Arrangements were making during the last summer, for the immediate construction of a turnpike over this ground; then the trip would present many attractions. The country is wild and generally uncultivated, and often delightfully romantic. About half way between the two springs, we saw the wreck of the family carriage of a gentleman from South Carolina. This accident, however, was not, at least, the *immediate* consequence of the roughness of the road; for it occurred on a perfect level, and on, perhaps, the smoothest part of the whole way. Carriages constructed for the Carolina sands, are badly adapted to the mountains of Virginia.

Our driver quickened his speed as the distance before us diminished, and we reached the Red Sulphur just after night had drawn his sombre curtains around the silent hills. Our first impressions of this spring, were very favorable: the effect was exceedingly imposing. On our arrival the whole establishment had been lighted up, and from every range of buildings, streams of light were pouring across the area. The large hotel presents at any time a beautiful appearance. The whole building has a light and airy piazza connected with each story, and on the flank of the edifice most conspicuous on approaching the spring, the upper floor is open and surrounded by a balustrade. The first story of this building contains a large dining room, connected with which is a

drawing and reading room. When we approached, these piazzas were all lighted up, and from the doors and windows of the halls and apartments of the hotel, the chandeliers were pouring forth their brilliant streams. Two long and handsomely set tables, were visible through the doors of the dining room, and every thing had the aspect of comfort and even of luxury. The lower piazza was thronged with cheerful groups of visitors, eagerly awaiting the arrival of our coach, which on that evening was rather behind its usual time.

For the last hour our meditations had been excited only by the gloom and wildness of the dark mountain hollows, and the song of the frogs from the neighboring creeks, or the cry of the screech owl as the rattling of our coach echoed through his dark domains. In the midst of the pensive reveries incident upon such circumstances, the buildings of the Red Sulphur burst upon us in all their brilliancy. The scene of light, and life, and bustle, came over us like enchantment. The valley before us presented a picture of brightness and refinement, whilst on each side the venerable peaks of the Alleghany rose in all their wildness, and spoke to our hearts in silent sublimity, as we discerned their rugged outline against the evening sky. One might have found it almost difficult to convince himself, that he was not taking for reality the romantic visions of his sleeping hours. This impression is not diminished by the winding of the post horn from the "western stage," as it rattles over the crags of the mountain above, or by the plaintive notes of "Home, sweet home," wafted from the band stationed in the drawing room.

The Red Sulphur has recently been purchased by Mr. Burke, an intelligent and enterprising gentleman, who has already given to the place an almost entirely new aspect. Many of the old houses have been removed—a large and beautiful building, in addition to the hotel, has been constructed, and most of the log cabins have been exchanged for neat white cottages. The irregularity occasioned by the projection of the mountain spurs, has prevented the arrangement of the buildings in the order calculated to produce the most pleasant effect. The Red Sulphur is completely enclosed by mountains, except a narrow space by which you enter the circumscribed valley. On each side they rise almost perpendicularly to a considerable height. One of these, we understand, the proprietor intends laying out with terraced walks, so that you can with ease ascend to the summit, and enjoy the extensive prospect. The buildings are erected close under the base of the mountains. The intermediate area will be set in green sward, with gravelled walks and shrubbery. The temple at the spring is very similar to those at the White and Salt Sulphur. There are, however, two springs, and two separate and beautiful reservoirs. One of these is about four, and the other about two

feet square. They are constructed of white marble, which agrees beautifully with the lilac and peach blossom sediment, and the clear limpid water of the springs.

The Red Sulphur, though but lately improved for the comfortable accommodation of visitors, has been for some years known as a place of considerable resort by pulmonary patients. The company bears much more the aspect of sickness, than that at the other springs. Their death-like countenances can be seen on every hand; and the deep hollow cough, which is heard almost incessantly, has at first a tendency to affect the sympathies and to throw an air of melancholy over the feelings. Many in the last stages of consumption, are taken to the Red Sulphur as the final resort, and many, during almost every season, find their long, last home, among the hills near the Red Sulphur. The funeral of Gen. Alston, of South Carolina, was attended on the day of our arrival, and another individual soon followed him to the tomb. The Red Sulphur is well calculated to remind a reflecting man of his mortality.

Many cases are also mentioned of astonishing cures, which have been effected by the use of these waters. Their properties are singular, and apparently contradictory. They deplete and strengthen the system at the same time: they reduce the quantity of blood, and still act with all the power of a tonic. The most peculiar property, however, is that which effects an almost immediate reduction of the pulse. Instances are known where the pulsations have been reduced from one hundred and twenty to eighty in the space of twenty-four hours. The effect of these waters, is at first apparently unfavorable. They frequently, and perhaps generally occasion a feverish excitement, and an unpleasant sensation of fulness throughout the whole system. I have been informed, however, by those who attribute the renovation of their constitutions to the Red Sulphur, that this excitement ceases after perhaps ten days or two weeks, and often much earlier, and then, if at all, unless the ravages of disease have been excessive, they begin to produce the desired effect. I met with a gentleman, in returning from the Red Sulphur, who had been pronounced past recovery by the most eminent physicians in this country, from a chronic affection of the lungs, but who, at the time I saw him, was enjoying excellent health, and as he believed, was entirely free from any pulmonary symptoms. He attributed his restoration solely to a residence during several seasons at the Red Sulphur.

We must, however, in closing this brief notice of the Red Sulphur, record some complaints against that establishment. We do it, however, with a spirit very far from that of reproach. Our object is rather the comfort of the public, and the more extensive encouragement of the gentlemanly pro-

prietor. The great defect at the Red Sulphur arises principally from the want of system. The irregularity in the arrangements is exceedingly unpleasant to the visitors, and especially to those who are invalids. There is also a great want of proper attention, on the part of those who have charge of the establishment, and particularly from the servants. We must also express the same opinion of the manager of the Red Sulphur, which we have advanced in relation to the person who holds the same office at the White Sulphur. He may be admirably adapted for some other situation, but, in our opinion, he is not suited for that which he now occupies. Both of these gentlemen have certainly seen enough of the world to know, that something more substantial than promises, is necessary to satisfy the wants of men. We again affirm, that we have spoken nothing in ill will, either toward the White or Red Sulphur, nor to the gentlemen to whom we have alluded. Our remarks have reference to them only as *managers* of extensive public establishments, and not as private men.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

Conversation Parties, Soirees and Squeezes.

MR. WHITE,—If I may be permitted to imitate in my exordium, the happy brevity of the time-saving merchant in auditing *his* letters, I will begin by expressing the hope, that "my last of — date has been received and contents duly noted." The excuse for following it up so speedily with another, is not so easily found. Indeed I know of none, unless you will accept as such the old plea—"in for a penny, in for a pound." Even this implies a less risk of censure than I fear my rashness may very possibly bring upon me. Methinks I already hear some of your younger readers demand—"what the deuce has such an old croaker as this impertinent Oliver Oldschool to do with the inroads that *we*, his juniors and therefore his betters, may choose to make on any or all of those antiquated manners, customs and fashions which seem to be the gods of his idolatry? Age, which stamps their value upon wine and ardent spirits, is precisely *that very thing* which renders fashion of no value at all. In *this*, novelty and unexpectedness are our *grand*, and often our sole desiderata; and for *their* attainment, we want neither grey headed matrons, nor grey bearded old men to advise us. What they call *their experience*! (of which they are so fond of boasting,) if listened to at all, serves only to cramp and to trammel *our youthful inventions*. Therefore, to all such we say:—Ladies and Gentlemen, both hands and tongues off, if you please; "*laissez nous faire*—let us alone."

The bare expectation of any such flouting, you will probably say, should keep me silent, if I was a man of only a moderate degree of prudence. But like many other obstinate people, my inclination to persist seems to augment inversely to my chances of success. Maugre then the danger and forlornness of my undertaking, I must go on. But before I come to the main purpose of the present letter, pray have patience with me, while I offer a few more remarks in anticipation of another

still more serious charge, which I expect will be made against me. I must make them too, with the perfect recollection of the maxim, that "he who begins to plead before he is accused, knows himself to be guilty."—True, however, as this may be in general, *my case*, I hope, will be excepted, after you hear me. The charge to which I allude is,—the odious one of being a *Cynic*. With *you*, sir, I am very sure my bare denial would suffice; but you have many readers who know nothing of me. In deference to *them* therefore, I feel bound to offer some stronger proof of my innocence; if that which is of a negative character (and it is all I can adduce,) will be accepted. Be it known then, to all whom it may concern, that I, Oliver Oldschool, have always denied, and do hereby deny, the truth of the most important, prominent and offensive of all the cynical dogmas, which is,—that "*men are nothing but monkeys without tails!*" and furthermore, that I hold myself bound and always ready to make battle in this behalf, "*pugnis at calcibus, unguibus et rostro*;" and all this too, notwithstanding the following most startling and humiliating resemblances which have been traced by the true Cynics between the two species. For instance—"Man" (say they) "is a biped"—so is a monkey; at least so nearly one, that his anterior legs serve him admirably well for arms, and accordingly it is still a mooted point, a much vexed question among naturalists which to call them, *arms* or *legs*. Man generally walks erect, although sometimes, when *top-heavy*, he moves quadruped fashion. The monkey, at least the kind called the ourang outang only reverses the practice, by going more frequently on his two certain and his two quasi legs, than on the two first alone. Man has a facial angle by which those curious, prying fellows, called craniologists, measure the degree of his intelligence and infer the nature of his dispositions. Monkeys also have this angle, often so nearly the same, (mathematically speaking,) with that which we discern in many of our race, that few things are more common than to hear the exclamation "such a one has a monkey face." Lastly, man is most decidedly and conspicuously *an imitative animal*, so is a monkey, and in a degree so very striking, that there is scarcely an outward movement, action, or gesture of ours which his mimetic talents do not enable him to take off to the life. This is especially true of all those peculiar airs indicative of self-complacency and vanity which mark these two races of animals in contradistinction to all others,* and may be termed an idiosyncrasy of intellect. The coxcomb's ineffable smile of fascination; the witling's pert and sudden smirk of self-conceit; the vain pedant's awkward cachination at his own ill-timed, out-of-place strokes of classic humor; the despicable miser's self-

gratulating chuckle at inordinate gain; the *great man's* gracious grin to his supposed inferiors, and the *little man's* side-shaking, obstreperous laugh at the abortive joke of some superior from whom he is courting favors; all these and more, your true monkey can enact with such perfect verisimilitude, that if properly dressed for the occasion, he might pass off for the real man in each case, instead of his counterfeit, without the least danger of detection. *His mimickry*, in addition to its fidelity, has this other remarkable circumstance about it, that in applying it, he seems to have no particular choice of objects, but imitates all external actions alike, whether they be praiseworthy or the reverse. Man, on the contrary, in the exercise of *his* imitative propensities, shows too often a stronger inclination for the bad than the good—for the faulty than the commendable—for the fantastical and the ridiculous rather than the becoming. In nothing is this more remarkable, than in the greedy, ever restless perseverance with which he seeks foreign fashions and customs, and the reckless pertinacity, under all possible discouragements, with which he strives to imitate and adopt them. Of this assertion I have already endeavored to furnish you with some proofs, which to *me at least* appeared irrefutable. But I will now attempt to supply a few more. These also shall consist of remarks on certain foreign fashions, which may be said to be still under the process of naturalization, having proved so entirely uncongenial to our principles, habits and opinions, as not yet to be firmly established. They may, therefore, be considered as still within the reach of that exterminating power—public opinion.

At the head of these fashions or customs, pre-eminent above the rest, we find the Conversation Party, the *Soiree*, and the Squeeze. The first is admitted to be an emigre from Italy, although the term is here anglicised; the second is from France, and the third from — nobody knows where, unless from our mother country Great Britain; for Johnson gives both a Saxon and a Welsh etymology to it, both meaning *to press or crush between two bodies*; which meaning their American derivative (much to its honor,) has most faithfully preserved.

The conversation party would naturally be deemed by one not in the secret, a party particularly formed for the pleasures of conversation; for imparting and receiving agreeable thoughts; for blending amusement with oral instruction; in a word, for such a voluntary and talented reciprocation of ideas as would improve the taste, gratify the feelings, and heighten the mental enjoyment of all the parties concerned. *Is it this or any thing that bears the slightest resemblance to it?* I ask an answer from any individual who has ever been at one of them, no matter with how much care it might have been selected. To these parties, such as they really are, I have no intention here to object. All I wish or aim at now, is, to have them called by their right names, as every thing ought to be, if we really desire to confine language to its proper use, which is, to make ourselves, at all times, clearly understood. But in styling these things *Conversation Parties*, before persons who had never been at them, we should practice the grossest deception. For instead of such an assemblage as the current meaning of the term would lead them to expect, and might induce them to seek, they would soon find themselves surrounded by a Babel-like con-

* Goldsmith is the only natural historian, I believe, who has urged the claim of the goose to a participation in this enviable human quality, vanity. In his "*Animated Nature*" he has the following remark in his natural history of the goose, of which I can give only the substance, not having the volume before me. Speaking of the action commonly called "the strutting of the gander," he says: that in *this situation*, there is probably no animal on the face of the earth more important in the eyes of another, than a gander in the eyes of a goose!! Verily, I think, (with due submission) he is mistaken; for a fully whiskered, well mustached beau, with all his bristly honors thick upon him, is to a belle, as far above the gander in the estimation of a goose, as imagination can possibly conceive.

fusion of tongues, where all sorts of odds and ends of unconnected exclamations and elliptical sentences are uttered simultaneously, and in the highest vocal key, by every member of the company—the *mutes only* excepted. Why *they* should ever frequent such uncongenial spots, is more, I believe, than any one can tell. But certain it is that some of them will always be found there, although as much out of place as the Alumni of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums would be in Congress Hall, attempting to take a debating part in that *other* Tower of Babel, as John Randolph, with his customary felicity of conception, used to call it.

Of the *Soirée*, I may truly assert that it is an exotic, still so uncongenial, so illy suited to our people, and even to their organs of speech, that not one in a thousand has learned so much as to pronounce its name correctly. Some, even of those who are so far Frenchified as to have been to France, and consequently to interlard their mother tongue with unintelligible French phrases, by way of authenticating the extent of their travels, call it "*Swar-ree*;" as if it were a place where all the attendants were to have oaths of some sort or other administered to them, so as to entitle them to be designated *Sware-rees*. Others again, in a more sportsman-like manner, pronounce it *So-ree*, which (as Mr. Jefferson has told us,) is the true Indian appellative for the Rallus, or water-rail. Such orthoepists, we may suppose, if asked where they had been, on returning from a party of the kind, might well answer, in the Virginia sportsman's dialect, "we have been *so-russ-in*;" for this twistification of the term from its original meaning would be nothing comparable to many that have been made by etymologists of the highest reputation. For instance, all Virginia sportsmen, living near fresh water marshes, know well, that at *so-russ-in parties*, (as they universally call them,) the great object is *to kill and eat fat birds*. But a principal object of a *soirée* party being *to catch and use* what may well be figuratively called *fat birds*, the substitution of the term "*so-russ-in party*" for a "*soirée party*" is amply justified upon all etymological principles. I therefore take the liberty of strongly recommending it, unless our *soirée*-giving gentry would suspend their operations long enough, at least to learn from some native French teacher how to invite a French gentleman to their parties, in language that he himself would understand; since to ask him to a *swår-ree* or *sò-rée* would be quite unintelligible.

To gratify the curious I have consulted a friend as to the literal meaning of the French word "*soirée*," (being no French scholar myself,) and find that the term, like thousands of others in all languages, has been pressed from its original signification into its present service, by a sort of metonymy, as the rhetoricians call it; and instead of being applied to designate that portion of the twenty-four hours which we call *evening*, is now used to express the receiving of short evening visits on any named day, by one's friends and acquaintance. This, according to one of Leontine's letters, published in your February number, seems to be the French fashion. But we Southerners of these United States, either from ignorance or design, have so innovated upon the foreign practice, that it would puzzle a much more experienced man than myself in such matters, to explain what is to be understood, in Virginia parlance, by *swår-ree* or *so-ree*, or whatever other bar-

barous pronunciation they choose to give the French word. I can only say, that I myself have seen a few thus variously called, each of which proved a kind of olla podrida or dish of all sorts; fish, flesh and fowl in one place; a non-descript, desultory kind of dancing in another; all talking-and-no-listening politicians battling in a third; and card playing, drinking and uproarious mirth in a fourth part of the general assemblage, wherein were gathered together, as many as could be, of all sizes and sorts of persons, "ring-streaked, speckled and spotted" to the full, as much as Laban's flocks themselves. Take notice, good Mr. Editor, that I am not now daring to *censure*, but only to *describe*, as well as I can, what my own eyes have beheld. I am not now "telling tales out of school;" for my school going days furnished me with no such secrets, however "the march of mind" may have since disclosed them to other tyroes in the pursuit of education.

The *Squeeze* I shall endeavor more particularly to describe; since my reminiscences, although "few and far between," are still so vivid, that I can venture to delineate them without fear of their suffering, at least from forgetfulness. It is true that I cannot say, as Æneas did to queen Dido, of *his* sufferings at and after the siege of Troy—"quorum pars magna fui;" as one or two experiments quite sufficed for me; but I can truly apply the same line to myself, could I only substitute the word *patiens* for "*magna*," without too much offence against the measure of the poetry, and I could then give in my experience, as the Trojan hero did, in perfect sincerity and good faith.

Know then, sir, that in the year and month ———, and on a certain night, I was seduced by curiosity—that fell destroyer of our race—to go, for the first time, to a party called a *Squeeze*, in the city of Washington, denominated by some "the Grand City of O," after the capital in Cunningham's amusing fiction of "*The World without Souls*." Being accompanied by one of the initiated, my debut was readily made as others made theirs. Without material obstruction we were ushered through the passage by the escorting valet; but when we reached the door of the principal pressing and crushing room, *hic labor, hoc opus est!* here commenced that series of efforts and struggles which was not soon to end, as I afterwards found, to the no small detriment of various parts of my body and limbs. Through this door also, my entrance was at last effected; for what obstacle may not perseverance overcome? A strong effort of my own in the van, and the unsolicited aid in the rear of those who, like myself, wished to see all that was to be seen, very soon protruded me "*in medias res*," which I beg leave to render in idiomatic English—"up to the hub" in the business. Not many minutes however elapsed, before the pressing and crushing became so intense as to excite an earnest desire for a change both of place and posture. Accordingly I bent my course towards another room, having understood there were several prepared for the accommodation! (strange misnomer, thought I,) of the company. This joint removal of body and limbs, which I had a particular fancy should not be disunited, having kept company with each other from my birth, I found toilsome and oppressive in no ordinary degree. For the instant I began to move I was met by a strong counter-current composed of a compact mass of my co-squeezers and

squeezes—many of whom were of such “breadth and heft” as would verily have done great honor to a Massachusetts’s cattle show of the highest grade, had the subjects only been quadrupeds instead of bipeds, and in equal condition for market.

A forcible entry having been made into another room, I found myself standing within a few inches of a strange but very lovely young lady. She also was standing, apparently to execute *her* part of a cotillion, within a circle which the united pushing and shoving of the eight operatives required for the dance, had not been vigorous enough to enlarge beyond a diameter of some six or seven feet. Being compelled to stand immediately behind her, my eyes naturally fell upon her shoulders, which the dominant fashion then required to be literally half naked. With equal pain and wonderment I observed, that by some invisible machinery, the circulation of the blood was so checked on the visible side of the shoulder strap, as to give a livid appearance to the contiguous skin; while the opposite edges of the *scapulae* (I would not for the world, in such a case, say *shoulder-blades*;) were forced as near touching as they could be without dislocation. This, thought I to myself, must surely be a fashion invented by some bright ethereal genius, regardless of bodily suffering, for a squeeze; since its adaptation to *that* object could not admit of a doubt—an adaptation, by the way, more complete, beyond comparison, than the present much admired, although evidently incompatible fashion of the bishop sleeves.* True, there seemed to be no small loss in shoulder comfort; but the manifest gain in bodily compression, that grand desideratum in a squeeze, to which all else must be sacrificed, appeared far to overbalance it, since according to the best off-hand calculation I could make, ten bodies with their appendant limbs thus prepared, could readily be wedged into a space which before would suffice only for nine, dressed after any previous fashion. But what is there too arduous, too great, for the matchless genius of our fair countrywomen, when stimulated by an adequate cause, and exercised upon a suitable subject!!

Although I felt much for the poor girls thus trussed, thus cross-hobbled, I resolved to wait a few moments to witness the “*modus operandi*” of this exhilarating dance, which, judging by all the methods that I had ever seen, required for its performance a circle at least three times as large as the one then before me. I knew too, enough of the prevalent fashion of dancing cotillions to be aware, that its most stylish mode then consisted in a kind of alert vigorous movement, which was most truly but somewhat coarsely called, “kicking out.” This, it was manifest, could not *there* be executed according to the law “in that case made and provided,” without imminent danger to the anterior tibiae of the legs—in vulgar parlance, the “shin-bones” of the parties concerned. It was therefore with much apprehension of the danger, at least to “the woman kind,” that I awaited the incipient gesticulations of this cotillion party.

* Most, if not all of our fair countrywomen, have vainly supposed *this* to be quite a modern fashion; but that it is nothing more than an old one revived, and as ancient as the days of the Prophet Ezekiel, when it was all the rage, is indisputably proved by the 18th verse of his 13th chapter. There, the good old man, in all the bitterness of his heart, exclaims—“Wo! to the women that sew pillows to all arm holes, and make kerchiefs upon the head of every structure, to hunt souls!!”

My fears were soon relieved, by perceiving that the *operatives* had substituted, with admirable ingenuity, a kind of lackadaisical slipping, sliding, flat-footed motion, which completely guarded them from the danger I had most ignorantly and unnecessarily anticipated. To be sure it no more resembled the lively animating exercise, called *dancing* in my boyish days, than the dreamy motions of the somnambulist do the elastic springs of the wide awake tight rope dancer. But it possessed the rare merit of perfectly adapted means to ends, and I could ask no more; for Harlequin himself could hardly have done better under similar duress. By the way, Mr. Editor, I have been told that this somnambulizing motion has now become the very “tip-top” of the mode in all kinds of dancing,—the waltz and the horse-galloping dances only excepted. In this change the arbiters and reformers of our fashions seem to have displayed much more wisdom than we usually find exerted in matters of the kind, since it is the all levelling political principle carried out into our social amusements; for it places the active and the clumsy on a footing (if you will pardon a pun,) of perfect equality, the smooth and even tenor of which is never disturbed; unless when some credulous sexagenarian is over-persuaded to perpetrate the folly of turning out to dance among a party of girls and boys. *They* make a laughing stock of him, while *he*, in the sincerity of his heart, and with all the fast perishing vigor of his limbs, *caricatures* (for he can do nothing more,) the athletic cuts and shuffles of the by-gone century, to which nothing could possibly do anything like justice but an uncommon degree both of youthful vigor and activity. That you, sir, who are quite too young to have any personal knowledge of these important matters, may be sure that I do not exaggerate in making this last assertion, it will suffice to inform you, that the most celebrated steps of that time,—steps, which if perfectly executed, always stamp the performers as first rate dancers—were styled, in the metaphorical language of those merry making days, “forked lightning” and “chicken flutter” for the gentlemen, and “heel and toe” and “cross-shuffle” for the ladies. The first I confess, was rather “a far-fetched metaphor,” to say the least of it; but the other three appellations were as perfectly appropriate as could well be conceived. It might also be truly affirmed of all, that there was nothing in any of them, in the slightest degree indecorous, as in the waltz and gallopade; for it seemed not then to have been imagined that *dancing* could be perverted to any such purpose as the excitation of highly culpable sentiments.

If you will pardon this digression, sir, in consideration that old men will be garrulous and prosing, I will now squeeze you back from the dancing-room to the one first entered, and with somewhat less difficulty, I hope, than I myself encountered.

There I was immediately attracted by a conspicuous gathering of *heads*; of bodies I could see none, except those in juxtaposition. It was drawn together, as I conjectured, by something rather beyond the common spectacles of the night. Being determined to have my share of the sight, I forced my way near enough to behold, in the midst of a circle not much larger than a hoghead hoop, a tall young lady, elegantly dressed, (that is as far as perfect conformity to the fashion could

make her so) and quite a good figure, but too much "drawn" (as the racers say) in the waist. And what, think you, was her employment? Why—attitudinizing and thumping away most theatrically upon a tambourine! This was the finishing stroke—the finale of my squeeze-going days, or rather *nights*; and I hastened to squeeze myself *out*, with much more alacrity than I had squeezed myself *in*—marvelling all the way as I rode home with my equally surfeited companion, at the frequency with which we call actual and severe toils, *pleasures*; and at the innumerable contrivances to which the devotees of the latter resort intentionally, as we must presume, to gain, but in reality to mar, their object. Of these contrivances I had just swallowed my first and last dose, as I then designed it to be, of the one called a *Squeeze*; a contrivance which seemed to me altogether matchless in its unsuitability of means to ends; that is, if it was really designed for a *party of pleasure*! for after one or two hours most diligent search, I had utterly failed in finding a single spot, where even *one* individual could either *sit, stand* or *walk*, with the slightest degree of convenience or comfort!!

To give you a still better idea of the supreme folly justly attributable to such plain country folks as myself, for venturing into places so entirely unsuitable to us, I will conclude this long epistle by relating a real incident once told to me by a gentleman who had it from the sufferer himself.

Some years ago a kind of "Hickory Quaker," (as he called himself,) but whose real name it is needless to mention, found his way, "par hazard," from one of the middle States to Congress. Being thus ranked among the honorables of the land, it was not long before he received an invitation to a *Squeeze*. His intense curiosity to see something of which he could not, from the name, form the slightest conception, got the better of his prudence, and he very rashly determined to go; although, as he afterwards confessed, in relating his mishaps, not without many misgivings which he with difficulty suppressed. On consulting one or two of his friends, who were already initiated into all the mysteries of squeezes, as to the proper time to go, the only information given was, "*be sure not to be the first of the company.*" This injunction relieved him of much of his apprehension, being very confident of his power to fulfil it. His confidence however, proved too overweening, for having waited and waited until his usual bed hour at home, the sudden fear seized him of erring in the contrary extreme, and finding the party broken up. Under this impression he hurried off, in his best Quaker dress, as fast as his *legs* could carry him, for taking a *hack* was out of the question. Having soon arrived, he knocked loudly at the door with his knuckles, not being yet cognizant of the bell-bolt contrivance,—demanding, at the same time, in his customary way, "who keeps the house?" The opening of the door immediately followed, and he was about to enter; but the finely dressed servant whom he mistook for the master of the house, manifesting, not only much surprise, but some strong symptoms of resistance, friend Ephraim (as I beg leave to call him,) deemed it best to say—"I have some particular business with the lady, who sent for me herself." This at once proved an "*open sesame*," and in he marched, putting as bold a face on the matter as he could, and anxiously hoping to find, in a few

minutes, some friends to keep him in countenance. But alas! it is not in man that liveth, to form hopes which shall not be disappointed; for upon being ushered into the lady's presence, he found her, to his utter astonishment, entirely alone, and looking at him as a perfect stranger; and well she might, having never cast eyes on him before. This most unexpected occurrence, this jumping, as it were, out of the frying-pan into the fire, so utterly confounded him, that he was very near taking to his heels with all possible speed, and escaping by the way he came, if he could find no shorter exit. Luckily however, he bethought him of producing his credentials for admission, which he had most fortunately slipped into his pocket, being yet ignorant of the fashion of leaving it in his room, as if through carelessness, but in reality to display the extent of his honors, so far as these depend upon the number of one's visiting acquaintance. The exhibition of his ticket instantly put matters to rights; the lady's countenance brightened up with smiles ineffable; he was overwhelmed with apologies for not knowing him, although greatly did he marvel how she should; and so much pleasure and happiness was expressed at his having honored her party by his presence, that he began to ask himself, with infinite self-complacency, whether there might not *really be*, as he had heard when a boy, such a thing as "*love at first sight.*" The repetition however, of nearly the identical expressions to every gentleman who afterwards entered, brought to his mind the mortifying conviction, either that the boyish tale was false, or that his hostess must be in love with every gentleman of the company, which he at once pronounced impossible.

Until more company arrived, our quaker friend found himself in a sad predicament; for having no plausible excuse for escape, and deeming himself bound, at least to try to entertain the lady with some kind of conversation, he sat many minutes pondering over the few topics on which he thought himself able to converse, but finding none that exactly pleased him, he at length resolved to hazard something about cabbages, and peas, and poultry; shrewdly imagining that such matters would be more amusing, as well as instructive to her, than any contained in his "knowledge box." Great was his pleasure and wonderment to find her perfectly at home as to all these mysteries; so much so, indeed, that he could hardly suppress the exclamation, "Oh! that *my* old woman knew half as much." All things, however, must have an end, although friend Ephraim began to fear that the *tête à tête* between the lady and himself never would; and when their chat was fast dying away, like the flickering blaze in the nearly empty socket of a candlestick, suddenly the doors were thrown open, and in rushed pellmell, such a mixed multitude, as struck him with speechless astonishment. Very soon (as he himself described the scene,) he had to abandon his seat; and according to his notions of politeness, was every moment making room, first for one stranger and then for another, without having time so much as casually to shake the hand of an acquaintance, before they were thrust apart. Thus elbowed, and shoved, and bumped about on every side, and not knowing how to keep out of every body's way, which seemed a physical impossibility, he found himself, at last, most unexpectedly squeezed into the midst of a party altogether of ladies, whose united voices raised such an unintelli-

gible din, as brought to his recollection what he had read in his Bible, about the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. Resolutely bent, however, upon "seeing the show out," he determined to persevere. But, at the same time, having the accommodation of others much at heart, he resolved to try a yet unessayed position, by way of making himself as small as possible. This was to thrust his hands behind him, the first moment space enough was given for the purpose; at the same time straightening his arms as much as practicable, and grasping one wrist with the other hand, to secure their union. He had but a few seconds for self-congratulation upon so ingenious a device, before some sudden, undesigned impetus in front, forced him back, so that his hand was pressed against something hard. Of this he involuntarily took hold, but without turning his head; that indeed being impracticable. He mistook this hard article (as he afterwards found to his cost,) for the end of a narrow shingle, although for the life of him he could not imagine why, or how it got there, as he had seen nothing like building going on about the premises. Scarcely, however, had he taken hold of it, before it was forcibly jerked from his grasp, and his hands were once more disengaged. His conjectures as to what it could possibly be, were still puzzling his brain, when a fierce Pendragon sort of a fellow, whiskered and mustached to the very tip of his nose, forced his way to him through the dense mass by which he was surrounded, and in a very authoritative, menacing tone, told him that Mrs. ——— desired to see him. He obeyed the mandate as speedily as possible, but in mortal dread and astonishment as to the cause of it. The moment he reached his hostess, she demanded, with a look of indescribable indignation, "how he dared to insult a lady in her house?" Thunderstruck, as it were, at the accusation, for a few moments he was deprived of speech. But at length recovering the use of his tongue, he averred and protested, and affirmed, that he was utterly unconscious of having committed any such outrage; an outrage which he was altogether incapable of perpetrating. This so far appeased the lady's wrath, as to produce an awkward and embarrassing explanation on both sides, by which it was discovered, that the supposed shingle end had been, in reality, the projecting end of a lady's corset bone, unluckily squeezed out of place, in the general pressing and crushing of the crowd. The conference ended in the lady's being satisfied, and in our worthy quaker resolving from the very bottom of his heart, never again to trust himself in any place under the sun, be the temptation what it might, wherein he could not find a safe place, even for his hands!

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SANFORDS.

"Some wild desire, some sad mistake has cast
Severe remorse and sorrow for the past;
Some former fault shall present solace curb,
Or fair occasion lost, his peace disturb;
Some fatal chance has ruined every scheme,
And proved his brightest prospect all a dream."

About the year 18—, there lived in a populous neighborhood, in the state of Virginia, a lady and gentleman named Sanford. They possessed considerable wealth, which was to be inherited by

their only son, whom they called Hugh. The life of this worthy couple, was as quiet and easy as an unruffled stream, save when some slight differences of opinion would occasionally arise, respecting the management of Hugh. But one point on which they always agreed, was, that he should never be thwarted in any wish of his heart.

At the time our story commences, Hugh Sanford was twenty, and had just left college. Whether he ever distinguished himself there, I have not been able to ascertain. However, I know with certainty, that he was by nature gifted with good sense, and he had many fine qualities of the heart. I know not whether the reader will think so, from the sketch I am about to write, but he must bear in mind, that Hugh's natural disposition was so warped by continual indulgence, that not until the fever of youth had subsided, was it truly developed.

A large party had been invited to spend several days at Mr. Sanford's, and his wife had promised them a little dance. We shall pass over the preparations which were made for the party, and which, in the country, always produce so much bustle and excitement; we will even say nothing of the more important business, (to the girls at least) of the *toilette*; but shall follow them all to the drawing room, which was brilliantly lighted.

Among the girls, Mary Linden, was the most commanding; her splendid dress and jewelry, gave her quite a *magnificent* air. She was the daughter of a *rich* widower. Ellen Lorval (the only child of a *poor* lawyer,) was also much admired. Her light muslin dress and simple wreath of wild flowers were peculiarly becoming.

"My dear Hugh," said Mrs. Sanford, "I wish to speak with you a moment before the dancing commences. Does not Mary look beautiful? Do go and engage her as your partner immediately."

"Not so fast mother," said he smiling.

"My son," said she, "I love Mary as my daughter: could I but think that she would be one to me." She looked at him intently, but he appeared not to understand her meaning, and turning the conversation, he went to join a group of young men.

The scene changes. The enlivening sound of the violin is heard; the couples are beginning to take their places on the floor, when Hugh, to the dismay of his parents, is seen leading out Ellen Lorval. Mary Linden is surrounded by beaux, and it seems has capriciously given her fair hand to the least deserving of them, a would-be-wit, whose whole conversation consists of long words and jests, which have been in print for ages. The party went off well, and all seemed to enjoy themselves, except some few unfortunate *wall-flowers*, for whom, however, Mrs. Sanford procured partners towards the close of the evening.

Hugh would probably never again have thought of his attentions to Ellen, had not his mother kept

him *in custody* the next morning, while she spoke her mind on the subject. She represented to him "the folly of falling in love with her, when Mary Linden was in the house;" and she even went so far as to say, that "there would be a *great impropriety* in his falling in love with Ellen."

Hugh was greatly astonished at hearing all this, for the idea of falling in love had never entered his imagination. He was sorry to see his mother pained, but since she had put such notions into his head, he could not but see, that if he could be so fortunate as to fall in love, and meet with opposition, it would give a peculiar zest to the monotony of his country life. So he stalked off to the drawing room, and *began* to think Ellen very interesting. The few succeeding days were passed as they usually are by a large party in the country. They read, talked, rode and played at battledoor; but at length the guests departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford returned to the enjoyment of their usual tranquillity; but Hugh did not feel quite at his ease, as he was conscious that he had pained his parents, not so much by his attentions to Ellen, as by failing to fall in love with Mary Linden. Weeks passed on;—Hugh continued to meet Ellen at all the dinners and parties in the neighborhood, and to pay her attention. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford had seen all their hopes respecting Mary Linden laid low, and they had fretted themselves into ill humor about Ellen: a calm was now ensuing, they began to look on the bright side of things, and even to fancy that Ellen was to be their future daughter.

"My son," said Mr. Sanford, "I wish you to consult your own happiness in every thing. You love Ellen; you have now the consent of your parents to address her."

"Really father, I——." He stammered out something that was unintelligible.

"Say no more, I see you are embarrassed."

"Hear me father——."

"Not a word more at present; good bye."

There is an old saying, that "competition is the life of trade," and I think it is no less true, that "opposition is the life of love," or of something that is frequently mistaken for it by *greenhorns*, and very young ladies just from school. Now that all opposition was at an end, Hugh was somewhat surprised to find himself entirely out of love with Ellen; and indeed, he shrewdly suspected he had never been in love with her. The gentle girl had seemed pleased with the attentions of the handsome Hugh Sanford, though she acted with the most perfect delicacy, nor have I ever found out whether she imagined him to be serious. I am sorry to say, that the utmost partiality cannot throw a veil over the conduct of Hugh in this instance; and many will say that he does not deserve the title of a *hero*. "Pshaw!" says a little girl, "I thought all heroes were perfect!" And so

they are, in English novels, but not in Old Virginia!

Mrs. Sanford had a widowed sister living in the southern part of the state. Her name was Harrington, and she was the mother of two daughters, who were dashing belles and beauties. Thither Hugh now went, to pay a visit. On a bright evening, he came in sight of his aunt's dwelling. It was situated on a smooth green hill, which gradually sloped to the river * * * *, which was not very wide here. A tiny canoe was presently visible in the middle of the stream, and much to his surprise he perceived in it a single female figure. "Can that be one of my cousins?" said he; "what mad freak could induce her to go alone?" But, when he arrived at the house, he found both of his cousins and his aunt sitting together. They received him cordially, and while he was answering their inquiries, a light step was heard in the passage, and an eager voice exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Harrington, my pigeon flew away from me to the other bank, and I was so much afraid of losing it, that I went over for it by myself." The speaker entered the room, holding the bird triumphantly in her hand; but perceiving a stranger, she was retreating, when Mrs. Harrington recalled her, and she was introduced to Hugh by the appellation of Amy Larone. She was bright as a sunbeam, and beautiful as the roses of spring. Her hazel eyes were large; a delicate carnation bloomed on her cheek, and her brown hair was parted over her smooth brow, and gracefully twisted at the back of her head. She was below the middle size, and the plainest suit of mourning was neatly fitted on her slender shape. Hugh's interest was strongly excited by the air of mystery with which he fancied she was surrounded, and he seized the first opportunity to inquire who she was. Her simple story was soon told. She was nearly sixteen, and was the orphan child of poor and obscure, though honest parents. Her mother died when she was four years old, and she was left to the care of her father, an illiterate, although well-meaning man, who had no idea that education was at all necessary: if he could see his daughter neatly dressed, and hear the neighbors say how beautiful she was, he cared for nothing more. Her beauty and modesty were talked of by rich and poor. Her father had not been dead more than seven or eight months; and Mrs. Harrington pitying her forlorn condition, had taken her to her house. Maria and Theresa Harrington were kind to her, and were anxious to repair somewhat the total neglect of the education of the warm hearted Amy. She was grateful, but as her taste for study had not been formed in childhood, it was with reluctance that she now attempted the *drudgery* of learning, and, so far as concerned herself, she wished that the makers of books had never existed.

She seemed, however, to possess an instinctive

knowledge of what was right and proper to be said or done, even on occasions that were perfectly novel to her; and when a subject was started of which she was ignorant, she acted *wisely*, and said *nothing*; or if in the course of conversation a few errors were committed by her, her transcendent beauty was sufficient to atone for all. True, her beauty was not of the spiritual kind, "the rapt soul beaming in the eyes;" but it was just such as is always admired by enthusiastic young men.

Company came in, and Hugh obtaining a seat near Amy, entered into conversation with her, in which to do her justice, she supported her part quite well. He rallied her upon her excursion after her truant bird. She replied—"It was the last thing my father ever gave me, and I love it for his sake."

Several weeks had been passed by Hugh at his aunt's, and he had become deeply interested in the orphan. Amy appeared dejected, and very rarely joined the family party in the sitting room. This conduct only strengthened Hugh's interest. He was now really in love—"fairly caught," as the young ladies express it. Walking out one evening by himself, he encountered Amy unexpectedly, and a gleam of joy lighted up his handsome features.

"Miss Larone," said he, "why have you deserted us; the time has been too, too long since we met."

"Three days, sir," said Amy, slightly smiling.

"I can hardly believe it possible," said he, "for it seems almost as many months to me."

Amy assumed a look of coldness, and said she did not understand him; but her countenance betrayed that she did.

They walked on in silence to the bank of the river, and Hugh looking on the beautiful stream and its romantic banks, said, "Could I but think that you would walk here after I am gone, and think of me—Amy, I will confess that from the first moment I saw you, I felt the strongest interest in you. Nay more, that I do now love you most ardently. Will you give me your heart?" She remained silent and agitated, and at length tears came to her relief. "Oh, why do you weep? Say to me Amy, that I may at least hope you love me!" She raised her mild tearful eyes, and that glance betrayed that her heart was his.—"Now, heaven bless you Amy, let us record our vows, and you will be my bride ere long." "Mr. Sanford," she said, "'tis true that I love you, but yet I can never be yours. Your parents would never receive me as their daughter." "Hush Amy," said he, "my parents love me too well to withhold their consent." Struggling with her emotion, she said, "There are other weighty reasons why I cannot be your wife. No, no, it cannot be." "Amy, you distract me; whatever those reasons are, they *shall* be overcome." She shook her head,

and darted off from him ere he was aware of her determination. Hugh was bewildered; but he resolved to seek another interview with Amy. The next day he entreated her as a last favor, to walk with him. So *reasonable* a request could not be refused. He told her that unless she changed her determination, on the morrow he would depart, whither he neither knew or cared. Her *compassion* was so much excited, that before their return to the house, she had permitted him to hope. He told her he would set off directly for his home, and that he would return in a few weeks,—adding that he would write to her immediately. It was not until after much entreaty, that she consented to receive his letters; but when he requested her to *answer* them, her agitation knew no bounds. Poor Amy!

The next day he took leave of all; and ere long, a letter fraught with expressions of the most tender regard, was handed to Amy. *She did not answer it.* Another soon followed, gently chiding her for her silence. After this, *all were answered.* Mrs. Harrington and Maria *were in arms about the match.* His parents yielded a reluctant consent; and at the appointed time they were married. Hugh wrote to his mother to apprise her of it, and to appoint a time for their arrival at the home of his childhood—he now thought himself perfectly happy. The *honey-moon* was nearly past, when, one day as he was gazing with rapture on the loveliness of his young bride, Mrs. Harrington entered, saying, "Here is a letter directed to 'Mrs. Hugh Sanford,' from my sister, I think." She handed Amy the letter, with a look of peculiar significance. Amy broke the seal mechanically, blushed deeply, and bent her eyes on the ground.—"Amy," said Hugh, "why do you not read my mother's letter?" She sank down, and could only say, "Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" "For what, dearest? You that never in thought or word offended. Look up, Amy," said he, smiling, "you have no need of forgiveness." "Oh, you do not know; I—" She could scarce articulate; but at length came the terrible confession, that she could scarcely read, and *could not write!*

We have mentioned the total neglect of her education, and the "*weighty* reasons" which she told Hugh would prevent her from marrying him. All is now explained. But how, you may ask, did she manage to answer his letters, when she was unable to write? She made Theresa Harrington her confidant; and *she*, without thinking of the consequences, answered them in Amy's name. The deception was cruel; but Amy's conduct is not entirely without some palliation. Her love of Hugh, and the shame of her ignorance, combated fiercely in her bosom; and *she did refuse him—partly.*

Hugh had first been won by her beauty and her destitute condition; her refusal of his offered hand

had only added fuel to the flame. Absence, "making the heart grow fonder," and the letters he received, all conspired to blind him. Sincerely was he to be pitied, for he possessed many fine qualities, and was nobly disinterested. The veil was now removed from his eyes, and the dream of love was fast deserting him, like shadows of the morning, when the bright sunlight rises o'er the hills. They went to his parents. We shall pass over the various mortifications which Hugh had to endure. Amy idolized her husband, and he was too kind-hearted to be proof against her fondness. He exerted himself day after day to instruct her, but I do not believe she went much beyond learning to read and write legibly. His parents lived only a few years after these events, and his beautiful wife was attacked about four years after they were married with a slight cough, which was soon followed by that bright flush, which is too frequently the harbinger of death. A southern climate, and every possible means were resorted to, for her restoration to health, but in vain! Her last prayers were offered up for her husband, and a daughter then two years old. Hugh never married again. He continued to live at the family mansion, occupied almost entirely with the education of Eva. When she was ten years of age, she was sent to New York to school. Her life has been attended with circumstances which are not without romance. Should any curiosity be felt on the subject, I may at a future time give a sketch of the life of Eva Sanford.

Years have passed since these events transpired, and the once young and handsome Hugh Sanford is now an old man. His appearance is very much changed, and his faults and foibles have been lost in his progress through life, or have become softened by the hand of time. Certain it is, he is now a very estimable man, and is looked up to with reverence both in public and private life. A.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

A Scene from "Arnold and Andre,"

An unpublished Drama, by the author of "Herbert Barclay," and translator of Schiller's "Don Carlos."

ACT I. *Scene 2.* New York, towards the end of the summer of 1780.

Sir Henry Clinton. Colonel Robinson. An Old British Officer.

SIR H. CLINTON. Rebellion's tatter'd banner droops at last,
Wanting the breath of stirring confidence.
Discord, twin-brother to defeat, now lifts
Within the Congress walls her grating voice—
Fit sound for rebel ears—and in their camp,
Lean want breeds discontent and mutiny:
The while o'er our embattled squadrons waves
High-crested victory, and flaps her wings,
Fanning the fire of native valor. Soon
Shall peace revisit this oppressed land,
So long bestrid by war, whose iron heel
With her own life-blood madly stains her sides.

ROBINSON. Our arms' success upon the southern shore,—

Whose thirsty sands are saturate with streams
From rebel wounds,—and the discomfiture
Of new-born hopes of aid from fickle France,
Brought on by Rodney's timely coming, have
Ev'n to the stoutest hearts struck black dismay.

OLD OFFICER. Cast down they may be, but despair's unknown

To their determin'd spirits. Washington's
The same as when in seventy-six he pass'd
The Delaware, and in a darker hour
Than this is, rallied his dishearten'd troops,
And by a stroke of generalship, as shrewd
As bold, back turn'd the tide of victory.

ROBINSON. But years of fruitless warfare, sucking up
Alike the people's blood and substance, weigh
Upon th' exhausted land, like heaped debts
Of failed enterprise, that clog the step
Of action.

OLD OFFICER. Deem ye not the spirit dull'd,
Which first impell'd this people to take arms
And brave our mighty power; nor yet the hope
Extinct which has their roused energies
Upheld against such fearful odds. The blood
They've shed, is blood of martyrs—precious oil—
Rich fuel to the flame that's boldly lit
On Freedom's altar, and whose dear perfume,
Upward ascending, is by heroes snuff'd,
Strength'ning the soul of patriotic love
With ireful vengeance.

SIR H. CLINTON. Whence, my vet'ran Colonel,
Comes it, that you, whose scarred body bears
The outward proofs of inward loyalty,
Do entertain for rebels such regard?

OLD OFFICER. Custom of war has not so steel'd my heart,

But that its pulse will beat in admiration
Of noble deeds, ev'n though by foemen done.
Nor does my sworn allegiance to my king
Forbid all sympathy with men, who fight—
And fight too with a valiantness which naught
But conscious justice could inspire—for rights
Inherited from British ancestors.

SIR H. CLINTON. Their yet unconquer'd souls, and the stern front

They have so long oppos'd in equal strife
To our war-practis'd soldiery, attest
Their valor: and for us to stint the meed
Of praise for gallant bearing in the field,
Were self-disparagement, seeing that still
They hold at bay our far-outnumb'ring host.
But for the justice of their cause,—the wrong,
Skill'd to bedeck itself in garb of right,
Oft cheats the conscience broad credulity,
And thus will vice, with virtue's armature
Engirt, fight often unabash'd. Unloose
The spurs, wherewith desire of change, the pride
Of will, hot blood of restless uncurb'd youth
Wanting a distant parent's discipline,
And bold ambition of aspiring chiefs,
Do prick them on to this unnatural war;
And then, how tam'd would be their fiery mettle,
Heated alone by patriotic warmth.

OLD OFFICER. My General, I know this people well.

And all the virtues which Old England claims,
 As the foundations of her happiness
 And greatness,—such as reverence of law
 And custom, prudence, female chastity,
 And with them, independence, fortitude,
 Courage and sturdiness of purpose,—have
 Been here transplanted from their native soil,
 And flourish undegenerate. From these,—
 Sources exhaustible but with the life
 That feeds them,—their severe intents take birth,
 And draw the lusty sustenance to mould
 The limbs and body of their own fulfilment,
 So that performance lag not after purpose.
 They are our countrymen. They are, as well
 In manly resolution as in blood,
 The children of our fathers. Washington
 Doth know no other language than the one
 We speak: and never did an English tongue
 Give voice unto a larger, wiser mind.
 You'll task your judgment vainly to point out
 Through all this desp'rate conflict, in his plans
 A flaw, or fault in execution. He
 In spirit is unconquerable, as
 In genius perfect. Side by side I fought
 With him in that disastrous enterprise,
 Where brave young Braddock fell; and there I mark'd
 The vet'ran's skill contend for mastery
 With youthful courage in his wondrous deeds.
 Well might the bloody Indian warrior pause,
 Amid his massacre confounded, and
 His baffled rifle's aim, till then unerring,
 Turn from "that tall young man," and deem in awe
 That the Great Spirit hover'd over him;
 For he, of all our mounted officers,
 Alone came out unscath'd from that dread carnage,
 To guard our shatter'd army's swift retreat.
 For years did his majestic form hold place
 Upon my mind, stamp'd in that perilous hour,
 In th' image of a strong-arm'd friend, until
 I met him next, as a resistless foe.
 'Twas at the fight near Princeton. In quick march,
 Victorious o'er his van, onward we press'd;
 When, moving with firm pace, led by the Chief
 Himself, the central force encounter'd us.
 One moment paus'd th' opposing hosts—and then
 The rattling volley hid the death it bore:
 Another—and the sudden cloud, uproll'd,
 Display'd, midway between the adverse lines,
 His drawn sword gleaming high, the Chief—as though
 That crash of deadly music, and the burst
 Of sulphurous vapor, had from out the earth
 Summon'd the God of war. Doubly exposed
 He stood unharm'd. Like eagles tempest-borne
 Rush'd to his side his men; and had our souls
 And arms with two-fold strength been braced, we yet
 Had not withstood that onset. Thus does he
 Keep ever with occasion even step,—
 Now, warily before our eager speed
 Retreating, tempting us with battle's promise
 Only to toil us with a vain pursuit—
 Now, wheeling rapidly about our flanks,
 Startling our ears with sudden peal of war,
 And fronting in the thickest of the fight
 The common soldier's death, stirring the blood
 Of faintest hearts to deeds of bravery

By his great presence,—and his every act,
 Of heady onslaught as of backward march,
 From thoughtful judgment first infer'd.

ROBINSON. If that
 You do report him truly, and your words
 Be not the wings to float a brain-born vision,
 But are true heralds who deliver that
 Which will in corporal doings be avouch'd,
 Then was this man born to command. And shall
 Ingrate revolt be justified by fate,
 And Britain's side bleed with the rending off
 Of this vast member; they will find it so,
 Who seek to gain a greater liberty
 Than does befit man's passion-guided state.
 Jove's bird as soon shall quail his cloud-wet plumage,
 Sinking his sinewy wafture to the flight
 Of common pinions,—or the silent tide
 Break its mysterious law at the wind's bidding,
 Remitting for a day its mighty flood
 Upon this shore,—as that, one recogniz'd
 To have all kingly qualities, shall not
 Assert his natural supremacy,
 And weaker men submit to his full sway.
 Power does grow unto the palm that wields it.
 The necks that bend to make ambition's seat,
 Must still uphold its overtopping weight,
 Or, moving, be crush'd under it.

OLD OFFICER. And heads
 That quit the roof of shelt'ring peace, and bare them
 To war's fierce lightning for a principle,
 Do crown the limbs of men, each one a rock
 Baffling with loftiness ambition's step,
 Whose ladder is servility. Were they
 Susceptible of usurpation's sway,
 This conflict had not been; and then the world
 Had miss'd a Washington, whose greatness is
 Of greatness born. Him have they rais'd because
 Of his great worth; and he has headed them
 For that they knew to value him. Had he
 Been less, then they had pass'd him by; and had
 Their souls lack'd nobleness, his tow'ring trunk,
 Scanted of genial sap, had fail'd to reach
 Its proper altitude. No smiling time
 Is this for hypocritical ambition
 To cheat men's minds with virtue's counterfeit.
 What made him Washington, makes him the chief
 Of this vast league,—and that's integrity,
 The which his noble qualities enlinks
 In one great arch, to bear the sudden weight
 Of a new cause, and, strength'ning ever, hold
 Compact 'gainst time's all-whelming step.

SIR H. CLINTON. What now
 You speak, you'll be reminded of, belike,
 Ere many weeks are past. And well I know,
 Your arm will not be backward, if there's need,
 To prove your own words' falsity. Meanwhile,
 Hold you in readiness for sudden march.

[Exit Old Officer.]

ROBINSON. A better soldier than a prophet.

SIR H. CLINTON. Yet,
 Scarce does his liberal extolment stretch
 Beyond its object's merits; for, were he
 Not rooted in his compeers' confidence,
 And in his generalship unmatched, this league
 Had long since crumbled from within, and o'er

Its sever'd bands our arms had quickly triumph'd.
 In all his mighty spirit's ordant,
 The while his warriors, rang'd in council round him,
 Listen to plans of learned generalship.
 Within the Congress is his voiceless will
 Potential as the wisest senator's.
 Ever between their reeling cause and us,
 Comes his stern brow to awe fell Ruin's spirit.
 'Tis a grand game he plays, and, by my soul,
 Worthy the game and player is the stake.
 A fair broad continent is't for a kingdom:
 If he can win't, he's welcome to't.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAP. II.

I have heard it remarked, that the study of our early poets was like a journey through a country of rich groves and pleasant gardens. There surely is something pleasing in the study of old poetry. A ripeness of feeling meets us on the yellow and stained page, which, gradually mingling with the legitimate feelings of our own hearts, "makes us to glow with a rich fervor."

But this pleasure, like all other exquisite pleasures, is rather of the inexpressible kind. To impart it, condensation is necessary: and to condense it, is like bottling fragrance, or gathering foam into a beaker.

The reader may therefore prepare himself for nothing more than a straight forward story—broken in upon at intervals, by such rambling episodes of "remark" as I may think suitable.

I. Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet

"That made first to dystylle and rayne
 The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence,
 Into our tunge through his excellence."*

has ever stood first among the writers who have drunk at "the well of English undefiled."† He has been called the father of English verse, and properly. He travelled several times into the countries of the south, and, as great minds are seldom idle ones, we might infer, without the proof which exists in so many shapes, that he became a pupil to the Italian masters.

He was a student, and returned to England laden with the fruits of his study. It was his fate to come between the scholars of that and preceding ages, who worked their religious and scientific instructions into heavy Latin metre, and the court minions, who sang to their mistresses and patrons in Norman French, and lay a solid foundation out of the scattered fragments of real English poetry. With little fancy, less imagination, and the little of the first clipped, by his matter-of-fact employment as *wool inspector*, he has succeeded in story-telling better than any of his successors. In a

* Lydgate.

† The term "well of English undefiled," was applied to Chaucer by Spenser, because he arranged and settled the language—stripping it of many barbarisms and foreign incumbrances. I am aware that he introduced as many foreign words as he cast out; but the rejected were corrupt fragments of the Norman French, which yet (though soft compared with the Saxon,) bore in part a mark of its parentage; and the selections made for the purpose of replacing them, were from the *Langue D'Oc*—the most beautifully musical of all tongues. He consequently did not *defile* the English language.

tale, the more vivid the picture drawn, the more interesting the tale. To be minute and particular in description, is to beget a vivid picture: and this is the secret of Chaucer's popularity. He writes as if he were taking an inventory of, rather than describing, things around him. Ages after, when this same talent for descending skilfully into particulars, was used in the description of natural scenery and of the workings of the human breast, it gave Spenser's Pastorals, and the tragedies of Shakspeare and poor Shelly, a beauty which in the first two, men have long ago learned to appreciate, and which in the course of time, will place the last on the seat to which he is entitled. The whole secret of Chaucer's charm is, as I have said, particularity. If he had used this talent in describing the many workings of the human heart, he would probably have failed—for no man can describe that of which he is ignorant.* If he had turned his attention to pastoral poetry, he *might* have succeeded; and indeed, in the descriptions of nature scattered throughout his various poems, he has succeeded admirably. But something more is wanting than this power of description, in the song of a shepherd. From his wild and unrestrained life among the hills of a legendary country—surrounded as he is, by "kids and lambs, and blithe birds," we not only look for minuteness of description, but affecting plaintiveness and imaginative imbodyings. This last is one great aid to Spenser's pastoral poetry. But I am anticipating my subject.

Chaucer was the founder of a style which after poets have often attempted to imitate. Dryden and Pope have paraphrased his works; and Keates tells us that he is too weak to do other than "stammer where Dan Chaucer sung." The Canterbury tales were modelled after, and for the most part copied from the Decameron of Boccacio. The prologue to these is the most perfect thing of its kind extant. His satires are strong, and chiefly aimed against the enemies of Wickliffe, and his patron John of Lancaster. Chaucer was a philosopher too—a great one for his age. His treatise on the Astrolabe, intended for the benefit of his son, manifests more information than we would look for in the reign of Edward III. His satires against the opponents of Wickliffe are rather political than religious. In religious matters he seems to have possessed a praiseworthy spirit of toleration—a quality unknown for ages after to the "agents elect" of a peace-loving Christ.‡ Altogether, Chaucer was a wonderful man, and certainly, for his time, a poet as "parfite" and as "gentil" as his own knight.‡ His Canterbury tales are his *great* works: they gave a tone to English poetry. In these days, when all literature has lost its freshness, it would be a pleasant thing if we could

"Call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,

* Chaucer has the reputation of being a great "painter of characters;" but he excels in describing manner, bearing, dress, &c.—not in picturing the workings of the "human heart."

‡ It is in a letter to his son, where he is remarking upon the merits of the different sects that we find this odd similitude—"There are many roads leading to Rome." He was not narrow brained enough to believe that there was but one.

‡ "He was a veray parfite gentil knight."—*Prolog. Can. Tales.*

That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartan king did ride.*

I should like to believe in the Pythagorean doctrine, if only for the pleasant consciousness that old Geoffrey Chaucer had left his spirit behind him. He died on the 25th of October, (the same day of the same month on which died King Alfred,) in the year 1400; and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where for a long time these words were upon his tomb:

"Galfridus Chaucer, vates et fama poesis
Maternæ hac sacra sum tumulatis humo."

II. Before passing on to the celebrated poets of the time of Henry VIII, I will make a few remarks upon the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase."

Little or nothing more than the name of the author of this fine old heroic ballad, is at present known. Dr. Percy's conjecture with regard to the date of its composition, may or may not be correct. But I will assume it as an accurate one. The manuscript copy belonging to the Harleian Library, has the name of Richard Sheale attached to it. Sheale perhaps lived in the reign of Henry VI, and as probably was from the north country. He may indeed have been a minstrel in the Percy family; but this is mere conjecture. In reference to some of the characteristics of this ballad, it strikes me that Sir Philip Sidney's remark, in his "Apology for Poetry," is in very bad taste. After regretting that so fine and stirring an old song should be "apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age," he asks, "what would it not work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" Dr. Percy speaks of the song as one "recommended to the most refined, and endeared to the most simple reader, by genuine strokes of nature and artless passion." Are gorgeous eloquence and nature fit comrades? Would the natural and manly simplicity, for which the greatest works of man are so renowned, be well exchanged for the diffuse and ornate style of a Grecian lyric poet? I think not. As for this old ballad's roughness, I think *that* rather a merit. Bating some uncouthness, I think the language really better, much better adapted to the subject than our own more polished diction might be possibly. Dr. Johnson, in a paper of the Rambler, treats of the adaptation of sound to meaning; and quotes many examples illustrating his ground, from Greek, Latin and English poetry. He certainly is correct to a certain extent, if not wholly, and I will apply his rules to the present case.

"Through the hunt and battle, the author's style is fiery and severe, with the exception of a stanza or more, in which Percy and Douglass rest upon their swords, and after the manner of Homer's heroes, applaud each the other's gallantry. The poet in this place, seems to pause in the same graceful rest which he has given his heroes. But the battle renews; and his metre *personates* its stormy vigor. At last the minstrel sinks from his high place into the hollows of grief; for the 'weeping widows' are before us, with 'birch and hazel biers,' carrying the dead men to their burial. And then with what skill does he shake off individual tenderness, and proclaim the 'national regret!'"

*Milton's Il Penseroso, in allusion to the Squire's tale in Chaucer.

All in all—beauty on beauty—Chevy Chase has never been matched, and does much better "unapparelled in the gorgeous eloquence of a Pindar." Truly, the obscure author of this one ballad stands alone—the father of English heroic poetry.

"Res gestæ, regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus."

But he has attained excellence, without following the path which Homer "has shown;" and without using Homer's "numbers," has sung a great song.

III. Next on the list of those poets to whom the English language and English literature are indebted, stand Wyatt and Surrey. With regard to the first, I will hardly say more than that he was an Anacreon compared with his contemporaries. Rather gentle in his genius, he wrote love verses intuitively, and added in no slight degree to the melody of the language.

But Surrey added more. His love for the fair haired Lady Geraldine sent him "knight-erranting" among the romances and romantic grounds of Italy; and he is said to have been so well acquainted with the Tuscan tongue, and so well read in Italian authors, as to be a marvel, even in the days when Venice was the Paris of young English noblemen, and the Appenines their Switzerland. It may be as well to quote a few lines from Surrey's poems, as he has the reputation of having introduced much of the southern softness into English verse.

"Lines writ by Henry Howard Lord Surrey—being a complaynt that hys Ladie, after she knew of hys love, kept her face alwayes hydden from hym.

"I never sawe my ladie laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde, nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my grieve was growen so greate,
(Whyche other fancies dryveth from my harte,
That to myself, I do the thought reserve,—
The which, unwares, did wound my woful brest;)
But on her face, mine eyes mote never rest:
Yet synce I knew I dyd her love and serve,
Her golden tresses—cladd allway with blacke,
Her smyling lookes, that had thus evermore,
And that restraynes which I desire so sore:
So doth this cornet governe me alacke!
In sommer sunne, in winter's breathe, a frost
Wherebye the lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost."

The reader will recognize this as a paraphrase, or indeed almost literal version of one of Petrarch's *canzoni*. He may, if curious enough, amuse himself by studying it with the original, not for the purpose of detecting the very visible theft, but for comparing a specimen of English verse, while not nearly escaped from its rudeness, with the Tuscan of perhaps the most musical of all bards.

The sonnet, so frequently used by Surrey, and after him by Shakspeare and nearly every other English poet, was (according to Sir W. Jones,) introduced from Arabia into Italy: thence, with other stanzaic structures into England by Chaucer, who in one of his visits to the south, is reported to have met Petrarch and made his friendship, in Genoa. Surrey was doubtless the most skilful sonnet-weaver of his day, and though too fond of the inversion, for which Milton is so much blamed, for the most part pleases both ear and understanding. His end was an unfortunate one. Henry VIII added the poet lover to the list of those whom tyranny brought to the scaffold. He was beheaded in the year 1500.

IV. Sir Philip Sidney was famous throughout all Europe for his intellectual and personal accomplishments. He was spoken of as a candidate for the throne of Poland on the death of Sigismund Augustus, but Elizabeth was unwilling to lose the "prime jewel of all England," and retained him at the English court. It is more than probable that he would have been defeated; for the claim of a Duke of Anjou, pleaded by so wily an advocate as Montluc, "the happy ambassador," would have been more than strong enough to vanquish that of an honest, open-minded British gentleman.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney was without reproach. Not unlike Lord Surrey in his renown, he was yet more a hero than his illustrious precursor. Lord Surrey was an accomplished and illustrious patrician, the first of his age; but Sidney was a refinement upon nobility. He was like the abstract and essence of romantic fiction, having the courage (but not the barbarity) of the *preux chevaliers* of ancient time—their unwearied patience—their tender and stainless attachment. He was a hero of chivalry, without the grossness and frailty of the flesh. He lived beloved and admired, and died universally and deservedly lamented. He is the last of those who have passed into a marvel; and he is now remembered almost as the ideal personification of a true knight.

Sir Philip Sidney's poetry was not without the faults of his time. It abounds with conceits and strained similes, and the versification is occasionally cramped. Nevertheless, many of his sonnets contain beautiful images and deep sentiment, (such as the 31, 82, 84, and others,) though a little impoverished by this alloy. But Sidney's reputation was won upon crimson fields, as well as upon poetic mountains. He wooed Bellona, as well as the Muses; and his last great act, when dying at Zutphen, is of itself enough to justify the high admiration of his countrymen.*

V. Edmond Spenser—Dryden's "father," and Southey's "dear master"—the poet who "threw a rainbow across the heaven of poetry," was born in London. He found, at the age of eighteen or thereabout, that a cousin whom he loved would not receive his suit, and went into Cumberland, where, to pour out his sorrow, he wrote the most mournful portions of the "Shepherd's Calendar." He was for some time Secretary in Ireland,† under Lord Grey de Wilton, where his *Fairy Queen* was conceived and partly written; and died A. D. 1598, aged forty-five years.

Spenser and the other "fathers" of the English schools of poetry should rather be called "masters of ceremonies," for they certainly did not *beget* their different orders of composition. Italy was the cradle of these orders, not England. I will however adopt the first and common title, and call Spenser father of the English allegorical and pastoral poetry. And on these

I will say a few words before I proceed to his more striking excellencies.

The ancients were particularly fond of allegory. A field as vast as could be desired was here opened for their poets. The whole heathen mythology was a splendid allegory. Virgil's *Æneid* may be called an allegory. As Eneas conducted the remnant of his countrymen from the Trojan ruins to a new settlement in Italy, so Augustus, from the ruins of the aristocracy, modelled a completely new government. I have not leisure to pursue the parallel. Homer has in the *Odyssey* many allegorical fables; as for instance those of Circe and Calypso. In imitation of these, Virgil introduced his Dido. Going farther on we find the love of allegory increasing in Italy. Ariosto's *Alcina* and the *Armida* of Tasso are "copies from the copy" of Virgil; and coming on English ground we find Spenser stealing from Tasso. As for the kinds of poetry in which allegory should be used—In an epic, persons of the "imaginary life," such as Virgil's

"*Strife that shakes*

Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes,"

and Spenser's "gnawing JEALOUSY sitting alone and biting his bitter lips"—should by no means enter into the action of the poem. Virgil knew this and made them nothing more than "*gate posts to his entrance into Hades*."* The introduction of allegorical personages into the drama is unpardonable. Even in ages when men were laid open by superstition to the insinuating beauty of allegory; when the ignorant imagined every rock to be the pent-house of some spirit; when the timid walked abroad in fear and trembling, and when in consequence of this feeling allegorical paintings even of a wild sort seemed natural and agreeable to truth, its introduction into the drama met with but little applause. *Æschylus* has often been criticised severely for his frequent errors of this sort; one of which is his introduction of STRENGTH, as a character who assists Vulcan in binding Prometheus to his rock.

Though excluded from epic and dramatic poetry, it may be used with great aptness in poems of a descriptive nature. We thus find that pastoral poetry often admits of an allegorical vein. Spenser knew this, and has given us a happy instance in that eclogue of his *Shepherd's Calendar*, in which he represents the union of the rivers Brioq and Mulla. He has still happier instances in *Æcloga tertia* and in *Æcloga quinta*.

Spenser likewise acted as master of ceremonies to pastoral poetry in its introduction to English literature. The great father of this order was Theocritus. His follower was Virgil, who combined very skilfully the *merum rus* of the *Idyllia* with his own courtly grace. Tasso in his *Aminta* imitated Virgil, and was in turn imitated by a host of contemporary and subsequent poets among his countrymen. Without copying Tasso in this as in other things, Spenser became the head of English pastoral poetry, and has never yet been excelled.

* All lavish embellishment—such as Tasso's description of the bower of bliss, in his "*Jerusalem*," which the reader will find transplanted into the second book of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*—should likewise be excluded from the epic. This species of poem—the grandest of all species—should be superior to such embellishment.

* Vid. article "*Poetry*," in No. LXXXIII of *Edin. Review*, April 1825.

† If I mistake not, Edmund Burke spent a portion of his boyhood within sight of the garden where Spenser composed much of his *Fairy Queen*. What better spot could there be for the education of genius? This life, among scenes constantly exciting associations of the most poetical and refined nature, may have assisted in giving Burke's mind the poetic coloring for which it was so remarkable.

Mr. Pope's remarks in the preface to his pastorals are evidently correct. "The simplest states of life and feeling best suit this style of poetry." Spenser's early pastorals, written

"amongst the cool shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

are minute and beautiful pictures of the country and of country life. Indeed, one of his poems may be likened to a country scene. Here are musical brooks; there old woods cloaked in ornamental foliage; here a succession of bold thoughts shaped into a chain of tall hills; there the low vale of quiet unobtrusive beauty—all this, too, mellowed by the gawsy twilight of love. Such are Spenser's early pictures, but after mingling with the world, and losing his primitive simplicity of temper, the elegance and refinement which gave such a charm to the "Fairy Queen," spoiled his rural poetry. It was no longer a picture of nature: his plant was a hot house one: his fruit had the *hortus siccus* flavor: his nightingales were caged, and sang from an embayed window. This difference may be seen by comparing "Colin come home again" with its predecessors.

But the Fairy Queen is his wonderful work. The elegant and sometimes magnificent beauty of that lay, where the "great bard"

"In sage and solemn tunes hath sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear"—

has elevated his name to the high place which it fills with such brilliancy. Every poetic palate will relish "the grapes of hidden meaning so abundant under the vine-leaves of his exquisite allegory."

On the whole, as for Spenser as a *natural* poet, all unite in pronouncing him imaginative, bold, and even witty: as an artist, or *educated* poet, skilful, elegant, and full. His language is, for the most part, rich and expressive; his verse (remarkably various in arrangement) could scarcely be more melodious and pleasing. I will close this portion of my remarks with a quotation, the source of which I forget, but which I find pencilled upon the margin of my Chaucer.

"Spenser and Chaucer, instead of being forced into death by their antiquated language, will, by their use of it, perpetuate its remembrance. The ancient English is their servant. They are not and never will be its victims."

VI. These are biographical times. A moiety of centuries ago, not even a Shakspeare could find a biographer willing to follow the windings of his career. We know nothing more of him *certainly* than that he remained on the Avon with his wife Anne Hatheway—his senior by eight years—and three children, the last two of which were twins—until ambition led him to London. That there his plays were written; and his evenings spent with Ned Alleyne, Ben Jonson, Marlow and others, in drinking canary wine, and in "tilting in the lists of literary controverſie." We have little knowledge of their pleasant discussions—

"words—
Spoke in the mermaid"—

but in such a company, wit and humor must have been gods of the entertainment. We are told that in table

debate, "Jonson was like a great Spanish gallion, and Shakspeare an English man of war. Master Jonson was built far higher in learning; solid but slow in his performances. Shakspeare lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." We can easily fancy the plethoric Ben writhing and chafing under the quickness of his adversary's attacks.

Within the last twenty years Shakspeare has become popular with the German critics—the best perhaps of the age. The critical mania has been imparted to the English, and I have observed lately in the English Magazines several articles pretty much in the German tone. One writer, for example, is engaged in building up a "life" of the poet from rather strange *materiel*—his sonnets. This idea was started by Schlegel, I believe—and is certainly a happy one: for all authors have sorrows, and at times must seek relief by giving them utterance. Indeed the works of an author's leisure moments are usually all of one piece—all of the same tone—all harping upon the one black thread in his fortune. Shakspeare asks in one of his sonnets—

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed
That every word doth almost tell my name
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument."

This brooding and inward looking is a common habit.* Chatterton, Kirk White, and Dermody, have dissected their very hearts. Byron lives in his vagrant "Childe," and bating some most disgusting affectation in his Corsair—Lara—Giaour. Shelley groans with his Prometheus—breathes in his Laon—and draws his own image with the life of his Helen.† This may have been the case with Shakspeare. Giving free scope to his heart's inmost workings, he has given posterity, in his sonnets, a record of feeling so expressed as to render it easy to build upon it a fabric of fact—a true and accurate 'life.'

His sonnets, as they now stand, are hardly intelligible, but when placed in proper order, tell one unbroken story. We learn, *inter alia*, that Shakspeare had a *male* friend whom he loved most dearly: that this friend "broke a two-fold truth"—and the question is, in what manner. Searching farther we gain the clew, and find that the poet had imbodied his vision of poetic loveliness—his *Iris en air*—in one, whom in the midst of his dream of purity and beauty unearthly, he found "as black as hell and as dark as night." That friend wins her to his arms, and this is where he is "led to riot" and to break a "two-fold truth." The poet finally discovers her wretched nature and asks—

"Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?"

Then pauses in the midst of the deeply affecting por-

* Bulwer says in the *Disowned*, that his *effort* is, at all times, to "avoid a self-picture in his writings." The very fact that an *effort* must be made, proves the existence of this yearning egotism. In writings never intended for the world's eye there is no drawback to the inclination, and it is followed. Shakspeare's sonnets were not "writ for the world."

† This self-identity is not so visible in the tragedies of Byron and Shelley, for the simple reason, perhaps, that these are more the works of art—more the creatures of the brain than heart—abound more in skill than feeling.

traiture of self-feeling, to whisper the exquisite self-excuse: "How could

Love's eye be true

That is so vexed with watching and with tears."

Perhaps self-portraiture might be even detected in his plays. Goethe's comprehension of the incomprehensible Hamlet, (viz. That with a great and philosophic mind he was too shrinking and sensitive for the execution of his high resolves—in a word, that like a porcelain jar attempting to enfold the roots of an oak, until shattered in the attempt, his shrinking nature tottered under the pressure of a purpose too mighty,) may have been a picture of Shakspeare's self: violent ambition acting upon the poet's fine nature, as other passions did upon that of Hamlet.

I have occupied so much space with that part of Shakspeare's history little known, that it has given me an excuse for shunning the beaten track altogether. I will however quote Dryden's eulogy, as it is short and famous for its pith.*

"He was the man who of all modern and perhaps all ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"Quantum lenta solent inter viberna cupressi."

VII. Of Ben Jonson I will hardly say much. His "learning and heavy-headedness" would scarcely render him the 'rare Ben' that he once was, in this age of *learned professors* and *profound scholars*.

His learning gave him an undue admiration of Aristotle, and in his plays he has followed the Grecian model too closely. Unity of time and place is particu-

larly inculcated in the rules of the Grecian schools; and in France this had long been strictly observed. It was made matter of minute inquiry in tragedy, whether such and such transactions could be gone through while a talkative hero ranted so many verses. Or, in comedy, whether an unfortunate shepherdess could go through the *Juno Lucina fer opem* ceremony, while a lewd city clerk stood by, and made so many studied surmises—*sotto voce*. Unless unity of time and place was observed in a drama, these 'line and rule Greekling Franks' damned it. The consequence was that one plot—one method—Aristotle's *το ηυθεος*—was worked upon by successive dramatists, too timid to 'blanch the beaten track,' until it was threadbare. These fetters which Shakspeare snapped, Jonson hugged.

Old Ben, as he was called, was once young, but the history of his youth is rather cloudy. It seems probable, however, that the accounts delivered us by his contemporaries, are true, notwithstanding Mr. Gifford's sweeping denial. Following them, we learn, that Ben's step-father was a bricklayer; that Ben himself "served at the trade," until he left it from weariness, and joined a company of strolling players: that he enlisted and went with the English army into Flanders, where he "killed his man, and bore off the spoils." His prime and after life were spent in literary pursuits.

Old Ben was a quarrelsome, peevish companion; his body that of a bloated giant; his face filthy, with a scorbutic affection, or, as Decker quaintly says, "a face par-boiled, punched full of eyelet holes, like the cover of a warming pan." His literary quarrels with Decker, Marston, and other "men of London," eventuated in a surly retreat on the part of Jonson. He was driven from comedy to Tragedy, and we find him closing one of his poetic defences with the consoling reflection, that

"There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung, high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof."

But the poet "died of sack," and lies in Westminster with a plain slab above him, on which are these words:

"O RARE BEN JONSON!"

VIII. I pass with reluctance over the contemporaries of Spenser and Shakspeare; contemporaries who aided in gaining for the Elizabethan age the title of "*Augustan*."* I will not, however, leave this ground, without quoting a few verses, imitated from the Italian of Petrarch, by Elizabeth herself. The lines begin a little poem, composed by the queen, "upon Mount Zeur's departure."† They are not wanting in music:

"I grieve, yet dare not shew my discontent;
I love, and yet am fust to seem to hate;
I doe, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seeme starke mute, but inwardly do prate;
I am, and not; I freeze and yet am burned,
Since from myself my other self I turned."

Passing on, we find "the melancholy Cowley." Cowley has ever been a favorite with lovers; for love madens men, and madness will always find pleasant aliment in the metaphysical and metaphorical love verses of this unnatural poet. The following is a loose paraphrase of one of Anacreon's wine songs; so loose that

* It was for wit that the reign of Augustus was celebrated. The age preceding, was that of strength. The Elizabethan age combined these.

† Ashmol. muss. MSS. p. 142.

* Dryden lauds the "commixture of comedy and tragedy," of which Shakspeare has been so often guilty. This always seemed to me unhappy. The "tragi-comic feeling" is at best an April day matter—a fit of the hystericks—neither downright weeping, nor hearty laughter. Or, yielding that sorrow is deeply impressed on the mind by the melancholy pictures of the one portion, will a sudden transition to merriment wipe it away? Dryden says, "why should we imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a very moment?" Receiving this sophistry as genuine wisdom, it follows of course, that all actual grief is transient. I would it were so. There would then be no need for the fountain of Lethe or the poppies of Ennor. One does not forget the fall of the sod when his eye turns from the newly covered grave to the glitter and glare of life.

The mixture certainly is unhappy. Perhaps, as Coleridge has surmised, it was the fruit of a proud carelessness. The poet, in the hour of composition, feels that he has just written successfully. He is elated and runs riot for awhile heedless, or, it may be, scarcely conscious of what he writes. On this principle we may account for a prodigious deal of extravagance, otherwise unaccountable.

we may as well style it original, and adduce it as a specimen not only of Cowley's strange conceits, but also of all the poetry in England, or rather at the court of the King, during the reign of Charles II.* The sample is a happy one.

"DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck from the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself, (which one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun, (and one would guess
By his drunken, fiery face no less,)
Drinks up the sea; and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round;
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high;
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?"

The question in the last line, is easily answered. If in no other way, by the ridiculous death of Polycrates' minion, the immortal Anacreon, who lost his mortality through the agency of an ingrate grape stone.

IX. To praise such men as Shakspeare and Milton, is like praising Hercules. However, I am not one of those who think it idle to cry out "O deare moon, O choyce stars!" when we look upon these in their loveliness. And, leaving this question of the utility or inutility of panegyric, to be discussed elsewhere, I will continue *pari passu* upon the same track which I have hitherto pursued.—Of,

"A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden, fair; as heaven, sublime,"

Milton was fully equal to the vast labor, at his daring in undertaking which, his friend old Andrew Marvel so marvelled. Like Amphion, he sung of the wonders of creation; of Gods and immortal essences. His Satan is a magnificent creation; a personification of all gloom and all grandeur. Vast strength, angelic fashioning, revenge that nothing can soothe, endurance that never shrinks, the intellect of heaven and the pride of earth, ambition immeasurably high, and a courage which quails not even before God, go to constitute a creation essentially *ideal*. Satan is not like Macbeth or Lear, real in himself, literally true, and only lifted into poetry by circumstance: but he is altogether moulded in a dream of the imagination. Heaven, and earth, and hell, are explored for gifts to make him eminent and peerless. He is compounded of all; and at last stands up before us, with the starry grandeur of darkness upon his forehead, but having the passions of clay within his heart, and his home and foundation in the depths below. It is thus gleaned, as it were, from every element, and compounding them all in one grand design, which constitutes the poetry of the character.

* Cowley died in 1667, too early to have thoroughly imbibed the peculiarities of the "poets of the restoration," if he had remained in England before. But this was not the case; he was secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, in Paris, during the Protectorate, and there acquired these peculiarities.

Perhaps Ariel and Caliban are as purely ideal, as the hero of Milton, and approach as nearly to him as any other fiction; but the latter is incontestably a grander formation, and a mightier agent, and moves through the perplexities of his career, with a power that defies competition. And these are his comrades of Pandemonium: Moloch, who changed the pleasant valley of Hinnom into black Gehenna; Belial, the "manna tongued," than whom "a fairer person lost not heaven; Azazel, Chemos, Peor, and the wonderful Astarte;

"To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

Rimmon, too—he so dreaded by the "men of Abba-na and Pharpar;" and the wily Mammon,

"The least erected spirit that fell
From heaven. * * *
* * * * * admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed;
A vision beatific."

These, all these, are splendid creations of the human intellect; and how rich and poetic is his account of Mulsiber, who "dropt from the zenith like a falling star." Of this description it has been written, that "music and poetry run clasped together down a stream of divine verse." But it is most in his Satan, that Milton's way becomes the "*terribile via*" of Michael Angelo, which no one before or since has been able to tread.

Comparisons have been instituted between Milton and Dante; but however excellent the Florentine may be, he had not the grasp, nor the soaring power of the English poet. The images of Dante, pass by like the phantasma on a wall, clear indeed, and picturesque; but although true, in a great measure to fact, wanting in reality. They have complexion and shape, but not flesh or blood. Milton's earthly creatures have the flush of living beauty upon them, and shew the changes of human infirmity. They inhale the odors of the garden of Paradise, and wander at will over lawns and flowers: they listen to God; they talk to angels; they love, and are tempted, and fall! and with all this there is a living principle about them, and (although Milton's faculty was by no means generally dramatic,) they are brought before the reader, and made, not the shadows of what once existed, but present probable truths. His fiercer creations possess the grandeur of dreams, but they have vitality within them also, and in character and substance are as solid as the rock.*

His "Il Penseroso," L'Allegro, and many of his sonnets, are enriched by an antique vein. "Barbaric pearl and gold," crusted with age, mingle with the airy and twinkling gems of his fancy. His spirit was, at times, idle, dreaming, and voluptuous. He sometimes seems as though he had slumbered through summer evenings in caves or forests, by solitary streams, or by the murmuring ocean.

Dr. Blair's parallel between Homer and Milton, throws more light upon the true character of Milton's mind, so far as sublimity is concerned, than anything I have seen. "Homer's (sublimity) is generally accompanied with fire and impetuosity; Milton's possesses

* Vide art. "Poetry," No. 83, Edin. Rev. April, 1825. This article is another proof how difficult a matter it is to write of poetry, without becoming poetical.

more of a calm and amazing grandeur. Homer warms and hurries us along; Milton fixes us in a state of astonishment and elevation. Homer's sublimity appears most in the description of actions; Milton's in that of wonderful and stupendous objects." I would further apply a remark which I have seen in the "table talk" of Coleridge, the poet, upon the sublimity of Schiller, and that of Shakspeare. "Both are sublime, but Homer's is the *material* sublime."

These remarks are confined to his sublimity; but beauty, tender beauty, was on the catalogue of his excellencies. I heard a lady once liken Milton's mind to a sea shell. The wildest and most terrible blasts, the gentlest and most honeyed breathings issue from the same secret depths.

Milton has many singularities. One which, Addison I believe, praises, is a habit of repeating in the answer the words of the question. Take for example, these lines in *Comus*:

"Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night."*

He was also a pedant; but pedantry should only call forth censure, when coupled with weakness. He used inversion to excess; about the propriety of which no two critics agree. And any other faults than these excusable ones, it would be difficult to discover.

In his *Sampson Agonistes*, he manifested great solidity and power: in his *Lycidas*, the most exquisitely pathetic elegance; in his *Comus*, a fine wandering philosophy. All these qualities were united in his *Paradise Lost*, and (in not so great a degree, however,) in the "*Paradise Regained*."

As a man, John Milton has been accused of time-serving. The truth of this charge is rather problematical. Milton was no more a time-server, so far at least as I am able to discover, than *any* timid old man living in his troubled age, would have been, from fear. Terror led him into acts assuredly mean; but that terror should be his excuse; it overruled a natural soundness and rectitude of heart. However, meanness it was, and the reason that he has had his fame injured, is a simple one. A beautiful thing, when at all tainted, is more disgusting than if a greater taint were upon one less beautiful.

"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

X. Butler,† the comic satirist, was well drugged with

* The reader will remember a beautiful instance of this in "*Alroy*," a work brimful of genius.

† I will quote here a paragraph upon the "effect (of the restoration) on national literature and national feeling." "The restoration of Charles the second was fatal to poetry. That prince brought with him a long train of wits; and large bands of exiled courtiers flocked round him, who knew the points of a ruff, and were connoisseurs in silk stockings and Flanders lace; but of English literature they were utterly ignorant. Adversity had taught them nothing, except hatred for their countrymen at home, and contempt for their taste in all things. French fashions, French literature, French morals, prevailed; and the wholesome examples of conjugal love and social integrity, were fast melting away and disappearing before the dazzling influence of a vicious court. The time of the English exiles had been employed in patching their broken fortunes and rendering themselves agreeable to their French patrons. Had they been reduced simply to banishment, and left to ponder on the past, it is possible that they might have taken a lesson from misfortune, which would have strengthened the relaxed state of their moral constitution, and awakened

the burlesque sentiments and humorous conceits so prevalent in the reign of Charles the second.

Hudibras is well known as a rough satire, but few, even of those familiar with that poem, I presume, ever thought of giving Butler credit for the refinement of thought and style so frequently entwined about masses of obscurity and ridiculous vulgarity. These silver threads are often visible to the searching eye, and lead the student to believe, that had the satirist not fallen into the vein, since his day called Hudibrastic, he would have taken fair place among the followers of Wyat.

Butler was, in his intercourse with the world, dull and unmoved, wholly wanting in the rich humor for which his writings are so famous. King Charles could scarcely be persuaded, that a man, to all appearances, so stupid, could be the author of so much written wit.

XI. Waller is the next of those who produced any, the least improvement in English literature; and he, indeed, rather should be called a versifier than a poet; for there is assuredly none of the divine afflatus about him. He wrote *prose* in metre, and metre too of great polish. He has been celebrated for the music of his numbers, and, as usual, accused of borrowing from the well-head of all melodious versification—the Italian schools. Tasso, translated by old Fairfax, was his model.

XII. And now John Dryden starts up in my path, at first a Polyphemus blinded by ill taste, and although a giant, never aiming his blows aright—afterward a clear sighted and skilful Longinus. His taste became pure with age, and before his death, he had become an admirable critic.* In translation, satire and lyric poetry, he was unrivalled until the coming of Pope. Indeed in the last, he has never been rivalled. Satire is, perhaps, the only species of poetry into which logic may be happily introduced. In every other, it straightens and curbs the genius. If this be true, the Anglo-latins before the time of Surrey, made a great mistake in their choice of subjects. The heavy and operose reasoning with which their metrical folios on the trinity &c. abound, would have been of assistance in satire. Dryden's logical talent rendered his great political satire "*Absalom and Achitophel*," the best perhaps of his works. His *McFlecnoe* was thought imitable, until Pope made it the model of his *Dunciad*, and drew a picture better than the original.

In one night, Dryden began and completed the great-

them to the high gratification derivable from the works of intellect alone. But they had no example, and little motive. Their King was utterly without any character, and the French did not require any sterling accomplishments to admit them to the full benefits of their society. They were, however, compelled to turn their wit to present account, and so they contented themselves with paying court to their hosts, with emulating their gallantry, with play, and other such ordinary palliatives, as offer themselves most readily to the unhappy. If our exiles ever thought seriously, it was how they might circumvent old Noll and his Roundheads, not how they might endure philosophically, or qualify themselves for prosperity again. Under all circumstances, it was scarcely possible to avoid adopting the tone and manners of the people with whom they lived. They *did* adopt them, and the literature of the age of Charles the second, may be considered as one consequence of the exile of the Stuarts."

* Of twenty-seven plays written by Dryden, nineteen were in rhyme. These nineteen were his earliest works—and the very fact that they are in rhyme, proves a want of taste. The remaining eight were written later when his taste had ripened.

est ode in the English language. The ode to St. Cecilia stands an unrivalled example of lyric excellence. The ode by Pope with the same title, that by Addison sung on the same day, fall far short of it, as do Cowley's famous paraphrases from Pindar. Indeed, Campbell's *Last Man* is the only lyric poem in the language at all akin in merit to that of Dryden.

Pindar full of the spirit of his age, committed no extravagance in the opinion of those who heard him at the Olympic games. But being regarded as the father of lyric poetry, his wildness was imitated in after ages, when that spirit was departed. This led to a great many extravagant absurdities in Italy and in England. Poets made Pindar their master and forgot Horace. The odes of the fifteenth century are scarcely intelligible; and how those who preach simplicity, and complain that Shelly's obscurity renders his poetry a sealed book, can, as I have sometimes heard them do—applaud Cowley for the beauty of his Pindarics is rather wonderful. In this unnatural state the ode fell into Dryden's hands, and he new-modelled it with strange felicity.

As a translator, Dryden shunned the latitude of those who, like Cowley, paraphrased instead of translating, and at the same time avoided the opposite evil. His translations are sufficiently accurate to convey the original author's meaning, and sufficiently polished to please an ear not too fastidious. He has fallen into error by carrying out what he calls his principle of adaptation too far. It was his opinion that "translation should be adapted to the present." For example, that the sailors of Virgil should speak the sea phrases of modern times, in order to make the description seem natural to the modern reader. This principle he carried on shore too, and many laughable instances of its application are to be found in his version of the *Æneid*. He translates—

"Læva tibi tellus, et longo læva petantur
Æquora circuitu: dextrum fuge et litas"—
"Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea
Veer starboard sea and land."

A direction which Scott suspects would have been unintelligible not only to Palinurus, but to the best pilot in the British navy.

He often too gives precedence in the arrangement of his verse to the name that should be deferred, as in this line,

"The angels, God, the virgin and the saints, &c."

which as Mr. Ezekiel Sanford wittily enough observes, reminds one of the clown, who in giving an account of his hunt, begins with—"the dog and I, and dad." In describing the appeal of the vagabond Trojans, he falls into an odd blunder. We find

"Diamond buckles sparkling in their shoes."

A new version this, of *Pulchra Sicyona*! However, this is descending into the cobbler's criticism on the painting of *Apelles*. Cibber in his parallel between Dryden and Pope yields to the first greater genius, to the latter more elegance—and the remark seems a just one. But I must leave this ground, haunted as it is with the genius of "glorious John Dryden."

Dryden was hard and haughty in appearance. He had a deep thick brow—a wide forehead, rather full at the temples. His mouth was spoiled by wrinkles which

gave him a too determined and stern appearance. He died leaving two sons by Lady Elizabeth Howard, both of whom manifested talent, and became scholars and gentlemen of reputation.

XIII. The poets between Dryden and Pope, did little toward the advancement of English poetry. Although many of these were men of no mean capability, and met with merited honor in their day, their excellencies are not great enough to entitle them to a prominent place in a paper whose limits enforce selection. It is perhaps better for them that they are not admitted, as my applause even might, like paint on the brush of a bad artist, injure rather than assist. Let them pass then:—the odd and witty Prior; the melodious and animated Lansdown; the pointed Congreve; the elaborate and particular Addison; the penetrating Rowe; the easy and sweet Parnell—one and every one.

Alexander Pope, of a family at whose head was the Earl of Downe, lived fifty-five years, during the greater part of which time he was a distinguished contributor to his country's literature in pastoral, lyric and didactic poetry—and most of all in satire and translation. In noticing Cibber's parallel, I have already touched upon Pope's peculiar excellence—elegance.

It was said by Warburton in the early part of that strange career which ended in a steady friendship for Pope, that "Dryden borrowed from the ancients through want of leisure; Pope from *want of genius*," and on this latter, the enemies of the abused poet have harped severely. One prominent argument which they adduce is the seeming difficulty with which he wrote! "His polish," say they, "is but the labored polish of a common hand. There are none of the sudden and strong outbreaks of great genius. He piles his thoughts with the labor of an ant building its hill." They shew his manuscript, lined and interlined, corrected and re-corrected, until no eye can detect the real reading, and forget that Isocrates was engaged nine years on one short panegyric. It would strike me that Pope's numerous corrections evinced fertility of mind. That the constant aim toward excellence, was but the yearning of great genius after perfection. This yearning did not display itself in Dryden, to whom belonged even greater genius, for the simple reason that he had no leisure for it. He was Old Jacob Tonson's hack, and depended on his writings for subsistence, while Pope was the receiver of annuities which rendered him wholly independent. As a didactic writer, Pope stands conspicuous among the philosophic poets, not only of England, but of the world. Neither Virgil nor Lucretius can in this, boast superiority. And Akenside, Armstrong, and even Boileau, fall far beneath. I have remarked, that logic suited no order of poetry, except the satirical: I do not contradict myself here. Lucretius pleases us with his bold and original conceptions, no matter how faulty they are. Virgil, by the poetic elegance which he throws upon his disjointed philosophy. And Pope is the more pleasing for his want of method. Virgil's mode of reasoning is the most orderly and best arranged of the three, and consequently his didactic poems resemble more the Anglo-Latin treatises of the twelfth and following centuries, than those of the others do. In brief, sprightly carelessness of restraint, and *want of method*, render Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and the "De rerum natura" of Lucretius more agreeable to the

reader than the best of Virgil's Georgics. In satire, Pope was superior to Dryden, chiefly I presume, in consequence of the latter's want of leisure to perfect the reasoning which enters so importantly into that species of composition. As a translator, he was unhappy in his choice of authors. Virgil would have suited his style of genius far better than Homer. His anglicized Greek lines wear too much frippery of dress. A happy mean yet remains to be filled, between the extreme polish of Pope's Homer, and the naked abruptness of both Chapman and Cowper. There was a degree of hypocrisy in Pope's mode of publishing his letters which should be censured. (Vide Quarrels of Authors.)

Pope perfected the music and elegance of the English verse. Drawn out of chaos by old Chaucer; softened by Spenser; twisted into pliancy by Surrey; subtilized by Cowley; smoothed by Waller; strongly and beautifully modelled by Dryden;—it still wanted the finishing touch, and this, Pope gave. But he was more than an accomplished linguist. A skilful satirist, a touching eulogist, a philosophic tutor, and in fine, in spite of bodily infirmities, a good and amiable man,* his life was like the passage of a health-infusing river through the sands of the earth. Useful to all within reach of its influence; when the stream curdled in its bed, the loss was deeply felt. And although the poet's works remain among us, it is only as the cedar and palm remain upon the banks of the once living stream. "So good a man was he, his presence doubled their beauty."†

L. L.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

HANS PHAALL--A TALE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

By late accounts from Rotterdam that city seems to be in a singularly high state of philosophical excitement. Indeed phenomena have there occurred of a nature so completely unexpected, so entirely novel, so utterly at variance with pre-conceived opinions, as to leave no doubt on my mind that long ere this all Europe is in an uproar, all Physics in a ferment, all Dynamics and Astronomy together by the ears.

It appears that on the — day of —, (I am not positive about the date) a vast crowd of people, for purposes not specifically mentioned, were assembled in the great square of the Exchange in the goodly and well-conditioned city of Rotterdam. The day was warm—unusually so for the season—there was hardly a breath of air stirring, and the multitude were in no bad humor at being now and then besprinkled with

friendly showers of momentary duration. These occasionally fell from large white masses of cloud which chequered in a fitful manner the blue vault of the firmament. Nevertheless about noon a slight but remarkable agitation became apparent in the assembly; the clattering of ten thousand tongues succeeded; and in an instant afterwards ten thousand faces were upturned towards the heavens, ten thousand pipes descended simultaneously from the corners of ten thousand mouths, and a shout which could be compared to nothing but the roaring of Niagara resounded long, loud, and furiously, through all the environs of Rotterdam.

The origin of this hubbub soon became sufficiently evident. From behind the huge bulk of one of those sharply-defined masses of cloud already mentioned, was seen slowly to emerge into an open area of blue space, a queer, heterogeneous, but apparently solid body or substance, so oddly shaped, so *outré* in appearance, so whimsically put together, as not to be in any manner comprehended, and never to be sufficiently admired by the host of sturdy burghers who stood open-mouthed and thunderstruck below. What could it be? In the name of all the vrows and devils in Rotterdam, what could it possibly portend? No one knew—no one could imagine—no one, not even the burgomaster Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, had the slightest clue by which to unravel the mystery: so, as nothing more reasonable could be done, every one to a man replaced his pipe carefully in the left corner of his mouth, and, cocking up his right eye towards the phenomenon, puffed, paused, waddled about, and grunted significantly—then waddled back, grunted, paused, and finally—puffed again.

In the meantime, however, lower and still lower towards the goodly city, came the object of so much curiosity, and the cause of so much smoke. In a very few minutes it arrived near enough to be accurately discerned. It appeared to be—yes! it *was* undoubtedly a species of balloon: but surely no *such* balloon had ever been seen in Rotterdam before. For who, let me ask, ever heard of a balloon entirely manufactured of dirty newspapers? No man in Holland certainly—yet here under the very noses of the people, or rather, so to speak, at some distance *above* their noses, was the identical thing in question, and composed, I have it on the best authority, of the precise material which no one had ever known to be used for a similar purpose. It was too bad—it was not to be borne: it was an insult—an egregious insult to the good sense of the burghers of Rotterdam. As to the shape of the phenomenon it was even still more reprehensible, being little or nothing better than a huge foolscap turned upside down. And this similitude was by no means lessened, when, upon nearer inspection, there was perceived a large tassel depending from its apex, and around the upper rim or base of the cone a circle of little instruments, resembling sheep-bells, which kept up a continual tinkling to the tune of Betty Martin. But still worse. Suspended by blue ribbands to the end of this fantastic machine, there hung by way of ear an enormous drab beaver hat, with a brim superlatively broad, and a hemispherical crown with a black band and a silver buckle. It is, however, somewhat remarkable, that many citizens of Rotterdam swore to having seen the same hat repeatedly before; and indeed the whole assembly seemed to regard it with

*I have been particular in noticing Pope's goodness of heart, because the devotees of Addison have spoken of him as "twisted in body and mind—as peevish as he was deformed."

† Surgeons and critics love new subjects, and the latter have so raked up from the dunghills of the forgotten past, poets (God save the mark!) innumerable. To mention in this paper the names of one half would be bringing sad company to old Chaucer and his great successors; however, the other half is made up of no mean names. *Lydgate, James I, of Scotland, Skelton, Gairin, Douglass, Lord Rochford, Lord Vaur, Gascoigne, Marlowe, Churchyard, Tuberville, Sir Walter Raleigh, Silvester*, (translator of Du Bartol,) *Fairfax, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Carew, Quarles, Drummond, Lovelace*, (the cavalier and lover of Althea,) *Herrick, Marvel, Cotton, Walton, Lee, Shadwell*, and one or two others, I have passed over with regret.

eyes of familiarity, while the vrow Grettel Phaall, upon sight of it, uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, and declared it to be the identical hat of her good man himself. Now this was a circumstance the more to be observed, as Phaall, with three companions, had actually disappeared from Rotterdam about five years before, in a very sudden and unaccountable manner, and up to the date of this narrative all attempts had failed of obtaining any intelligence concerning them whatsoever. To be sure, some bones which were thought to be human, and mixed up with a quantity of odd-looking rubbish, had been lately discovered in a retired situation to the east of Rotterdam; and some people went so far as to imagine that in this spot a foul murder had been committed, and that the sufferers were in all probability Hans Phaall and his associates. But to return.

The balloon, for such no doubt it was, had now descended to within a hundred feet of the earth, allowing the crowd below a sufficiently distinct view of the person of its occupant. This was in truth a very droll little somebody. He could not have been more than two feet in height—but this altitude, little as it was, would have been enough to destroy his equilibrium, and tilt him over the edge of his tiny car, but for the intervention of a circular rim reaching as high as the breast, and rigged on to the cords of the balloon. The body of the little man was more than proportionally broad, giving to his entire figure a rotundity highly grotesque. His feet, of course, could not be seen at all, although a horny substance of suspicious nature was occasionally protruded through a rent in the bottom of the car, or, to speak more properly, in the top of the hat. His hands were enormously large. His hair was extremely gray, and collected into a cue behind. His nose was prodigiously long, crooked and inflammatory—his eyes full, brilliant, and acute—his chin and cheeks, although wrinkled with age, were broad, puffy, and double—but of ears of any kind or character, there was not a semblance to be discovered upon any portion of his head. This odd little gentleman was dressed in a loose surtout of sky-blue satin, with tight breeches to match, fastened with silver buckles at the knees. His vest was of some bright yellow material; a white taffety cap was set jauntily on one side of his head; and, to complete his equipment, a blood red silk handkerchief enveloped his throat, and fell down, in a dainty manner, upon his bosom in a fantastic bow-knot of super-eminent dimensions.

Having descended, as I said before, to about one hundred feet from the surface of the earth, the little old gentleman was suddenly seized with a fit of trepidation, and appeared altogether disinclined to make any nearer approach to *terra firma*. Throwing out, therefore, a quantity of sand from a canvass bag, which he lifted with great difficulty, he became stationary in an instant. He then proceeded, in a hurried and agitated manner, to extract from a side pocket of his surtout a large morocco pocket-book. This he poised suspiciously in his hand—then eyed it with an air of extreme surprise, and was evidently astonished at its weight. He at length opened it, and, drawing therefrom a huge letter sealed with red sealing-wax, and tied carefully with red tape, let it fall precisely at the feet of the burgomaster Superbus Von Underduk. His Excellency stooped to take it up. But the aeronaut, still greatly

discomposed, and having apparently no farther business to detain him in Rotterdam, began at this moment to make busy preparations for departure; and, it being necessary to discharge a portion of ballast to enable him to re-ascend, the half dozen bags of sand which he threw out, one after another, without taking the trouble to empty their contents, tumbled every one of them, most unfortunately, upon the back of the burgomaster, and rolled him over and over no less than one and twenty times, in the face of every man in Rotterdam. It is not to be supposed, however, that the great Underduk suffered this impertinence on the part of the little old man to pass off with impunity. It is said, on the contrary, that, during the period of each and every one of his one and twenty circumvolutions, he emitted no less than one and twenty distinct and furious whiffs from his pipe, to which he held fast the whole time with all his might, and to which he intends holding fast until the day of his death.

In the meantime the balloon arose like a lark, and, soaring far away above the city, at length drifted quietly behind a cloud similar to that from which it had so oddly emerged, and was thus lost forever to the wondering eyes of the good citizens of Rotterdam. All attention was now directed to the letter, whose descent and the consequences attending thereupon had proved so fatally subversive of both person and personal dignity, to his Excellency the illustrious burgomaster Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk. That functionary, however, had not failed, during his circumgyratory movement, to bestow a thought upon the important object of securing the packet in question, which was seen, upon inspection, to have fallen into the most proper hands, being actually directed to himself and Professor Rub-a-dub, in their official capacities of President and Vice-President of the Rotterdam College of Astronomy. It was accordingly opened by those dignitaries upon the spot, and found to contain the following extraordinary and indeed very serious communication.

To their Excellencies Von Underduk and Rub-a-dub, President, and Vice-President of the States' College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam.

Your Excellencies may perhaps be able to remember an humble artizan by name Hans Phaall, and by occupation a mender of bellows, who, with three others, disappeared from Rotterdam, about five years ago, in a manner which must have been considered by all parties at once sudden, and extremely unaccountable. If, however, it so please your Excellencies, I, the writer of this communication, am the identical Hans Phaall himself. It is well known to most of my fellow citizens, that for the period of forty years, I continued to occupy the little square brick building at the head of the alley called Sauerkraut, and in which I resided at the time of my disappearance. My ancestors have also resided therein time out of mind, they, as well as myself, steadily following the respectable and indeed lucrative profession of mending of bellows. For, to speak the truth, until of late years that the heads of all the people have been set agog with the troubles and politics, no better business than my own could an honest citizen of Rotterdam either desire or deserve. Credit was good, employment was never wanting, and on all hands there was no lack of either money or good will. But, as I was saying, we soon began to feel the terrible effects

of liberty, and long speeches, and radicalism, and all that sort of thing. People who were formerly the very best customers in the world had now not a moment of time to think of us at all. They had, so they said, as much as they could do to read about the revolutions, and keep up with the march of intellect, and the spirit of the age. If a fire wanted fanning it could readily be fanned with a newspaper; and, as the government grew weaker, I have no doubt that leather and iron acquired durability in proportion, for in a very short time there was not a pair of bellows in all Rotterdam that ever stood in need of a stitch or required the assistance of a hammer. This was a state of things not to be endured. I soon grew as poor as a rat, and, having a wife and children to provide for, my burdens at length became intolerable, and I spent hour after hour in reflecting upon the speediest and most convenient method of putting an end to my life. Duns, in the meantime left me little leisure for contemplation. My house was literally besieged from morning till night, so that I began to rave, and foam, and fret like a caged tiger against the bars of his enclosure. There were three fellows in particular, who worried me beyond endurance, keeping watch continually about my door, and threatening me with the utmost severity of the law. Upon these three I internally vowed the bitterest revenge, if ever I should be so happy as to get them within my clutches, and I believe nothing in the world but the pleasure of this anticipation prevented me from putting my plan of suicide into immediate execution, by blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss. I thought it best, however, to dissemble my wrath, and to treat them with promises and fair words, until, by some good turn of fate, an opportunity of vengeance should be afforded me.

One day, having given my creditors the slip, and feeling more than usually dejected, I continued for a long time to wander about the most obscure streets without any object whatever, until at length I chanced to stumble against the corner of a bookseller's stall. Seeing a chair close at hand, for the use of customers, I threw myself doggedly into it, and hardly knowing why, opened the pages of the first volume which came within my reach. It proved to be a small pamphlet treatise on Speculative Astronomy, written either by Professor Encke of Berlin, or by a Frenchman of somewhat similar name. I had some little tincture of information on matters of this nature, and soon became more and more absorbed in the contents of the book, reading it actually through twice before I awoke, as it were, to a recollection of what was passing around me. By this time it began to grow dark, and I directed my steps towards home. But the treatise had made an indelible impression on my mind, and as I sauntered along the dusky streets, I revolved carefully over in my memory the wild and sometimes unintelligible reasonings of the writer. There were some particular passages which affected my imagination in a powerful and extraordinary manner. The longer I meditated upon these, the more intense grew the interest which had been excited within me. The limited nature of my education in general, and more especially my ignorance on subjects connected with Natural Philosophy, so far from rendering me diffident of my own ability to comprehend what I had read, or inducing me to mistrust the many vague no-

tions which had arisen in consequence, merely served as a farther stimulus to imagination; and I was vain enough, or perhaps reasonable enough, to doubt whether those crude ideas which, arising in ill-regulated minds, have all the appearance, may not often in effect possess also the force—the reality—and other inherent properties of instinct or intuition: and whether, to proceed a step farther, profundity itself might not, in matters of a purely speculative nature, be detected as a legitimate source of falsity and error. In other words, I believed, and still do believe, that truth is frequently, of its own essence, superficial, and that, in many cases, the depth lies more in the abysses where we seek her, than in the actual situations wherein she may be found. Nature herself seemed to afford me corroboration of these ideas. In the contemplation of the heavenly bodies it struck me very forcibly that I could not distinguish a star with nearly as much precision, when I gazed upon it with earnest, direct and undeviating attention, as when I suffered my eye only to glance in its vicinity alone. I was not, of course, at that time aware that this apparent paradox was occasioned by the centre of the visual area being less susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the exterior portions of the retina. This knowledge, and some of another kind, came afterwards in the course of an eventful period of five years, during which I have dropped the prejudices of my former humble situation in life, and forgotten the bellows-mender in far different occupations. But at the epoch of which I speak, the analogy which the casual observation of a star offered to the conclusions I had already drawn, struck me with the force of positive confirmation, and I then finally made up my mind to the course which I afterwards pursued.

It was late when I reached home, and I went immediately to bed. My mind, however, was too much occupied to sleep, and I lay the whole night buried in meditation. Arising early in the morning, and contriving again to escape the vigilance of my creditors, I repaired eagerly to the bookseller's stall, and laid out what little ready money I possessed, in the purchase of some volumes of Mechanics and Practical Astronomy. Having arrived at home safely with these, I devoted every spare moment to their perusal, and soon made such proficiency in studies of this nature as I thought sufficient for the execution of my plan. In the intervals of this period I made every endeavor to conciliate the three creditors who had given me so much annoyance. In this I finally succeeded—partly by selling enough of my household furniture to satisfy a moiety of their claim, and partly by a promise of paying the balance upon completion of a little project which I told them I had in view, and for assistance in which I solicited their services. By these means—for they were ignorant men—I found little difficulty in gaining them over to my purpose.

Matters being thus arranged, I contrived, by the aid of my wife, and with the greatest secrecy and caution, to dispose of what property I had remaining, and to borrow, in small sums, under various pretences, and without paying any attention to my future means of repayment, no inconsiderable quantity of ready money. With the means thus accruing I proceeded to purchase at intervals, cambric muslin, very fine, in pieces of twelve yards each—twine—a lot of the varnish of

caoutchouc—a large and deep basket of wicker-work, made to order—and several other articles necessary in the construction and equipment of a balloon of extraordinary dimensions. This I directed my wife to make up as soon as possible, and gave her all requisite information as to the particular method of proceeding. In the meantime I worked up the twine into a net-work of sufficient dimensions, rigged it with a hoop and the necessary cords, bought a quadrant, a compass, a spy-glass, a common barometer with some important modifications, and two astronomical instruments not so generally known. I then took opportunities of conveying by night, to a retired situation east of Rotterdam, five iron-bound casks, to contain about fifty gallons each, and one of a larger size—six tinned ware tubes, three inches in diameter, properly snapped, and ten feet in length—a quantity of a *particular metallic substance or semi-metal* which I shall not name—and a dozen demi-johns of a *very common acid*. The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself—or at least never applied to any similar purpose. The secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs to a citizen of Nantz in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself. The same individual submitted to me, without being at all aware of my intentions, a method of constructing balloons from the membrane of a certain animal, through which substance any escape of gas was nearly an impossibility. I found it however altogether too expensive, and was not sure, upon the whole, whether cambric muslin with a coating of gum caoutchouc was not equally as good. I mention this circumstance, because I think it probable that hereafter the individual in question may attempt a balloon ascension with the novel gas and material, I have spoken of, and I do not wish to deprive him of the honor of a very singular invention.

On the spot which I intended each of the smaller casks to occupy respectively during the inflation of the balloon, I privately dug a hole two feet deep—the holes forming in this manner a circle of twenty-five feet in diameter. In the centre of this circle, being the station designed for the large cask, I also dug a hole three feet in depth. In each of the five smaller holes, I deposited a canister containing fifty pounds, and in the larger one a keg holding one hundred and fifty pounds of cannon powder. These—the keg and the canisters—I connected in a proper manner with covered trains; and having let into one of the canisters the end of about four feet of slow-match, I covered up the hole, and placed the cask over it, leaving the other end of the match protruding about an inch, and barely visible beyond the cask. I then filled up the remaining holes, and placed the barrels over them in their destined situation.

Besides the articles above enumerated, I conveyed to the dépôt, and there secreted one of M. Grimm's improvements upon the apparatus for condensation of the atmospheric air. I found this machine, however, to require considerable alteration before it could be adapted to the purposes to which I intended making it applicable. But with severe labor, and unremitting perseverance, I at length met with entire success in all my preparations. My balloon was soon completed. It would contain more than forty thousand cubic feet of

gas; would take me up, I calculated, easily with all my implements, and, if I managed rightly with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of ballast into the bargain. It had received three coats of varnish, and I found the cambric muslin to answer all the purposes of silk itself—quite as strong and a good deal less expensive.

Every thing being now ready, I exacted from my wife an oath of secrecy in relation to all my actions from the day of my first visit to the bookseller's stall, and, promising, on my part, to return as soon as circumstances would admit, I gave her all the money I had left, and bade her farewell. Indeed I had little fear on her account. She was what people call a notable woman, and could manage matters in the world without my assistance. I believe, to tell the truth, she always looked upon me as an idle body, a mere make-weight, good for nothing but building castles in the air, and was rather glad to get rid of me. It was a dark night when I bade her good bye, and, taking with me, as *aids-de-camp*, the three creditors who had given me so much trouble, we carried the balloon, with the car and accoutrements, by a roundabout way, to the station where the other articles were deposited. We there found them all unmolested, and I proceeded immediately to business.

It was the first of April. The night, as I said before, was dark—there was not a star to be seen, and a drizzling rain falling at intervals rendered us very uncomfortable. But my chief anxiety was concerning my balloon, which in spite of the varnish with which it was defended, began to grow rather heavy with the moisture: my powder also was liable to damage. I therefore kept my three duns working with great diligence, pounding down ice around the central cask, and stirring the acid in the others. They did not cease, however, importuning me with questions as to what I intended to do with all this apparatus, and expressed much dissatisfaction at the terrible labor I made them undergo. They could not perceive, so they said, what good was likely to result from their getting wet to the skin merely to take a part in such horrible incantations. I began to get uneasy, and worked away with all my might—for I verily believe the idiots supposed that I had entered into a compact with the devil, and that, in short, what I was now doing was nothing better than it should be. I was, therefore, in great fear of their leaving me altogether. I contrived, however, to pacify them by promises of immediate payment as soon as I could bring the present business to a termination. To these speeches they gave of course their own interpretation—fancying, no doubt, that at all events I should come into possession of vast quantities of ready money; and provided I paid them all I owed, and a trifle more, in consideration of their services, I dare say they cared very little what became of either my soul or my carcase.

In about four hours and a half I found the balloon sufficiently inflated. I attached the car therefore, and put all my implements in it—not forgetting the condensing apparatus, a copious supply of water, and a large quantity of provisions, such as pemmican, in which much nutriment is contained in comparatively little bulk. I also secured in the car a pair of pigeons and a cat. It was now nearly day-break, and I thought

it high time to take my departure. Dropping a lighted cigar on the ground, as if by accident, I took the opportunity, in stooping to pick it up, of igniting privately the piece of slow match, whose end, as I said before, protruded a very little beyond the lower rim of one of the smaller casks. This manœuvre was totally unperceived on the part of the three duns, and, jumping into the car, I immediately cut the single cord which held me to the earth, and was pleased to find that I shot upwards, rapidly carrying with all ease one hundred and seventy-five pounds of leaden ballast, and able to have carried up as many more.

Scarcely, however, had I attained the height of fifty yards, when, roaring and rumbling up after me in the most horrible and tumultuous manner, came so dense a hurricane of fire, and smoke, and sulphur, and legs and arms, and gravel, and burning wood, and blazing metal, that my very heart sunk within me, and I fell down in the bottom of the car, trembling with unmitigated terror. Indeed I now perceived that I had entirely overdone the business, and that the main consequences of the shock were yet to be experienced. Accordingly, in less than a second, I felt all the blood in my body rushing to my temples, and, immediately thereupon, a concussion, which I shall never forget, burst abruptly through the night, and seemed to rip the very firmament asunder. When I afterwards had time for reflection, I did not fail to attribute the extreme violence of the explosion, as regarded myself, to its proper cause—my situation directly above it, and in the exact line of its greatest power. But at the time I thought only of preserving my life. The balloon at first collapsed—then furiously expanded—then whirled round and round with horrible velocity—and finally, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, hurled me with great force over the rim of the car, and left me dangling, at a terrific height, with my head downwards, and my face outwards from the balloon, by a piece of slender cord about three feet in length, which hung accidentally through a crevice near the bottom of the wicker-work, and in which, as I fell, my left foot became most providentially entangled. It is impossible—utterly impossible—to form any adequate idea of the horror of my situation. I gasped convulsively for breath—a shudder resembling a fit of the ague agitated every nerve and muscle in my frame—I felt my eyes starting from their sockets—a horrible nausea overwhelmed me—my brain reeled—and I fainted away.

How long I remained in this state, it is impossible to say. It must, however, have been no inconsiderable time, for when, at length, I partially recovered the sense of existence, I found the day breaking, and the balloon at a prodigious height over a wilderness of ocean, and not a trace of land to be discovered far and wide within the limits of the vast horizon. My sensations, however, upon thus recovering, were by no means so rife with agony as might have been anticipated. Indeed there was much of incipient madness in the calm survey which I began to take of my situation. I drew up to my eyes each of my hands, one after the other, and wondered what occurrence could have given rise to the swelling of the veins, and the horrible blackness of the finger nails. I afterwards carefully examined my head, shaking it repeatedly, and feeling it with minute attention, until I succeeded in satisfying myself that it was

not—as I had more than half suspected—larger than my balloon. Then, in a knowing manner, I felt in both my breeches pockets, and missing therefrom a set of tablets and a tooth-pick case, I endeavored to account for their disappearance, and, not being able to do so, felt inexpressibly chagrined. It now occurred to me that I suffered great uneasiness in the joint of my left ankle, and a dim consciousness of my situation began to glimmer through my mind. But, strange to say! I was neither astonished nor horror-stricken. If I felt any emotion at all, it was a kind of chuckling satisfaction at the cleverness I was about to display in extricating myself from this dilemma; and I never, for a moment, looked upon my ultimate safety as a question susceptible of doubt. For a few minutes I remained wrapped in the profoundest meditation. I have a distinct recollection of frequently compressing my lips, putting my fore-finger to the side of my nose, and making use of other gesticulations and grimaces common to men who, at ease in their arm-chairs, meditate upon matters of intricacy or importance. Having, as I thought, sufficiently collected my ideas, I now, with great caution and deliberation, put my hands behind my back, and unfastened the large iron buckle which belonged to the waistband of my inexpressibles. This buckle had three teeth, which, being somewhat rusty, turned with great difficulty upon their axis. I brought them however, after some trouble, at right angles to the body of the buckle, and was glad to find them remain firm in that position. Holding the instrument thus obtained, within my teeth, I now proceeded to untie the knot of my cravat. I had to rest several times before I could accomplish this manœuvre—but it was at length accomplished. To one end of the cravat I then made fast the buckle, and the other end I tied, for greater security, tightly around my wrist. Drawing now, my body upwards, with a prodigious exertion of muscular force, I succeeded, at the very first trial, in throwing the buckle over the car, and entangling it, as I had anticipated, in the circular rim of the wicker-work.

My body was now inclined towards the side of the car, at an angle of about forty-five degrees—but it must not be understood that I was therefore only forty-five degrees below the perpendicular. So far from it, I still lay nearly level with the plane of the horizon—for the change of situation which I had acquired, had forced the bottom of the car considerably outwards from my position, which was accordingly one of the most imminent and dangerous peril. It should be remembered, however, that when I fell, in the first instance, from the car, if I had fallen with my face turned towards the balloon, instead of turned outwardly from it as it actually was—or if, in the second place, the cord by which I was suspended had chanced to hang over the upper edge, instead of through a crevice near the bottom of the car,—I say it may readily be conceived that, in either of these supposed cases, I should have been unable to accomplish even as much as I had now accomplished, and the wonderful adventures of Hans Phaall would have been utterly lost to posterity. I had therefore every reason to be grateful—although, in point of fact, I was still too stupid to be anything at all, and hung for, I suppose, a quarter of an hour, in that extraordinary manner, without making the slightest farther exertion whatsoever, and in a singularly tranquil state of idiotic enjoyment. But

this feeling did not fail to die rapidly away, and thereunto succeeded horror, and dismay, and a chilling sense of utter helplessness and ruin. In fact, the blood so long accumulating in the vessels of my head and throat, and which had hitherto buoyed up my spirits with madness and delirium, had now begun to retire within their proper channels, and the distinctness which was thus added to my perception of the danger, merely served to deprive me of the self-possession and courage to encounter it. But this weakness was, luckily for me, of no very long duration. In good time came to my rescue the spirit of despair, and amid horrible curses and convulsive struggles, I jerked my way bodily upwards, till at length, clutching with a vice-like grip the long-desired rim, I writhed my person over it, and fell headlong and shuddering within the car. It was not until sometime afterwards that I recovered myself sufficiently to attend to the ordinary cares of the balloon. I then, however, examined it with attention, and found it, to my great relief, uninjured. My implements were all safe, and I had fortunately lost neither ballast nor provisions. Indeed, I had so well secured them in their places, that such an accident was entirely out of the question. Looking at my watch, I found it six o'clock. I was still rapidly ascending, and my barometer showed a present altitude of three and three quarter miles. Immediately beneath me in the ocean, lay a small black object, slightly oblong in shape, seemingly about the size, and in every way bearing a great resemblance to one of those childish toys called a domino. Bringing my spy-glass to bear upon it, I plainly discerned it to be a British ninety-four gun ship, close-hauled, and pitching heavily in the sea with her head to the W. S. W. Besides this ship, I saw nothing but the ocean and the sky, and the sun, which had long arisen.

It is now high time that I should explain to your Excellencies the object of my perilous voyage. Your Excellencies will bear in mind, that distressed circumstances in Rotterdam, had at length driven me to the resolution of committing suicide. It was not, however, that to life itself I had any positive disgust—but that I was harassed beyond endurance by the adventitious miseries attending my situation. In this state of mind—wishing to live, yet wearied with life—the treatise at the stall of the bookseller opened a resource to my imagination. I then finally made up my mind. I determined to depart, yet live—to leave the world, yet continue to exist—in short, to drop enigmas, I resolved, let what would ensue, to force a passage, if I could—to the moon. Now, lest I should be supposed more of a madman than I actually am, I will detail, as well as I am able, the considerations which led me to believe that an achievement of this nature, although without doubt difficult, and incontestably full of danger, was not absolutely, to a bold spirit, beyond the confines of the possible.

The moon's actual distance from the earth was the first thing to be attended to. Now the mean or average interval between the *centres* of the two planets is 59.9643 of the earth's equatorial radii, or only about 237000 miles. I say the mean or average interval. But it must be borne in mind, that the form of the moon's orbit being an ellipse of eccentricity, amounting to no less than 0.05484 of the major semi-axis of the ellipse itself, and the earth's centre being situated in its focus,

if I could, in any manner, contrive to meet the moon, as it were, in its perigee, the above-mentioned distance would be materially diminished. But to say nothing, at present, of this possibility, it was very certain, that at all events, from the 237000 miles I should have to deduct the radius of the earth, say 4000, and the radius of the moon, say 1080, in all 5080, leaving an actual interval to be traversed, under average circumstances, of 231920 miles. Now this, I reflected, was no very extraordinary distance. Travelling on land has been repeatedly accomplished at the rate of thirty miles per hour, and indeed a much greater speed may be anticipated. But even at this velocity, it would take me no more than 322 days to reach the surface of the moon. There were, however, many particulars inducing me to believe that my average rate of travelling might possibly very much exceed that of thirty miles per hour, and, as these considerations did not fail to make a deep impression upon my mind, I will mention them more fully hereafter.

The next point to be regarded, was a matter of far greater importance. From indications afforded by the barometer, we find that, in ascensions from the surface of the earth, we have, at the height of 1000 feet, left below us, about one-thirtieth of the entire mass of atmospheric air—that at 10600, we have ascended through nearly one third—and that at 18000, which is not far from the elevation of Cotopaxi, we have surmounted one half of the material, or, at all events, one half the *ponderable* body of air incumbent upon our globe. It is also calculated, that at an altitude not exceeding the hundredth part of the earth's diameter—that is, not exceeding eighty miles—the rarefaction would be so excessive, that animal life could, in no manner, be sustained, and moreover, that the most delicate means we possess of ascertaining the presence of the atmosphere, would be inadequate to assure us of its existence. But I did not fail to perceive that these latter calculations are founded altogether on our experimental knowledge of the properties of air, and the mechanical laws regulating its dilation and compression in what may be called, comparatively speaking, the *immediate vicinity* of the earth itself; and, at the same time, it is taken for granted, that animal life is, and must be, essentially *incapable of modification* at any given unattainable distance from the surface. Now all such reasoning, and from such data, must of course be simply analogical. The greatest height ever reached by man, was that of 25000 feet, attained in the aeronautic expedition of Messieurs Gay-Lussac and Biot. This is a moderate altitude, even when compared with the eighty miles in question; and I could not help thinking that the subject admitted room for doubt, and great latitude for speculation.

But, in point of fact, an ascension being made to any stated altitude, the ponderable quantity of air surmounted in any *farther* ascension, is by no means in proportion to the additional height ascended, (as may be plainly seen from what has been stated before) but in a ratio constantly decreasing. It is therefore evident that, ascend as high as we may, we cannot, literally speaking, arrive at a limit beyond which no atmosphere is to be found. It *must exist*, I argued, it *may* exist in a state of infinite rarefaction.

On the other hand, I was aware that arguments have

not been wanting to prove the existence of a real and definite limit to the atmosphere, beyond which there is absolutely no air whatsoever. But a circumstance which has been left out of view by those who contend for such a limit, seemed to me, although no positive refutation of their creed, still a point worthy very serious investigation. On comparing the intervals between the successive arrivals of Encke's comet at its perihelion, after giving credit, in the most exact manner, for all the disturbances or perturbations due to the attractions of the planets, it appears that the periods are gradually diminishing—that is to say—the major axis of the comet's ellipse is growing shorter, in a slow but perfectly regular decrease. Now this is precisely what ought to be the case, if we suppose a resistance experienced by the comet from an extremely *rare ethereal medium* pervading the regions of its orbit. For it is evident that such a medium must, in retarding its velocity, increase its centripetal, by weakening its centrifugal force. In other words, the sun's attraction would be constantly attaining greater power, and the comet would be drawn nearer at every revolution. Indeed, there is no other way of accounting for the variation in question. But again. The real diameter of the same comet's nebosity, is observed to contract rapidly as it approaches the sun, and dilate with equal rapidity in its departure towards its aphelion. Was I not justifiable in supposing, with M. Valz, that this apparent condensation of volume has its origin in the compression of the same ethereal medium I have spoken of before, and which is only denser in proportion to its solar vicinity? The lenticular-shaped phenomenon, also, called the zodiacal light, was a matter worthy of attention. This radiance, so apparent in the tropics, and which cannot be mistaken for any meteoric lustre, extends from the horizon obliquely upwards, and follows generally the direction of the sun's equator. It appeared to me evidently, in the nature of a rare atmosphere extending from the sun outwards, beyond the orbit of Venus at least, and I believed indefinitely farther. Indeed, this medium I could not suppose confined to the path of the comet's ellipse, or the immediate neighborhood of the sun. It was easy, on the contrary, to imagine it pervading the entire regions of our planetary system, condensed into what we call atmosphere at the planets themselves, and in some of them modified by considerations, so to speak, purely geological.

Having adopted this view of the subject, I had little farther hesitation. Granting that on my passage I should meet with atmosphere *essentially* the same as at the surface of the earth, I conceived that, by means of the very ingenious apparatus of M. Grimm, I should readily be enabled to condense it in sufficient quantities for the purpose of respiration. This would remove the chief obstacle in a journey to the moon. I had indeed spent some money and great labor in adapting the apparatus to the purposes intended, and I confidently looked forward to its successful application, if I could manage to complete the voyage within any reasonable period. This brings me back to the *rate* at which it might be possible to travel.

It is true that balloons, in the first stage of their ascensions from the earth, are known to rise with a velocity comparatively moderate. Now the power of elevation lies altogether in the superior lightness of the

gas in the balloon, compared with the atmospheric air; and, at first sight, it does not appear probable that, as the balloon acquires altitude, and consequently arrives successively in atmospheric strata of densities rapidly diminishing—I say it does not appear at all reasonable that, in this its progress upwards, the original velocity should be accelerated. On the other hand, I was not aware that, in any recorded ascension, a diminution was apparent in the absolute rate of ascent—although such should have been the case, if on account of nothing else, on account of the escape of gas through balloons ill-constructed, and varnished with no better material than the ordinary varnish. It seemed, therefore, that the effect of such an escape was only sufficient to counterbalance the effect of some accelerating power. I now considered, that provided in my passage I found the medium I had imagined, and provided it should prove to be actually and *essentially* what we denominate atmospheric air, it could make comparatively little difference at what extreme state of rarefaction I should discover it—that is to say, in regard to my power of ascending—for the gas in the balloon would not only be itself subject to a rarefaction partially similar, but, *being what it was*, would still, at all events, continue specifically lighter than any compound whatever of mere nitrogen and oxygen. In the meantime the force of gravitation would be constantly diminishing, in proportion to the squares of the distances, and thus, with a velocity prodigiously accelerating, I should at length arrive in those distant regions where the power of the earth's attractions would be superseded by the moon's. In accordance with these ideas, I did not think it worth while to encumber myself with more provisions than would be sufficient for a period of forty days.

There was still, however, another difficulty which occasioned me some little disquietude. It has been observed, that in all balloon ascensions to any considerable height, besides the pain attending respiration, great uneasiness is invariably experienced about the head and body, often accompanied with bleeding at the nose, and other symptoms of an alarming kind, and growing more and more inconvenient in proportion to the altitude attained. This was a reflection of a nature somewhat startling. Was it not probable that these symptoms would increase indefinitely, or at least until terminated by death itself? I finally thought not. Their origin was to be looked for in the progressive removal of the *customary* atmospheric pressure upon the surface of the body, and consequent distension of the superficial blood-vessels—not in any positive disorganization of the animal system, as in the case of difficulty in breathing, where the atmospheric density is *chemically insufficient* for the purpose of a due renovation of blood in a ventricle of the heart. Unless for default of this renovation, I could see no reason, therefore, why life could not be sustained even in a *vacuum*—for the expansion and compression of chest, commonly called breathing, is action purely muscular, and the *cause*, not the *effect*, of respiration. In a word, I conceived that, as the body should become habituated to the want of atmospheric pressure, these sensations of pain would gradually diminish, and to endure them while they continued, I relied strongly upon the iron hardihood of my constitution.

Thus, it may please your Excellencies, I have detail-

ed some, though by no means all the considerations which led me to form the project of a lunar voyage. I shall now proceed to lay before you, the result of an attempt so apparently audacious in conception, and, at all events, so utterly unparalleled in the annals of human kind.

Having attained the altitude before mentioned, that is to say, three miles and three quarters, I threw out from the car a quantity of feathers, and found that I still ascended with sufficient rapidity—there was, therefore, no necessity for discharging any ballast. I was glad of this, for I wished to retain with me as much weight as I could carry, for reasons which will be explained in the sequel. I as yet suffered no bodily inconvenience, breathing with great freedom, and feeling no pain whatever in the head. The cat was lying very demurely upon my coat, which I had taken off, and eyeing the pigeons with an air of *non chalance*. These latter being tied by the leg, to prevent their escape, were busily employed in picking up some grains of rice scattered for them in the bottom of the car.

At twenty minutes past six o'clock, the barometer showed an elevation of 26,400 feet, or five miles to a fraction. The prospect seemed unbounded. Indeed, it is very easily calculated by means of spherical geometry, what a great extent of the earth's area I beheld. The convex surface of any segment of a sphere is, to the entire surface of the sphere itself, as the versed sine of the segment is to the diameter of the sphere. Now in my case, the versed sine—that is to say, the *thickness* of the segment beneath me, was about equal to my elevation, or the elevation of the point of sight above the surface. "As five miles, then, to eight thousand," would express the proportion of the earth's area seen by me. In other words, I beheld as much as a sixteen-hundredth part of the whole surface of the globe. The sea appeared unruffled as a mirror, although, by means of the spy-glass, I could perceive it to be in a state of violent agitation. The ship was no longer visible, having drifted away, apparently, to the eastward. I now began to experience, at intervals, severe pain in the head, especially about the ears—still, however, breathing with tolerable freedom. The cat and pigeons seemed to suffer no inconvenience whatsoever.

At twenty minutes before seven, the balloon entered within a long series of dense cloud, which put me to great trouble, by damaging my condensing apparatus, and wetting me to the skin. This was, to be sure, a singular *rencontre*, for I had not believed it possible that a cloud of this nature could be sustained at so great an elevation. I thought it best, however, to throw out two five pound pieces of ballast, reserving still a weight of one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Upon so doing, I soon rose above the difficulty, and perceived immediately, that I had obtained a great increase in my rate of ascent. In a few seconds after my leaving the cloud, a flash of vivid lightning shot from one end of it to the other, and caused it to kindle up, throughout its vast extent, like a mass of ignited and glowing charcoal. This, it must be remembered, was in the broad light of day. No fancy may picture the sublimity which might have been exhibited by a similar phenomenon taking place amid the darkness of the night. Hell itself might then have found a fitting image. Even as it was, my hair stood on end, while I gazed afar down within the

yawning abysses, letting imagination descend, as it were, and stalk about in the strange vaulted halls, and ruddy gulfs, and red ghastly chasms of the hideous, and unfathomable fire. I had indeed made a narrow escape. Had the balloon remained a very short while longer within the cloud—that is to say—had not the inconvenience of getting wet determined me to discharge the ballast, inevitable ruin would have been the consequence. Such perils, although little considered, are perhaps the greatest which must be encountered in balloons. I had by this time, however, attained too great an elevation to be any longer uneasy on this head.

I was now rising rapidly, and by seven o'clock the barometer indicated an altitude of no less than nine miles and a half. I began to find great difficulty in drawing my breath. My head too was excessively painful; and, having felt for some time a moisture about my cheeks, I at length discovered it to be blood, which was oozing quite fast from the drums of my ears. My eyes, also, gave me great uneasiness. Upon passing the hand over them they seemed to have protruded from their sockets in no inconsiderable degree, and all objects in the car, and even the balloon itself, appeared distorted to my vision. These symptoms were more than I had expected, and occasioned me some alarm. At this juncture, very imprudently and without consideration, I threw out from the car three five pound pieces of ballast. The accelerated rate of ascent thus obtained carried me too rapidly, and without sufficient gradation, into a highly rarefied stratum of the atmosphere, and the result had nearly proved fatal to my expedition and to myself. I was suddenly seized with a spasm which lasted for better than five minutes, and even when this, in a measure, ceased, I could catch my breath only at long intervals, and in a gasping manner—bleeding all the while copiously at the nose and ears, and even slightly at the eyes. The pigeons appeared distressed in the extreme, and struggled to escape; while the cat mewed piteously, and, with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, staggered to and fro in the car as if under the influence of poison. I now too late discovered the great rashness I had been guilty of in discharging the ballast, and my agitation was excessive. I anticipated nothing less than death, and death in a few minutes. The physical suffering I underwent contributed also to render me nearly incapable of making any exertion for the preservation of my life. I had, indeed, little power of reflection left, and the violence of the pain in my head seemed to be greatly on the increase. Thus I found that my senses would shortly give way altogether, and I had already clutched one of the valve ropes with the view of attempting a descent, when the recollection of the trick I had played the three creditors, and the inevitable consequences to myself, should I return to Rotterdam, operated to deter me for the moment. I lay down in the bottom of the car, and endeavored to collect my faculties. In this I so far succeeded as to determine upon the experiment of losing blood. Having no lancet, however, I was constrained to perform the operation in the best manner I was able, and finally succeeded in opening a vein in my right arm, with the blade of my penknife. The blood had hardly commenced flowing when I experienced a sensible relief, and by the time I had lost about half a moderate basin full, most of the worst symptoms

had abandoned me entirely. I nevertheless did not think it expedient to attempt getting on my feet immediately; but, having tied up my arm as well as I could, I lay still for about a quarter of an hour. At the end of this time I arose, and found myself freer from absolute *pain* of any kind than I had been during the last hour and a quarter of my ascension. The difficulty of breathing, however, was diminished in a very slight degree, and I found that it would soon be positively necessary to make use of my condenser. In the meantime looking towards the cat, who was again snugly stowed away upon my coat, I discovered, to my infinite surprise, that she had taken the opportunity of my indisposition to bring into light a litter of three little kittens. This was an addition to the number of passengers on my part altogether unexpected; but I was pleased at the occurrence. It would afford me a chance of bringing to a kind of test the truth of a surmise, which, more than anything else, had influenced me in attempting this ascension. I had imagined that the *habitual* endurance of the atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth was the cause, or nearly so, of the pain attending animal existence at a distance above the surface. Should the kittens be found to suffer uneasiness *in an equal degree with their mother*, I must consider my theory in fault, but a failure to do so I should look upon as a strong confirmation of my idea.

By eight o'clock I had actually attained an elevation of seventeen miles above the surface of the earth. Thus it seemed to me evident that my rate of ascent was not only on the increase, but that the progression would have been apparent in a slight degree even had I not discharged the ballast which I did. The pains in my head and ears returned, at intervals, with violence, and I still continued to bleed occasionally at the nose: but, upon the whole, I suffered much less than might have been expected. I breathed, however, at every moment, with more and more difficulty, and each inhalation was attended with a troublesome spasmodic action of the chest. I now unpacked the condensing apparatus, and got it ready for immediate use. The view of the earth, at this period of my ascension, was beautiful indeed. To the westward, the northward, and the southward, as far as I could see, lay a boundless sheet of apparently unruffled ocean, which every moment gained a deeper and a deeper tint of blue, and began already to assume a slight appearance of convexity. At a vast distance to the eastward, although perfectly discernible, extended the islands of Great Britain, the entire Atlantic coasts of France and Spain, with a small portion of the northern part of the continent of Africa. Of individual edifices not a trace could be discovered, and the proudest cities of mankind had utterly faded away from the face of the earth. From the rock of Gibraltar, now dwindled into a dim speck, the dark Mediterranean sea, dotted with shining islands as the heaven is dotted with stars, spread itself out to the eastward as far as my vision extended, until its entire mass of waters seemed at length to tumble headlong over the abyss of the horizon, and I found myself listening on tiptoe for the echoes of the mighty cataract.

The pigeons about this time seeming to undergo much suffering, I determined upon giving them their liberty. I first untied one of them—a beautiful gray-mottled pigeon—and placed him upon the rim of the

wicker-work. He appeared extremely uneasy, looking anxiously around him, fluttering his wings, and making a loud cooing noise—but could not be persuaded to trust himself from off the car. I took him up at last, and threw him to about half a dozen yards from the balloon. He made, however, no attempt to descend as I had expected, but struggled with great vehemence to get back, uttering at the same time very shrill and piercing cries. He at length succeeded in regaining his former station on the rim—but had hardly done so when his head dropped upon his breast, and he fell dead within the car. The other one did not prove so unfortunate. To prevent his following the example of his companion, and accomplishing a return, I threw him downwards with all my force, and was pleased to find him continue his descent, with great velocity, making use of his wings with ease, and in a perfectly natural manner. In a very short time he was out of sight, and I have no doubt he reached home in safety. Puss, who seemed in a great measure recovered from her illness, now made a hearty meal of the dead bird, and then went to sleep with much apparent satisfaction. Her kittens were quite lively, and so far evinced not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever.

At a quarter past eight, being able no longer to draw breath at all without the most intolerable pain, I proceeded, forthwith, to adjust around the car the apparatus belonging to the condenser. This apparatus will require some little explanation, and your Excellencies will please to bear in mind that my object, in the first place, was to surround myself and car entirely with a barricade against the highly rarefied atmosphere in which I was existing—with the intention of introducing within this barricade, by means of my condenser, a quantity of this same atmosphere sufficiently condensed for the purposes of respiration. With this object in view I had prepared a very strong, perfectly air-tight, but flexible gum-elastic bag. In this bag, which was of sufficient dimensions, the entire car was in a manner placed. That is to say, it (the bag) was drawn over the whole bottom of the car—up its sides—and so on, along the outside of the ropes, to the upper rim or hoop where the net-work is attached. Having pulled the bag up in this way, and formed a complete enclosure on all sides, and at bottom, it was now necessary to fasten up its top or mouth, by passing its material over the hoop of the net-work—in other words between the net-work and the hoop. But if the net-work was separated from the hoop to admit this passage, what was to sustain the car in the meantime? Now the net-work was not permanently fastened to the hoop, but attached by a series of running loops or nooses. I therefore undid only a few of these loops at one time, leaving the car suspended by the remainder. Having thus inserted a portion of the cloth forming the upper part of the bag, I re-fastened the loops—not to the hoop, for that would have been impossible, since the cloth now intervened,—but to a series of large buttons, affixed to the cloth itself, about three feet below the mouth of the bag—the intervals between the buttons having been made to correspond to the intervals between the loops. This done, a few more of the loops were unfastened from the rim, a farther portion of the cloth introduced, and the disengaged loops then connected with their proper buttons. In this way it was possible to insert the whole upper part of

the bag between the net-work and the hoop. It is evident that the hoop would now drop down within the car, while the whole weight of the car itself, with all its contents, would be held up merely by the strength of the buttons. This, at first sight, would seem an inadequate dependence, but it was by no means so, for the buttons were not only very strong in themselves, but so close together that a very slight portion of the whole weight was supported by any one of them. Indeed had the car and contents been three times heavier than they were, I should not have been at all uneasy. I now raised up the hoop again within the covering of gum-elastic, and propped it at nearly its former height by means of three light poles prepared for the occasion. This was done, of course, to keep the bag distended at the top, and to preserve the lower part of the net-work in its proper situation. All that now remained was to fasten up the mouth of the enclosure; and this was readily accomplished by gathering the folds of the material together, and twisting them up very tightly on the inside by means of a kind of stationary tourniquet.

In the sides of the covering thus adjusted round the car, had been inserted three circular panes of thick but clear glass, through which I could see without difficulty around me in every horizontal direction. In that portion of the cloth forming the bottom, was likewise a fourth window, of the same kind, and corresponding with a small aperture in the floor of the car itself. This enabled me to see perpendicularly down, but having found it impossible to place any similar contrivance overhead, on account of the peculiar manner of closing up the opening there, and the consequent wrinkles in the cloth, I could expect to see no objects situated directly in my zenith. This, of course, was a matter of little consequence—for, had I even been able to place a window at top, the balloon itself would have prevented my making any use of it.

About a foot below one of the side windows was a circular opening eight inches in diameter, and fitted with a brass rim adapted in its inner edge to the windings of a screw. In this rim was screwed the large tube of the condenser, the body of the machine being, of course, within the chamber of gum-elastic. Through this tube a quantity of the rare atmosphere circumjacent being drawn by means of a vacuum created in the body of the machine, was thence discharged in a state of condensation to mingle with the thin air already in the chamber. This operation, being repeated several times, at length filled the chamber with atmosphere proper for all the purposes of respiration. But in so confined a space it would in a short time necessarily become foul, and unfit for use from frequent contact with the lungs. It was then ejected by a small valve at the bottom of the car—the dense air readily sinking into the thinner atmosphere below. To avoid the inconvenience of making a total *vacuum* at any moment within the chamber this purification was never accomplished all at once, but in a gradual manner,—the valve being opened only for a few seconds, then closed again, until one or two strokes from the pump of the condenser had supplied the place of the atmosphere ejected. For the sake of experiment I had put the cat and kittens in a small basket, and suspended it outside the car to a button at the bottom, close by the valve, through which I could feed them at any moment when necessary. I did

this at some little risk, and before closing the mouth of the chamber, by reaching under the car with one of the poles before-mentioned to which a hook had been attached.

By the time I had fully completed these arrangements and filled the chamber as explained, it wanted only ten minutes of nine o'clock. During the whole period of my being thus employed I endured the most terrible distress from difficulty of respiration, and bitterly did I repent the negligence, or rather fool-hardiness, of which I had been guilty in putting off to the very last moment a matter of so much importance. But having at length accomplished it, I soon began to reap the benefit of my invention. Once again I breathed with perfect freedom and ease—and indeed why should I not? I was also agreeably surprised to find myself, in a great measure, relieved from the violent pains which had hitherto tormented me. A slight headach, accompanied with a sensation of fulness or distension about the wrists, the ancles, and the throat, was nearly all of which I had now to complain. Thus it seemed evident that a greater part of the uneasiness attending the removal of atmospheric pressure had actually *worn off*, as I had expected, and that much of the pain endured for the last two hours should have been attributed altogether to the effects of a deficient respiration.

At twenty minutes before nine o'clock—that is to say—a short time prior to my closing up the mouth of the chamber, the mercury attained its limit, or ran down, in the barometer, which, as I mentioned before, was one of an extended construction. It then indicated an altitude on my part of 132000 feet, or five and twenty miles, and I consequently surveyed at that time an extent of the earth's area amounting to no less than the three-hundred-and-twentieth part of its entire superficies. At nine o'clock I had again entirely lost sight of land to the eastward, but not before I became fully aware that the balloon was drifting rapidly to the N. N. W. The convexity of the ocean beneath me was very evident indeed—although my view was often interrupted by the masses of cloud which floated to and fro. I observed now that even the lightest vapors never rose to more than ten miles above the level of the sea.

At half past nine I tried the experiment of throwing out a handful of feathers through the valve. They did not float as I had expected—but dropped down perpendicularly, like a bullet, *en masse*, and with the greatest velocity—being out of sight in a very few seconds. I did not at first know what to make of this extraordinary phenomenon: not being able to believe that my rate of ascent had, of a sudden, met with so prodigious an acceleration. But it soon occurred to me that the atmosphere was now far too rare to sustain even the feathers—that they actually fell, as they appeared to do, with great rapidity—and that I had been surprised by the united velocities of their descent and my own elevation.

By ten o'clock I found that I had very little to occupy my immediate attention. Affairs went on swimmingly, and I believed the balloon to be going upwards with a speed increasing momentarily, although I had no longer any means of ascertaining the progression of the increase. I suffered no pain or uneasiness of any kind, and enjoyed better spirits than I had at any period

since my departure from Rotterdam, busying myself now in examining the state of my various apparatus, and now in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber. This latter point I determined to attend to at regular intervals of forty minutes, more on account of the preservation of my health, than from so frequent a renovation being absolutely necessary. In the meanwhile I could not help making anticipations. Fancy revelled in the wild and dreamy regions of the moon. Imagination, feeling herself for once unshackled, roamed at will among the ever-changing wonders of a shadowy and unstable land. Now there were hoary and time-honored forests, and craggy precipices, and waterfalls tumbling with a loud noise into abysses without a bottom. Then I came suddenly into still noon-day solitudes where no wind of heaven ever intruded, and where vast meadows of poppies, and slender, lily-looking flowers spread themselves out a weary distance, all silent and motionless forever. Then again I journeyed far down away into another country where it was all one dim and vague lake, with a boundary-line of clouds. And out of this melancholy water arose a forest of tall eastern trees, like a wilderness of dreams. And I bore in mind that the shadows of the trees which fell upon the lake remained not on the surface where they fell—but sunk slowly and steadily down, and commingled with the waves, while from the trunks of the trees other shadows were continually coming out, and taking the place of their brothers thus entombed. "This then," I said thoughtfully, "is the very reason why the waters of this lake grow blacker with age, and more melancholy as the hours run on." But fancies such as these were not the sole possessors of my brain. Horrors of a nature most stern and most appalling would too frequently obtrude themselves upon my mind, and shake the innermost depths of my soul with the bare supposition of their possibility. Yet I would not suffer my thoughts for any length of time to dwell upon these latter speculations, rightly judging the real and palpable dangers of the voyage sufficient for my undivided attention.

At five o'clock P. M. being engaged in regenerating the atmosphere within the chamber, I took that opportunity of observing the cat and kittens through the valve. The cat herself appeared to suffer again very much, and I had no hesitation in attributing her uneasiness chiefly to a difficulty in breathing—but my experiment with the kittens had resulted very strangely. I had expected of course to see them betray a sense of pain, although in a less degree than their mother; and this would have been sufficient to confirm my opinion concerning the habitual endurance of atmospheric pressure. But I was not prepared to find them, upon close examination, evidently enjoying a high degree of health, breathing with the greatest ease and perfect regularity, and evincing not the slightest sign of any uneasiness whatever. I could only account for all this by extending my theory, and supposing that the highly rarefied atmosphere around might perhaps not be, as I had taken for granted, chemically insufficient for the purposes of life, and that a person born in such a medium might possibly be unaware of any inconvenience attending its inhalation, while, upon removal to the denser strata near the earth, he might endure tortures of a similar nature to those I had so lately experienced. It

has since been to me a matter of deep regret that an awkward accident at this time occasioned me the loss of my little family of cats, and deprived me of the insight into this matter which a continued experiment might have afforded. In passing my hand through the valve with a cup of water for the old puss, the sleeve of my shirt became entangled in the loop which sustained the basket, and thus, in a moment, loosened it from the button. Had the whole actually vanished into air it could not have shot from my sight in a more abrupt and instantaneous manner. Positively there could not have intervened the tenth part of a second between the disengagement of the basket and its absolute and total disappearance with all that it contained. My good wishes followed it to the earth, but, of course, I had no hope that either cat or kittens would ever live to tell the tale of their misfortune.

At six o'clock I perceived a great portion of the earth's visible area to the eastward involved in thick shadow, which continued to advance with great rapidity until, at five minutes before seven, the whole surface in view was enveloped in the darkness of night. It was not, however, until long after this time that the rays of the setting sun ceased to illumine the balloon; and this circumstance, although of course fully anticipated, did not fail to give me an infinite deal of pleasure. It was evident that, in the morning, I should behold the rising luminary many hours at least before the citizens of Rotterdam, in spite of their situation so much farther to the eastward, and thus, day after day, in proportion to the height ascended, would I enjoy the light of the sun for a longer and a longer period. I now determined to keep a journal of my passage, reckoning the days from one to twenty-four hours continuously, without taking into consideration the intervals of darkness.

At ten o'clock, feeling sleepy, I determined to lie down for the rest of the night—but here a difficulty presented itself, which, obvious as it may appear, had totally escaped my attention up to the very moment of which I am now speaking. If I went to sleep as I proposed, how could the atmosphere in the chamber be regenerated in the interim? To breathe it for more than an hour, at the farthest, would be a matter of impossibility; or if even this term could be extended to an hour and a quarter, the most ruinous consequences might ensue. The consideration of this dilemma gave me no little disquietude, and it will hardly be believed that, after the dangers I had undergone, I should look upon this business in so serious a light, as to give up all hope of accomplishing my ultimate design, and finally make up my mind to the necessity of a descent. But this hesitation was only momentary. I reflected that man is the veriest slave of custom—and that many points in the routine of his existence are deemed *essentially* important, which are only so *at all* by his having rendered them habitual. It was very certain that I could not do without sleep—but I might easily bring myself to feel no inconvenience from being awakened at regular intervals of an hour during the whole period of my repose. It would require but five minutes at most, to regenerate the atmosphere in the fullest manner, and the only real difficulty was to contrive a method of arousing myself at the proper moment for so doing. But this was a question which I am willing to confess, occasioned me no little trouble in its solution.

To be sure, I had heard of the student who, to prevent his falling asleep over his books, held in one hand a ball of copper, the din of whose descent into a basin of the same metal on the floor beside his chair, served effectually to startle him up, if, at any moment, he should be overcome with drowsiness. My own case, however, was very different indeed, and left me no room for any similar idea—for I did not wish to keep awake, but to be aroused from slumber at regular intervals of time. I at length hit upon the following expedient, which, simple as it may seem, was hailed by me, at the moment of discovery, as an invention fully equal to that of the telescope, the steam-engine, or the art of printing itself.

It is necessary to premise that the balloon, at the elevation now attained, continued its course upwards with an even and undeviating ascent, and the car consequently followed with a steadiness so perfect that it would have been impossible to detect in it the slightest vacillation whatever. This circumstance favored me greatly in the project I now determined to adopt. My supply of water had been put on board in kegs containing five gallons each, and ranged very securely around the interior of the car. I unfastened one of these—took two ropes, and tied them tightly across the rim of the wicker-work from one side to the other, placing them about a foot apart and parallel, so as to form a kind of shelf, upon which I placed the keg and steadied it in a horizontal position. About eight inches immediately below these ropes, and four feet from the bottom of the car, I fastened another shelf—but made of thin plank, being the only similar piece of wood I had. Upon this latter shelf, and exactly beneath one of the rims of the keg a small earthen pitcher was deposited. I now bored a hole in the end of the keg over the pitcher, and fitted in a plug of soft wood, cut in a tapering or conical shape. This plug I pushed in or pulled out, as might happen, until, after a few experiments it arrived at that exact degree of tightness, at which the water oozing from the hole, and falling into the pitcher below, should fill the latter to the brim in the period of sixty minutes. This, of course, was a matter briefly and easily ascertained by noticing the proportion of the pitcher filled in any given time. Having arranged all this, the rest of the plan is obvious. My bed was so contrived upon the floor of the car, as to bring my head, in lying down, immediately below the mouth of the pitcher. It was evident, that, at the expiration of an hour, the pitcher, getting full, would be forced to run over, and to run over at the mouth, which was somewhat lower than the rim. It was also evident that the water, thus falling from a height of better than four feet, could not do otherwise than fall upon my face, and that the sure consequence would be, to waken me up instantaneously, even from the soundest slumber in the world.

It was fully eleven by the time I had completed these arrangements, and I immediately betook myself to bed with full confidence in the efficiency of my invention. Nor in this matter was I disappointed. Punctually every sixty minutes was I aroused by my trusty chronometer, when, having emptied the pitcher into the bung-hole of the keg, and performed the duties of the condenser, I retired again to bed. These regular interruptions to my slumber caused me even less discomfort

than I had anticipated, and when I finally arose for the day it was seven o'clock, and the sun had attained many degrees above the line of my horizon.

April 3d. I found the balloon at an immense height indeed, and the earth's apparent convexity increased in a material degree. Below me in the ocean lay a cluster of black specks, which undoubtedly were islands. Far away to the northward I perceived a thin, white, and exceedingly brilliant line or streak on the edge of the horizon, and I had no hesitation in supposing it to be the southern disk of the ices of the Polar sea. My curiosity was greatly excited, for I had hopes of passing on much farther to the north, and might possibly, at some period, find myself placed directly above the Pole itself. I now lamented that my great elevation would, in this case, prevent my taking as accurate a survey as I could wish. Much however might be ascertained. Nothing else of an extraordinary nature occurred during the day. My apparatus all continued in good order, and the balloon still ascended without any perceptible vacillation. The cold was intense, and obliged me to wrap up closely in an overcoat. When darkness came over the earth, I betook myself to bed, although it was for many hours afterwards broad daylight all around my immediate situation. The water-clock was punctual in its duty, and I slept until next morning soundly—with the exception of the periodical interruption.

April 4th. Arose in good health and spirits, and was astonished at the singular change which had taken place in the appearance of the sea. It had lost, in a great measure, the deep tint of blue it had hitherto worn, being now of a grayish white, and of a lustre dazzling to the eye. The islands were no longer visible—whether they had passed down the horizon to the southeast, or whether my increasing elevation had left them out of sight, it is impossible to say. I was inclined however, to the latter opinion. The rim of ice to the northward, was growing more and more apparent. Cold by no means so intense. Nothing of importance occurred, and I passed the day in reading—having taken care to supply myself with books.

April 5th. Beheld the singular phenomenon of the sun rising while nearly the whole visible surface of the earth continued to be involved in darkness. In time, however, the light spread itself over all, and I again saw the line of ice to the northward. It was now very distinct and appeared of a much darker hue than the waters of the ocean. I was evidently approaching it, and with great rapidity. Fancied I could again distinguish a strip of land to the eastward—and one also to the westward—but could not be certain. Weather moderate. Nothing of any consequence happened during the day. Went early to bed.

April 6th. Was surprised at finding the rim of ice at a very moderate distance, and an immense field of the same material stretching away off to the horizon in the north. It was evident that if the balloon held its present course, it would soon arrive above the Frozen Ocean, and I had now little doubt of ultimately seeing the Pole. During the whole of the day I continued to near the ice. Towards night the limits of my horizon very suddenly and materially increased, owing undoubtedly to the earth's form being that of an oblate spheroid, and my arriving above the flattened regions

in the vicinity of the Arctic circle. When darkness at length overtook me I went to bed in great anxiety, fearing to pass over the object of so much curiosity when I should have no opportunity of observing it.

April 7th. Arose early, and, to my great joy, at length beheld what there could be no hesitation in supposing the northern Pole itself. It was there, beyond a doubt, and immediately beneath my feet—but, alas! I had now ascended to so vast a distance that nothing could with accuracy be discerned. Indeed, to judge from the progression of the numbers indicating my various altitudes respectively at different periods, between six A. M. on the second of April, and twenty minutes before nine A. M. of the same day, (at which time the barometer ran down,) it might be fairly inferred that the balloon had now, at four o'clock in the morning of April the seventh, reached a height of *not less* certainly than 7254 miles above the surface of the sea. This elevation may appear immense, but the estimate upon which it is calculated gave a result in all probability far inferior to the truth. At all events I undoubtedly beheld the whole of the earth's major diameter—the entire northern hemisphere lay beneath me like a chart orthographically projected—and the great circle of the equator itself formed the boundary line of my horizon. Your Excellencies may however, readily imagine that the confined regions hitherto unexplored within the limits of the Arctic circle, although situated directly beneath me, and therefore seen without any appearance of being foreshortened, were still, in themselves, comparatively too diminutive, and at too great a distance from the point of sight to admit of any very accurate examination. Nevertheless what could be seen was of a nature singular and exciting. Northwardly from that huge rim before mentioned, and which, with slight qualification may be called the limit of human discovery in these regions, one unbroken, or nearly unbroken sheet of ice continues to extend. In the first few degrees of this its progress, its surface is very sensibly flattened—farther on depressed into a plane—and finally, becoming *not a little concave*, it terminates at the Pole itself in a circular centre, sharply defined, whose apparent diameter subtended at the balloon an angle of about sixty-five seconds; and whose dusky hue, varying in intensity, was, at all times darker than any other spot upon the visible hemisphere, and occasionally deepened into the most absolute and impenetrable blackness. Farther than this little could be ascertained. By twelve o'clock the circular centre had materially decreased in circumference, and by seven P. M. I lost sight of it entirely—the balloon passing over the western limb of the ice, and floating away rapidly in the direction of the equator.

April 8th. Found a sensible diminution in the earth's apparent diameter, besides a material alteration in its general color and appearance. The whole visible area partook in different degrees of a tint of pale yellow, and in some portions had acquired a brilliancy even painful to the eye. My view downwards was also considerably impeded by the dense atmosphere in the vicinity of the surface being loaded with clouds between whose masses I could only now and then obtain a glimpse of the earth itself. This difficulty of direct vision had troubled me more or less for the last forty-eight hours—but my present enormous elevation

brought closer together, as it were, the floating bodies of vapor, and the inconvenience became, of course, more and more palpable in proportion to my ascent. Nevertheless I could easily perceive that the balloon now hovered above the range of great lakes in the continent of North America, and was holding a course due south which would soon bring me to the tropics. This circumstance did not fail to give me the most heartfelt satisfaction, and I hailed it as a happy omen of ultimate success. Indeed the direction I had hitherto taken had filled me with uneasiness, for it was evident that, had I continued it much longer, there would have been no possibility of my arriving at the moon at all, whose orbit is inclined to the ecliptic at only the small angle of $5^{\circ}, 8', 48''$.

April 9th. To-day, the earth's diameter was greatly diminished, and the color of the surface assumed hourly a deeper tint of yellow. The balloon kept steadily on her course to the southward, and arrived at nine P. M. over the northern edge of the Mexican gulf.

April 10th. I was suddenly aroused from slumber, about five o'clock this morning, by a loud, crackling, and terrific sound, for which I could in no manner account. It was of very brief duration, but, while it lasted, resembled nothing in the world of which I had any previous experience. It is needless to say, that I became excessively alarmed, having, in the first instance, attributed the noise to the bursting of the balloon. I examined all my apparatus, however, with great attention, and could discover nothing out of order. Spent a great part of the day in meditating upon an occurrence so extraordinary, but could find no means whatever of accounting for it. Went to bed dissatisfied, and in a pitiable state of anxiety and agitation.

April 11th. Found a startling diminution in the apparent diameter of the earth, and a considerable increase, now observable for the first time, in that of the moon itself, which wanted only a few days of being full. It now required long and excessive labor to condense within the chamber sufficient atmospheric air for the sustenance of life.

April 12th. A singular alteration took place in regard to the direction of the balloon, and although fully anticipated, afforded me the most unequivocal delight. Having reached, in its former course, about the twentieth parallel of southern latitude, it turned off suddenly at an acute angle to the eastward, and thus proceeded throughout the day, keeping nearly, if not altogether, *in the exact plane of the lunar ellipse*. What was worthy of remark, a very perceptible vacillation in the car was a consequence of this change of route—a vacillation which prevailed, in a more or less degree, for a period of many hours.

April 13th. Was again very much alarmed by a repetition of the loud, crackling noise which terrified me on the tenth. Thought long upon the subject, but was unable to form any satisfactory conclusion. Great decrease in the earth's apparent diameter which now subtended from the balloon an angle of very little more than twenty-five degrees. The moon could not be seen at all, being nearly in my zenith. I still continued in the plane of the ellipse, but made little progress to the eastward.

April 14th. Extremely rapid decrease in the diameter of the earth. To-day I became strongly impressed

with the idea, that the balloon was now actually running up the line of apsides to the point of perigee—in other words, holding the direct course which would bring it immediately to the moon in that part of its orbit, the nearest to the earth. The moon itself was directly over-head, and consequently hidden from my view. Great and long-continued labor necessary for the condensation of the atmosphere.

April 15th. Not even the outlines of continents and seas could now be traced upon the earth with anything approaching to distinctness. About twelve o'clock I became aware, for the third time, of that unearthly and appalling sound which had so astonished me before. It now, however, continued for some moments, and gathered horrible intensity as it continued. At length, while stupified and terror-stricken I stood in expectation of, I know not what hideous destruction, the car vibrated with excessive violence, and a gigantic and flaming mass of some material which I could not distinguish, came with the voice of a thousand thunders, roaring and booming by the balloon. When my fears and astonishment had in some degree subsided, I had little difficulty in supposing it to be some mighty volcanic fragment ejected from that world to which I was so rapidly approaching, and, in all probability, one of that singular class of substances occasionally picked up on the earth, and termed meteoric stones for want of a better appellation.

April 16th. To-day, looking upwards as well as I could, through each of the side windows alternately, I beheld, to my great delight, a very small portion of the moon's disk protruding, as it were, on all sides beyond the huge circumference of the balloon. My agitation was extreme—for I had now little doubt of soon reaching the end of my perilous voyage. Indeed the labor now required by the condenser had increased to a most oppressive degree, and allowed me scarcely any respite from exertion. Sleep was a matter nearly out of the question. I became quite ill, and my frame trembled with exhaustion. It was impossible that human nature could endure this state of intense suffering much longer. During the now brief interval of darkness a meteoric stone again passed in my vicinity, and the frequency of these phenomena began to occasion me much anxiety and apprehension. The consequence of a concussion with any one of them, would have been inevitable destruction to me and my balloon.

April 17th. This morning proved an epoch in my voyage. It will be remembered that, on the thirteenth, the earth subtended an angular breadth of twenty-five degrees. On the fourteenth, this had greatly diminished—on the fifteenth, a still more rapid decrease was observable—and on retiring for the night of the sixteenth I had noticed an angle of no more than about seven degrees and fifteen minutes. What, therefore, must have been my amazement on awakening from a brief and disturbed slumber on the morning of this day, the seventeenth, at finding the surface beneath me so suddenly and wonderfully *augmented* in volume as to subtend no less than thirty-nine degrees in apparent angular diameter! I was thunderstruck. No words—no earthly expression can give any adequate idea of the extreme—the absolute horror and astonishment with which I was seized, possessed, and altogether overwhelmed. My knees tottered beneath me—my teeth chattered—my

hair started up on end. "The balloon then had actually burst"—these were the first tumultuous ideas which hurried through my mind—"the balloon had positively burst. I was falling—falling—falling—with the most intense, the most impetuous, the most unparalleled velocity. To judge from the immense distance already so quickly passed over, it could not be more than ten minutes, at the farthest, before I should meet the surface of the earth, and be hurled into annihilation." But at length reflection came to my relief. I paused—I considered—and I began to doubt. The matter was impossible. I could not in any reason have so rapidly come down. There was some mistake. Not the red thunderbolt itself could have so impetuously descended. Besides, although I was evidently approaching the surface below me, it was with a speed by no means commensurate with the velocity I had at first so horribly conceived. This consideration served to calm the perturbation of my mind, and I finally succeeded in regarding the phenomenon in its proper point of view. In fact amazement must have fairly deprived me of my senses when I could not see the vast difference, in appearance, between the surface below me, and the surface of my mother earth. The latter was indeed over my head, and completely hidden by the balloon, while the moon—the moon itself in all its glory—lay beneath me, and at my feet.

The stupor and surprise produced in my mind by this extraordinary change in the posture of affairs was perhaps, after all, that part of the adventure least susceptible of explanation. For the *bouleversement* in itself was not only natural and inevitable, but had been long actually anticipated as a circumstance to be expected whenever I should arrive at that exact point of my voyage where the attraction of the planet should be superseded by the attraction of the satellite—or, more precisely, where the gravitation of the balloon towards the earth should be less powerful than its gravitation towards the moon. To be sure I arose from a sound slumber with all my senses in confusion to the contemplation of a very startling phenomenon, and one which, although expected, was not expected at the moment. The revolution itself must, of course, have taken place in an easy and gradual manner, and it is by no means clear that, had I even been awake at the time of the occurrence, I should have been made aware of it by any *internal* evidence of an inversion—that is to say by any inconvenience or disarrangement either about my person or about my apparatus.

It is almost needless to say that upon coming to a due sense of my situation, and emerging from the terror which had absorbed every faculty of my soul, my attention was, in the first place, wholly directed to the contemplation of the general physical appearance of the moon. It lay beneath me like a chart, and although I judged it to be still at no inconsiderable distance, the indentures of its surface were defined to my vision with a most striking and altogether unaccountable distinctness. The entire absence of ocean or sea, and indeed of any lake or river, or body of water whatsoever, struck me, at the first glance, as the most extraordinary feature in its geological condition. Yet, strange to say! I beheld vast level regions of a character decidedly alluvial—although by far the greater portion of the hemisphere in sight was covered with innumerable volcanic

mountains, conical in shape, and having more the appearance of artificial than of natural protuberances. The highest among them does not exceed three and three quarter miles in perpendicular elevation—but a map of the volcanic districts of the Campi Phlegrei would afford to your Excellencies a better idea of their general surface than any unworthy description I might think proper to attempt. The greater part of them were in a state of evident eruption, and gave me fearfully to understand their fury and their power by the repeated thunders of the miscalled meteoric stones which now rushed upwards by the balloon with a frequency more and more appalling.

April 18th. To-day I found an enormous increase in the moon's apparent bulk, and the evidently accelerated velocity of my descent began to fill me with alarm. It will be remembered that, in the earliest stage of my speculations upon the possibility of a passage to the moon, the existence in its vicinity of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the bulk of the planet had entered largely into my calculations—this too in spite of many theories to the contrary, and, it may be added, in spite of the positive evidence of our senses. Upon the resistance, or more properly, upon the support of this atmosphere, existing in the state of density imagined, I had, of course, entirely depended for the safety of my ultimate descent. Should I then, after all, prove to have been mistaken, I had in consequence nothing better to expect as a *finale* to my adventure than being dashed into atoms against the rugged surface of the satellite. And indeed I had now every reason to be terrified. My distance from the moon was comparatively trifling, while the labor required by the condenser was diminished not at all, and I could discover no indication whatever of a decreasing rarity in the air.

April 19th. This morning, to my great joy, about nine o'clock, the surface of the moon being frightfully near, and my apprehensions excited to the utmost, the pump of my condenser at length gave evident tokens of an alteration in the atmosphere. By ten I had reason to believe its density considerably increased. By eleven very little labor was necessary at the apparatus—and at twelve o'clock, with some hesitation, I ventured to unscrew the tourniquet, when, finding no inconvenience from having done so, I finally threw open the gum-elastic chamber, and unrigged it from around the car. As might have been expected, spasms and violent headach were the immediate consequence of an experiment so precipitate and full of danger. But these and other difficulties attending respiration, as they were by no means so great as to put me in peril of my life, I determined to endure as I best could, in consideration of my leaving them behind me momentarily in my approach to the denser strata near the moon. This approach, however, was still impetuous in the extreme, and it soon became alarmingly certain that, although I had probably not been deceived in the expectation of an atmosphere dense in proportion to the mass of the satellite, still I had been wrong in supposing this density, even at the surface, at all adequate to the support of the great weight contained in the car of my balloon. Yet this *should* have been the case, and in an equal degree as at the surface of the earth, the actual gravity of bodies at either planet being in the exact ratio of their atmospheric condensation. That it *was not* the case however my

precipitous downfall gave testimony enough—why it was not so, can only be explained by a reference to those possible geological disturbances to which I have formerly alluded. At all events I was now close upon the planet, and coming down with most terrible impetuosity. I lost not a moment accordingly in throwing overboard first my ballast, then my water-kegs, then my condensing apparatus and gum-elastic chamber, and finally every individual article within the car. But it was all to no purpose. I still fell with horrible rapidity, and was now not more than half a mile at farthest from the surface. As a last resource, therefore, having got rid of my coat, hat, and boots, I cut loose from the balloon *the car itself*, which was of no inconsiderable weight, and thus, clinging with both hands to the hoop of the network, I had barely time to observe that the whole country as far as the eye could reach was thickly interspersed with diminutive habitations, ere I tumbled headlong into the very heart of a fantastical-looking city, and into the middle of a vast crowd of ugly little people, who none of them uttered a single syllable, or gave themselves the least trouble to render me assistance, but stood, like a parcel of idiots, grinning in a ludicrous manner, and eyeing me and my balloon askant with their arms set a-kimbo. I turned from them in contempt, and gazing upwards at the earth so lately left, and left perhaps forever, beheld it like a huge, dull, copper shield, about two degrees in diameter, fixed immovably in the heavens overhead, and tipped on one of its edges with a crescent border of the most brilliant gold. No traces of land or water could be discovered, and the whole was clouded with variable spots, and belted with tropical and equatorial zones.

Thus, may it please your Excellencies, after a series of great anxieties, unheard of dangers, and unparalleled escapes, I had, at length, on the nineteenth day of my departure from Rotterdam, arrived in safety at the conclusion of a voyage undoubtedly the most extraordinary, and the most momentous ever accomplished, undertaken, or conceived by any denizen of earth. But my adventures yet remain to be related. And indeed your Excellencies may well imagine that after a residence of five years upon a planet not only deeply interesting in its own peculiar character, but rendered doubly so by its intimate connection, in capacity of satellite, with the world inhabited by man, I may have intelligence for the private ear of the States' College of Astronomers of far more importance than the details, however wonderful, of the mere *voyage* which so happily concluded. This is, in fact, the case. I have much—very much which it would give me the greatest pleasure to communicate. I have much to say of the climate of the planet—of its wonderful alternations of heat and cold—of unmitigated and burning sunshine for one fortnight, and more than polar severity of winter for the next—of a constant transfer of moisture, by distillation *in vacuo*, from the point beneath the sun to the point the farthest from it—of a variable zone of running water—of the people themselves—of their manners, customs, and political institutions—of their peculiar physical construction—of their ugliness—of their want of ears, those useless appendages in an atmosphere so peculiarly modified as to be insufficient for the conveyance of any but the loudest sounds—of their consequent ignorance of the use and properties of speech—of their substitute for speech

in a singular method of inter-communication--of the incomprehensible connection between each particular individual in the moon, with some particular individual on the earth--a connection analogous with, and depending upon that of the orbs of the planet and the satellite, and by means of which the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the one are interwoven with the lives and destinies of the inhabitants of the other--and above all, if it so please your Excellencies, above all of these dark and hideous mysteries which lie in the outer regions of the moon--regions which, owing to the almost miraculous accordance of the satellite's rotation on its own axis with its sidereal revolution about the earth, have never yet been turned, and, by God's mercy, never shall be turned to the scrutiny of the telescopes of man. All this, and more--much more--would I most willingly detail. But to be brief, I must have my reward. I am pining for a return to my family and to my home: and as the price of any farther communications on my part--in consideration of the light which I have it in my power to throw upon many very important branches of physical and metaphysical science--I must solicit, through the influence of your honorable body, a pardon for the crime of which I have been guilty in the death of the creditors upon my departure from Rotterdam. This, then, is the object of the present paper. Its bearer, an inhabitant of the moon, whom I have prevailed upon, and properly instructed, to be my messenger to the earth, will await your Excellencies' pleasure, and return to me with the pardon in question, if it can, in any manner, be obtained.

I have the honor to be, &c. your Excellencies very humble servant,

HANS PHAALL.

Upon finishing the perusal of this very extraordinary document, Professor Rub-a-dub, it is said, dropped his pipe upon the ground in the extremity of his surprise, and Mynheer Superbus Von Underduk, having taken off his spectacles, wiped them, and deposited them in his pocket, so far forgot both himself and his dignity, as to turn round three times upon his heel in the quiescence of astonishment and admiration. There was no doubt about the matter--the pardon should be obtained. So at least swore with a round oath, Professor Rub-a-dub, and so finally thought the illustrious Von Underduk, as he took the arm of his brother in science, and without saying a word, began to make the best of his way home to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted. Having reached the door, however, of the burgomaster's dwelling, the Professor ventured to suggest, that as the messenger had thought proper to disappear--no doubt frightened to death by the savage appearance of the burghers of Rotterdam--the pardon would be of little use, as no one but a man of the moon would undertake a voyage to so horrible a distance. To the truth of this observation the burgomaster assented, and the matter was therefore at an end. Not so, however, rumors and speculations. The letter, having been published, gave rise to a variety of gossip and opinion. Some of the overwise even made themselves ridiculous, by decrying the whole business as nothing better than a hoax. But hoax, with these sort of people, is, I believe, a general term for all matters above their comprehension. For my part I cannot conceive upon what data they have founded such an accusation. Let us see what they say:

Imprimis. That certain wags in Rotterdam have certain especial antipathies to certain burgomasters and astronomers.

Don't understand at all.

Secondly. That an odd little dwarf and bottle conjurer, both of whose ears, for some misdemeanor, have been cut off close to his head, has been missing for several days from the neighboring city of Bruges.

Well--what of that?

Thirdly. That the newspapers which were stuck all over the little balloon were newspapers of Holland, and therefore could not have been made in the moon. They were dirty papers--very dirty--and Gluck, the printer, would take his bible oath to their having been printed in Rotterdam.

He was mistaken--undoubtedly--mistaken.

Fourthly. That Hans Phaall himself, the drunken villain, and the three very idle gentlemen styled his creditors, were all seen, no longer than two or three days ago, in the tippling house in the suburbs, having just returned, with money in their pockets, from a trip beyond the sea.

Don't believe it--don't believe a word of it.

Lastly. That it is an opinion very generally received, or which ought to be generally received, that the College of Astronomers in the city of Rotterdam--as well as all other Colleges in all other parts of the world--not to mention Colleges and Astronomers in general--are, to say the least of the matter, not a whit better, nor greater, nor wiser than they ought to be.

The d---l, you say! Now that's too bad. Why, hang the people, they should be prosecuted for a libel. I tell you, gentlemen, you know nothing about the business. You are ignorant of Astronomy--and of things in general. The voyage was made--it was indeed--and made, too, by Hans Phaall. I wonder, for my part, you do not perceive at once that the letter--the document--is intrinsically--is astronomically true--and that it carries upon its very face the evidence of its own authenticity.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SALE.

It is the law throughout the Old Dominion,
When some poor devil dies in peace or battle,
The executor must be of the opinion
His goods are perishing, and sell each chattel;
Whatever treads on hoof, or flies on pinion--
Hogs, horses, cows, and every sort of cattle--
Cups, saucers, swingle trees and looking glasses--
Ploughs, pots and pans, teakettles and jackasses."

A man who never quotes, it has been said, will in return never be quoted. By way therefore of quoting, and at the same time of being quoted, I have quoted a poem of my own, which "will never be published," written in attempted imitation of Beppo, and describing a sale in Virginia. Who has not seen something like the following staring him in the face, on the side of a store or tavern, or upon the post of a sign-board where several roads meet? "*I shel purceed to sel to the highest bidder, on Saturday the 3d of Janewary next, at Blank, all the housol and kitchen ferniter of the late David Double, Esq. together with all the horses, muels, sheep and hogs. Cash on all sums of five dollars and under, and a credit of twelve months on the ballance. Bond with aproved sekurity will*

be requierd," &c. Such a notification as the above, which is copied verbatim et spellatim, operates like an electric shock on a whole neighborhood in that portion of the country in which I reside, especially upon that part of the population which can least afford to buy bargains. The temptation of long credit is too great to be resisted, although no calculations of the ultimate ability to pay are ever made. The grand desideratum is, to obtain the necessary security, and to purchase to a greater amount than five dollars. I am myself infected by this prevailing malady, and frequently buy what is of no manner of use to me, simply because no cash is required, and bonds are hard to collect, and suits may be put off by continuances, and matters of this sort after all, may be settled by executors and administrators. Among the rest therefore, on the day appointed by the aforesaid notification, I mounted my horse, and sallied out upon the road leading to Blank, and fell in with a large party going to the sale, principally managers, as they call themselves now-a-days, on the neighboring estates. Formerly they were yclept overseers, but the term is falling into disuse, as conveying the idea of something derogatory. They were mounted in every variety of style; there were long tails, and bob tails, and nicked tails; and I saw at least one sheep skin saddle and grape vine bridle. By the by, talking of grape vines, what a country ours is for this invaluable article. Here is no need of hemp manufactories. Nature, in her exuberant goodness, has supplied an abundance of primitive rope, which is just as convenient and efficacious as the best cordage, whether a man wants to hang himself or a dog—whether he wants a cap for his fence, a backband for his plough-horse, a pair of leading lines, or a girth for his saddle. Why should we be the advocates of a tariff, when nature supplies us in peace or war with this and many other articles of the first necessity, among which I once heard a Chotanker enumerate *mint*. "Why," said he, "should we fear a dissolution of the union, a separation of the north from the south, when there is not a sprig of mint in all New England?" When this was said, peradventure it might be true; but to my certain knowledge, at this day the word *julap* is well understood much farther north than Mason's and Dixon's line. Pardon me, reader, this digression—for I am mounted to-day on a rough-going, headstrong animal, that will have his own way, and wants to turn aside into every by-path which he sees, and is as "*willyard a pony*" as that ridden by Dumbiedikes, when he followed Jeanie Deans to lend her the purse of gold. But to return. I cannot let this opportunity slip of singling out one of this group of horsemen for description, that you may have a graphic sketch of the sort of folks and horses that live hereabouts. Wert thou ever upon Hoecake Ridge? and hast thou ever met in winter, a thorough bred native of that region, mounted upon his little shaggy pony, "*skelping on through dub and mire*," like Tam O' Shanter? Here he was to-day, in his element, dressed in Nankin pantaloons and a thin cotton jacket, and riding in the teeth of a strong northwester, singing "*Life let us cherish*." His saddle had no skirts, having been robbed of those useless appendages by some rogue who wanted a pair of brogues; his bridle had as many knots as the sea serpent. But my business is not so much with him as with his pony, whose head and neck may be aptly re-

presented by a maul and its handle. His tail is six inches long, and standing at an angle of forty-five degrees with his back; his hair is long and shaggy; he is cat-hammed, and his chest so narrow that his fore legs almost touch one another; his eyes snap fire when you plague him. You may talk of improving the breed of horses. Tell me not of your Eclipses, your Henrys—of Arabians or Turks. They may be all very well in their places, but this pony is the animal for my country. He can bite the grass which is absolutely invisible to human eyes, and subsist upon it. If you would give him six ears of corn twice a day, he would be almost too fat to travel. He never stumbles. Give him the rein, and he will pick his path as carefully as a lady. His powers of endurance exceed the camel's. His master is a sot, and his horse will stand all night at a tipping shop, gnawing a fence rail; he almost prefers it to a corn-stalk which has been lying out all winter, his common food. When his master comes forth and mounts, he studies attitudes. If the rider reel to the right, the pony leans to the starboard side; if to the left, he tacks to suit him. If the master fall, he falls clear, having no girth to his saddle, and the pony does not waste time in useless meditation upon accidents that will happen to the best of us, but moves homeward with accelerated velocity, leaping every obstacle in his way to his brush stable.

It was my good fortune to drop in alongside of the man who was mounted upon this incomparable animal, and complimenting him upon his philosophy in the selection of his song, and on the dexterity of his horse, I soon found he was a great politician, and we chatted most agreeably until our arrival at the place of sale. He was a violent ———, but not a word of politics; literature and politics are different matters altogether. You may be a great politician, you know, without a particle of literature. Politicians are the last people in the world to bear a joke; and if I were even to glance at the discourse of my neighbors, there are many who would not submit to this interference with their exclusive business; they would see in it "more devils than vast hell could hold." The world must therefore be content to lose the humor of my singular acquaintance, as I cannot possibly do justice to his conceptions without the mention of names. I shall die though, unless I find some occasion of disclosing them; for old Hardcastle's man Diggory was never more diverted at his story of the grouse in the gun-room, than was I at the political conceits of my Hoecake-ridger. Having arrived at Blank, we *hung* our horses, as Virginians always do after riding them, and entered the grounds before a venerable looking building which had been completely embowelled, and its contents were piled in promiscuous heaps in various parts of the yard. Within the great house, as it is usually styled, was already assembled around a blazing fire, a crowd of exceedingly noisy folks, all talking at once, and nobody apparently listening. The names of our leading men sounded on every side, and the Tower of Babel never witnessed a greater confusion of tongues. For my own part, it always makes me melancholy to contemplate this inroad of Goths and Vandals upon apartments which were once perhaps so sacred, and kept in order with such sedulous attention. It seems a profanation—a want of respect for the recently dead, and a cruel outrage upon

the feelings of the surviving family. Nothing escapes the prying eye of curiosity—the rude footstep invades the very penetralia. The household gods, the *Dii Penates* are all upturned; and mirth and jesting reign amidst the precincts of woe. I felt like a jackal tearing open the grave for my prey. The crier, the high priest of these infernal orgies, now came forward with his badge of office, the jug of whiskey, and announced that the sale would commence as soon as he could wet his whistle, which he proceeded to do, and then began to ply his customers. It is wonderful to think how much ingenuity has been displayed in finding out metaphors to describe the detestable act of tippling. The renowned biographer of Washington and Marion has imbodyed a number of these in one of his minor performances; but several which I heard this day were new to me, and escaped his researches; thus, I heard one upbraid another for being too fond of “*tossing his head back*,” while a third invited his companion to “*rattle the stopper*”—and upon my taking a very moderate drink, and so weak that a temperance man would scarcely have frowned upon me, I was clapped on the back and jeered for my fondness of the creature, since I was willing to swallow an ocean of water to get at a drop. In a very short time the liquid fire of the Greeks ran through the veins of the crowd, and they were quickly ripe for bidding—

“Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn;
Wi’ tippenny we fear nae evil—
Wi’ Usquebaugh we’ll face the devil.”

The “swats sae ream’d” in their noddles, that every thing sold at a price far beyond its value, and our crier became so exceedingly facetious, and cracked so many excellent ironical jokes, that it is a pity they should be lost. Being unskilled however in stenography, I could not take down his words, and only remember that every untrimmed *old field* colt was a regular descendant of Eclipse; the long nosed hogs were unquestionably Parkinson; the sheep, Merinoes; the cattle which were notoriously *all horn*, were short horns, &c. &c. They seemed to me but a scurvy set of animals; but those who saw through a *glass* darkly, seemed to entertain a very different opinion. The “mirth and fun grew fast and furious,” “till first a caper sin anither” “they lost their reason a’ thegither,” and the sale closed in one wild uproarious scuffle for every thing at any price whatever.

It now became necessary to return home, an important consideration which had been wholly overlooked; and the difficulty of mounting our horses having been overcome after many trials, we began to “witch the world with” feats of “noble horsemanship.” Such “racing and chasing” had not been seen since the days of Cannobie lea, and quizzing became the order of the evening. Perceiving the mettlesome nature of my steed, my friend the politician and philosopher, seemed resolved upon unhorsing me, notwithstanding my entreaties that he would forbear; and by dint of riding violently up to me, and shouting out at the top of his voice, he so alarmed my nag, that he seized the bit between his teeth, and away I flew, John Gilpin like, to the infinite amusement of my persecutor, until I was safely deposited in a mud hole, near my own gate, from whence I had to finish my journey on foot, and appear

before my helpmate in a condition that reflected greatly upon my character. As a finale to this mortifying business, my purchases were brought home the next day, and were most unceremoniously thrown out of doors by my wife, as utterly useless, being literally sans eyes, sans teeth, sans every thing; cracked pitchers, broken pots, spiders without legs, jugs without handles, et id genus omne.

NUGATOR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE INFIDEL, or the Fall of Mexico, a romance, by the author of *Calavar*. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The second effort of the author of *Calavar*, gives us no reason for revoking the favorable opinion which we expressed of his powers as a writer of fictitious narrative, in noticing the first. On the contrary, that opinion is confirmed and strengthened by a perusal of the *Infidel*. It is a work of great power, and although, as was the case with *Calavar*, it is chiefly occupied with the delineation of scenes of slaughter and violence—with the stratagems of war—the plots of conspirators—the stirring incidents of siege and sortie—and the thrilling details of individual prowess or general onslaught—yet it abounds in passages which give a pleasing relief to the almost too frequently recurring incidents of peril and adventure. It is true that this work does not possess, to by far the same extent, those enchanting descriptions of natural scenery, which abounded in *Calavar*: but the cause of this is probably to be found in the fact, that the scene of action is the same in both works, and in a natural aversion of the author to repeat his own pictures. Still, as a whole, we think the *Infidel* fully equal to its predecessor, and in some respects superior. The principal female character is drawn with far greater vigor, than marked the heroine of *Calavar*, although the prominent features in the sketch of the impassioned *Monjonaza*, are of a masculine kind. She is indeed a most powerful and eccentric creation, and adds much to the interest of the narrative. Still we think it problematical whether the author is capable of success in a purely feminine picture of female character. *Zelahualla*, the daughter of Montezuma, a gentler being than *La Monjonaza*, does not give him a claim to such a distinction, as she is brought forward but seldom, and sustains no important part in the action of the drama.

The period at which the narrative of the *Infidel* commences, is a few months after the disastrous retreat of the Spaniards from Mexico, during the “*Noche Triste*,” so powerfully described in *Calavar*. Cortes had re-organized his forces, re-united his allies, and was preparing for the siege of Mexico, now rendered strong in its defences by the valor, enterprise and activity of the new emperor, Guatimozin. Tezcuco is the scene of the earlier events, where Cortes was engaged in completing his preparations, part of which consisted in the construction of a fleet of brigantines, to command the sea of Anahuac, and co-operate in the meditated attack upon the great city.

The hero of the story, Juan Lerma, a former protegee of Cortes, but who has fallen under his displeasure, is the pivot on which the main interest of the work is made to turn. He is imprisoned, and ultimately rescued by Guatimozin, who carries him to Mexico. The details of a treasonable plot against the Captain General, headed by Villafana, one of the most compli-

cated of villains, is skilfully interwoven with this portion of the narrative. The mysterious *Monjonaza*, is also a prominent character in the scenes at Tezcuco.

The action changes in the second volume to Mexico, where the unfortunate Lerma is retained by the Emperor, who is described as possessing all the noble virtues of christianity, although his pagan faith gives the title to the book.

The details of the siege are given in the same powerful style as characterised the combats in Calavar. Indeed it is in descriptions of battles, that we think the author excels, and is transcendently superior to any modern writer. When his armies meet, he causes us to feel the shock, and to realize each turn of fortune by a minuteness of description, which is never confused. When his heroes engage hand to hand, we see each blow, each parry, each advantage, each vicissitude, with a thrilling distinctness. The war cry is in our ears—the flashing of steel—the muscular energy—the glowing eyes—the dilating forms of the warriors, are before us. The effect of such delineations it is difficult to describe; they arouse in us whatever of martial fire we possess, until we feel like the war horse viewing a distant combat, “who smelleth the battle afar off, the voice of the captains, and the shouting.” Another point of excellence in our author, is the manner in which he paints to us the vastness of a barbarian multitude. His descriptions of myriads, appeal to the sense with graphic effect. Although we do not generally indulge in long extracts from works like this, yet, as it is difficult otherwise to convey an idea of the spirit with which such scenes are presented by the author, we take from the second volume the description of the battle of the ambuscades, the last successful struggle made by Guatimozin to repel the besiegers, who had already hemmed in the city on the several causeways, and mostly destroyed the water suburbs. The Mexicans, as a part of their system of defence, had perforated the causeways at short intervals, with deep ditches, which were conquered by the Spaniards, one by one, after the most obstinate resistance. Cortes, with his followers, on the occasion described, had forced one of the dikes, and with his characteristic impetuosity, pursued the flying Mexicans into the city, attended by about twenty horsemen only, the foot being far in the rear. The enemy gave way with apparent signs of fear, which was not habitual, and Cortes had already been advised that an ambuscade was evidently contemplated; but the frenzy of battle made him deaf to prudent counsel:

CHAP. XV, VOL. 2.

The horsemen pursued along the dike, spearing, or tumbling into the water, the few who had the heart to resist; and so great was, or seemed, the terror of the barbarians, that the victors penetrated even within the limits of the island, until the turrets of houses, from which they were separated only by the lateral canals, darkened them with their shadows. Upon these were clustered many pagans, who shot at them both arrows and darts, but with so little energy, that it seemed as if despondence or fatuity had robbed them of their usual vigor. Hence, the excited cavaliers gave them but little attention, not doubting that they would be soon dislodged by the infantry. They were even regardless of circumstances still more menacing; and if a lethargy beset the infidel that day, it is equally certain that a species of distraction overwhelmed the brains of the Spaniards. It seemed as if the great object of their ambition depended more upon their following the fugi-

tives to the temple-square than upon any other feat; and to this they encouraged one another with vivas and invocations to the saints. They could already behold the huge bulk of the pyramid, rising up at the distance of a mile, as if it shut up the street; and its terraced sides, thronged with multitudes of men, seemed to prove to them, that the frightened Mexicans were running to their gods for protection. It is true, they perceived vast bodies of infidels blocking up the avenue afar, as if to dispute their passage beyond the canalled portion of the island; but they regarded them with scorn.

They rushed onwards, occasionally arrested by some flying group, but only for a moment.

There was a place, not far within the limits of the island, where they found the causeway, for the space of at least sixty paces, so delved and pared away on either side, that it scarce afforded a passage for two horsemen abreast. The device was of recent execution, for they beheld the mattocks of laborers still sticking in the earth, as if that moment abandoned. This circumstance, so strange, so novel, and so ominous, it might be supposed, would have aroused them to suspicion. The passage, as it was, so contracted, broken, and rugged, looked prodigiously like the *Al-Sirat*, or bridge to paradise of the Mussulmans,—that arch, narrow as the thread of a famished spider, over which it is so much easier to be precipitated than to pass with safety. Yet grim and threatening as it was, there was but one among the cavaliers who raised a voice of warning. As the Captain-General, without a moment's hesitation, pushed his horse forward, to lead the way, and without a single expression of surprise, the ancient *hidalgo*, who had twice before sounded a note of alarm, now exclaimed,—

“For the love of heaven, pause, señor! This is a trap that will destroy us.”

“Art thou afraid, Alderete? cried Cortes, looking back to him, grimly. “This is no place for a King's Treasurer,” (such was Alderete, the royal *Contador*).—“Get thee back, then, to the first ditch, and fill it up to thy liking. This will be charge enough for a volunteer.”

“I will fight where thou wilt, when thou wilt, and as boldly as thou wilt,” said the indignant cavalier; “but here play the madman no longer.”

“I will take thy counsel,—rest where I am,—and, in an hour's time, see myself shut out from the city by a ditch, sixty yards wide! God's benison upon thy long beard! and mayst thou be wiser. Forward, friends! Do you not see? the knaves are running amain to check us, and recover their unfinished gap! On! courage, and on! Santiago and at them!”

It was indeed as Cortes said. The infidels, who blocked up the streets afar, were now seen running towards them, with the most terrific yells, as if to seize, before it was too late, a pass so easily maintained. The cavaliers, animated by the words of their leader, were quite as resolute to disappoint them, and therefore rode across as rapidly as they could. The pass was not only narrow, but tortuous and irregular; which increased the difficulties of surmounting it; so that the Mexicans, running with the most frantic speed, were within a bow-shot, before Cortes had spurred his steed upon the broader portion of the dike. But, as if there were something dreadful to the infidels, in the spectacle of the great *Teuctli* of the East, thus again in their stronghold, they came to a sudden halt, and testified their valor only by yelling, and waving their spears and banners.

“Courage, friends, and quick!” cried Cortes. “The dogs are beset with fear, and will not face us. Ye shall hear other yells in a moment. Haste, valiant cavaliers! haste, men of Spain! and make room for the footmen, who are behind you.”

The screams of the barbarians were loud and incessant; but in the midst of the din, as he turned to cheer his cavaliers over the broken passage, Don Hernan's ears were struck by the sound of a Christian voice,

calling from the midst of the pagans, with thrilling vehemence.

"Beware! beware! Back to the cause! Beware!"

"Hark!" cried Alderete, who had already passed;

"Our Saint calls to us! Let us return!"

"It is a trick of the fiend!" exclaimed Cortes, in evident perturbation of mind. "Come on, good friends, and let us seize vantage-ground; or the dogs will drive us, singly, into the ditches."

"Back! back!" shouted the cavaliers behind—"We are ambushed! We are surrounded!"

Their further exclamations were lost in a tempest of discordant shrieks, coming from the front and the rear, from the heavens above, and, as they almost fancied, from the earth beneath. They looked northward, towards the pyramid,—the whole broad street was filled with barbarians, rushing towards them with screams of anticipated triumph; they looked back to the lake,—the causeway was swarming with armed men, who seemed to have sprung from the waters; to either side, and beheld the canals of the intersecting streets lashed into foam by myriads of paddles; while, at the same moment, the few pagans, who had annoyed them from the housetops, appeared transformed, by the same spell of enchantment, into hosts innumerable, with spirits all of fury and flame.

"What says the king of Castile? What says the king of Castile now?" roared the exulting infidels.

"Santiago! and God be with us!" exclaimed Cortes, waving his hand, with a signal for retreat, that came too late: "Cross but this devil-trap again, and—"

Before he could conclude the vain and useless order, the drum of the emperor sounded upon the pyramid. It was an instrument of gigantic size and horrible note, and was held in no little fear, especially after the events of this day, by the Spaniards, who fabled that it was covered with the skins of serpents. It was a fit companion for the horn of Mexitli; which latter, however, being a sacred instrument, was sounded only on the most urgent and solemn occasions.

The first tap,—or rather peal, for the sound came from the temple more like the roll of thunder than of a drum,—was succeeded by yells still more stunning; and while the cavaliers, retreating, struggled, one by one, to recross the narrow pass, they were set upon with such fury as left them but little hope of escape.

If the rashness of Cortes had brought his friends into this fatal difficulty, he now seemed resolved to atone his fault, by securing their retreat, even although at the expense of his life. It was in vain that those few cavaliers who had succeeded in reaching him, before the onslaught began, besought him to take his chance among them, and recross, leaving them to cover his rear.

"Get ye over yourselves," he cried, with grim smiles, smiting away the headmost of the assailants from the street: "If I have brought ye among coals of fire, heaven forbid I should not broil a little in mine own person. Quick, fools! over and hasten! over and quick! and by and by I will follow you."

For a moment, it seemed as if the terror of his single arm would have kept the barbarians at bay. But, waxing bolder, as they saw his attendants dropping one by one away, they began to close upon him, and his situation became exceedingly critical. He looked over his shoulder, and perceived that his followers threaded their way along the broken dike with less difficulty than he at first feared. The very narrowness of the passage left but little foothold for the enemy; and their attacks, being made principally from canoes, were not such as wholly to dishearten a cavalier, whose steed was as strongly defended by mail as his own body. Encouraged by this assurance, the Captain-General still maintained his post, rushing ever and anon upon the closing herds, and mowing right and left with his trusty blade, while his gallant charger pawed down opposition with his hoofs. Thus he fought, with the mad valor that made his enemies so often deem him almost a demigod,

until satisfied that his own attempt to cross the pass could no longer embarrass the efforts of his followers. Then, charging once more upon the pagans, and even with greater fury than before, he wheeled round with unexpected rapidity, and uttering his famous cry, "Santiago and at them!" dashed boldly at the passage.

Seven pagans sprang upon the path. They were armed like princes, and the red fillets of the House of Darts waved among their sable locks.

"The Teuctli shall have the tribute of Mexico!" shouted one, flourishing a battle-axe that seemed of weight sufficient, in his brawny arm, to dash out the charger's brains at a blow. The words were not understood by Cortes; but he recognized at once the visage of the Lord of Death.

"I have thee, pagan!" he cried, striking at the bold barbarian. The blow failed; for one of the others, springing at the charger's head with unexampled audacity, seized him by the bridle, so that he reared backwards, and thus foiled the aim of his rider. The next moment, the Spanish steel fell upon the neck of the daring infidel, killing him on the spot; yet not so instantaneously as to avert a disaster, which it seemed the object of his fury to produce. His convulsive struggles, as he clung, dying, to the rein, drove the steed off the narrow ledge; and thus losing his foothold, the noble animal rolled over into the deep canal, burying the Captain-General in the flood.

"The general! save the general!" shrieked the only Christian, who, in this horrible melée, (for the battle was now universal,) beheld the condition of Cortes, and who, although on foot, and bristling with arrows that had stuck fast in his cotton-armor, and resisted by other weapons at every step, had yet the courage to run to the rescue. It was Gaspar Olea. His visage was yet wan, and expressive of the unusual horror preying upon his mind; yet he rushed forward, as if he had never known a fear. He exalted his voice, while crying for assistance, until it was heard far back upon the causeway; yet he reached the place of Don Hernan's mischance alone. The scene was dreadful: the nobles had flung themselves into the flood, and were dragging the stunned and strangling hero from the steed, which lay upon its side on the rugged and shelving edge of the dike, unable to arise, and perishing with the most fearful struggles; while, all the time, the elated infidels expressed their triumph with shouts of frantic joy.

"Courage, captain! be of good heart, señor!" exclaimed the Barba-Roxa, striking down one of the captors at a single blow: "Courage! for we have good help nigh," he continued, attacking a second with the same success: "Courage, señor, courage!"

No Mexican helm of dried skins, and no breastplate of copper, could resist the machete of a man like Gaspar. Yet his first success was caused rather by the Mexicans being so intently occupied with their captive, that they thought of nothing else, than by any miraculous exertion of skill and prowess. He slew two, before they dreamed of attack, and he mortally wounded a third, ere the others could turn to drive him back. A fourth rushed upon him, before he could again lift up his weapon, and grasping him in his arms, with the embrace of a mountain bear, leaped with him into the canal.

There were now but two left in possession of Cortes; yet his resistance even against these was ineffectual. His sword had dropped from his hand; a violent blow had burst his helmet, and confounded his brain; and he had been lifted from the water, already half suffocated. Yet he struggled as he could, and catching one of his foes by the throat, he succeeded in overturning him into the water, and there grappled with him among the shallows. The remaining barbarian, yelling for assistance, flung himself upon the pair; and though twenty Spaniards, headed by Bernal Diaz and the hunchback, were now within half as many paces, Cortes would have perished where he lay, had not assistance arose from an unexpected quarter.

Among the vast numbers who came crowding from the city over the broken passage, were several who knew, by the cry of the seventh noble, that Malintzin was in his hands; and they rushed forward, to ensure his capture. The foremost and fleetest of these was distinguished from the rest by a frame of towering height; and, had there been a Spaniard by to notice him, would have been still more remarkable from the fact, that he uttered all his cries in good, expressive Castilian. He bore a Spanish weapon, too, and his first act, as he flung himself into the ditch where Cortes was drowning, was to strike it through the neck of the uppermost noble. His next was to spurn the other from the breast of the general, whom he raised to his feet, murmuring in his ear,

"Be of good heart, señor! for you are saved."

What more he would have said and done can only be imagined; for, at that moment, the Barba-Roxa rushed out of the ditch, followed close at hand by the hunchback, Bernal Diaz, and others, and seeing his commander, as he thought, in the hands of a foe, he lifted his good sword once again, and smote him over the head, crying,

"Down, infidel dog! and *viva* for Spain and our general!"

At this moment, there rushed up a crew of fresh combatants, Spaniards from the rear and infidels from the front. But before they closed upon him entirely, the Barba-Roxa caught sight of the man he had struck down, and beheld, in his pale and quivering aspect, the features of Juan Lerma.

The unhappy wretch, thus beholding the beloved youth, with his own eyes, a leaguer and helpmate of the infidel, and punished to death, as it seemed, by his hand, set up a scream wildly vehement, and broke from the group of Spaniards, who now surrounded Cortes, endeavoring to drag him in safety over the pass. The exile had been seen by others as well as Gaspar, and many a ferocious cry of exultation burst from their lips, as they saw him fall.

Meanwhile, Gaspar, distracted in mind, and dripping with blood, for he had not escaped from the ditch and the fierce embrace of his fourth antagonist, without many severe wounds, endeavored to retrace his steps to the spot where Juan had followed. It was occupied by infidels, who drove him into the ditch, where his legs were grasped by a drowning Mexican, who raised himself a little from the water, and displayed, between his neck and shoulder, a yawning chasm, rather than a wound, from which the blood, at every panting expiration of breath, rolled out hideously in froth and foam. It was the Lord of Death, thus struck by Juan Lerma, as he lay upon the breast of Cortes, and now perishing, but still like a warrior of the race of America. He clambered up the body of Gaspar, for it could hardly be said, that he rose upon his feet; and seeing that he grasped a Christian soldier, he strove to utter once more a cry of battle. The blood foamed from his lips, as from his wound; and his voice was lost in a suffocating murmur. Yet, with his last expiring strength, he locked his arms round the neck of the Spaniard, now almost as much spent as himself, and falling backwards, and writhing together as they fell, they rolled off into the deep water, where the salt and troubled flood wrapped them in a winding-sheet, already spread over the bosoms of thousands."

There is another scene which we had marked for extracting, but which our limits forbid inserting—a single combat on the stone of Temalacatl—in which a Spanish prisoner, doomed to the gladiatorial sacrifice, contends successfully against several antagonists. The details of this barbarous ceremony, are full of interest. The prisoner is bound by one foot to the stone of sacrifice, and if in this condition he kill six Mexicans, he is liberated, and sent home with honor; if he fail, he is doomed a sacrifice to the pagan deities. The narrative of this

combat, is given with remarkable spirit and precision, and holds the reader in breathless excitement to the end.

The story closes as happily as could be expected from the nature of its incidents. The fall of Mexico, and the humiliation of its heroic emperor, excite a profound sympathy; and the death of Monjonaza, who dies broken hearted upon discovering that Juan, of whom she is passionately enamored, is her brother, throws a melancholy shade over the brightening fortunes of the hero.

Some of the minor characters are drawn with a vigorous hand. The dog Befo, is a powerful delineation of heroic fidelity, seldom equalled by his superiors of the human race. Gaspar Olea, the Barba-Roxa, or red haired, is a fine specimen of the bold, blunt, honest soldier; and Bernal Diaz, (the historian of the Conquest,) though little distinguished in the story, adds to its interest. The Lord of Death, is a fine picture of the lofty race of barbarians, who spurned the slavery of their foreign foe, and died in resisting it. Najara, the hunchback and the cynic, is also a well drawn character.

The Infidel will, we doubt not, enjoy a popularity equal to that of Calavar. It confirms public opinion as to the abilities of the author, who has suddenly taken a proud station in the van of American writers of romance. He possesses a fertility of imagination rarely possessed by his compeers. In many of their works, there is a paucity of events; and incidents of small intrinsic importance, are wrought up by the skill of the writer so as to give a factitious interest to a very threadbare collection of facts. Great ability may be displayed in this manner; but our author seems to find no such exertion necessary. The fertility of his imagination displays itself in the constant recurrence of dramatic situations, striking incidents and stirring adventures; so much so, that the interest of the reader, in following his characters through the mazes of perils and enterprizes, vicissitudes and escapes, which they encounter, is often painfully excited. If this be a fault, it is one which is creditable to the powers of the author, and indicates an exuberance of invention, which will bear him through a long course of literary exertions, and insure to him great favor with the votaries of romance.

There are some minor faults which might be noticed. As an instance, the author habitually uses the word "*working*" in describing the convulsions of the countenance, under the influence of strong passions: as, "*his working and agonized visage*"—"his face *worked* convulsively," &c. Although Sir Walter Scott is authority for the use of the word in this manner, we have always considered it a decided inelegance. But such blemishes cannot seriously detract from the enduring excellence of the work.

AN ADDRESS, delivered at his inauguration as President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, Feb. 21, 1835, by Henry Vethake.

We have read this address with unmingled pleasure. It is replete with strong *common sense*, and that quality is rarely much exercised in discussions of the subject of education. The opinions of President Vethake seem to us sound and practical: he has a full sense of the errors in the systems of instruction, which have prevailed too long in many of our institutions; and suggests alter-

ations in the modes of teaching, which seem to us both practicable, and promising great benefits. We are constrained by the pressure of other matters, to confine ourselves to a brief notice of this address, and to curtail our extracts from its pages. The following strictures upon the old system of imparting information to students, will, we believe, be recognized as just and sensible, by every one who has reflected on the subject. Although these remarks are intended by the orator to refer to college exercises only, they apply with equal force to the faulty system of teaching pursued by nine-tenths of the conductors of our primary and elementary schools, at which the pupils are, in most cases, severely drilled in the study of mere *words*, while no corresponding knowledge of the *things* of which they are the symbols, is imparted by the teacher, who makes no effort to awaken the mental energies of the pupil; but is fully satisfied if he cultivate the *memory*, though the *mind* remain waste and uninformed. But to our extract:

"The error is an egregious one, which leads a student to suppose that his proper business is to store his mind as industriously as he can with the facts previously observed, and the opinions previously held, by others who lived before him. Its natural effect will be to deaden all originality of thought, and to degrade the individual, thus led astray, to a low rank in the scale of intelligence, when compared with that to which he would have entitled himself, with more correct ideas of the nature of education. The memory may have been cultivated to a considerable extent; imagination, and the reasoning power, will have remained nearly dormant. But this is not all. The individual in question will not even have acquired the ability to communicate what he has learned to others. To do so with clearness and order, is by no means always an easy matter; and it is one to which he has directed no portion of his attention, his mind having been exclusively occupied in passively receiving knowledge. And it may be added, that, although it should be conceded, that by pursuing the method of education against which my remarks are at present pointed, a greater amount of mere extraneous information can be acquired, yet this will generally be found to be true only for a comparatively short period. Those facts and opinions of which we read, that do not become the subjects of subsequent comparison and reflection, have, as it were, only a loose connection with our understandings, and, sooner or later, and sometimes very speedily, pass into oblivion. Hence it will be found that, if we have regard rather to the usefulness of manhood than to the display to be made by the youth of a college at an examination, as this is ordinarily conducted, the most effectual method even of storing the mind with what other men have observed and thought, is to regard the communication of knowledge to the student as altogether accessory to the great object of disciplining his mind, and of properly developing his various intellectual faculties. And not only will that individual, whose faculties have been most advantageously excited, be ultimately possessed of the greatest amount and range of information, but he will far surpass his competitors in the race of life, in the art of communicating, and, at proper times and places, displaying that information. He will also come to possess a capacity for attaining a still further measure of knowledge, whenever he may desire to do so, upon any subject that excites a particular interest in him, to which the man of mere memory is a total stranger.

"It is sufficiently to be lamented, that the student should occasionally fall of his own accord into the error I have been considering: but it is lamentable in a far greater degree, when his propensity to do so is encouraged by the faulty system of instruction pursued by his teacher. The young men in our colleges, have

been, and still are, too frequently taught in a manner to operate thus injuriously. I refer, more particularly, to the practice of hearing them recite, on almost every subject, the contents, and the precise contents, of certain text books, with little or no accompanying comment, excepting what may be absolutely necessary for enabling them to comprehend the meaning of the work recited. In this manner of instruction, it is not geometry, or the spirit of geometry, that is acquired by the student, but what it is that Euclid, or Legendre, has delivered concerning geometry. It is not the philosophy of the human mind with which he is made acquainted; it is only the system of some distinguished author—be it that of Locke, or Reid, or Brown. It is true that we may easily conceive the reciting of a text book to be accompanied by an enlightened commentary on the part of the instructor, calculated to liberate the mind of the student from all undue subjection to the opinions, and to the peculiar classifications and modes of expression, of the author. We may, indeed, conceive the instructor to superadd every possible contrivance which is fitted to awaken in the mind of his pupils a spirit of independent inquiry. Still the *tendency* of the system is to degenerate into the mere recitation of the contents of the text book." * * * * *

"Another reason why young men in our colleges are tempted to neglect the general cultivation of their minds, and to devote their whole study to the storing of their memories with the contents of the text books put into their hands, is that their comparative scholarship is very apt to be estimated by their instructors, not so much by the *nature* of the questions which they are able to answer correctly, and by the amount of thinking and originality displayed, as by the promptitude and fluency with which they can repeat what they have servilely learned. I have been told by more individuals than one, and by graduates of more institutions than one, that on discovering, while at college, the fact to be as I have just stated, and being anxious that the best account of them should go to their friends, from their professors, they at once resolved to subject themselves to the drudgery of committing the author they were appointed to study verbatim to memory, and that, by so doing, they did not fail to secure the object they had in view. The persons of whom I speak, were young men of talent, as well as ambitious of immediate distinction. Had their minds at the time been sufficiently matured to have adequately appreciated the uselessness and the folly of this method of study, without at the same time being matured enough to adopt, of their own suggestion, a more efficient and rational method, and had they been less influenced by present rewards, without as yet aspiring to the more substantial rewards of a future reputation among men, or without the loftier stimulant of duty, they might have become, like others among their fellow students, altogether negligent of their improvement, and perhaps have contracted the most ruinous habits. It is to the system of education, upon which I am animadverting, together with the mistakes made by the members of a college faculty, in deciding on the comparative scholarship of the students—which mistakes the latter are competent to judge of, with a good deal of accuracy—that the anomaly, so often remarked, of a young man's relative *standing* while in college, being so often but little indicative of his future standing in the world, is to be ascribed; and the explanation is likewise manifest why some individuals of peculiar energy of character, after wasting their time in almost complete idleness while at college, astonish their friends nevertheless, by the intellectual exertions of which they shew themselves to be capable, when an adequate motive is presented for exerting their energies. This solves the mystery too, why so many *self-taught* men, have, in despite of the disadvantages under which they labored, surpassed the graduates of colleges in usefulness and reputation; every acquisition made by a self-taught man, in consequence of the very difficulty of making it, being accompanied by a contemporary sharp-

ening of his intellect, which the passive recipient of another's knowledge never experiences."

Of his suggestions for the remedy of this evil, we have room only for the following passage:

"The practical question now presents itself—what is the proper remedy for the evils that have been described? Are we to rest satisfied with the efficiency of our colleges and universities being rendered wholly dependent on the accident, as it may be called, of the instructors proving themselves, upon trial, to be possessed of intellectual powers of the highest, or at least of a very high order, that is, of powers which will exert themselves, and produce their proper fruit, under almost any circumstances whatever, of disadvantage? Or shall we abandon our institutions of learning, where these disadvantageous circumstances have hitherto been permitted to exist, and have afforded an opportunity to unskilful and indolent teachers to nip the evolving faculties of youth in the bud? We are, fortunately, not limited to a selection of either of these modes of proceeding. As a remedy for the evils described, the professors, in every department of instruction admitting of it, should, in my opinion, be obliged to prepare courses of *lectures* to the students. This would necessarily compel them to digest a system of knowledge for themselves, possessing more or less of originality in respect to thought or arrangement, of matter or of manner, according to the ability of the writer or speaker. Even if the lectures were only compilations from the writings of others, or should possess far inferior merit to various works on the same subject, that might be put into the hands of the student, the fitness of the professor to teach, will be greatly augmented, both because his information on the branch of instruction confided to him, will, in the preparation of his lectures, have become much more extensive, and because what he knows will be much more methodically arranged, than before. Those works, besides, which are supposed to be of greater value than the professor's lectures, are still as accessible as ever to the students; and the improvement of their instructor can surely in no wise interfere with the benefit to be derived by them from the perusal of the works of others."

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time; by George Bancroft. Vol. i. pp. 508. Boston: Charles Bowen. London: R. J. Kennett.

The interest we have felt in this work, is the true cause of our seeming neglect of it. This may appear paradoxical, but is easily explained.

In taking up the book, we naturally turned to that part of which we knew most, and in which we took the greatest interest. There was always something in the early history of Virginia on which we delighted to dwell, and we promised ourselves great pleasure from the contemplation of the character of our forefathers, as we expected to find it portrayed by a diligent historian, who had already acquired the character of a fine writer.

We did indeed find what was intended to be a favorable account of our ancestors. Yet we were disappointed. We found much of direct praise. Yet we were disappointed. We ought perhaps to feel obliged, by Mr. B's disposition to speak kindly of our forefathers, even while his applauses grate upon our feelings. But we are unfortunately constituted. What Mr. Bancroft gives as praise, we cannot accept as praise; and, what is worse, we cannot help suspecting, in all such cases, that a sneer, or something more mischievous, is intended.

Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, tells us, that when on his way from Calais to Paris, he accidentally

disclosed to his Landlord and Valet de Chambre, the astounding fact, that he had blundered into the heart of France without a passport, the former fell back from him three paces. At the same moment, his affectionate and grateful servant, by a like instinctive impulse, advanced three paces towards him.

The fall of Charles I, presented to his adherents a case somewhat analogous. History tells us that they were variously affected by it. Some fell back in dismay, while others found themselves drawn more closely toward his exiled son. The former soon found that the successful party had rewards in store for timely submission and zealous service. The latter, driven from their last rallying point, by the fatal battle of Worcester, did but *submit*, and that with undisguised reluctance, to what was inevitable.

Mr. Bancroft seems to think he does honor to our ancestors, by assigning them a place among the former. Now we had always supposed that their true place was among the latter, and we had moreover a sort of pride in so supposing. There are those who will say that there is great arrogance in thus claiming for them a place among the generous and brave and faithful. Others will call it folly to insist, *at this day*, on their fidelity to a *king*, and especially to one who had lost all means of rewarding, or even of using their zeal. We beg leave to set off these imputations against each other. We beg to be allowed to speak of our fathers as they were; and trust that one half of those who shall cavil at the character we impute to them, will acquit us of any very high presumption, when they see that we only claim for them such qualities, as the other half say we ought to be ashamed of. If the same individual is sometimes found assailing us, alternately on both grounds, his consistency in so doing is his affair, not ours.

If we know anything (and we think we do) of the character of the early settlers of Virginia, they were a chivalrous and generous race, ever ready to resist the strong, to help the weak, to comfort the afflicted, and to lift up the fallen. In this spirit they had withstood the usurpation of Cromwell while resistance was practicable, and, when driven from their native country, they had bent their steps toward Virginia, as that part of the foreign dominions of England, where the spirit of loyalty was strongest. We learn from Holmes, vol. i. p. 315, that the population of Virginia increased about fifty per cent. during the troubles. The newcomers were loyalists, who were added to a population already loyal. Could *they*, without dishonor, have been hearty in favor of the new order of things? *They* whose principles had driven them into exile? *They* who, had they remained, would have fought and fallen with Montrose?

The historical compends with which our youth was familiar, had taught us to form this estimate of the early settlers of Virginia; and we had the more faith in it, because it accords with the hereditary prejudices and prepossessions of the present day. It accounts too, for those peculiarities which, at this moment, form the distinctive features of the Virginian character. It is unique. Whether for better or worse, it differs essentially from that of every other people under the sun. How long it shall be before the "*march of mind*," as it is called, in its Juggernaut car, shall pass over us, and

crush and obliterate every trace of what our ancestors were, and what we ourselves have been, is hard to say. It may postpone that evil day, to resist any attempt to impress us with false notions of our early history, and the character of our ancestors.

We had never looked narrowly into the contemporary authority for the traditions and histories that have come down to us. Mr. Bancroft's account of the matter has led us to do so. Hence our delay to notice his work. Our research has been rewarded by the pleasure of finding full confirmation of all our preconceived notions.

The point in contest between Mr. Bancroft and the received histories is this:

The histories represent Virginia as having been loyal to the last; as having stood in support of the title of Charles II, after every other part of the British dominions had submitted to Cromwell, and as having been the first to renounce the authority of the protector, and return to their allegiance. All this Mr. Bancroft denies; and all this, except the last proposition, (that in italics) we affirm. In proof, we appeal to the very authorities on which Mr. Bancroft relies.

Indeed, we are at a loss to know how he himself escaped the conclusion against which he protests so strongly. It may not be true that Charles II was proclaimed in Virginia, as Robertson says, before he had been recognized in England. Mr. Henning (1 Sts. at Large, p. 529, quoted by Bancroft) may be right, when he says, that, if such were the fact, the public records should show it. But his book is full of proof that the records are incomplete. Is there not such proof in this instance? Let us examine.

The first act of the session of March 1660, assumes the supreme power. The second appoints Sir William Berkeley governor, and prescribes that he shall govern according to the "*ancient lawes* of England, and the established lawes" of Virginia. The third repeals all laws inconsistent with "the power now established;" and the fourth makes it penal to "say or act anything in derogation" of the government thus established.

Here is evidence enough of a *new order* of things, and yet it is not so very clear what that new order was. Henning says (*ubi supra*) that Berkeley was elected just as Mathews had been. Wherein then was the innovation? The recital in the preamble of the act last quoted, (1 Hen. Sts. p. 531) may give a clue to this.

It is there set forth that "it hath been thought necessary and convenient by the present Burgesses of this Assembly, the representatives of the people, *during the time of these distractions*, to take the government into their own power, with the conduct of the *ancient lawes* of England, till such *lawfull* commission or commissions appear to us, as we may *DUTIFULLY submit to, according as by DECLARATION SET FORTH BY US doth MORE AMPLY appear.*"

Now where is this *MORE AMPLE DECLARATION*, concerning their idea of such a commission as they might *DUTIFULLY* submit to? Is not here an *hiatus valde deflendus*? Yet such are the tattered manuscripts from which Mr. Henning's compilation is made, that the loss of the whole or a part of any document is quite common.

Enough appears, however, to show that this declaration did not amount to a recognition of Charles as king

de facto; because the above mentioned Act I, directs that all writs shall issue in the name of the assembly. But it is equally clear that he was, *at least tacitly*, acknowledged as king *de jure*; that the government was established provisionally, and subject to his pleasure; and that the power assumed was held *FOR HIM*.

Now when we consider these things; when we find Robertson, on the authority of *Beverley* and *Chalmers*, saying that "as Sir William Berkeley refused to act under an usurped authority, they (the assembly) boldly erected the royal standard, and acknowledging Charles II to be their lawful sovereign, proclaimed him with all his titles;" we may doubt the accuracy of the statement, *in extenso*, but we cannot agree that even *that* statement shall be stigmatized as a fiction.

Mr. Henning tells us (1 Sts. p. 513) that *Beverley* was near the scene of action, and wonders that he should have *misunderstood* or *misrepresented*. Wonderful indeed it *would* have been; for in March 1662, we find him clerk to the House of Burgesses. See 2 Hen. Sts. p. 162. We find too, in the same volume, p. 544, that Berkeley refused to act without the advice of the council; that on receiving this he agreed to act, and that "*HIS declaration TO BE governor* (not the act electing him) were *PROCLAIMED* by order of the assembly." Berkeley (be it remembered) was the last royal governor, and his commission had never been revoked, his election is not for any specific term, and the act is accompanied with a condition that he shall call an assembly at least once in *every two years*. How is this, if he was only elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mathews, who, just one year before, had been elected to *serve two years*. Is not Berkeley in of his old commission?

But of the loyalty of Virginia there can be no doubt. That this was in no wise abated by the fall of Charles I, and the exile of his son, is equally certain. The act, passed immediately after, making it high treason to justify the murder of the one, or to deny the title of the other, puts that out of dispute. They certainly did not stand out, when the battle of Dunbar and the fall of Montrose had left the loyal party without hope either in England or Scotland. But look at the very act of surrender. Study its terms, and see the temper displayed there. Do they acknowledge the *authority* of parliament or protector? No: they do but *submit* to power. There is no profession of allegiance, nor was any oath of allegiance ever administered during the commonwealth. They engage indeed so to administer their power as not to contravene "the government of the commonwealth of England, and the lawes there established." But this was a proceeding which a respect for *private rights* required. They stipulate moreover, that Virginia shall enjoy as free a trade as England herself, and put an end to all the authority of commissions from England. It was by such commissions that the king had governed. That "government by commissions and instructions" is declared to be for the future "null and void." The usurper had clutched the sceptre of the king of *England*. That of the king of *Virginia* he was not allowed to touch. Accordingly no more commissions came from England. We hear no more of them until the election of Berkeley. We are then told that the government is provisional, and only to endure until a *lawful commission* shall appear. What

commission? Whose? The protector's? The parliament's? No. The act of surrender (1 Hen. St. p. 363) had abolished them. But it had not abolished the rights of the king; and the power of the assembly and governor is thus made to wait on them.

Strange as it may seem, the act of surrender contains no word recognizing the rightful authority of the parliament, nor impeaching that of the king. On the contrary, as if to exclude any such idea, this remarkable clause is inserted:

"That there be one sent *home*, at the present governor's choice, to give an accompt to HIS MA'Y, of the surrender of HIS *countray*."

Home! There is a simple pathos in the use of this word here, which speaks volumes to the heart. None can feel more deeply than we do, how utterly unworthy of this steady and passionate loyalty, was the wretch who was its object. But they knew not his faults. They only knew him in his lineage and his misfortunes; and though he had no place to lay his head, yet wherever their messenger might find the outcast, there was the home of their hearts. We mean nothing profane. God forbid! But we cannot help being reminded of the weak warm-hearted boy, who stood by his master's cross, and gazed with looks of love upon his dying face, when the stronger and bolder of his followers had "forsaken him and fled." We are more proud to be descended from the men who stood forward in the business of that day, than we should be to trace ourselves to Adam, through all the most politic and prudent self-seekers that the world has ever seen.

But to return to Mr. Bancroft. Affairs being thus settled, things went on quite peaceably; and he hence infers that the Virginians were entirely reconciled to Cromwell and his parliament. Moreover, he finds them claiming the supreme power, as residing in the colonial legislature; and from this he most strangely infers a loyalty to the parliament, the model of which he represents them as so eager to copy. Now Mr. Bancroft himself tells us (p. 170) that as early as 1619, Virginia first set *the world* the example of equal representation. From that time they held that the supreme power was in the hands of the colonial parliament, then established, and the king as king of Virginia. Now the authority of the king being at an end, and no successor being acknowledged, it followed as *a corollary from their principles* that no power remained but that of the assembly; *and so they say*. Does this look like a recognition of Cromwell and his parliament, or the reverse?

But Mr. Bancroft seems to think that Virginia could not have failed to be weaned from her attachment to the king, and won over to Cromwell and his parliament, by the magnanimity and justice of their proceedings. He adverts to the article in the treaty of surrender, by which Virginia had stipulated for a trade as free as that of England, and assures us that "its terms *were faithfully observed till the restoration*." (p. 241.) He adds at p. 246, that "the navigation act of Cromwell was not designed for the oppression of Virginia, and *was not enforced within her borders*." Hence he says (p. 241) that the pictures drawn by Beverley, Chalmers, Robertson, Marshall, and Holmes, of the discontent produced by commercial oppression, are all "pure fiction."

Now what says the reader to the following extract

VOL. I.—75

from a memorial on behalf of the trade of Virginia, laid before Cromwell in 1656?

"What encouragement the poor planter has had to sweeten his labor, since the Dutch were excluded trade, appears by the *general complaint* of them all, that they are the merchant's slaves, who will allow them scarce a half-penny a pound for their tobacco. Beside that, since the Dutch trade was prohibited, till this year there has been a great deal of their tobacco left behind for want of freight, and spoiled, to the almost undoing of divers of them." * * * "This is an inconveniency which has attended *that act for navigation*," "but unless it be *a little* dispensed withal, it will undoubtedly ruin part of the trade it was intended to advance. 'Tis true the people of themselves, some of them at least, have this year endeavored their own relief by *secret trade with the Dutch*," &c. &c.

Is not this decisive? If it does not prove the fact, it at least proves the complaint. Mr. Bancroft denies both. Perhaps this paper is a forgery. Perhaps Mr. Bancroft never saw it. YES HE DID. It is the same paper to which he refers at p. 247, note 2, in the very paragraph in which he says that Cromwell's navigation act was not designed for, nor enforced in Virginia. Mr. B. indeed says "the war between England and Holland necessarily interrupted the intercourse of the Dutch with the English colonies." But this memorial is of the year 1656, and peace had been concluded April 15, 1654.

Robertson speaks of the colonial governors during the interregnum, as having been *named* (that is his word) by Cromwell. This is roundly denied. On what authority? None. The election proves nothing certainly. It might have been a mere form, though it was probably something more. But what was easier than a recommendation which it would be perhaps best to conform to? How often was the speaker of the house of commons so chosen in England?

Mr. Bancroft's view of this matter stands thus: Virginia elected her own governors. Bennett, Digges, and Mathews, were commonwealth's men. She freely chose them as governors. Ergo. She had gone over to the commonwealth.

Now there is no proof of either of these propositions. We doubt both. For if it were established that these gentlemen were, as we suspect, forced on the colony, it would not be clear that they were therefore commonwealth's men. We doubt very much whether any such were to be found. They might have been the least violent among the royalists, and therefore preferred.

Of Col. Bennett we know something traditionally. The idea that he was a parliamentarian is new to us. We should require some better proof than the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was indeed, one of the parliamentary commissioners at the time of the surrender. So was Claiborne, a warm friend and favorite of Sir William Berkeley, continued in his office of secretary of state, by the legislature, at Berkeley's request, after his restoration. 1 Hen. Sts. p. 547. Bennett himself retained his place at the council board, where he still found himself, as before the restoration, in the company of cavaliers, such as Morrison, Yardly, Ludlow, &c. &c.*

* The characters and principles of these gentlemen may throw some light on the subject. If we can ascertain those of the mem-

If then Bennett was, as we conjecture, recommended to the assembly by the parliamentary commissioners, what induced them to choose him? The answer is given by Mr. Bancroft at p. 241. He had become ob-

bers of the council, elected by the assembly, we shall have a clue to the temper of the assembly itself. We may know the tree by its fruit. If we find that body electing to a place in the council men of very decided political character, we shall have a right to believe that those associated with them by the vote of the same body were, at least, not zealous members of the opposite party. In this case the maxim "*noscitur a socio*," will surely apply. Let us see what lights we can bring to bear on this subject.

In Churchill's voyages (vol. vi. p. 171) is "A Voyage to Virginia, by Col. Norwood." He was a cavalier, and came over in company with Francis Morrison, also a cavalier. Norwood was also a kinsman of Berkeley. Arriving here, they found Sir Henry Chichely, Col. Yardly, Wormely, and Ludlow, whom they recognized as old friends and cavaliers.

Now in the council elected along with Bennett, immediately after the surrender, we find two of these gentlemen, Yardly and Ludlow. The latter had been a member of Berkeley's council that had concurred (October 1649) in declaring it to be high treason to defend the proceedings of parliament against Charles I, or to deny the title of his son. West, the first named member of Bennett's council, had occupied the same place in that of Berkeley. Pettus and Bernard were also members of both. We might conjecture that they had dissented from the act referred to, if we did not find them associated with Yardly and Ludlow. We find too that Harwood, who had been speaker of the assembly of October 1649, was also one of Bennett's council. The whole number was thirteen, and here are six notorious royalists. Of what complexion could the other seven have been? Two of them, Taylor and Freeman, were members of the assembly of 1647, from two most loyal counties.

In July, 1653, Col. Walter Chiles, who had been a member in October 1649, was speaker.

In November, 1654, Col. Edward Hill, another of them, was speaker. He was in high favor after the restoration. He was transferred to the council in 1655.

We find the name of Charles Norwood, as clerk of the assembly, from that time.

In March, 1655, Col. Thomas Dew was a member of the council. He had been speaker of the assembly in 1652, the first elected under Bennett. *We know* (we do not ask historians to tell us this) that he was a loyal clansman, who was driven to Virginia by his hatred of the usurpers, and to accommodate his name to English orthography, changed the spelling from that of "Dhu"—since made familiar to all readers of poetry—by Sir Walter Scott. He is now (in 1655) in the council, making in that body seven known loyalists.

In the legislature of that year, we have the name of Sir Henry Chichely.

In 1656, Col. Morrison (the companion of Ludlow's voyage) is speaker.

In the next assembly (1658) John Smith was speaker. We know nothing certainly of him; but it was that assembly that deposed Mathews. They gave him Berkeley's friend, Claiborne, as secretary of state; and for councillors, among others, West, Pettus, Hill, Dew, and Bernard. They made some changes, but turned out none of that party. At the same time they introduced Col. John Carter, another of Norwood's friends. He had been chairman of the committee, on the report of which the assembly had just acted. Horsmenden, another of the same committee, was elected to the council at the same time.

In March 1659, Hill, who had left his place in the council, is again speaker. In March 1660, the assembly which reinstated Berkeley, retained Bennett and five other of the old councillors, of whose characters we have no other indication. These were Robins, Perry, Walker, Read, and Wood. What they were may be inferred from this fact. Morrison, moreover, was elected at the same time.

Can we believe, in the face of these facts, that the loyalty of Virginia ever wavered? That it bowed before the storm we know. That the assembly, in one instance, passed a vote of disfranchisement against the author of a seditious paper, appears in 1 Hen. Sts. p. 380. But we also find that this vote was reversed as soon as they heard of the death of Oliver Cromwell.

noxious to Berkeley, and had been "compelled to quit Virginia." For what does not appear. Hardly for disloyalty. In 1 Hen. Sts. p. 235, we have his name and that of Mathews signed to a paper of as enthusiastic loyalty as was ever penned, presented to the king after his rupture with parliament.

But what reason have we for supposing this interference with the freedom of election? We answer that our reasons are twofold.

1. The authority of Robertson, who relies on Beverley and Chalmers, and doubtless consulted all the authorities he could find, is entitled to some weight. Had he said the governors were *appointed* by Cromwell, we should know that he spoke at random. But his use of the equivocal word "*named*," shows that he knew what he was talking about, and considered what he was saying.

2. But in Hen. Sts. 499 to 505, is an evidence that we think conclusive. Mathews took it into his head to dissolve the assembly. They immediately voted the act a nullity, and civilly invited the Governor to go on with the business. To this he assented, revoking the order, but proposing to "referre the dispute of the power of dissolving and the legality thereof to his Highnesse the Lord Protector." This was in 1658, and the Lord Protector was then Richard Cromwell, and not Oliver, under whom Mathews had been elected.

The house took fire immediately at this proposed appeal, and deposed Mathews, and having solemnly declared the "power of government" to reside in themselves, they *re-elect him*, saying that he is "*BY US invested*" with the office.

Now what did this mean, if circumstances had not been such as justify the notion entertained by Mathews that he derived his authority from some other source, so as to have the right of dissolving the assembly. Had there been no interference on the part of Cromwell, this whole proceeding would have been idle and ridiculous. Yet it is obviously the proceeding of men not disposed to trifle, and who well understood what they were about.

Now compare this peremptory proceeding with that which took place soon after on the death of Mathews. Richard Cromwell had then abdicated, and there was therefore no shadow of authority in England to restrain the action of the assembly. But what do they do? They elect Sir William Berkeley *provisionally*, making the continuance of his authority and their own to determine on the coming of a "lawful commission." Now, *such commission*, as we have already shown, could only come from the king; it was his plan of government; it had not been practiced by the parliament; and the right to exercise it had been denied to them and renounced by them. Does not this conduct of the assembly show that they anticipated the restoration of one whose right they had always maintained?

So far, we have done little more than to express our dissent from Mr. Bancroft's conclusions. In a single instance, to which we have adverted, he must be suspected of wilfully misrepresenting his authorities. We allude to the memorial addressed to Cromwell in favor of the trade of Virginia, of which he was certainly aware, and which clearly disproves his own statement. Had this been the only instance of the sort, we should have passed it over more lightly. But it does not stand alone.

His main drift, in his account of these transactions, seems to be, to show that Virginia had taken the infection of Republicanism; that she was effectually weaned from her allegiance; that she desired nothing but to set up for herself; and that the use she proposed to make of the abdication of Richard, and the consequent suspension of executive power in England, was to establish the supremacy of her legislature. In this view the assembly are represented as requiring of Berkeley the distinct acknowledgment of their authority, which he, we are told, recognized without a scruple. "I am" said he, "but the servant of the assembly."

Now what will the reader say when he reads the passage from which these words are copied. It runs thus:

"You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do; for I am but the servant of the assembly: *neither do they arrogate to themselves any power, farther than the miserable distractions in England force them to.* For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, *they will immediately return to their professed obedience.*"

Is this an assertion of the supremacy of the assembly? Is it not the very reverse? He disclaims any power to act in a certain behalf. Why? Because he is but the servant of the assembly; he has no power but what is given by them, and *they do not pretend to have any such to give.* On their principles, they could not. Looking for the restoration, they expected "some commission" by which any authority they could establish would be superseded; their provisional government was the result of necessity, and its powers were limited to the nature of that necessity. Every thing that could wait was made to wait.

What is the meaning of this strange attempt to pervert the truth of history, and to represent Virginia as being as far gone in devotion to the parliament as Massachusetts herself? Why does it come to us, sweetened with the language of panegyric, from those who love us not, and who habitually scoff at and deride us? Is it intended to dispose us to acquiesce in the new notion, "that the people of the colonies, all together, formed one body politic before the revolution?" Against this proposition we feel bound to protest. We hold ourselves prepared to maintain the negative against all comers and goers, with tongue and pen; and to resist the practical results, if need be, with stronger weapons. When Virginians shall learn to kiss the rod of power; to desert their friends in trouble, and to take part with the strong against the weak, it will then be in character to disparage the memory of our forefathers, and to say, they were even such as ourselves. But until we have done something to dishonor our lineage, let us speak of them as they were,

"Faithful among the faithless;
Among the faithless, faithful only they."

We have said nothing of Mr. Bancroft's style. It is our duty as critics to take some notice of it; and, we apprehend, he might think himself wronged if we did not. He is obviously very proud of it; and, in saying this, we fear we have condemned it. An ambitious style is certainly not the style for history. To say nothing of the frequent sacrifice of perspicuity to orna-

ment, there is a tone in it which excites distrust. We find ourselves, we know not how, diffident of statements which come to us in the language of declamation, antithesis and epigram.

In our boyhood Hume's history was put into our hands; and we remember our surprise at hearing something said in praise of his style. *Style!!* Was that style? A plain story, told just as we should have told it ourselves? Partridge would as soon have thought of admiring Garrick's acting. The king was the actor for his money, and Mr. Bancroft's would then have been the style for ours.

We have no doubt, for example, we should have been delighted with the following passage, introduced into a description which closes the author's remarks on the very question we have been discussing. We give it for the benefit of any of our young friends, who may be preparing an oration for the fourth of July. It would be nothing amiss, on such an occasion, for a "moonish youth" not yet out of his first love scrape. But from a grave historian, with a beard on his chin, we cannot approve it. We give it as a sample. *Ex pede Herculem.* "The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage, and so delicate in its form, quick in motion, yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers, like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms out of which it sips the dew, and as soon returning" to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects, "was ever admired as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race."

Alas! Alas! If this is the way to write history, we fear we shall have to leave our northern neighbors to tell the story their own way. It is a hard case. Let them write our books, and they become our masters. But we cannot help ourselves. We cannot contend with those who can write history in this style. Our only defence is not to read. A more effectual security would be, not to buy. In that case they would not write; and we should not only avoid being led into error, but might escape the injury of being misrepresented to others. But Mr. Bancroft's book is in print, and we must abide the mortification of having all who may read it, think of our ancestors as he has represented them. We have comfort in believing that they will not be very numerous.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations; Vols. II, III, IV, V and VI; by Jared Sparks.—Boston: Russell, Odiorne & Co.

We regret that we deferred our notice of the second and third volumes of this interesting and valuable work, until the appearance of the other three. It has now so grown on our hands, that it is impossible to do justice to it in an article of any reasonable compass. Yet we know few works that we would more strongly recommend to the public.

We have little curiosity to peep into dead men's port-folios, and perhaps the world has seen few that would not suffer in reputation by being tracked, through all their walk in life, by daily memoranda and documentary evidence. The man whose history, under this searching scrutiny, shows "no variableness nor shadow

of turning," must differ very much from the multitude, even of those we call the great and good. Nothing certainly can show a fuller and firmer consciousness of rectitude of intention, than to begin life with a purpose of leaving behind a full and fair account of it. Such memorials carefully written out and preserved, like the books of a tradesman, bespeak a steadiness of honesty, that never for a moment distrusts itself. Which of us, commencing a diary, would feel sure that he might not do something to-morrow that he would not choose to set down? Which of us opening a letter book, which should exhibit his whole correspondence, would not be tempted to leave out something?

Here is a man who chooses that his steps shall all be in the light. He begins life, by laying down to himself rules of action and deportment. He commits these to paper, and hands them down to posterity, with a full register of all his acts and words and thoughts. The remarkable modesty of General Washington, would alone prevent us from understanding this as a challenge to the whole world, to compare his principles, professions and actions throughout, defying any imputation of inconsistency.

There is nothing more remarkable in this, than the evidence it affords of the early consciousness of a something distinguishing him from other men, which seems, most unaccountably, to have found its way into his humble mind. It is the most striking instance on record of the *instinct of greatness*. It is a study for the metaphysician and philosopher. From the beginning, the work is done as if for posterity, and executed as if intended for the eyes of the world. This in a boy, who never made any ostentation of himself, his endowments, or his actions; who formed a very humble estimate of his own powers, and seemed through life to seek no reward but his own approbation, is one of those strange phenomena which we refer to the influence of a peculiar nature, acting by inscrutable impulses, of which the subject of them is hardly conscious.

Did it occur to General Washington, even at that early age, that he might be a father, and that his children might find an humble pride in looking over the unspotted page of his unpretending life? Perhaps so. Perhaps this thought was all that his young ambition (that passion which humility itself cannot extinguish in the breast of greatness) ventured to whisper to his heart. If so, the anticipation has been nobly and mysteriously accomplished. Like the patriarch of old, childish though he was, God has made him the father of nations; and it should indeed be the pride of us his children, to read the history of his life; to trace his steps; to study the system of moral discipline by which he trained himself to greatness and virtue; to know him as he was; and to mould ourselves by his precepts and example. No man ever left to his posterity so rich a legacy as the extraordinary work before us; and we owe many thanks to Mr. Sparks for the labor which has prepared it for the public eye.

We really think that it is in this point of view that this work is most interesting and valuable. Its importance as affording authentic materials for what is *commonly called* history, strikes us less forcibly; though in this respect it must be highly useful. It certainly affords the historian more satisfactory materials for his work, than can be supplied from any other source, or

for any other portion of history. But what is that? What is history, for the most part, but a narrative of events, the results of which cannot be effected by our right or wrong apprehensions of them. What matters it at this day, whether we believe that Cæsar killed Brutus, or Brutus Cæsar? What will it concern posterity whether the glory of the field of Waterloo belongs to Wellington or Blücher? But when will it be otherwise than important and profitable to study the process by which Washington became what he was? When will it cease to be a lesson of wisdom, to look narrowly into the private and public history of the most fortunate man that the world has ever seen, and observe that the quality which most eminently distinguished him from other men, the quality to which his success, his prosperity, his usefulness, and his imperishable glory are mainly attributable, was *VIRTUE*? Since the day when the important truth was first proclaimed, that "in keeping God's commandments there is great reward," when was it so illustrated as in this instance? Had there been a flaw in the character of General Washington, could the most malignant scrutiny have detected in his history anything dishonorable, anything unjust, anything selfish, anything on which reproach could fasten, he could not have accomplished what he did. No man could, be his talents what they might, who did not bring to his task such a character for virtue as would secure the confidence of the well-intentioned, and shame the artful and designing from their purposes. A vicious and corrupt people who fight for conquest; a lawless banditti who fight for spoil, may be led to victory by talent, enterprise, courage and energy; but the triumphs of Freedom can only be achieved under the auspices of Virtue. When men are in a mood to rally to the banner of one whose life is stained with crime, they do but deceive themselves if they think they are contending for freedom. *When they are prepared to take such a one as "A SECOND WASHINGTON," they are only fit to contend for a choice of masters.* This is eternal truth; but it will not be truth to them.

But we wander from the work before us; though we trust what we have said will dispose those "who have ears to hear" to set a high value on the book of which we proceed to give a short account.

The first of these volumes contains all the papers and private and public letters of General Washington, which could illustrate either his character, or the history of the country, up to the commencement of the revolution. It is a portion of history highly interesting, especially to Virginians, and on which none but a doubtful light is shed from any other source. Here we have an authentic account of Braddock's war; a sort of war of which the readers of history have, in general, no idea but that which is drawn from romances and tales. It is a warfare which does not recommend itself to the imagination, by the "pride, pomp and circumstance" so interesting to those who "kiss my Lady Peace at home." But since the invention of gun-powder, there is no fighting which gives so much room for the display of prowess, courage, coolness and address, and in which victory is so sure to be the prize of these qualities. "Many a brave man," says Don Quixotte, "has lost his life by the hand of a wretch who was frightened at the flash of his own gun." Not so in Indian warfare. The man who is scared never escapes

but by flight. How should he? There he stands behind his tree, while at the distance of a few yards stands his enemy, watching with the eye of a lynx, with his rifle to his cheek, and ready to put a ball through any part that is exposed for a moment. To anticipate him; to get a shot at him; to draw his fire, and then drive him from his shelter, is a business in which success depends on steadiness, self-possession, and presence of mind, as well as dexterity and skill. He who *thus* kills his man, is a brave man; and hence, among the Indians, a display of scalps is a proof of courage never questioned. It was in this sort of warfare that Washington served his apprenticeship. It was there he learned to look danger steadily in the face, and to possess his soul in calmness amid the fiercest storm of battle. There is no such school. The *art* of war is what a Martinet may learn. But the faculty of carrying that art into practice, of applying its rules in the crisis which shakes the nerves, and unsettles the mind, is only acquired by the "taste of danger." To him who possesses that, the rest is a school-boy's task.

The other four volumes of the work contain the papers relating to the war of the revolution. Such a body of evidence, so completely above all exception, can hardly be found on the subject of any other war. We are not sure that any historian has ever yet taken the time and pains to collate and digest the whole, and to deduce all the essential results. The means of doing so are here put in the hands of the public, and we may hope that some one qualified and disposed for the task will address himself to it, and furnish the world with a history at once succinct and accurate, in which references to authorities may stand in place of discussions. It is a fault of contemporary history that it is almost always given on partial and imperfect evidence, which is liable to be afterwards explained away, contradicted and falsified. It is not until some time after the event, that all the testimony is in the hands of the historian. That time has now come as to the American Revolution. A concise history may be now written with references to this work, which taken in connexion with it, will be more satisfactory and conclusive than any now in existence. But every one who pretends to acquaint himself with all that is most interesting, especially to Virginians, should secure a copy of this book.

Mr. Sparks has given us some interesting specimens of the sort of history that we contemplate. In his appendices he presents succinct narratives of the principal actions of the war, the accuracy of which, the reader has it in his power to test by the evidence in the body of the work. This is judicious and in good taste.

But after all, the great charm and value of this work is, that it is a cast from living nature, of the mind of "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of time." We cannot dwell too much on the contemplation of his peculiar character. His high sense of moral worth, and the lofty aspirations of conscious greatness, looking out from behind the veil of genuine modesty and humility with which he delighted to shroud himself: the chivalrous and daring spirit ever champing on the curb of prudence, but never impatiently straining against it: the native fierceness of his temper, occasionally flashing through his habitual moderation and self-command; the promptitude and clearness of his conceptions, so modestly suggested, so patiently revised, so calmly re-

considered in all the intervals of action; all these qualities combined and harmonized by honor, integrity, and a scrupulous regard to all the duties of public and private life; all made "to drink into one spirit" all "members, every one of them in the same body," all working to the same end; *diverse yet congruous*. What is there in the history of human nature, so grand, so majestic, so elevating to the heart and hopes of man?

That virtue, which is never selfish in its ends, and ever scrupulous in its choice of means, can rarely rise to a high place among the great ones of the earth, unless associated with a strength of wing which shall enable it to soar above those whose flight is unencumbered by the clog of self-denial. Virtue in high places is thus so rare a sight, that when we find it there, it so much engrosses our attention, that we are apt to overlook the faculties by which it rose. Men like, too, to delude themselves with the belief that their admiration is a tribute to virtue; that the honors and emoluments they bestow are given as the reward of virtue. Thinking thus, they think the better of themselves, and are ready to take at his word the man who disclaims any pretension to those more showy endowments which we reward for *our own* sakes. So we cheat ourselves; and so we cheat our benefactors; not indeed of the fame *they* prize most highly, but of that which glitters brightest in the eyes of the world. Look at that wonderful man, the blaze of whose glory pales even the "Julian Star" itself; before whose power all Europe trembled, and America crouched; and let us ask ourselves how far the extent of his achievements might have been curtailed, had he ever permitted himself for a moment to "forget the expedient in considering of the right;" and submitted to have his choice of means limited by any regard to the laws of war or peace, of man or God? His great maxim, that "in War, time is every thing," was well illustrated by the success of one, who never lost a moment in working the complex problem of right and expediency. Compare the rushing, desolating tempest of his career, with the cautious march of Washington, picking his way with an anxious regard to duty, and ever watchful of his steps, lest he might tread upon a worm. Compare his abounding resources, all used without scruple, without reserve, with the scanty means of the champion of our freedom, rendered yet more scanty by his uniform care to do wrong to none, and never to soil his hand, his name or his conscience with any thing unclean.

The fifth and last of *these* volumes brings down the war to March 1780. How many more there will be, Mr. Sparks himself does not know. He will go on with his selections until he shall have laid before the public all that he deems most valuable of the writings of General Washington. We trust that he will use discreetly and fairly his power over the purses of his subscribers, who have engaged to take the work for better for worse, be it more or less, at so much per volume. The price is so liberal as to afford a high temptation; but we hope Mr. Sparks will resist it. We should be sorry to see a work commencing so nobly, degenerate into a mere book-making job. We hope not to have the remains of the father of our country treated like those of an old horse, whose heartless owner never thinks he has got all the good of him, until his skin is sent to the tanner, his fat to the tallow-chandler,

and his bones to the soap-boiler. Such is the treatment which other great men have experienced at the hands of "their children after the flesh;" dishonored in their graves by the reckless and indecent publication of every thing to which their names could give a market value. Let us bespeak a more considerate and decorous use of the rich legacy left us by him whom we reverence as the "father of our liberties."

It is perhaps, beside the general purpose of our remarks, to extract a letter, illustrating a point in General Washington's character, of which we have said nothing. That he was stern, and that he seemed cold we know. It is equally certain that he was kind, courteous, and tender, and it is delightful to see how eagerly his benevolence catches at an opportunity to pour balm into the wounds of an enemy. The following letter is found at p. 266, vol. 5.

"To Lieutenant General Burgoyne.

"Head Quarters, March 11th, 1778.

"Sir,—I was only two days since honored with your very obliging letter of the 11th of February. Your indulgent opinion of my character, and the polite terms in which you are pleased to express it, are peculiarly flattering; and I take pleasure in the opportunity you have afforded, of assuring you, that far from suffering the views of national opposition to be embittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the merit of the man and soldier, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose. You will not think it the language of unmeaning ceremony, if I add, that sentiments of personal respect, in the present instance, are reciprocal.

"Viewing you in the light of an officer contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverses of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathize with your feelings, as a soldier, the unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbade his success; and as a man, whose lot combines the calamity of ill health, the anxieties of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation exposed, where he most values it, to the assaults of malice and detraction.

"As your aid-de-camp went directly to Congress, the business of your letter to me had been decided before it came to hand. I am happy that their cheerful acquiescence in your request, prevented the necessity of my intervention; and wishing you a safe and agreeable passage, with a perfect restoration to your health, I have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c. &c."

In General Burgoyne's reply, he says: "I beg you to accept my sincerest acknowledgments for your obliging letter. I find the character, which I before knew to be respectable, is also perfectly amiable; and I should have few greater private gratifications in seeing our melancholy contest at an end, than that of cultivating your friendship."

How beautiful! How delightful is this exhibition of the best feelings of the heart, under circumstances which the ferocious and brutish use as a pretext for giving free scope to the worst! How truly does the poet sing!

"Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrents foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path by mountain side:
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial faith, and courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of war."*

*We implore the lenient judgment of our brethren of the

The Italian Sketch-Book. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle.

This is a very handsome duodecimo, and presents more than ordinary claims to attention. It is the work of an American, and purports to be written during a sojourn at Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome. The book is chiefly made up of sketches and descriptions of these world-renowned cities. It will be seen that there is nothing very novel in the subject, and the question naturally arises "Who has not already heard all that is worth knowing about Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome?" But, notwithstanding the triteness of his theme, our American traveller has contrived to throw an uncommon interest over his pages. They are finely diversified with stories well-told, essays tending to illustrate points of local or social interest in Italy, and much descriptive writing which has all the force and fidelity of painting.

Outre-Mer, or a Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea, by Professor Longfellow, is a work somewhat in the same style,

and equally well written throughout. "I have travelled"—says the Professor—"through France from Normandy to Navarre—smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn—floated through Holland in a Treckschuit—trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university—wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy—and listened to the gay guitar on the banks of the Guadalquivir." The book before us is a kind of running comment on the text of his travels, and, as we have said before, has many of the peculiar traits which distinguish the Italian Sketch-Book. It is, however, more abundant in humor than that work, and is far richer in legend and anecdote. The Professor tells a comic story with much grace, and his literary disquisitions have always a great deal to recommend them.

Voyage of the U. S. Frigate Potomac, under the command of Commodore John Downes, during the circumnavigation of the globe in the years 1831-32-33 and 34: including a particular account of the engagement at Quallah-Battoo, on the Coast of Sumatra. By J. N. Reynolds. This

is a thick volume of nearly 600 pages, well printed, upon good paper, with some excellent engravings, and published by the Harpers. Mr. Reynolds, the author, or to speak more correctly, the compiler, will be remembered as the associate of Symmes in his remarkable theory of the earth, and a public defender of that very indefensible subject, upon which he delivered a series of lectures in many of our principal cities. With the exception, however, of seven chapters, the matter forming the work now published is gleaned from the ship's journal, from the private journals of the officers, and from papers furnished by Commodore Downes himself. This fact will speak much for the authenticity of the details, and very valuable information scattered through the book. Mr. R. himself was not with the Potomac during the circumnavigation, having joined her in 1832 at Valparaiso. Our readers are, of course, acquainted

craft of criticism on this long quotation. We know that it is not *selon les regles* so to quote in a review. Besides it is trite as well as long. But what could we do, when our heart was full of the very sentiment which Scott has expressed so much better than we could? To our readers, not of the craft, we say "regard rather our precept, than our example."

with the object of the Potomac's voyage, and with the outrage perpetrated by the Malays on the ship *Friendship* in 1831, which rendered it an indispensable duty on the part of our government to demand an indemnity. The result of this demand, and the action at Quallah-Battoo are graphically sketched by Mr. Reynolds. Every body will be pleased, too, with his description of Canton and of Lima. He writes well, although somewhat too enthusiastically, and his book will gain him reputation as a man of science and accurate observation. It will form a valuable addition to our geographical libraries.

The History of Ireland, by Thomas Moore, vol. 1, in which the records of that country are brought down from the year B. C. 1000, to A. D. 684, has been republished by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We intend a very high compliment to the bard of Paradise and the Peri, in saying that we think his prose very little inferior to his poetry. We have not forgotten Captain Rock and Fitzgerald. The Epicurean (a very anomalous Epicurean by the bye) is a model of fine writing. The *Life of Byron*, in spite of a thousand errors, both of the head and of the heart, and in spite too of its perpetually exciting our risibility at the expense of the little cockney biographer himself, is a book to be proud of after all, and should not be mentioned in comparison with a certain absurd tissue of maudlin metaphysics, attributed (we hope falsely) to Mr. Galt. And now, lastly, we have before us a specimen of Moore's versatile abilities, in as temperate, as profound, as well arranged, and in every respect as well written a history as *Green Erin* can either desire or deserve. Very truly, Anacreon Moore is, in our opinion, no ordinary man.

Blackbeard, or a Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia. Harper & Brothers, New York. This book differs in many striking points from the ordinary novels of the day. The scene is laid in Philadelphia, and the author is largely indebted for many pictures of manners, things, and opinions in the olden days of the city of Brotherly Love to the "Annals of Philadelphia." We think these volumes will be read with interest in England, but as a mere novel they have very few claims to attention. The style is clumsy and embarrassed. The character of Oxenstiern is a piece of pure folly and exaggeration; while the atrocities of Blackbeard, which are intended to produce a great effect upon the mind of the reader, utterly fail of this end from a want of the *ars celare artem* in the writer. The book may be characterized in a few words as odd, vulgar, ill-written, and interesting.

Pencil Sketches or Outlines of Character and Manners. Second Series. By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. This volume contains the *Wilson-House*—the *Album*—the *Reading Parties*—the *Set of China*—*Laura Lovel*—*John W. Robinson*, and the *Ladies Ball*. All these stories have been published before in different periodicals, and have been extensively copied and admired. Miss Leslie's writings have obtained her much reputation, both at home and abroad, and we think very deservedly. She is a lively and piquante sayer of droll and satirical things; and has a

way of showing off à *peindre* the little weak points in our national manners. *The Gift*, an Annual, edited by Miss L. and published by Carey and Lea, will make its appearance in October. It will be splendidly embellished, and in literary matter, cannot fail of equalling any similar publication. Among the contributors will be found Washington Irving, Paulding, Miss Sedgewick, and a host of *stellæ minores*. It will also have the aid of Fanny Kemble's fine *countenance*, and very spirited pen.

The American Quarterly Review for June has articles on National Music—Poetry of the Troubadours—Judge Story's Conflict of Laws—Immunity of Religion—Sigourney's Sketches—Mémorial of Tristram Burges—Shirreff's Tour through North America—Fenimore Cooper—French Question—and Pitkin's Statistics. It includes also some Miscellaneous Notices. This is, upon the whole, one of the best numbers of the Quarterly which has been issued for some time. Most of the papers, however, are still liable to the old charge of superficiality. The *Poetry of the Troubadours* is prettily written, and evinces a noble feeling for the loveliness of song. But it is *feeble*, inasmuch as it exhibits nothing of novelty, none of those lucid and original views, in default of the power to produce which, a writer should forbear to enter upon a subject so hackneyed. We depend upon our reviews for much of our literary reputation abroad, and we have a right therefore, as in a matter touching our national pride, to expect something of energy at their hands. They should build up a reputation of their own, and admit papers on no themes which can be found better treated elsewhere. In the article on *National Music*, among much sensible, and some very profound writing, there are occasional sallies which will not fail to startle many an European *littérateur*, and some broad assertions which are very plausible and very unsusceptible of proof. For example. "It may be observed"—says the reviewer—"that, accustomed as we are to separate poetry and music, we must never forget that they were inseparable among the Greeks." This we know is a very general opinion—but, like some other passages in the review, should be swallowed *cum grano salis*. The *Immunity of Religion* contains some animadversions on a sermon preached at Charleston in 1833, by the Rev. J. Adams, D. D. President of Charleston College. This whole paper is, in our opinion, a series of truisms from beginning to end, and the writer, in gravely deprecating the union of church and state, and the employment of force in matters of religion, forgets that he is insisting upon arguments which not one enlightened person in a million, at the present day, will take the trouble of gainsaying. The review of *Mrs. Sigourney's Sketches* we really do not like. The harmony—the energy—the fire—the elevated tone of moral feeling—the keen sense of the delicate, the beautiful, and the magnificent, which have obtained for this lady the name of the American Hemans, have not found an echo—so it seems to us—in the unpoetical heart of her reviewer. But, because this is most evidently the case, are we to think of blaming Mrs. Sigourney?

The other papers are generally respectable. The most interesting, in our opinion, is that on Shirreff's Tour in North America.

Life of Kosciuszko.—The Foreign Quarterly Review for March 1833, contains a notice of the biography of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, by Charles Falkenstein, re-printed with additions and corrections during the last year at Leipzig. From the opinions expressed by the reviewers, we are led to believe that this work possesses great merit, and that opinion is strengthened by the copious extracts made in the review. Indeed the narrative of a life so filled up with romantic adventure and enthusiastic patriotism as that of Kosciuszko, could scarcely fail to excite great interest. The history of his life has a peculiar charm to Americans, from the association of his name and his achievements with the annals of our revolution. The recent struggle of the Poles for emancipation from the yoke of their barbarian master—its unfortunate termination—and the wretched enslavement of that generous people, which France and England tamely suffered to be sealed by the blood of her patriots, give to every portion of Polish history which relates to her many contests for freedom, a romantic interest. It is well said by the reviewer whose notice has made us acquainted with Falkenstein's work, that "There is in the Polish character a something of barbaric splendor and rudeness, of the very spirit of Orientalism, mingled with European education and refinement, an ardor of patriotic valor, alloyed by versatility, both no doubt heightened, if not produced, by the strange exciting, or rather distracting constitution of the old and truly republican monarchy of Poland,—combined with such a gay, light, mirthful gallantry—whence the Poles were once termed the French of the north—that all, blending together, give the nation a peculiar hold upon the imagination. * * * * *

In fact what we have said of the Polish nation applies with peculiar force to the nation's champion, Kosciuszko. His whole life is a romance, and as such, is really quite refreshing in these matter of fact days of steam engines, rail roads and compendious compilations of cheap literature." We presume this book has never been translated; certainly we have never heard of it in an English form, and we were much interested in the summary of its contents given by the reviewer. Kosciuszko, was it appears, like many other great men, crossed in his first love. He attempted an elopement, was intercepted by the haughty parent of his lady love, when a sanguinary conflict ensued. Kosciuszko was wounded, and the lady dragged back to her paternal home. It was this unfortunate affair which caused his resignation of his commission in the Polish army, and induced him to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to our forefathers. We are told that he reached the new world utterly unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless. His biographer thus described his first interview with Washington:

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General with his accustomed brevity.—"I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply.—"What can you do?" was Washington's next question; to which Kosciuszko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "Try me." This was done. Occasions soon offered, in which his talents, science, and valor, were evinced, and above all his great character was duly appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

The first acquaintance of Kosciuszko and Lafayette, (two men who resembled each other in many respects besides being pure and fearless and disinterested patriots and philanthropists) is thus described:

"He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage, as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of that company, which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attacks in the best order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day (the 30th of September).

"The answer was 'It is a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciuszko.' The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

"Who shall describe the pleasure of the one, or the surprise of the other, when the general, entering the tent, [would it not rather be a room or hut?] in a village, saw the captain, still covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour."

Tocqueville's American Democracy.—M. Alexis de Tocqueville, one of the commissioners sent to this country by the French government, to investigate the penitentiary system of the United States, and whose report on that subject met with much attention, has recently published an elaborate work under the title "De la Democratie en Amerique," 2 vols. 8vo. The work has not reached us, but from the extracts which we have seen in the northern journals, we are induced to believe that it possesses much merit, and presents the operations of our government in a novel and striking point of view.

German work on America.—The first number of a work to be entitled "The United States of North America in their historical, topographical, and social relations," by G. H. Eberhard, is announced as forthcoming at Hildburghausen. The publishers declare their intention in this work, to "present a digested epitome of all that is worth knowing respecting the United States, combining the utmost completeness with accuracy and impartiality." The qualifications of Mr. Eberhard for the task he has assumed, are said to be ample.

Errata. In the Dissertation on the Characteristic Differences between the Sexes, &c. in the last number of the Messenger, the following errata occur:

Page 493, second column, 22 lines from top, read "wide" for "rude." Page 494, first column, 19 lines from bottom, erase semi-colon after "sway," and put a period after "characters." Same page, second column, near bottom, read "hips" for "lips." Page 500, in foot note, near top, comma instead of a period after "charms." Page 502, at top of first column, "distinguishing" for "distinguished." Page 507, second column, near bottom, period after "soul," erasing the comma after "heaven." Page 509, quotation ends at "monarchy," and not at "wife" on the next page. Page 511, first column, near bottom, "if ye wad" [Scotch] instead of "would."