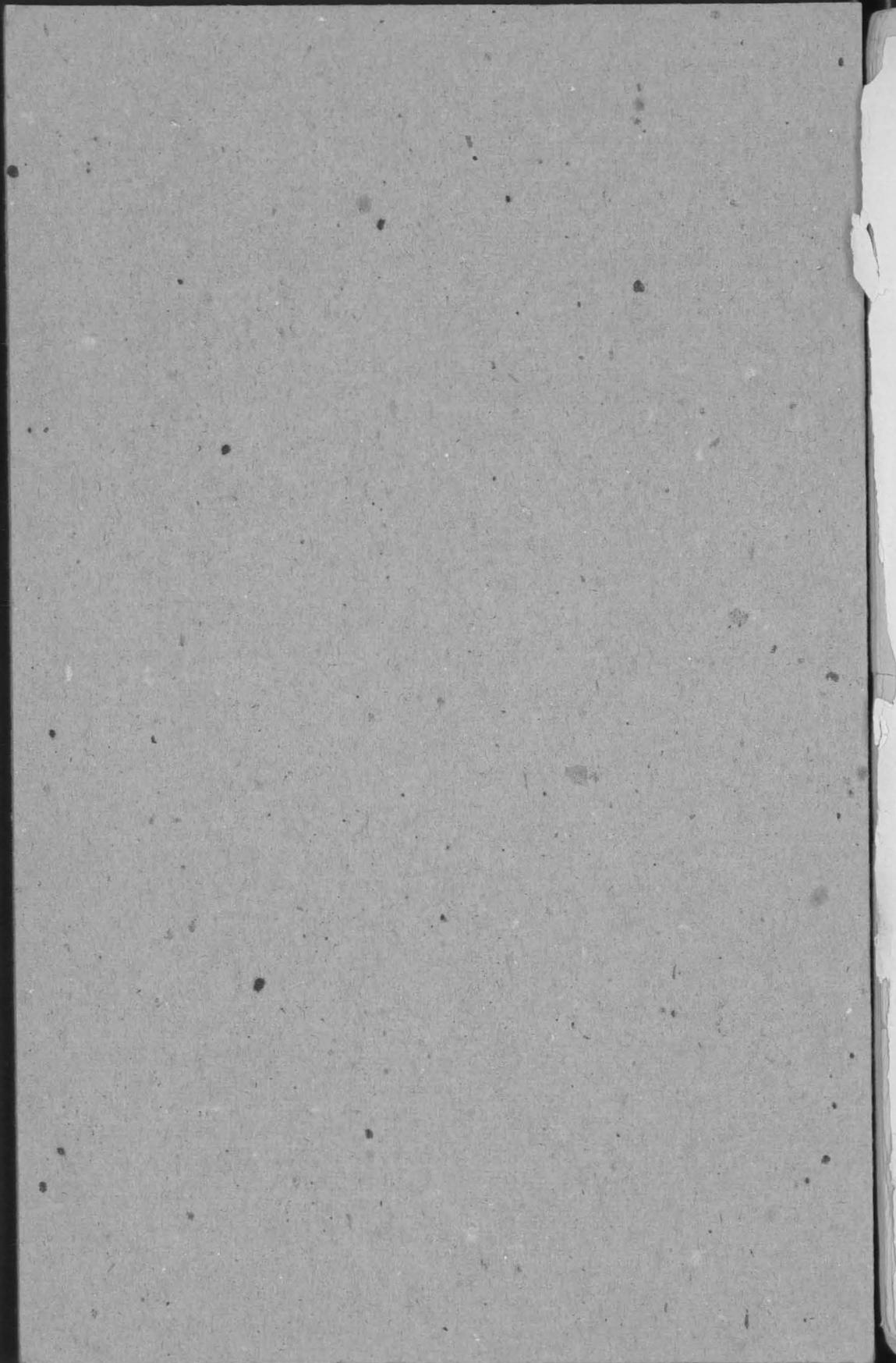


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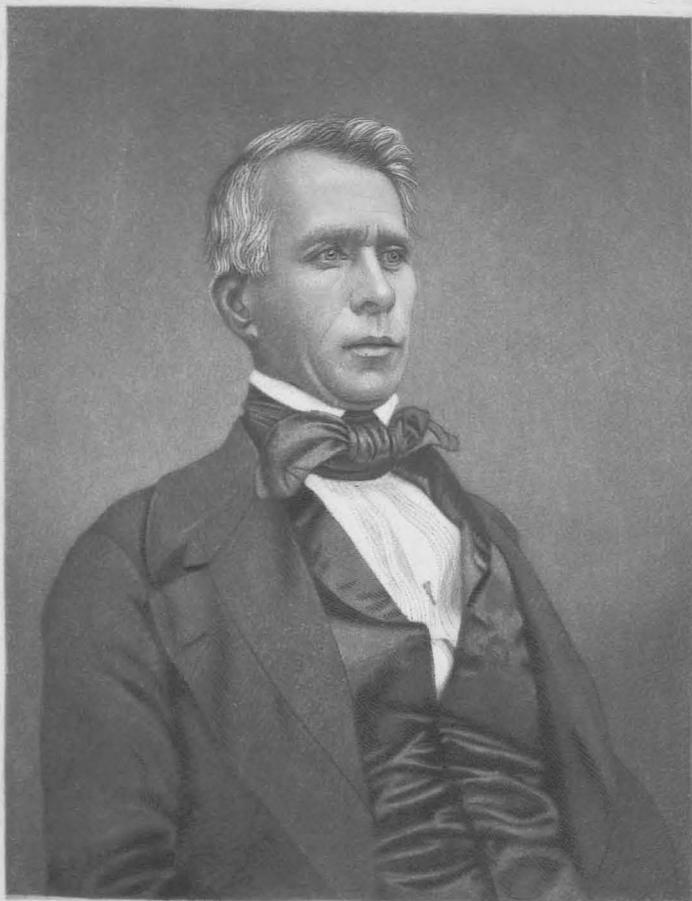


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FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

THE careful observer of the signs of the times cannot have failed to notice the strong and general feeling of opposition in the public mind to the practice of flogging in the navy. Presumed expediency is likely to yield to humanity, or, in the view of some, to sentimentality, in the call for the abolition of the lash. The question may, therefore, soon become, not whether the power to inflict corporal punishment shall be taken from the commanders of our ships of war, but, what disciplinary means shall be substituted for that authority. All admit that such commanders, acting singly, should be, on their peopled deck, superior to everybody and to everything—except the laws of God and of their country. Can such a supremacy be maintained without the means of checking the lazy and the skulking—the vicious and the unruly—by a system of terror? For this purpose, can any policy short of the bloody code of Draco be substituted for a mode of punishment as ancient as the collection of mankind in families?

The reply to these doubts has been dogmatically proclaimed: "*The American citizen shall not be scourged.*" This sentiment, issued from a high place, is believed to have met a response in the hearts of the people. If so, it is idle to advocate the abstract question of the propriety of flogging sailors. It is the part of wisdom to meet the difficulty without reserve, and procure for the ancient system, under which the navy has been governed hitherto, one suited to the national taste, yet calculated to preserve that good order and obedience to lawful authority absolutely necessary for military efficiency.

It is true, that if punishment by stripes was prohibited by law, there would still be in the hands of the commanding officer other means of discipline—such as confinement, the withholding the privilege of going on shore, certain extra orders, &c.. all of which are conferred by the

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articles of war, directing punishments according to the usage of the sea-service. But are such means sufficient for the ends in view? Officers of experience and judgment declare, that with the description of force employed in the navy at present, it would be impracticable to maintain due efficiency with them alone. We are told, that the necessity of punishing offences would require the confinement of so many as to convert the ship into a floating jail. Without admitting this to its full extent, the claimants for peremptory abolition are willing to allow, that it would not be unattended with inconveniences, unless substitutes for the lash were first provided.

In searching for a proper course to pursue under these circumstances, it cannot fail to strike any one who will take the trouble to investigate the subject, that it will be necessary to re-model entirely the articles of war, or, in other words, to repeal the "Act for the better government of the navy of the United States," approved April 23d, 1800, and replace it with another. If the authority it confers on the commanding officers of ships, to flog sailors for any and all offences, without imposing any restraint upon the abuse of such an extraordinary power, were in accordance with the interests of the service and the genius of our institutions, the act in other respects is objectionable, and inefficient as a naval code.

We propose to review this law in brief terms—in the first place to notice its history and operation, and then to indicate some of its defects. We will then be better prepared to show to the satisfaction of men of republican principles, who, entertaining a proper respect for the laborer, fear the consequences of interfering with an ancient practice—that flogging in the navy should be abolished; or, that if it be retained under any circumstances, it be confined to criminals—that is, to those who stand disgraced by their own conduct; provided such criminality can be established before a legal tribunal.

#### PART I.—NAVAL ARTICLES OF WAR.

THE parentage and history of the act for the better government of the navy of the United States, which, for the sake of brevity, will hereafter be termed the act of 1800, are worthy of attention. It justly claims a venerable antiquity. A large portion is copied from the first British Naval Articles of War, 13th Car. II., c. 9, entitled, "An Act for Establishing Articles and Orders for the Regulating and Better Government of his Majesty's Navies, Ships of War, and Forces by Sea." This was enacted shortly after the Restoration, when the Duke of York, afterwards James II., held the office of Lord High Admiral. On this prince entering upon the duties of commander-in-chief for the navy of his brother, Clarendon informs us that "the first work was to make alterations, and to christen those ships which preserved the memory of the Republic." His next object was to find suitable commanders for them, as we are informed that "the navy was (1660) full of sectaries, and under the government of those who, of all men, were declared the most republican." The selections made on the occasion were well calculated to effect the desired object—to blot from the memory of Englishmen the recollection of the unsurpassed, if not still unequalled glories of the English navy, under the renowned Blake, when the British standard was supported by

republican sailors, under the command of republican officers. For men worthy the confidence of Robert Blake, were substituted the pimps of the Merry Monarch, and the parasites of his mistresses. The smiles of royalty were thus bestowed, in order that the recipients might reap the profits of prize-money, or rather pillage.

It was at this period, and for a navy commanded by such men, that the first naval articles were established by the British Parliament. It was at the period when the struggles for systems of ideas and of government, between the aristocratic and republican classes, had terminated in the triumph of the former, and the total overthrow of the latter. It cannot be reasonably supposed, that, under such circumstances, their regulations would be suited to our navy or to our times. Examine the old English articles of Charles II., and we find nothing to define the rights of the defenceless, and no adequate protection against the abuse of authority. Our act of 1800 resembles it greatly in letter, and is its *fac simile* in spirit. And yet Charles' rules, unlike ours in that respect, contain no authority, in distinct terms, to inflict stripes; and it is a matter of doubt whether the practice of flogging sailors prevailed in the fleets of Blake.\* That corporal punishment should not have been referred to in the articles, when fines, imprisonment, and death were mentioned as punishments to be inflicted, justifies the inference, either that they were not used, although military discipline is known to have been efficient under the Commonwealth, or that public sentiment was too warmly opposed to it, to render the insertion of such a power advisable, except in a clandestine manner. This was accomplished by the last article, which opens the door for any species, or almost any degree, of tyranny. It answers to article 32, in the act of 1800, and is in these words: "All other faults, misdemeanors, and disorders committed at sea, not mentioned in this act, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases at sea."

To supply rules and regulations, not provided in Charles' articles, the Lord High Admiral, or the Commissioners for executing the duties of the Lord High Admiral, issued from time to time "Instructions," as the Secretary of the Navy, with us, now issues his general orders. In these "Instructions" we soon find the authority to flog invested in command-

\* The arbitrary power of a commander of a ship to flog sailors, essentially aristocratic, is probably a relic of feudal slavery. In the Roman sea-laws, taken from the Rhodian, no distinction is made in the punishment of master and mariner, in their official relations. The distinction is of a social kind, as of bond and free, high and low degree. The following is the eighth article:—

"If any master, merchant, or mariner, strike a man with his fist, and blind him, or by kicking him he bursts his belly, he shall pay twelve nobles, besides the doctor's fees, to the person for the loss of the eye, and ten nobles for the causing of a rupture; and if the person so struck die, the aggressor shall be punished with death."

The sea-laws and ordinances of Wisbuy, a sea-port town of Gothland, were observed by the northern nations after the dawn of modern civilization, when there existed a greater jealousy of personal rights than afterwards, under more consolidated power. Wisbuy was frequented for purposes of commerce, by Swedes, Danes, Prussians, Germans, Flemings, Saxons, &c., and it is likely that their marine discipline illustrates the remotest custom. We copy one article:—

"Art. 24. No man shall fight, or give another the lie aboard: he who offends in this kind, shall pay four deniers; but if the mariner give the master the lie, he shall pay eight deniers; but he who strikes him shall pay one hundred sols, or lose his hand. If the master give the lie, he shall pay eight deniers. If he strikes, he ought to receive blow for blow."

ing officers. As the Duke of York was the active spirit in naval organization after the Restoration, and gave his minute attention to naval affairs during the whole period of his perturbed reign, this feature may have been the offspring of his character, which is known not to have been the most amiable. These "Instructions," together with Charles' articles, twice amended slightly in order to confer more ample powers, became the law for the navy, and continued so until after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in the reign of George II. Among these "Instructions" were the "Rules of Discipline to be observed," which were all incorporated without material alteration in our act of 1800. Compared carefully with them, however, our legislation will be seen to have been retrogressive in liberal spirit. The responsibilities they impose upon commandants were greater than are imposed by the act intended to govern the United States' navy.

The British naval articles of war now in effect, bear date December 25th, 1749, being 22 Geo. II., c. 23, and entitled "An act for amending, explaining, and reducing into one act of Parliament, the laws relating to the government of his majesty's ships, vessels, and forces at sea." In some respects this law imposed greater responsibility upon officers of rank, and protects better, perhaps, the officer subordinate to the grade still higher. So far as seamen are concerned, we observe no particular difference. Like the act which preceded it, no reference is made to punishment by stripes, the authority to do so being derived from the article to punish according to sea customs, which was found to be ample for the purpose. But unlike Charles' articles, fines are not included. This is worthy of note, as showing that in the interval the practice of flogging had supplanted all other modes of arbitrary punishment. The difficulty at that day of procuring sailors, rendering impressment necessary to man the navy, introduced so general a spirit of discontent among privates, as required many restrictions. Moreover, such an aristocratic arrogance distinguished British legislation at that period, that little sympathy or consideration was bestowed upon the lower ranks of society. Yet, even under these circumstances, the articles are perhaps more liberal than those contained in our act of 1800. They were regarded at the time as so much more stringent upon the officers than Charles' rules, as to have excited throughout the higher ranks of the naval service a feeling of decided opposition. We learn from Coxe, the historian of the Pelham ministry, that on the occasion, many naval officers hastened to the admiralty, and avowed their determination to resign their commissions, if the bill passed Parliament. Quite a number of admirals and captains petitioned the commons, remonstrating against it, on the ground, that the navy had been well governed under the existing regulations, and that the proposed law tended greatly to increase their hardships.

The revised statute, however, did not prevent seamen in British men-of-war from being greatly oppressed. Scarcely at any period of history, has civilized man been exposed to more gross injustice, and more barbarous usage, than were British sailors at and before the close of the 18th century. The British government professes to have necessity to plead in extenuation of such atrocities. Immense fleets were to be manned, and sailors could be procured in no other way than by the instrumentality of the press-gang. Thus, torn from family and home, subject to an involuntary and debasing servitude, it was not rare for excesses to be

committed or violences threatened, requiring summary and severe measures to punish and restrain. It would be unjust not to acknowledge, that a more humane policy followed their protracted contest with France. Even before the close of the war, orders were issued to keep a book of punishments, and make periodical reports of them to the admiralty. The naval magazines have for years been filled with articles, containing suggestions to ameliorate the condition of seamen. Two years ago, the naval prison bill was passed, with a view to diminish the necessity of having recourse to a punishment more degrading than incarceration, and less efficient. It is not inferring too much to believe, that the necessity which is supposed to exist for impressment, has alone delayed the abolition of the lash in the English navy. But we need not wait for England's example. Her statute law differs from our own respecting punishments for civil offences, so that corporal punishment in the military service offers no anomaly in her penal system. The law of England, for certain crimes, directs the offender to "be carried to some market town, or other place, and then tied to the end of a cart, naked, and beaten with whips throughout such market town, or other place, till his body be bloody by reason of such whipping;" and an act of Parliament of late years, 7 & 8 Geo. IV., c. 30, authorizes the punishment, by public whipping of any one who shall be a second time convicted before two magistrates, "of destroying, or damaging, the whole or any part of a tree or trees of any value above one shilling." Human blood is not quite so cheap in America, or trees are less esteemed.

Fifty years after the date of the last British articles, the American Congress in the administration of the elder Adams, first enacted a law to govern the navy of the United States. A more inauspicious period could not have been selected to do that justice to the rights of seamen which the consistency of republican profession demanded. In estimating its value, let it be recollected that the dominant party in Congress entertained opinions respecting government so monarchical, as long since to have been repudiated by the people. Let it be borne in mind, that the then recent excesses of the French Revolution, and the conservative effect of the strong arm of Napoleon upon the public peace, caused a distrust of every movement calculated to advance the cause of popular liberty. Nor should it be lost sight of, that the pernicious practice of impressment for the English navy, (whose laws respecting the navy we copied with "canine fidelity") introduced then the lowest dregs of society\* to mingle with injured and degraded men, which could not fail to render discontented and mutinies in English ships so common, as to favor the idea that nothing but a rod of iron (heated red hot in the language of a British admiral) would make sailors behave themselves. Yet, even under these circumstances, it is doubtful whether a code so vicious and

\*Shortly after the adoption of the last British articles, Postlewayth, complaining of this evil, thus quotes Sir Walter Raleigh: "As concerns the musters, and presses, for sufficient marines, to serve in his majesty's ships, either the care therein is very little, or the bribery very great, so that of all other shipping his majesty's are ever the worst manned; and at such times as the commissioners come out for the pressing of marines, the officers do set out the most needy, and unable men, (and for considerations to themselves best known) do discharge the better sort, a matter so commonly used, that it is grown into a proverb among sailors, that the muster masters do carry the best and ablest men in their pockets—a custom very evil and dangerous, when the service and use of men should come in trial."

imperfect as the acts of 1799 and 1800, could have met the approval of Congress, but for the little interest which naval affairs then excited. If the facts could be ascertained, it would probably be found that the bill was drafted by, or under the advice of some few interested persons, and adopted without discussion, or any particular knowledge of its tendency.

The first act for the government of the navy was approved March 2d, 1799, but repealed thirteen months after, by an act falsely styled for the *better* government of the navy. The first act seems to have imbibed rather more of the spirit of the English statute of 1749, imposing rather caution (it would scarcely be correct to call any of them restrictions) upon the superior in the exercise of arbitrary power. Why it was repealed, we have no means of finding out. It may have been due to the omission in the act of '99, of the oath of secrecy to members of courts-martial. To acknowledge such a motive, would have been injudicious; so the whole act was revised, the secret oath was inserted, several useful articles hereafter to be noticed were omitted, and some insignificant changes in phraseology made. Thus amended, the act of 1800, which now is supposed (by those not in the secret) to govern the navy of the *model republic*, would have suited most admirably the aristocratic Englishmen who clung so pertinaciously to the laws which the Stuarts had given them.

Since the passage of this act, Congress has done nothing to modify or correct it. A demand was made for reports of punishments in 1848, forty years after reports far more ample were directed to be made in the English navy to the admiralty. To the Hon. James K. Paulding, when secretary of the navy, is due the honor of having first directed punishments inflicted on board our national vessels to be reported to the Navy Department. Judge Woodbury, when secretary, endeavored to prevent the abuse of the power to flog, and otherwise exhibited the strong republican bias of his character in efforts designed to ameliorate the condition of the friendless seaman.\* But it can scarcely be doubted that George Bancroft, secretary of the navy during the first part of Mr. Polk's administration, did not do more than any other individual to break up the former custom of delegating the power of the lash to subordinate officers by their commanders, a custom which he stigmatized as a flagrant violation of the will of Congress and the people. Credit is likewise due various commanders of squadrons for their honest endeavors to prevent the abuse, or altogether check the practice of flogging in their commands; but the law conferring upon the commander of a ship the right to flog, is explicit. No power short of Congress can remove it. If dispensed with, there is supposed to be no other adequate means of maintaining discipline indicated. A commander, therefore, who declines to execute the law by not punishing offenders in the manner it directs, assumes for the discipline of the ship he commands a degree of responsibility which should not be expected of him.

\* "Subordination and authority are to be maintained by humanity and kindness on the one hand, and respect and implicit obedience on the other. Flogging is not to be inflicted for more than one offence on the same day; nor is it to be inflicted at any time but by the sanction, and in the presence of the commander of the yard, or vessel, except in pursuance of the sentence of a court martial. Flogging is recommended to be discontinued when practicable, by courts as well as officers."—*Secretary Woodbury's Circular, Sept. 1831.*

It becomes important to inquire into the operation as well as the history of our articles. It would be far from a pleasant task to search out and portray all the circumstances calculated to discredit the naval service which have taken place under their operation. Perhaps some of these would have happened under a better system. Much is known to depend upon the character of those empowered to carry the law into execution, and much upon circumstances, difficult to anticipate or provide against. Still, when a law is so radically defective as to render its evil effects probable on theoretical principles, and those evil effects follow its being put into practice, it becomes wise to analyse the effects which have produced such results. Burke says, that "Law is beneficence acting by rule." If this definition had been inverted, and rendered, "Law is injustice and oppression, acting without rule," it would define with more accuracy the laws which Congress have passed to govern the navy. In truth, the act of 1800 is not only the reverse of beneficence, but it is not the rule of action in the navy at all. Nor can such a statute govern men in any navy or organized body. When the powers of the executors of the law are so ample, and so few checks are imposed, and those so vaguely, the authority to dispense with the observance of the law itself, except to suit particular cases, will be inferred, *ex plenitudine potestatis*. Hence, some of the provisions of the act of 1800 are lost by desuetude, others are only regarded to subserve individual purposes, and none have that reverence and respect attached to them which it is necessary a law should enjoy in order to be useful. As the law authorizes the commandant to do as he pleases, it naturally follows that he does too much, and as "the best government is that which governs least," it follows conversely that the government of the navy must be bad. It may be defined, in the language of Augustin Thierry, "a government with the least possible amount of individual guarantees, and the greatest possible amount of administrative action."

If the articles were not objectionable, as conferring undue and improper powers, and were its mandates obeyed, they are unsuited for the regulation of the navy. The departments of our government differ too widely from those of the English, to warrant so faithful a resemblance as exists between the naval articles for the two countries.

The objections to the act of 1800 are so manifold and general, that to state them fully, it would be necessary to quote the act at length. As this would impose on the reader too repulsive a task to expect him to submit to voluntarily, a few of the briefer articles will only be comprehended in our imperfect notice, selecting for the most part those which confer power calculated to lead to the oppression and degradation of those who are excluded from the pale of the privileged classes.

It would occupy more space than our pages can spare to the subject to do full justice to it, by indicating all the oppressive acts of arbitrary power it confers, and to show how utterly hopeless it is for the seaman, subject to the tyranny of its spirit, to be rescued from his present degraded condition. It seems to have been framed upon the theory, that while the private in the navy had scarcely an attribute of humanity, the superior officer was endowed with the infallibility of a higher order of beings. The act embraces eleven sections, but the first section alone concerns our subject, as it contains all that can be found respecting the rights, duties, powers and privileges of those belonging to the navy. We begin with

"Art. 1. The commanders of all ships and vessels of war belonging to the navy, are strictly enjoined and required to show in themselves good example of virtue, honor, patriotism and subordination, and be vigilant in inspecting the conduct of all such as are placed under their command; and to guard against, and suppress, all dissolute and immoral practices, and to correct all such as are guilty of them, according to the usages of the sea service."

This article is a fair sample of the whole. Without imposing any responsibility upon the commander, or pointing out a method by which he may be held responsible for not doing what he is enjoined to do, a power is at once placed in his hands, liable to the most flagrant abuse. He is to correct all such as are guilty of dissolute and immoral practices according to the usages of the sea service! What are the usages of the sea service? What are dissolute and immoral practices? Does tyranny require a freer scope for acts of the grossest oppression?

"Art. 2. The commanders of all ships and vessels in the navy, having chaplains on board, shall take care that divine service be performed in a solemn, orderly and reverent manner twice a day, and a sermon preached on Sunday, unless bad weather, or other extraordinary accidents prevent it; and that they cause all, or as many of the ship's company as can be spared from duty, to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God."

This corresponds to the first British article, which is in these words:—

"All commanders, captains, and officers in or belonging to any of His Majesty's ships or vessels of war, shall cause the public worship of Almighty God, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England established by law, to be solemnly, orderly and reverently performed in their respective ships; and shall take care that prayers and preaching, by the chaplain in holy orders of the respective ships, be performed diligently, and that the Lord's day be observed according to law."

It will be observed, that in our article, a sermon is to be preached on Sunday, and divine service is to be performed twice every day. The rule, with certain clearly defined exceptions, is mandatory, and not, as in some other cases, left to the discretion of the captain. Yet, notwithstanding this, captains take it upon themselves to disregard this provision of the law entirely. The law may be considered obsolete, although it is read with the other articles, and stands just before the one which authorizes the captain to flog for drunkenness and scandalous conduct—one constantly read at the gang-way, held *in terrorem* over the violators of the law. We have, notwithstanding diligent inquiry, heard of but one commandant who took "care that divine service be performed in a solemn, orderly, and reverent manner, twice a day." There is often, we may say usually, a "sermon preached on Sunday," when all who can be spared are *caused* to attend. It is manifest that the open and plain infraction of one of the articles twice every day by him who is enjoined and required to show in himself an example of subordination, must tend to throw the whole of them into discredit. The second article affords a fair illustration of the operation of the whole act, in being regarded only so far as it conforms with the pleasure of the executors of the law.

As the instillation of religious principles into the minds of sailors is the most reliable way of elevating their character, and thereby regulating

their conduct, the subject of this article is one of vast interest. On comparing it with the corresponding articles for the United States army, there is found a material point of difference, although both aim at the same end. The attendance upon divine worship is *recommended* by the army articles, but not made a positive obligation, except on the part of the chaplain, who may be punished for absenting himself from the duties assigned him. Upon this anomaly Colonel O'Brien remarks :

"It would seem as if the legislature were prevented by some impassable barrier from proceeding to order a thing, the establishment of which they could not refrain from expressing a most earnest desire—such in fact is the case. The constitution of the United States is the impassable barrier, not to be over-leaped. The very first amendment to the constitution declares, that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. \* \* \* Any law of Congress, requiring any one man, or any set of men to attend divine service, were it but on one single occasion, is a law respecting, or relating to the establishment of religion. Such a law would therefore be null and void. Congress might not designate any form of service, and thus might not make a law respecting any particular form of religion. It would, however, be not the less a law respecting the establishment of religion generally, and would therefore come under the law of the constitution. \* \* \* Any law enforcing attendance upon divine service, would, so far as it was effective, prohibit the *free* exercise of religion. \* \* \* It is a matter of religious duty, with members of some creeds, to abstain from the attendance at the divine service of any other than their own church. This abstinence is for them as much an exercise of religion as any positive act."

The argument of Col. O'Brien on compulsory attendance upon divine service is able and complete, and would have injustice done it by further attempt at synopsis or abridgment. The reader is referred to O'Brien's Military Law, p. 59, *et seq.*

Whether the constitutional argument against the second naval article, as it stands, is conclusive or not, we are impressed with the belief that the cause of religion and morality in the navy, as well as the discipline of the service, would be better subserved by imitating the army articles in recommending attendance upon public worship, instead of ordering it. Its constitutionality is sometimes impugned at any rate; and those who are *caused* to go to church against their will, do so with a feeling of being required to obey a law which has no binding force upon them. Herein is engendered a baneful feeling of insubordination against an authority which should always be respected.

All that government can well do towards the propagation of religious sentiment, after providing chaplains of suitable character, is to protect them in the faithful discharge of their sacred functions. Still, chaplains can be of little service to sailors, as long as the latter are exposed to a system of discipline which debases them.

It admits of a reasonable doubt, and is a proper subject of inquiry, whether it would not be better to appoint chaplains to ships and stations as they are wanted, instead of the present plan of keeping up a religious corps. The wishes of the flock might then be consulted respecting the particular religious denomination they would prefer their spiritual leader to be taken from.

"Art. 3. Any officer, or other person, in any navy, who shall be guilty of oppression, cruelty, fraud, profane swearing, drunkenness, or any other scandalous

conduct, tending to the destruction of good morals, shall, if an officer, be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as a court martial shall adjudge; if a private, shall be put in irons, or flogged, at the discretion of the captain, not exceeding twelve lashes; but if the offence require severer punishment, he shall be tried by a court martial, and suffer such punishment as said court shall inflict.

"Art. 20. If any person in the navy shall sleep upon his watch, or negligently perform the duty assigned him, or leave his station before regularly relieved, he shall suffer death, or such punishment as a court martial shall adjudge; or, if the offender be a private, he may, at the discretion of the captain, be put in irons, or flogged, not exceeding twelve lashes.

"Art. 26. Any theft, not exceeding twenty dollars, may be punished at the discretion of the captain, and above that sum, as a court martial shall direct.

"Art. 30. No commanding officer shall, of his own authority, discharge a commissioned or warrant officer, nor strike, nor punish him otherwise than by suspension or confinement; nor shall he, of his own authority, inflict a punishment on any private beyond twelve lashes with a cat-of-nine-tails, nor shall he suffer any wired, or other than a plain cat-of-nine-tails to be used on board his ship; nor shall any officer who may command by accident, or in the absence of the commanding officer, (except such commander be absent for a time by leave) order or inflict any other punishment than confinement, for which he shall account on the return of such absent commanding officer. Nor shall any commanding officer receive on board any petty officers or men, turned over from any other vessel to him, unless each of such officers and men produce to him an account, signed by the captain and purser of the vessel from which they came, specifying the date of such officer's or man's entry, the period and terms of service, the sum paid and the balance due him, and the quality in which he was rated on board such ship. Nor shall any commanding officer, having received any petty officer or man as aforesaid, rate him in a lower or worse station than that in which he formerly served. Any commanding officer offending herein shall be punished at the discretion of a court martial.

"Art. 32. All crimes committed by persons belonging to the navy, which are not specified in the foregoing articles, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases at sea."

These five articles are quoted in the same connection, because they confer similar disciplinary means upon the commander. Were we the advocates of flogging, we could still see in them numerous and powerful objections. They do not classify offences in any manner; they do not regulate punishment, nor provide sufficient degrees of punishment, for either officers or men. Take the first offence mentioned in the third article, as an illustration, viz., *oppression*. Now, every injurious word on the part of a superior is oppressive; but from the nature of the offence, it may be a venial fault, and atoned for readily, or in the case of a private, it may require a slight punishment. This is not to be done by the third article. If the offender is an officer, he is to be brought before an august tribunal, and if convicted, sentenced to be cashiered, or otherwise punished, at the court's discretion. So likewise, if a private oppresses in a minor degree another private, his inferior in station, "he shall be put in irons, or flogged at the discretion of the captain." So with any other charge. What can be expected to result from such indefinite regulations, where all may be offenders, but only one party can take cognizance of, and punish offences? Are they not likely to become dead letters, or so far respected as they may confer arbitrary power? Where else can it end, than in affording security for one party to tyrannize with impunity, and make the other suffer, without a remedy.

The law is particularly defective, in not assigning minor punishments for mere faults of discipline. The cat-of-nine-tails is the grand panacea for the derelictions of sailors, whatever may be the nature of the offence or the character of the offender. As an inevitable result, corporal punishment must be carried to an extent beyond all reasonable bounds, or the discipline of the ship, it is thought, will suffer. In either case, the moral tone of the ship's company degenerates. As to officers, the commander is virtually forbid punishing them at all, except as a preliminary step towards bringing them to a court martial—that is, by suspension or confinement. When the youth of officers (midshipmen) on entering the service, is considered, this restriction of Art. 30, must appear injudicious. No class demands correction more frequently. If, therefore, the captain cannot administer such by virtue of the powers of the law, he must either break it by yielding to a stern necessity, or permit, in his subordinate, conduct totally subversive of discipline. This distinction in the powers of commandants in their punishments of officers and privates, made by the law, has the effect of producing in the mind of officers that baneful prejudice of *caste*, by which they are led to look upon the foremastman as one between whom and themselves "a great gulf is fixed." The forward officers, though bearing warrants signed by the president of the United States, are affected by this prejudice, from the circumstance of their having sprung from the ranks. If it is necessary that the captain should exercise arbitrary power in punishment, he should hold it over all whom he commands. It would be less liable to abuse, if his more powerful subordinates were obnoxious to its inflictions.

The articles quoted above are exceptionable, in not imposing due responsibility upon the agents of authority to prevent their abuse. No necessity for proof is demanded; no investigation required, and no means of redress to an injured person indicated. Article 32 is particularly liable to abuse. "All crimes" may include some which law makers might never have imagined to be offences:—"Punished according to the laws and customs in such cases, at sea," may be made our apology for cruelties, which would excite the astonishment of landsmen. Really, if this article, with a slight change of phraseology, had been substituted for the entire section, it would have reflected more credit upon the sagacity of its authors. The corresponding article of Charles' rules has been referred to. That of the British articles of 1749 is in these words:—"All other crimes, not capital, committed by any person or persons in the fleet, which are not mentioned in this act, and for which no punishment is directed to be inflicted, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases at sea." The 32d article of the act of 1800 will be observed to be closely assimilated to the old English article.

Article 30th forbids a captain to inflict punishment by flogging beyond twelve lashes. But little ingenuity is required to enable the commander so disposed to abide by the letter of the law, and exceed those limits. A sailor in a state of intoxication is noisy and profane. He may, therefore, be punished to the extent of twelve lashes for drunkenness, twelve lashes for indecorous conduct, and twelve lashes for the use of profane language. The reader would infer from the same article that it contains no authority to scourge, except with a plain cat-of-nine-tails, and that none other than the captain can exercise it. We presume that it will not be denied, that, until recently, the colt (a single rope) was

the most frequently employed. Stripes with it were administered by order of all the watch officers. This was termed delegated power, and on board some ships may still be practised, although within four or five years it has grown into disuse, in consequence (it is fair to presume,) of the agitation of the subject by the public press. A few years ago this delegated authority was deemed quite as essential to the discipline of the service as its continuance in the captain's hands now is; nor is there any security against its once more being the usage of the sea-service, if the existing feeling in the public mind against flogging in the navy should die away, without any action on the part of Congress. In former times it was the usage of the sea-service for various subalterns, as the master-at-arms, masters' mates, &c., to carry with them either a colt or rattan, to make men move briskly, or, in nautical phrase, to *start them*. Such being the operation of Art. 30, which contains all the checks to be found in the act of 1800, it is the height of absurdity to talk about the safe-guards thrown around the exercise of this naval one-man power to impose a public degradation upon a "free white citizen."

The last part of Art. 30 forbids a captain to rate a man in a lower or worse station than that in which he formerly served. The law is explicit, yet it is notorious that it is frequently violated. In fact, the prohibition is improper. A person may pass himself off, and stand rated as a seaman, who knows but little of his business, and cannot be found out until the ship gets to sea. It is meet that there should be an authority somewhere to disrate such persons. This was as well known fifty years ago as now; yet, because it existed in the old English instructions, for a cause, in their case proper, perhaps, it was transferred to our law, to give it, as far as it goes, a false aspect of paternal solicitude for the rights of seamen.

In the repealed act of 1799, the articles corresponding in part to the third and thirtieth, are thus worded:—

"3. Any person who shall be guilty of profane swearing, or of drunkenness, if a seaman or marine, shall be put in irons until sober, and then flogged, if the captain shall think proper; but if an officer, he shall forfeit two days' pay, or incur such punishment as a court martial shall impose.

"4. No commander, for any offence, shall inflict any punishment upon a seaman or marine beyond twelve lashes upon his bare back with a cat-of-nine-tails, and no other cat shall be made use of in any ship of war, or other vessel belonging to the United States. If the fault shall deserve a greater punishment, he is to apply to the Secretary of the Navy, the Commander-in-chief of the Navy, or the Commander of a squadron, in order to the trying of him by a court martial; and in the meantime, he may put him under confinement."

The reader, by comparing the two sets, can judge for himself of their respective demerits.

The repealed act of '99, for "the government of the navy," contains the following provisions, which are entirely omitted in the act of 1800, "for the *better* government of the navy." It will be observed that they are of a character generally which have a tendency to improve the circumstances of the seaman. Such omissions are calculated to attach mistrust to the *quo animo* of the framers of the bill.

"The men shall, at their request, be furnished with slops that are necessary, by order of the captain, and the amount delivered to each man shall be carefully returned by the purser, so that the same be stopped out of his pay.

"All ships furnished with fishing tackle, being in such places where fish is to

be had, the captain is to employ some of the company in fishing. The fish to be daily distributed to such persons as are sick, provided the surgeon recommend it, and the surplus by turns among the messes of officers and seamen, gratis, without any deduction of their allowance of provisions on that account.

"It is left to the discretion of commanders of squadrons to shorten the allowance of provisions according to the emergencies of the service, taking care that the men be punctually paid for the same. The like power is given to captains of ships acting singly, when it is necessary; and if there should be a want of pork, the captain is to order three pounds of beef to be issued in lieu of two pounds of pork.

"The captains are frequently to cause to be inspected the condition of the provisions; and if the bread proves damp, to have it aired on the quarter-deck and other convenient places; and in case of the provision being leaked out of the flesh casks, he is to have new pickle made, and put therein after such casks are repaired.

"If any person shall apprehend he has just cause of complaint, he shall quietly and decently make the same known to his superior officer, or to the captain, as the case may require, who shall take care that justice be done him."

If it be objected to the incorporation of the above in our present articles that they are in some degree ridiculous, and can altogether be supplied by other authority than Congress, it may be answered, that the same objections will apply to many of the provisions which have been retained. For instance, the captain, by the 29th Art., is to direct, if necessary, that buckets, with covers, be made for the sick men; again, a master-at-arms who refuses to receive a prisoner, or permits him to escape, is to suffer in such prisoner's stead. The insertion of such objects into an organic law for the navy, and neglecting to protect the crew in the enjoyment of their positive rights, could only have been paralleled, had the constitution of the United States provided for the President's house a lightning rod, and for the mail bags patent locks, omitting the articles which direct that "no bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law shall be passed," or that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

The absence of the last clause quoted from the repealed act, authorizing complaints to be made to the captain, should not be passed by without reprobation. This article is contained in substance in the British articles, in effect in the army articles of this country and England, and very amply in the more civilized military code of the French. It seems to have been omitted in the act of 1800, in order that the law should be consistent with itself throughout in affording the least possible amount of individual guarantees.

On comparing the amended law (1800) with the repealed (1799,) it will be found that while some of the articles are clipped of their responsibilities, and others, as before stated, altogether omitted, those of a character not likely to lead to acts of hardship to the weak, are extended and made to occupy additional articles. This will apply to those relating to convoys, prizes, preparation for action, &c.

But few other articles will be noticed. The 50th Article is defective, as experience has amply proved. It forbids quarrelling, but we hear of duels nowhere else more frequently than among persons of the navy. The 28th Article directs that offenders shall be brought to punishment; but where the tyranny of opinion is so powerful, and the legal statute so

weak, this clause is of course more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The last clause of Article 17 is in the following words:—

“All offences committed by persons in the navy while on shore, shall be punished in the same manner as if they had been committed at sea.”

This corresponds with the 34th Article of the British law, which is as follows:—

“Every person being in actual service and full pay, and part of the crew in or belonging to any of His Majesty’s ships or vessels of war, who shall be guilty of mutiny, desertion, or disobedience to any lawful command, in any part of His Majesty’s dominions on shore, while in active service relating to the fleet, shall be liable to be tried by a court martial, and suffer the like punishment for every such offence, as if the same had been committed at sea, on board any of His Majesty’s ships or vessels of war.”

It cannot fail to be remarked, how much more careful the English law is of the rights of Her Majesty’s subjects than the American of her own citizens. It is humiliating to a republican to be under the necessity of appealing to an oligarchal government, like that of England, for examples of greater political liberality. Yet so it is. With us, a laborer at a navy-yard, (if the cries of his family for bread should induce him to sign the shipping articles, and consent to stand rated on the books as seaman, landsman, &c.,) may have his bare back excoriated by the ignominious lash, at the capricious dictate of one man, for a fault imaginary or real, due, perhaps, to mistake or accident. But the English Parliament did not stop with the article we have quoted. A recent act relating to the marines, specifies that no man “can be prejudged of life or limb, or subjected in time of peace to any kind of punishment within this realm, by martial law or in any other manner than by the judgment of his peers, and according to the known and established laws of this realm.”

Art. 29 refers to the duty of the commanding officer, but it contains nothing to protect the sailor. The directions contained in it are of such a nature that the department might have regulated them better. By one clause, muster rolls of officers and men are to be made out on the first day of every second month. Doubtless for good reasons this is not done as directed, but the law remains as though disobedience was a matter of no concern. The rules for the government of the navy, (meaning the act itself,) are to be hung up in some public part of the ship, intending that the law shall be kept always before the crew. Unheeded. In fact, the whole 29th Article is mere verbiage.

In regard to crimes and offences cognizable by a court martial, there is a general objection to be made, viz., that in offences of various grades, sufficient distinctions are wanting. Nor are there degrees of punishment to be awarded proportionate to the character of the offence. Courts, whether civil or military, are grave and deliberate bodies, who seldom act impetuously. Seamen have less cause to fear injustice and cruelty from them than from the arbitrary power of a single individual, that may be exercised in moments of passion. Still they are not infallible in judgment, or free at all times from prejudice and error. Hence there should be proper laws to guide them. The indefinite character of the faults, offences and crimes, (for such may be assigned as degrees of culpability,)

together with a want of a gradation of punishments to be inflicted, confer uncertainty upon the means of justice. This quality is prominent in our naval courts. It may be contended that it would be impracticable to draft a law so as to embrace every fault or crime, which should be punished on board ship. It certainly would not be free from difficulty; but the French are believed to have accomplished it in their more disciplined army, and it is certainly worthy of an attempt in the American navy.

The act of 1800 is open to critical remark in the matter of the constitution, and procedure of courts martial. But as they are comparatively seldom oppressive, they may be spared the pointed condemnation we have bestowed upon the arbitrary and irresistible power which now reposes in the hands of individuals. Their Star Chamber character should be duly considered, however, and if not sustained by ample and satisfactory reasons, be changed at once with forms assimilated to our civil courts. It is a feature aristocratic in its origin, despotic in its nature, calculated to favor oppression, and shield from responsibility. It well becomes a question for the wisdom of the nation to decide upon, whether the oath of secrecy is necessary, and whether it is not prejudicial. It is in these words:—

“ I will not by any means divulge or disclose the sentence of the court, until it shall have been approved by the proper authority; nor will I at any time divulge the vote or opinion of any particular member of the court, unless required so to do before the court of justice in due course of law.”

In favor of this latter clause it is argued by military writers, firstly, that it renders the action of the court martial independent of the influence of the executive; and, secondly, that it frees them from the resentment of those against whom they may have given an unfavorable vote or opinion. This was the self-same mode of reasoning made use of in the British Parliament, when it was first proposed there; and was combated by arguments, the force of which subsequent experience has fully confirmed.

We extract from Debrett's Parliamentary Debates, a report of these arguments, as worthy of careful consideration:—

“ Members are to swear not only that they will duly administer justice, but they are to swear not to discover anything that passes in debate relating to the trial; nay, even the judge advocate is to swear to the same secrecy. How ridiculous is this! How contrary to the whole tenor of our constitution! An oath of secrecy is an oath taken by no court of justice in the world, except the Court of Inquisition; and as that court is in its own nature a court of injustice, cruelty, and oppression, we hope it will never be made a precedent for any legislation here. In this happy country, the proceedings of all courts of justice are open, and publicly known; no judge is afraid or ashamed of the opinion he gives, or of the reasons on which he founds that opinion. Even in the most solemn trials of Parliament, the proceedings are open to the whole world, and votes are given in the most public manner. This is the great security for the impartiality and honesty of all our courts of justice: were it in their power to conceal from the world what they do, or the opinions they give, bribery and corruption would soon be as frequent, and have as powerful an effect, as they have at any election in the kingdom; for it always has been, and always will be, the prayer of rogues:—

*‘ Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus obijce nubem.’*

And this prayer will be effectually answered by this oath of secrecy, especially in our courts martial, which must never consist of less than five; because, let the proceedings or sentence be ever so infamous, no particular member can be charged with it by the people, as every one of them will at least insinuate that he voted against it. \* \* If any job is to be done, the infamy must rest upon all the members present; and though every one of them may, and probably will, privately insinuate that he voted against it, yet no one of them dare openly assert, much less prove, that he voted against it—which will of course render every one of them less concerned about the infamy they expose themselves to; for the burden of infamy is like all other burdens—the more shoulders there are to support it, the lighter it sits upon every one.”

Publicity, it was contended,

“ Will always have a good effect in favor of justice; for let men be ever so corrupt, let them be ever so abandoned, they will always have some regard for their safety, if not for their reputation, and will be cautious of letting the people know that they have been the tools of oppression, and the dispensers of manifest injustice. But if we once begin to have sentence passed in secret, under an oath of secrecy, we shall soon begin to have the whole trial carried on in the same manner; and this smells so strong of the Court of Inquisition, and of those terrible recluse courts, which are in arbitrary governments the instruments of tyranny, that it must give just alarm to every gentleman who has a regard for our constitution, or the happiness of posterity. We know how little our oath is regarded by mankind, when it happens to be inconsistent with their interest, and when they may break it not only with impunity but advantage. No officer will, therefore, notwithstanding this oath, suppose that his way of voting at a court martial can be hid from the crown, or the general, or the minister for the time being. Consequently the members of a court martial will still continue to be under the same influence they now are. Before this oath was introduced, a member's way of voting at a court martial was publicly known; and, if any one voted against what was supposed to be the inclination of the minister, or general, and was afterwards dismissed the service, or disappointed in his preferment, the world of course supposed that it was on account of his having voted according to conscience, which was an imputation that a wise minister or general, would choose to avoid; but no minister or general can now be in danger of such an imputation; and therefore they will, with the more freedom, dismiss or disappoint any officer who votes contrary to their directions.

“ The argument that the oath of secrecy will prevent officers being exposed to the resentment of one another for their way of voting at a court martial, is frivolous, and carries with it an imputation, both upon the officers and upon our laws. Can we suppose that any officer would be afraid of doing justice, lest he should thereby incur the resentment of another officer? Can we suppose that our laws would permit any officer to show the least signs of such resentment with impunity! This is, therefore, forming to ourselves an imaginary evil, and making use of that as an argument for introducing a real evil; and an evil which will be a precedent for introducing the worst of all evils, which is that of a secret and arbitrary tribunal.”

“ May it not be said, that our common law judges will be less liable to influence, the more secret their proceedings are kept? Do we not know that our common law judges are liable to resentment, and that some have actually suffered for the decrees they have made, or the judgments they have pronounced? But such arguments, it was hoped, would never prevail with us, to establish an inquisitorial method of proceeding in any of our courts of common law.”

Notwithstanding these notes of alarm, the conservative will respond, that the oath of secrecy has been administered in English military tribu-

nals for a century, and in American, from their earliest organization, without any realization of the apprehensions quoted above.

For sufficient reasons, we have all along refrained purposely from drawing illustrations of abuses from our own navy, as much as possible, and shall continue to do so. Otherwise it would not be difficult to show that our courts martial have found some remarkable verdicts. The intelligent reader, whose attention has been directed thence, will have no difficulty in supplying examples for himself. Would these have occurred so frequently without the irresponsibility secured by the secret oath? We think not; and we are partly led to this conviction from the difference observed in the conduct of courts of very late years, since the reporters for the press have given to the public the testimony produced on trials. Had the votes and opinions of members attended these reports, the effect would undoubtedly have been greater. A quarter of a century ago the remark was common, that laws were not made for post-captains. Although this may still be true, with regard to the *lex scripta*, yet the law of public opinion is now found to operate even there. This it is that has reduced punishments lately, if they have been reduced. If the proceedings of courts martial were as open as our civil courts, or the United States senate, in trials for impeachment, abuses could not be concealed, nor public opinion be prevented from advancing steadily towards their suppression.

Since the administration of the inquisitorial oath, the records of English courts martial have been replete with instances of oppression to the weak, and of impunity to the strong. The most noted mark is that of Admiral Byng, who fell a martyr to political persecution, sacrificed servilely by a court martial to the wishes of ministers. This is a rare case. The rule is to let officers of rank go unwhipt of justice, but deal with terrible severity towards the subordinates.

M'Arthur publishes, as extracted from the admiralty records, for the purpose, as he says, of exhibiting a scale of military crimes and punishments, a chronological list of the principal trials by courts martial under the existing laws. It shows more clearly than any thing else, how little chance of redress the subordinates had from the oppression of those placed over them, and how seldom the latter were ever held accountable. In the instances of charges being preferred against commanders by subordinates, as a general rule, the findings of courts were, either that they were proved in part, in which case the sentence was trivial, such as being detached from the ship they commanded, (in technical language, dismissed the ship,) or the charge was pronounced frivolous and vexatious; or, lastly, on full proof, an admonition or reprimand was sometimes administered for serious crimes. Thus we find—

“Capt. Arbuthnot. On twenty charges exhibited by the purser; found frivolous and malicious except one, viz., carrying women to sea. Reprimanded. Such is the punishment an English captain is liable to for permitting a national brothel.

“Capt. Lord Paulet. For separating from Sir Edward Hawke at sea, and returning into port. Admonished of his error. (Here the military aristocracy is sacrificed to the social and political. Had not the captain's name been in Burke's Peerage, his commission would have been jeopardized.

“Capt. Halstead. Charge partly proved of injustice, and as not behaving as an officer and gentleman. Admonished by the court, and part of the charges found to be malicious, ill-founded, and unsupported by evidence.

"Capt. Viscount Falkland. Drunkenness, and ungentlemanlike conduct proved. Dismissed the ship.

"Capt. Preston. Cruel treatment preferred by the ship's company. Partly proved; in practising the summary punishment by *starting*. Acquitted, but the court recommended Capt. P. to a future change of conduct, with respect to the punishment adopted.

"Capt. Colton. For converting the King's stores to his own use. Partly proved; but as it appeared that the stores, though not expended agreeably to the instructions, yet it was done for the King's service; the charge was therefore adjudged litigious and infamous, and Captain Colton was most honorably acquitted."

So much for the superior. Now let us see how the subordinate fares. One thing is remarkable—we hear nothing of the charges made by the superior being declared frivolous, ill-founded, or malicious. It is as rare to find a sentence, "Truly and honorably acquitted,"—the favorite style when one of the privileged are adjudged.

"Purser Turner. Disobedience of orders and contempt. Proved in part. Dismissed the service for ever.

"Surgeon Slater. Writing malicious letters. In part proved. Dismissed his employment.

"Quarter-master Jacobs. Found on board another vessel entered as mate. To suffer death.

"Master's Mate Lee. Riotous behaviour and insulting a Lieutenant. To be hanged.

"Boatswain Ross. Absenting himself without leave. Cashiered and imprisoned one year.

"Seaman Mitchell. Writing a mutinous and seditious letter. To be hanged.

"Surgeon Wardrop. Drunkenness, making frequent quarrels, and striking the two lieutenants. To suffer death.

"Lieutenant Vanthusen. Seditious language when a man was punished. Dismissed His Majesty's service, and rendered incapable of serving His Majesty, his heirs or successors.

"Seaman Hinds. Writing an anonymous letter against the captain to the Admiralty. To receive 500 lashes, and to be imprisoned 12 months.

"Assistant Clerk Smith. Enticing two midshipmen to emigrate to America. Imprisoned two years.

"Lieut. Marbeau. Insolent and infamous expressions in a letter about his captain. Dismissed the service.

"Marine Briscoe. Writing a letter to General Avergne, and causing others to sign it, calculated to stir up a disturbance in the ship. 200 lashes, and six months imprisonment.

"Lieutenant Scott. Behaving with contempt to Captain Le Cras by punishing one of his servants with a dozen lashes on the backside, while the captain was on board. Dismissed the ship."

The above list might be extended to almost any length. It will be remarked that the *gag* law is rigidly enforced. The conduct of captains was not to be made the theme of private or official correspondence. The case of Lieutenant Scott offers a striking illustration of tyranny. He was not tried for cruelty in inflicting the disgraceful sort of punishment he did, or for acting illegally, in inflicting any punishment at all which the captain was only empowered to do, but because a pet servant of the captain happening to be the victim, he was guilty of disrespect to the captain.

But all this occurred in the English navy; and what application, it may be asked, have these examples to the naval courts of our country? We answer, that they may be quoted with as much propriety as if they had occurred in the American navy. We have adopted England for our model in everything relating to our navy, and notwithstanding the aristocratic nature of her institutions, and the professed equality in our own, we have kept, hitherto, from ten to twenty years behind her in every naval reform calculated to improve the seaman's condition. At this hour England is far in advance of us in this respect.

Due responsibility from the agents of power is a radical principle in the theory of our political institutions. This responsibility can only be imposed with certainty by an enlightened public opinion. Does not the secrecy of the proceedings of courts martial exclude that light? There are those who fear the consequence of the public knowing too much, and their influence is exerted to prevent it; but our country's experience heretofore has proved the wisdom of those who have contended that the voice of the majority may be safely relied upon. We have followed too long in the antiquated and aristocratic wake of England in all naval matters. "It is time," says Fennimore Cooper, "that America began to think for herself on a subject as important as that of her marine, and to frame a system of discipline and incentives, of resources and practice, better suited to her political, social and moral condition, than the factious and exclusive state of things which have so long served her for a model."

Before concluding this imperfect review of the naval articles, we will briefly indicate a few of its sins of omission, (hereafter to be discussed at length;) that is, what they require to protect the rights of all classes, and to maintain the discipline of the service. The act is defective—

1. In not exhibiting upon its face the paternal care of the government over the weak and defenceless.
2. In not containing a clause to provide means for any one deeming himself injured by a superior to seek and obtain redress.
3. In not providing rewards for the meritorious, and means for retaining them in the service.
4. In not providing means to keep out of the service those whose presence is injurious to its character.
5. In not providing for a judicial tribunal inferior to courts martial, to serve as a court of appeal from the decision of the commander in the award of punishment, and to have intermediate jurisdiction over offences punishable by commanders, and offences punishable by courts martial.
6. In the undue restriction of the power of the commandant in the punishment of officers, and in the want of minor punishments for all grades of offences or faults of discipline.

## MY FIRST WEEK IN PARIS.

THE "Superb" did her work in a style really worthy her name. The tremendous clatter of her wheels meant more than clatter usually does; and her speed, aided by the fine weather, was something quite marvellous for a sea-boat. We made the transit in six hours only. I gazed with deeper interest than usual on the shores of *la belle France*, and almost wondered they could wear an aspect so calm and gay after all the fierce agitation of the past year, that had rocked the country to its foundations. I made a provident use of the hour we were describing circles in the bay, waiting for the tide to rise, by eating an *improptu* breakfast; the captain was civil enough to get up, and it turned out well, as I thought it would, that I took this precaution. For on approaching the quay we learnt that a train of cars was to leave in half an hour, and the whole of that period would be rapidly consumed in the indispensable ceremonies of the custom-house. All our passengers were seriously dampened by this news, for there was no second train before the afternoon; but they sought consolation, as sympathising humanity usually does, in the fact that all were common sufferers. They wondered at my perfect composure at this *contretemps*, but they stared still more when I announced my positive intention to be off in the first *convoi*. "That's impossible," said they, in chorus. "Just the reason why I meant to do it," I replied, with unruffled gravity. This threw them into a lively fit of curiosity, and my movements were watched to the neglect of their own business. There was only one doubt beset me, and that was whether the Republic of 1848 dealt as liberally in diplomatic usages as the monarchy of '30, now dead and gone; but I thought it prudent to act on the presumption. The plank was no sooner thrown to the shore, than the first persons who crossed it, as in the olden time, were the same consequential-looking personages so well known to travellers, 'yclept, *gendarmes*, with moustaches as fierce, and swords as long, as if a republican revolution had never been heard of. "Ah," thought I, "this is pretty much what I expected; France has got a new name—what is there in a name?—but monarchical habits are still kept up." I no longer doubted now that I should go in the first train, and the moment my passport was demanded by one of these prying functionaries, I whispered in his ear, which was answered by his raising his cap, and requesting me with great politeness to point out my baggage, that it might be immediately carried off to the depot without examination. "Good morning, gentlemen," I said with a smile to my fellow-passengers, who were sorely perplexed at my go-ahead proceedings, "I told you I should dine in Paris. *Au revoir*." They saluted me with great respect, thinking, of course, I must be somebody or other, to be allowed to treat the custom-house with a go-bye that is vouchsafed but to a few in this taxed and tariffed world of ours. The magical phrase I had pronounced in the ears of the armed man of police was simply that I was "bearer of dispatches," which my passport showed, and hence his bows, and my mysterious departure. Throwing myself into a capacious *fiacre*, stuffed

full of portmanteaus and carpet bags, I drove rapidly off to the railroad, first offering up a hearty benediction to the man who invented "dispatches." I got there in ample time, and having secured my place, amused myself in promenading about the spacious and elegant apartments provided at all the stations for the accommodation of passengers. There is an enormous deal of money spent on these palatial structures, which an American, with his *cui bono* propensity, is apt to doubt the utility of. To be sure I like, as every body does, fine architectural edifices, which are not only pleasing to the eye, but refining to the taste. Art must be encouraged, because its moral effects are good, but business before art, as Sam Weller said "of pleasure;" and it would be wiser if these European railway directors first thought of declaring fair dividends on the stock, before they lavished such extreme amounts on gorgeous fittings-up. The railroads in Europe for the most part, as yet, have not been profitable undertakings, though they have the decided advantages of dense population and great commercial traffic, and why? Because too much money has been wasted on their construction, and which has, in the second place, led to the charges being too high, diminishing, in consequence, the number of travellers. In the United States the expenditure has been less for superfluities, and the profit has been more, though population is less and capital dearer. The bell rung while engaged in these meditations for the first class passengers to take their seats, which done, the second class, occupying different quarters, are let out in turn, who take their places. This done, an endless number of officials, rigged up in uniforms of all colors, with badges on their collars strewed all over with figures, indicating the division, battalion, or company they separately belong to, begin running up and down; shouting to each other; tumbling over each other, and begging each other's pardon; till at last, these usual French preliminaries being duly got through with, the engine gives a squeak, the cars respond with a grunt, and everybody saying, *enfin*, we set off. If I were fond of statistics, heaven forbid!—I would write a book to prove, that nine-tenths of the French population wear the legion of honor, and considerably more than the whole must have places of some sort; for the quantity of red ribbon in every button-hole, and the ludicrous number of *employecs* in every enterprize, beginning with the government, does certainly beat anything I ever saw elsewhere, though I have seen some odd things in my travels.

The French have imitated the English in their style of railway carriage, which contain six very comfortable seats each, nicely cushioned and armed. There were only two, beside mine, occupied on the morning in question, and they were tenanted by a couple of well-dressed and gentlemanly persons, who turned out to be wealthy merchants of Havre. We soon got into pleasant conversation, which quickly and naturally turned on France and her present condition. I learned from them a good deal of news touching the interval I had lost at sea. The effect of the military demonstration on the 29th of January had been greatly to strengthen public confidence in the stability of the government, and the immediate result was seen in the increased value it gave to property, which rapidly rose. Stocks of all kinds instantly obeyed the impulsion, and bounded up from day to day at a rate which set speculators wild. Fortunes were made in an hour; and many who had been groaning for months over their bankruptcy, suddenly, as by a magic wand, found their

lost wealth restored to their pockets, and their condition completely retrieved. Nothing could more strikingly demonstrate the real resources of the country, which, at the mere prospect of restored order again, resumed its wonted air of business activity. We are in the habit of expressing wonder amongst ourselves at the recuperative energy of our national character, which has occasionally been exposed to rude trials of financial reverses that have well-nigh stopped every wheel of the great commercial machine, and threatened permanent disaster to the nation. These *tornados* of bankruptcy were hardly over, before the sun of a new prosperity broke through the gloom around, and to the surprise of all the country, rose again, like a gallant ship, with an elastic buoyancy equal to the pressure she had resisted. The political tempests which have twice swept over France in the present generation, were even more serious and profound in their evil than the misfortunes which have visited us; and yet the wounds they have caused had scarcely ceased to bleed, than the state sprang up again, and manifested a vigor no one dreamt she possessed. These facts, all so recently verified, filled me with the deepest sympathy for this noble nation of France, and I gave lively utterance to my opinions and emotions on this occasion. The gentleman just opposite me I found exceedingly well-informed, and of liberal views. He agreed with me on the necessity of great changes in the political and commercial frame-work of France, but he declined going to the length of an entire re-organization. Though intelligent, like all his countrymen, I observed he had not sufficiently investigated the actual situation of France, to be sure of the right remedies it was necessary to apply. When suggested, therefore, he was startled, and hesitated. I was, of course, much gratified to have most favorable opinions expressed of the character of the new President. All parties seemed alike surprised at his good sense and moderation. It was admitted that his position was somewhat anomalous, holding an executive position with all its responsibility, without sufficient power to enforce his views. This is just what I foresaw from the defective nature of the constitution. Still his conduct so far, in office, had given general satisfaction, enhanced by their previous doubts. As we rattled with great speed along the road, I occasionally had my attention called to the beauty and solidity of its construction. It was certainly a fine work; and running over a broken and hilly country, it was thickly interspersed with tunnels and viaducts, some of the latter of which were of such a great height and length as to present a most picturesque effect. At near four o'clock in the afternoon we entered Paris, and, for the first time, my sensations were keen and stirring. Every material object was familiar, and had the same tranquil, unchanged appearance as when I looked on them last; but the extraordinary political events which had stamped the interval, seemed a mocking contrast to all this outward duration. The disappearance of the Orleans dynasty, and the marvellous resurrection of the Bonaparte family—this was the only thought that filled my mind, as I drove through the pleasant streets of this magnificent capital to the famous *Hotel des Princes*. Nothing surprised me more than the absence of all traces of the dire conflicts which had swept over Paris, threatening it with ruin. I had heard of so much havoc, that at every corner of the street I expected to see whole lines of buildings demolished, and pathways cumbered with wreck. But I could detect no change whatever, not even in the smiling Boulevards, which, I had been

told, looked mournful—stripped of its finest ornaments, its noble trees. This splendid avenue still shone with undiminished attraction, and proved the variety of its unequalled resources, when adornments like these were not even missed. It was crowded with its usual animated population, who wore the same gay air of easy unconcern as in days when they had nothing else to do. They seemed as careless and jocose as though the grave responsibilities of self-government sat lightly on them. The shops were even more brilliant than of old, and crowded with glittering heaps of merchandize, just as though such a thing as thieves and pillagers had never been heard of. It was quite clear the shopkeepers entertained a better opinion of the decried mob that has undergone such unsparing invective in European journals for many months past. Whatever may have been their fright, or their temporary discomfiture, it is evident that the courtly burghers are recovering fast from both, and Paris is itself again. I muttered this, as I threw my delighted glance down the long line of sparkling Boulevards, whence I turned at a sharp angle into the *Rue Richelieu*, and drew up at the finest hotel in this noble quarter. I found a charming apartment vacant *au premier*; and the rapid orders of M. Privat, the most energetic and attentive of landlords, ever gave it an air of comfortable tenancy. I slowly finished a complacent survey of the premises, and then throwing myself into a comfortable *fauteuil* near the fire, I indulged in a chat with mine host.

"Well, Mons. Privat," I exclaimed, "you Frenchmen are an inexplicable set. Here you are as gay and *insouciant* as if February revolutions or June insurrections had never been heard of. It seems almost as if your expert romance-writers had been inventing some horrid tales to hoax the world with, for you all look so quiet, men and streets, that one can see no trace of the whirlwind. Who could suppose that so many backs and heads had been broken, and that so many governments and ideas had been blown out of France since I saw it last. What a hurricane, to be sure."

"*Que voulez-vous,*" replied the philosophic landlord, with a shrug of his shoulders, "it came, and went like a storm in the night. We waked up with the thunder, were dazzled by the lightning, and by the time we could see clear, it was gone. There were fragments scattered about in the morning, and none of us escaped damage; but it is no use regretting, till we find whether we are the worse for what happened."

"I admire your good temper, for I should suppose you would insist on being a great deal the better for all that has occurred. It is clear, beyond a doubt, you will be the gainers, but to what extent I am anxious above all things to learn. There seems to be, as far as I can perceive, a general disposition for a *truce* between all parties; and from the same motive, a desire is evident to repose awhile, and heal up wounds. Am I right?"

"*Parfaitement.* The absurdity of cutting each other's throats for no definite purpose, beyond obliging the rogues of Paris, has struck us all, and order and tranquillity are just now the sum and end of our wishes and intentions. We find fighting less profitable than trade; and as I have been half-ruined by all this rumpus, I shall confine every enthusiasm hereafter to commerce. I hope you'll not forget to recommend my house to your countrymen, whom I will do my best to please. There is no class of travellers I am so glad to see enter my hotel, for none are so easily satisfied, and none are more liberal in their expenditures. *Vive les Americains.*"

"I shall remember your request, Mons. Privat, and when you take sufficient pains to let them know the extent, variety, and splendor of your accommodations, and the comforts of your house, English spoken included, I am sure you would have no difficulty in finding an American colony in the very heart of Paris. But have you completed that magnificent dining saloon I left you at work at two years ago?"

"Not quite, sir; for it is impossible, I find, to carry on state repairs and house-building with advantage at the same time. But now that we have quiet out of doors, the hammers are clicking noisily within again, and in a few weeks I shall astonish even Paris, by throwing open a *salle-a-manger* unrivalled by any in Europe in point of size and richness. But since you were here I have made immense enlargements to the hotel, and introduced a novelty, I think, that will be greatly appreciated by bachelors, in the addition of a hundred snug rooms, with a bed concealed in the alcove, so as to unite and separate the two at convenience, and that at the low price of three francs a day. I have now some 500 rooms in my hotel, and at rates that I would have disdained a few years ago."

"These revolutions are your true levellers after all, I see; for the pride of landlords and kings are thus brought to reasonable terms, eh, Mons. Privat?"

"*Que voulez-vous,*" said my entertainer, a little flurried by my fling, "we must all bow to the same necessities. If our demands are too high and travellers won't submit, we must take less, or give up business. And it is the same case now-a-days, it seems, with palace-keeping."

"But let me know, as you meet so many people every day, what every body says about your new President."

"There is only one sentiment on that point, Monsieur, which is that of universal approbation. To the surprise of us all, he has turned out so moderate, steady and wise, that we are full of admiration of him, and of dissatisfaction with ourselves at the ill opinions we formerly harbored of him."

"Well, it would be unjust to blame you Parisians for your prejudices, for they were inspired, not so much by the behavior of Prince Louis, as by the bitter denunciations of your metropolitan press, hired, beyond doubt, for the most part, to defame him. As I ventured to proclaim him a very different person from the false character given of him, I rejoice that his present conduct justifies my predictions."

"Yes, Monsieur, we all put great confidence in him, and only regret that he has not more power to enforce his views. They are said to be progressive; we know they are moderate, and we want nothing more. The lower classes will be satisfied the moment they see there is an effort to improve their condition and meet their wishes. All we want, myself in particular, is a little tranquillity, and we shall all make our fortunes fast enough. Ah, what a happy country is your great Republic!—no revolutions—no insurrections!"

"And no stupid kings, no headstrong ministers, Mons. Privat—above all, no rich class of monopolists that, possessing the whole power of the state, pass all laws for their own benefit, and leave the masses to choose between starvation and rebellion."

"There is one thing that enrages me, for who can suppress his sympathies at such wanton abuses, and that is to see a whole nation turned topsy-turvy because a few hundred selfish and rapacious men love to wal-

low in an ocean of voluptuousness that the wealth of the state is necessary to supply."

"If I were a Frenchman"—I stopped short.

"Then you don't think the Americans would be more patient than we are?" inquired my landlord, looking very gravely at me.

"We are getting on dangerous ground, Mons. Privat; and as nothing is farther from my intentions than to disturb the love of tranquillity you were just now professing, I propose to adjourn the discussion. Whatever you may think of my politics, you shall have no reason to underrate my appetite, if you will only send me up one of those nonpareil dinners that have made the *cuisine* of the *Hotel des Princes* famous through Europe."

"*Enchante, Monsieur*, to oblige you in any way," replied my bustling host, rubbing his hands at the flattering allusion to his kitchen. "At what hour will you be served?"

"I shall be dressed at seven."

"*Tres bien je serai exact*,"—and away went M. Privat, utterly oblivious of the wrongs of France, in his aroused ambition to maintain the high renown of the *Hotel des Princes*.

A thousand projects presented themselves after dinner for the evening occupation; and, amid the dazzling variety, I was in danger of wasting the whole of it at home in deciding on a choice. I fixed, at last, on a visit to some one of the few American families, that, in spite of the fall of governments and the crash of revolutions, still cling to the many charms of a residence at Paris. Such a mark of respect I thought especially due to a delightful circle in the *Rue d'Anjou*, who are the sole survivors of the American regime, that ten years ago made one forget the loss of country, in the number of familiar faces and names that were then grouped together here. If it were ever possible to feel melancholy at Paris, there would be moments when the memory would cloud over at *souvenirs* like these. How many delightful sets of acquaintances I have lived amongst at different epochs at Paris, that I supposed were destined to endure for long and pleasant years! An absence of a few months would bring me back to find the greater part dispersed over all countries, and the rest melted up with new coteries, when, if found, they would hardly be recognized again, so changed were the associations and influences that now surrounded them. To a mind at all sensitive, the sudden and complete vanishment (pass the word) of all our closest ties and most valued friendships, is, to say the least, trying; and to escape what I detest, painful ruminations on the incertitude of this world's combinations, I have always set with double industry to work to contrive new ones. This remark, trivial as it is, is alone applicable to Paris. Return to London or New-York, Berlin or Rome, after what time you please of absence, your old associations will remain to greet you, with such vacancies only as casualties inevitably make. This, however, is seen at Paris, for the reason that the foreigner mixes there so much less than in other cities with the native families. He has abundant resources in the hordes of strangers that congregate here from all parts of the world, who, attracted by the facility of living, as by the endless seductions of this luxurious capital, come here to perch for a summer, or roost for a winter, and then fly off again to their unknown homes. Cause and effect are confounded in each other in this, as in all else; and it would be difficult to decide whether it is to the flocking of strangers hither that Paris owes its peculiarities, or

whether, from its distinctive traits, it becomes an irresistible temptation to the denizens of all countries. No city certainly vies with this in its charms for travellers. There is a scale for every income, and there is no possession that may not be had, on conditions and terms to suit his caprice or pocket. Everything can be had, for hiring, from an opera-glass to a *trombeau*, and even the inhabitants themselves live on the temporary arrangement of contract rather than of purchase. All seem to occupy Paris momentarily, as if its enjoyments were incompatible with the serious business of life, and that, after its holiday shows are over, they expected to return from whence they came. When I return to Paris, therefore, I am always prepared for revolutions social, if not political; and it is a marvel, indeed, if the fragment of an old clique should be found surviving. It is from those eternal shiftings that nobody is ever missed at Paris, for the moment your back is turned you are forgotten; and for the same reason no one is ever regretted. It is natural, then, I should experience a lively sense of pleasure in driving to the charming residence of an American family, whose hospitalities have been liberally dispensed to an unceasing throng of their fellow-countrymen for some sixteen years past—a period of residence so seldom arrived at by foreigners in this mutable, versatile Paris, as to throw over it a certain air of antiquity which a hundred years elsewhere would hardly impart. There is one remark which the persons to whom I allude have more particularly suggested, but which other American families resident here, for longer or shorter periods, have equally inspired—and it is perhaps striking enough to record. It has often struck me with astonishment, that, living for years away from the customs somewhat formed, and out of the pale of opinions somewhat rigid, of their native country, and exposed to all the seductions of French manners and the dangerous influence of French morals, that Americans should succeed in resisting both, and in preserving, untainted by constant contact, their own conventional standard of right and wrong. There is no other, of all the countries represented at Paris, which furnishes similar instances; for even the English, whose code of propriety is elevated enough in profession, are rarely found sufficiently proof-hardened to resist being carried away into open and scandalous violation of its clearest injunctions. This is an effect that might be traced directly home to our institutions; but to undertake such a demonstration would lead me into an abstract discussion that would be out of place just here.

Monday morning came of my first week, and my spirits freshened at the vista it disclosed of pleasant labors. Renewal of old acquaintances, the probable acquisition of new—ready and vigilant inspection of the political cauldron, which simmered and bubbled enough to show the fermentation within—careful and prying investigations of the popular mind and passions—these were some of the bustling occupations that rose before me, and "promised to put my utmost activity to the test. I spent no small part of this, my first day, in driving from house to house, leaving cards for people gone out, till about five o'clock I arrived at the residence of an American lady, whose former habit, I remembered, was to devote this portion of every day to the reception of her visitors.

"*Chez elle*," returned the *concierge* to my inquiry; and I ascended to her salons. A word of this lady, whose charms of person and mind have made her the centre of a large circle of admirers of both sexes. But to

her taste be it mentioned, that instead of selecting these from the vapid celebrities of fashion, she chooses from the more recherché coteries of intellect. At her levees and *soirees* one is almost sure to meet some person, if not widely known in the world of *esprit*, at least remarkable for superior gifts of conversation, so that an hour in the *Rue Ville l'Evêque* is always agreeably and profitably invested. And so it turned out on the present occasion; for after mutual greetings were over, I sat myself down to listen to a lively *causerie*, that my entry had interrupted. Louis Napoleon was the theme, and every one was free to confess that their expectations thus far had been most pleasantly disappointed. Each one in turn gave his impressions of his character, and without assigning him great qualities, or grand talents, all united in conceding him infinitely more merit than they ever dreamed of his possessing. There was one person, however, who reviewed his part, showing how well it had been contrived to ensure him the good fortune which had at last overtaken him. He was the only one I had yet encountered who regarded, in their exact light, the various acts that the world generally had stigmatized as brainless folly; and the language he employed, as well as the manner he discussed these several points, was so superior and striking, that I received his opinions, as did the rest of the company, with great attention. The subject changed, but this same person was still the chief orator of the circle, and on all topics alike he displayed extraordinary research, sound judgment, and unusual powers of diction. My curiosity was not a little piqued, and in a whisper I obtained from my fair hostess the name of the distinguished man, which was familiar to me. It turned out to be Count de Cirecourt, lately talked of as Minister to the United States, before the appointment of M. Poussin. I got into conversation, finally, with M. de Cirecourt, and was more and more astonished at his immense information on all subjects. Philosophy, science, art, history, and the *evenements du jour*,—upon all he talked with equal address and singular accuracy. The Austrian empire and its difficulties were among other matters touched upon; and he gave me a solution of what had greatly puzzled me up to this time, namely, the inexplicable conduct of Prince Metternich. I never could comprehend how that cautious and experienced statesman had allowed the vast empire over which he seemed to rule with undisputed sway, to fall suddenly to fragments, without either seeing or providing for the catastrophe. I had formed from various accounts a high estimate, along with the world generally, of his sagacity, judgment, and vigilance, and yet we find him, at last, closing his long and eminent career in the ignoble manner of a half-fledged politician, who, mistaking presumption for firmness, provokes calamities he cannot repair, and takes refuge in flight from consequences he shrinks from resisting. Little did I ever dream of beholding the venerable form of Prince Metternich figuring conspicuously amid a vulgar herd of political refugees whom "their o'er-cloyed country vomited forth to desperate adventure." This result, I repeat, had all along perplexed and confounded me, up to the moment that M. de Cirecourt related the following anecdote. He stated, that some months previous to the events of 1848, M. de Metternich had manifested much anxiety at the continuance of a system of policy, that daily symptoms showed the imperious necessity of modifying to suit the wants and temper of the times. As if to satisfy himself, finally, that he was not yielding prematurely to ill-founded forebodings, he came to the

determination of making a full investigation of the case. He selected an individual entirely worthy his confidence, and every way adequate to the enterprise, and dispatched him on a tour through all the provinces of the empire, with orders to institute most vigilant inquiries into the moral condition and political demands of the respective inhabitants. "Write me nothing," said Metternich, "but keep careful record of all you see and hear, and lose no time." A long interval ensued; the party, at length, returned to Vienna. The next day the prince left town for one of his country seats, with his envoy, where he spent many days, devouring with the utmost greediness the important details brought back to him. At the close he sighed deeply, and exclaimed mournfully over the threatening prospect which lowered on every side. The danger he descried was imminent; but what could he effect at his age, with the formidable opposition that would rise against him should he breathe the word reform. "Were I a young man," he declared, "I would undertake and accomplish it against every odds, for the safety of the whole depends on it, and yet no one sees it. All I can pray for," he added, "is that it may last my time."

This was not so ordered, as we have lived to see; but I was deeply impressed by this narration, which came from a source that raised it above doubt.

The Count went away, and a new comer entered, who brought a lively piece of intelligence for the parties concerned, which consisted in the announcement of a marriage between the Duke of ——— and M'lle de ———. "Why that must be an error," said a by-stander, "for the young lady in question is positively engaged, I know it, to another party."

"*Pas le moins du monde*," persisted the first speaker, "it is perfectly true. But what leads you to doubt is, that only a few days ago the Duke was engaged, as you say, to another person; but I am going to tell you what has occurred. He was lately at a ball, where he met for the first time M'lle de F——, and he was so charmed by her beauty and grace that he called next day, declared his sudden passion, and begged her hand, saying that was utterly lost if she refused him. She replied with great discretion, and allowed her decision to depend on that of her mother; but who insisted upon it, that the thing was impossible, for her daughter was not only engaged, but the contracts actually drawing out for her marriage to another party. The desperate swain, however, persisted, and as the daughter declared she was entirely indifferent to the choice her mother had made, and that she liked of her own accord the individual in question, it was at last settled that the first engagement should be annulled, and the Duke's offer be accepted, and the marriage is arranged to take place next week." Exclamations of unaffected wonder succeeded this curious story. "How romantic," said one; "quite English," remarked another; "but really it strikes me," I joined in, "that it is not at all French." In this rank of life I thought it was *de rigueur* that a marriage should be determined upon by the respective families, and that the marrying parties should have, in fact, nothing to do with it till the ceremony began.—"Ah, yes," said an old lady, who had been musing upon this strange event, "it was formerly so, and in my time such folly as this was quite out of the question. But, alas! every thing is changing for the worse. Not dynasties only are disappearing, but with them are going our

best customs, our oldest traditions; yes, every thing, our tastes, opinions, usages, are all declining fast into barbarism, and for my part, I am astonished at nothing now-a-days." This sally was variously received, some smiled, and others sympathized. An exceedingly shrewd and pleasant man, who had enlivened us previously with many salient phrases, at last added his commenting to the rest, and which was so striking, that to preserve it, I have taken the trouble to record this trifling anecdote. "I beg your indulgent consideration, ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "for what I shall say about the extraordinary conduct of the Duke in question; but let me remind you that within a year or so these singular demonstrations of sensibility among people of our own rank are not altogether rare, and I will attempt to explain it. The rude changes in the political world, and the constant transitions we are living amongst, begin, at last, to teach us an important lesson. Illusions are gradually dying away, and the emptiness and uncertainty of worldly advantage are every day becoming distinct and striking. Under such circumstances, what is more natural than that the individualist who formerly found sufficient amusement in the privileges and resources of a position that is now almost gone, should be struck, at length, with the novel charms of sentiments and emotions that had never before been elicited. As the world without crumbles away under our feet, what more likely than that we should turn our faces inward, and seek consolation in the cultivation of the affections?"

"*C'est vrai, c'est juste,*" everybody exclaimed around him, except the old lady, who muttered something about *absurde*.

"Well, then, I am not so much astonished at the violent passion of the Duke of —— which is the more likely to be sincere, that nobody now thinks of laughing at such things."

"I hope then," said I, thinking the opportunity too fair to be lost, "I hope that, in my quality of American, I may be allowed to infer that something not altogether discreditable to human nature may be esteemed as among the results of your new-born republic."

"*Oh, n'en parlez pas, je vous en prie, de cette horrible republique, quelle horreur—quelle misere,*" were only a few of the indignant exclamations that flew from right to left, at my audacious allusion in this aristocratic *enceinte* to the plebeian revolution of 1848.

There is enough in this simple incident to awaken the reflection of the curious in such things, and to convey no bad picture of France, as it is at this moment of deepening confusion. The upper classes, who are daily horrified at the encroachments that universal justice and common sense are making on their privileged boundaries, and are ready to employ all means inconsistent with humanity and right to preserve them, are nevertheless frequently forced to admit the fitness of these demands, and are often surprised into the recognition of claims which make their appeal to our common nature. The aristocracy of France are gradually rousing from the Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries, and beginning to discover that they have been living in a land of dreams, where the stern realities of the real world have never penetrated. They have all the air of perfect strangers in this new sphere, where the late revolution has introduced them, and they go wandering about, armed in prejudice and full of mistrust, but still every now and then are caught in acknowledgments that this plebeian region, however new and repulsive

to long habits and preferred tastes, is yet filled with facts and truths that come home to their convictions, and teach them they are not the artificial and conventional beings they had all along supposed, but endowed with faculties and affections common to all, and the highest development of which is the true purpose of life. What a revolution in the best society of France! It proves that a scion of one of its oldest families is not only capable of falling in love with beauty, grace, and worth, like a low plebeian, but dares even avow it, without subjecting himself to the sneers and derision of his class. This is a real progress towards a more natural order of things, which can neither be denied nor underrated.

On the evening of the day I am now recording, I called at a very aristocratic mansion, where in past times I had received most generous hospitality. I found the marchioness at home, and my reception was cordial in the extreme. The extraordinary events of the last two years—the interval since I had last visited her—afforded an abundant theme of remark, and I was curious to discover what changes of sentiment they had wrought in my fair hostess. She was an Italian by birth, of high rank, and married to a French marquis of great fortune. I remembered before that she was remarkable for her liberal sentiments, that went the length of ultraism, as far as her native country was concerned, though her views of French politics had always been of such moderate tone as to bring me frequently in collision with them. The liberty of the French under Louis Philippe's government, though infinitely below the intelligence of these enlightened people, yet so far surpassed the unhappy condition of the oppressed Italians, that the marchioness always insisted they were well enough. That any people should ever be allowed entirely to have their own way, was a doctrine that in her opinion bordered on insanity. These were her ideas before the Revolution of 1848; but I expected that this grand event had, in all probability, greatly modified them. But, to my surprise, I found that her liberalism, instead of enlarging with the progress of events, had well-nigh disappeared altogether. She was full of aristocratic horror of all that had occurred. Italy, for whose wrongs she formerly felt so much, she now considered quite unworthy her compassion. The outrages, as she termed the efforts of the people to better their condition, had put them quite *hors la loi*—they had conducted themselves like savages and madmen. The behavior of the Romans to the Pope, and of the Piedmontese to the Austrians—nothing could be worse. They had forfeited the esteem and respect of all good people of all countries, by their wanton violations of order, and their senseless attempts at new forms of government, which was only the organization of anarchy. It is not worth while to repeat this nonsense, for it is just in this incoherent way the upper classes of Europe express themselves upon late events. Instead of reading a solemn lesson in past disasters, they wilfully blind themselves to the plain truths conveyed, and seem determined to run headlong on their fate. If my fair friend, the marchioness, thus expressed herself of Italy, it may be supposed her indignation and contempt knew no bounds for the "monstrous and unheard-of infamies" the French people had committed in their revolutionary insanity. "But, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, "there seems approaching, at last, an end to all these horrors. The government has abundant power at its command, and is fully disposed to exert it, for the suppression of these atrocious dogmas of universal liberty, alike opposed to sense and truth. In a few

weeks more, and this National Assembly," and she turned up her Roman nose quite disdainfully, "will be scattered to the four winds, and then we shall have a legislature that will give us strong guarantees of stability and order. This vulgar and turbulent *Mountain*, which has endeavored to attract public attention by its hideous outcries, will then sink in its proportions, and dwindle down to a very small *hill*."

I had just arrived in Paris, with all my democratic sympathies fresh and strong upon me, and these effusions of patrician bile quite confounded me. I hardly know whether to attribute them to a general spirit of reaction setting in, or merely to a haughty demonstration of the wounded vanity and mortified consequence of the upper classes. After a pause, in which the lovely marchioness sought to recover her usual serenity, a little disturbed by the violence of her emotion, I looked her full in the face, and said: "What, madam, do you really mean to say that *la France va reculer*—that France is going to fall back?"

Her face flushed to crimson, and she drew herself up to her full height, with a tone and gesture that alike bespoke her astonishment and disgust, as she repeated my words: "*Reculer—dites-vous—Avancer, vous voulez dire*—fall back, do you say? Advance, you mean to say." The blunt expression I had, without thinking, given to my democratic bias, now flashed upon me by this sudden change of her manner; and whether it was my *naïvete*, or the angry wonder of this aristocratic beauty, whom I had so unintentionally outraged, I don't know, but I could not for my life restrain my merriment, and, taking the liberty of an old friend, I gave way to hearty laughter. We afterwards talked a great deal of Louis Napoleon, for whose election her husband had made strenuous efforts. It appears that his popularity with the aristocratic party is every day increasing, which is certainly looked upon by the people with lively suspicion. They conclude, that were he more devoted to their interests, and more determined to see justice done them, he would be less praised in the gilded salons of the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

I have been scarcely two days in Paris, and I begin to discover, what can never be learned out of it, how exactly, in sailor's phrase, "the land lays." By constant study of all rumors and reports; by reading and collating all statements and accounts for some months past, I had contrived to make some approaches, though very distant ones, to the truth. But now that I am in Paris, where the pulse of politics beats strongest, I see that no reliance whatever can be placed on the bulletins of pathological quacks. You must come and judge for yourself, if you would know the exact state of the patient—poor France—whose case, for want of proper treatment, seems daily growing worse. Not that her symptoms are not distinct enough; but, by a stupid and wilful obduracy, her political faculty disdain to understand her malady aright, and their nostrums only tend worse and worse to aggravate it. But to see this clearly, and to know what are in truth, and at bottom, the real difficulties of the situation, there is only one mode, which, unhappily, few can adopt—and that is to come and investigate for yourself. But the task is not easy, then, as may be discovered in the fact, that scarcely two agree, either as to the condition of things, or the remedies to be employed. Besides, France at this moment is undergoing almost daily a rapid transition of opinions and circumstances, that requires the closest attention, and no small knowledge, to enable an impartial person to come to clear and satisfactory conclusions.

So far as I have gone, it is plain enough that the trading community are content with things as they are. They have only one want; and a government that can maintain tranquillity, no matter by what means, or at what sacrifice, is sure to receive their hearty suffrages. This one element is an important one in every community, the support of which is indispensable to the stability and prosperity of a government. Louis Napoleon has been almost enthusiastically adopted by this class, who were before his most violent adversaries. To my surprise I find the aristocracy speaking warmly in his favor, too, which is a matter to be carefully looked into by his friends. It would be strange, indeed, if their good-will was accorded on any other terms than a thoughtless denial of justice to the people. This is clear enough; for the interests of the two classes are directly opposed—and to serve the one is sure to be followed by the dislike and opposition of the other. In these old countries of Europe, where the upper classes have so long held possession of all the powers and wealth of the state, they have acquired vested interests which, perhaps, prudence, rather than equity, should take somewhat into consideration, when a new political organization is in question. To touch these interests at all, is to excite the wrath of their holders; but to be scared by their clamor from fulfilling the imperious demands of the masses, which, happily, in this age must not be denied, is to show weakness and provoke disaster. Between the two a steady, though forward course of policy, is to be pursued—and which, for the time, may be attended with the not uncommon result of displeasing both sides. The reward of praise from both is seen, however, to come later. I make these remarks as I go along; for, though apparently uncalled for, they will help considerably to elucidate the position of France at this moment. I repeat, then, I am getting a little uneasy at the strong expressions of approbation from the aristocracy, and the ominous silence of the people. I have not succeeded yet in gathering anything at all definite from any of those I have met. They shake their heads, and hold their tongues. From which significant pantomime I infer, the expectations they entertained have not yet been met, but that they are reasonable enough to wait further developments. Perhaps their turn is yet to come, which is, certainly, to be ardently prayed for by all well-wishers of France.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MICHELET'S WORKS.\*

HE who invents a machine by which time and labor are saved, and want and misery are relieved—and he who discovers an important scientific fact, which enables us to penetrate still further into the secret chambers of nature, and thereby learn more perfectly the physical relations upon which our existence depends, as well as our improvement and usefulness, confers a blessing, and imposes an obligation upon mankind. But the important inventions and deeply interesting and useful discoveries, from which the present generation derive so much benefit, have been gathered like Sibyl's leaves from widely separated localities, and at various times. He, then, who faithfully collects and arranges the materials, and perpetuates them in the pages of history, performs an important office, without which, isolated discoveries would be of little use. General history, however, has a wider field to survey; inventions and discoveries occupy but a small portion of history. The rise and fall of empires—the details of battles, and particular descriptions of the workings of all the vile passions of the heart, attract the attention most, and are dwelt on longest. Some of our most accurate and elegant historians seem to have devoted their lives to study and labor, more for the purpose of corrupting than benefiting their species. The crimes of the world's great drama have been arrayed in the most attractive colors—whilst the retiring virtues, and gentler spirit, by which the evil currents of society have been changed, and its moral and intellectual revolutions effected, have been buried in the rubbish. Hume poisoned the immense store-house of learning and history which he bequeathed to man, by a spirit more deadly than the pestilence he speaks of—more dangerous than the revolutions he has recorded. Histories have been written to record the debaucheries of courts and the disgrace of our species, under the plea that all must be written. The reckless and vicious conduct of Mesdames de Maintenon, de Pompadour, and de Montespan, is dwelt on longer, and apparently with as much interest, as the noble conduct of Madame de Guercheville—the heroic fortitude of Gabrielle d'Estrees, or the virtuous attachment of Mary de Lafayette. Even the distinguished author of the recently published History of England, is induced to disturb the solemnity of a death-bed scene, to let us know something of the private entrance of paramours. The histories before us are not marked by any blemishes of this character; while the crimes are properly and fully recorded, the nobler traits of human character are presented in a manner calculated to inspire a belief of the sincerity of the actor. The peaceful, quiet, but all-powerful elements of national progress, are recorded with as much particularity and interest, and with the same spirit, that characterizes the more stirring periods. The progress of the arts and sciences—of literature and eloquence—of wars and revolutions—of Roman primacy—everything, in fact, which belongs to history, is

\* History of France, 2 vols.—Roman Republic—The People; and Life of Luther.  
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impartially recorded. This is one of his chief virtues as an historian. A second, and, perhaps, not less important one, is the facility with which he collects and combines all that is interesting and useful of the different epochs; and the power he has of presenting them with a minuteness sufficient to secure a thorough acquaintance, without fatiguing the reader with useless detail and vain pedantry. He seems to annihilate time as the telescope does space, bringing the veritable thing itself before you. You see the mighty barbarian chief vaulting over six horses at once, and his daring men, with an ill-judged confidence, calling on the Romans for their messages to their wives; and now, the *Campi putridi*, covered with the mangled bodies of an exterminated army. At another period, and at a different place—the progress of oratorical genius—the success of Guipho, the leading rhetorician, and the founder of the school of Cæsar and Cicero;—here the mysterious rites and terrible offices of Druidism, with its decline, and there the first timid pretensions of Innocent II. to Papal authority, leading to the final establishment of the authority of St. Peter. Various and multiplied are his subjects, but the narrative is unbroken and the interest unabated.

There is something unusually life-like in his descriptions. Nations are arrayed before you with all their peculiarities of person and character with a peculiar power. First, the Gauls, with their hot temper, belligerent dispositions, and wandering habits; then the laborious and more domestic Iberians. Next in his historical panorama the conquering Celts are introduced, but only to prepare the way for the early standard-bearers of civilization, the Greeks and Phœnicians. The national barriers are broken down by the sons of Neptune; and the valuable products of Gaul—the coral of the Hieres, and the precious mines of the Pyrenees, the Cevennes and the Alps, gathered or investigated by the Tyrian Hercules. The Col de Tende has been crossed, and the foundation of the Aurelian and Domitian ways laid. The battles of the fabled heroes and gods have been succeeded by those of the Dorians, the Ionians, the Etruscans, and the Carthaginians. The south is visited by the civilization of Greece, and the Celts have carried it back with them to the north; the religion of the Druids is thus brought in contact with other opinions, and a new and loftier inspiration is the result. Under the combined influence of these stirring elements, the world becomes the theatre of more important events, and of deeper and wider changes.

Thus the fabulous portion of earlier history prepares the mind for the astonishing revelations of later and better authenticated records. Indeed, it is almost as easy to credit the battle of Cran and the shower of stones, as the rapid and bloody victories of the terrible Gauls. Whether in Greece or in Asia, around the Hellespont, on the shores of the Ægean, on the ruins of Troy, beyond the Bosphorus—with Hannibal on the fields of Thrasymene and Cannæ, or against the ungrateful Carthaginians, they are the same headlong, courageous, bloody people. Their career for more than two centuries had been unbroken by defeat. The Romans, under Marius, checked their wild and terrible course, by violence and cruelty equalling their own; but the task of conquering and subduing this mighty and restless people was reserved for Cæsar. Italy had been wasted—Ariovistus had been defeated, and the Germans driven across the Rhine—"bellicose" Gaul alone remained to be subdued, before a successful attack could be made on the

liberties of the proud mistress of the world. This was accomplished—the Rubicon passed—Pompey defeated at Pharsalia—Cicero assassinated, and his tongue nailed to the desk from which he had spoken; and the decline commenced—the fall foretold.

Michelet is impartial in all his statements, whether affecting his own country or not. In speaking of France and foreign influences, he says:—

“We have no wish to reject incontestible facts. It is indisputable that our country is largely indebted to foreign influence. All the races of the world have contributed to dower this Pandora of ours. The original basis—where all has entered and all been received—is the race of the Gaël—young, soft, mobile, clamorous, quick to reject, and greedy of novelty. Here we have the primitive and the perfectible element.

“Such children require stern preceptors, and they will have them, both from the South and the North. Their mobility will be fixed, their softness become hardened and strengthened, reason will be added to their instinct, and reflection to their impulsiveness. In the South, appear the Iberians of Liguria and the Pyrenees, with all the harshness and craft of the mountaineer character; then the Phœnician colonies; and, after a long interval, the Saracens. The mercantile genius of the Semitic nations strikes root early in the south of France. In the middle ages the Jews are altogether domiciled there; and at the epoch of the Albigenses, eastern doctrines had easily obtained a footing. From the North sweep down, in good time, the obstinate Cymri, the ancestors of our Bretons and of the Welsh. They have no mind to pass over the earth and be forgotten. Their progress must be marked by monuments. They rear the needles of Loc Maria Ker, and trace the lines of Carnac—rude and mute memorials, futile attempts to hand down traditions which posterity will be unable to understand. Their Druidism points to immortality, but is incapable of establishing order even in the present life. It only reveals the germ of morality which exists in savage man, as the misletoe shining through the snow, testifies to the life that lies dormant in winter's embrace. The genius of war is still in the ascendant. The Bolg descends from the North, and the whirlwind sweeps over Gaul, Germany, Greece, and Asia Minor. The Gauls follow—and Gaul overflows the world. It is the exuberant sap of life running out in every direction. The Gallo-Belgæ have the warlike temperament and prolific power of the modern Belg of Belgium and of Ireland; but in their history the social powerlessness of the latter countries is already visible. Gaul is as weak to acquire as to organize. The natural and warlike society of clanships prevails over the elective and sacerdotal society of Druidism. Founded on the principles of a true or a fictitious relationship, the clan is the rudest of associations, its bond flesh and blood; clanship centres in a chief—a man.

“But there is need of a society in which man shall no longer devote himself to man, but to an idea; and, finally, to the idea of civil order. The Roman *agrimensores* will follow the legions to measure, survey, and lay out, according to the true cardinal points as prescribed by their antique rites, the colonies of Aix, of Narbonne, and of Lyons. The city enters into Gaul, Gaul enters into the city. The great Cæsar, after having disarmed Gaul by fifty battles, and the death of some millions of men, opens to it the ranks of the legions, and throwing down every barrier, introduces it into Rome, and the Senate. There our Gallo-Romans became orators, rhetoricians, jurists, and may be seen surpassing their masters, and teaching Latin to Rome herself. There they learn, in their turn, civil equality under a military chief—learn the lessons already taught them by their leveling genius. Fear not their ever forgetting it. However, Gaul will not know herself until the Greek spirit shall have aroused her. Antoninus the Pius, is from Nismes. Rome has said—the city. Stoic Greece says, through the Antonines—the city of the world. Christian Greece says, likewise,

but better still, through Saints Pothinus and Irenæus, who, from Smyrna and Patmos, bear to Lyons the word of Christ; mystic word, word of love, which offers to worn-out man rest and sleep in God, as Christ himself, at his last supper, rested his head on the bosom of the disciple whom He loved. But in the Cymric genius, in our hard west, there is a feeling repugnant to mysticism, and which hardens itself against the mild and winning word, refusing to lose itself in the bosom of the moral God presented it by Christianity, just as it rejected the dominion of the God of Nature of the ancient religions. The Organ of this stubborn protest of the *I*, is Pelagius, heir to the Greek Origen.

"If these reasoners triumphed, they would found liberty before society was settled. Religion and the Church, which have to re-model the world, require more docile auxiliaries. The Germans are needed. Whatever miseries their invasion may inflict, they will soon aid the Church. From the second generation they are hers; at touch, and they are overcome, and will remain in their state of enchantment a thousand years. '*Bow the head, mild Scamber,*'—the stubborn Celt would not have bowed it. These barbarians, who seemed instruments for universal destruction, become, whether wittingly or not, the docile instruments of the Church, who will employ their young arms in forging the band of steel which is to unite modern society. The German hammer of Thor and Charles Martel will ring upon, subdue, and discipline, the rebellious genius of the West. Such has been the accumulation of races in our Gaul—race upon race, people upon people. Gauls, Cymri, Belg, from one quarter—Iberians from other quarters; again Greeks and Romans—the catalogue is closed by the Germans. This said, have we said—France? rather, all remains to be said—France has formed herself out of these elements, while any other union might have been the result. Oil and sugar consist of the same chemical elements. But the elements given, all is not given; there remains the mystery of a special and peculiar nature to be accounted for. And how much the more ought this fact to be insisted upon, when the question is of a living and active union, such as a nation; a union susceptible of internal development and self-modification. Now, this development, and these successive modifications, through which our country is, undergoing constant change, are the subject matter of French history."

This extract may be used to prove his candor, as well as his literary merit. It is a summary of national changes, showing the origin of France. If we but make an effort to call up the mighty past, with its buried and almost forgotten nations—to trace the present national divisions and distinctions back to their original boundaries—we will see the difficulty as well as the importance of the task. This labor, however, has been accomplished by our author, with a distinctness which is very gratifying to the reader.

The Celtic race is traced from its origin down to the present, with the greatest degree of interest, and with a sympathy which will endear the author to every friend of that naturally noble, but unfortunate race—noble in their fidelity to religion and country—noble in struggling against superior force, rather than yield contrary to their convictions—noble in their sympathy for each other in their difficulties and distress, and in their bravery when defending their country. The last remnant of this race, multiplying in chains, like captive Israel, resists the exterminating influences and laws of their oppressors. Their country, more dear in her sorrow and gloom, still binds them with a potent spell to trials which others could not endure.

"Her sons, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from her breast."

In the language of our author, we, too, would again speak of the sympathy of the generous of every clime :—

“The other division, filled with inexhaustibleness of life, multiplies and increases, despite of everything: it will be known that I speak of Ireland. Ireland! poor elder child of the Celtic race, so far from France, her sister, who cannot stretch out her arm to protect her across the waves—the *isle of saints, the emerald of the sea*, all-fertile Ireland, whose men grow like grass, to the terror of England, in whose ear is daily shouted: ‘They are another million!’ Land of poets, of bold thinkers, of John Erigenes, of Berkley, of Toland; land of Moore, land of O’Connell; land of the brilliant speech and lightning sword, which, in the servility of the world, still preserves the power of poetry. The English may laugh when they hear in some obscure corner of their towns the Irish widow improvising the *coronach* over the corpse of her husband—*pleurer a l’Irlandaise*, (to weep Irish is with them a by-word of scorn.) Weep, poor Ireland! and may France weep as well, as she beholds at Paris, over the gate of the asylum which receives your sons, that harp which asks for succor. Let us weep our inability to give back the blood that they have shed for us. In vain, in less than two centuries, have four hundred thousand Irish fought in our armies. We must witness the sufferings of Ireland without uttering a word. In like manner, have we long neglected and forgotten our ancient allies, the Scotch—and the Scotch mountaineers will soon disappear from the face of the earth.”

Nor is France alone in her debt of gratitude. We, too, may stop on the battle-fields of our country, and weep for the sons and brethren of Irish patriots, who died as brave men die—fighting for liberty. Rather let us not weep; but give them the fruits of those battles, and teach the ignorant how to appreciate them; while we ourselves learn from Burke and Castlereagh—from Barry, and Swift, and Goldsmith, and Moore.

Turning from these matters, so general and interesting, our author enters upon the History of France proper. The most notable character in the early periods of French history has never had a full and accurate biographer, and we regret that the poverty of materials prevents Michelet from supplying the deficiency. It may not be improper to consider the changes which preceded the labors of this remarkable man. Rome and Persia had already prepared the Armenian mountains and the valleys of Mesopotamia for the flood of fanaticism that was then overflowing the world. Greece had seen her third province torn from her; and the dissensions of Spain and the western territories were preparing for the reception of the same “implicit faith and ferocious energy.” The battle of Testry completed the dissolution of the Franco-Roman monarchy. Aquitaine and Burgundy were thrown into the embrace of a foreign power, by the continued struggles between the petty nobles of Austrasia and Neustria. Their union under Theodorick was prevented by Pepin of Herstal; but his death seemed to increase the difficulties with which the country was surrounded. The infant king could do nothing after the death of his mighty nobleman; and Pleatrude, the infant’s grandmother, was unable to stay the tide of destruction which the Frisians, Neustrians, and Saxons, bore over her German possessions. At this most critical period the prison doors were opened, and the accursed bastard of Pepin Herstal, the offspring of illicit commerce, sullied with the blood of a martyr, stepped upon the revolution-

ary stage. Not like Napoleon, "a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity;" but an accursed scion, odious to the Church—denied and despised by his father—receiving his earliest lessons, and developing his worst passions in a prison. Daylight dawned upon this son of gloom and darkness; and the shouts of a nation welcomed the despised and neglected bastard, whom the Church persecuted. Wonderful changes! but he was destined to work out still greater changes by his own right arm. Throwing himself between Hilpe-rik and Frisons, with a daring significant of his future success, he met his first and last defeat. Driven from the field, but not conquered, he made up the losses he had suffered by the experience he had gained, and turned his defeat to advantage, by retiring before the enemy until an opportunity offered for a night-attack, which would enable him to leave the forest of Ardennes the unconquerable hero of Amblef. Victorious over Hilpe-rik and Frisons, he turned to the forgotten son of Dagobert III., in the Abbey of Chelles, for a king, to place on a throne which he balanced on the point of his own sword. A king only in name; Martel was king in fact. The elements of discord were soon reduced to comparative rest. The Saxons were driven beyond the Weser—the Germans across the Danube—the Duke of Aquitaine, who had excited the province of Bavaria to revolt, was vanquished, and his army routed. But this was easy work compared with that which awaited him. He had scarcely expelled the invaders of the North, when he saw the flaming folds of a new banner, unfolded with a wilder and more warlike dissonance, on the summit of the Pyrenees. A modern Lucretia had been violated by King Roderick, and the Saracens were invited by her father, Julian, to revenge the injury. Terrible instruments for such an office; less anxious to revenge offences of that character than they were to exterminate the enemies of the Koran. Victorious apostles of a bloody creed, who had borne their triumphant standard from the Tigris to the Oxus—over the Sassarian dynasty and the province of Syria—along the coast of Africa, and on the banks of the Nile. Roderick was defeated, losing his kingdom and his life in his first and only battle. This opened the way for the Saracens, who were encouraged by success to pass the confines of Spain. At this period the military character of Martel commands our admiration, however reluctant it may be yielded. All his former expeditions were comparatively insignificant. An army was before him—flushed with victory—goaded on by fanaticism—as certain of success as they were strong in the faith of their bloody creed. The issue was one of vast importance. The interests of the world depended on the result; and who can tell how a different one would have effected its past, its present, and its future history. It is thus we see this man of low birth—disinherited by his father—cursed by the Church, whose property he afterwards confiscated, conducting a battle as important as that of Marathon, Chalons, Leipsic, and Waterloo. This great battle was fought near Poitiers, where, as the excited imaginations of the historians report, three hundred thousand Saracens were left dead on the field. Astonishing man—of iron frame, undaunted courage, and inflexible will! all thy victories are to be eclipsed—all thy greatness overshadowed by a mightier arm, and more comprehensive mind. Charlemagne, thy grandson, is destined to despise thy conquests and mock thy greatness.

Our author's history of the "Republic of Rome," and the first volume of the History of France, should be read together, as they make a complete history of that period. In the second volume the History of France is brought down to the death of Louis XI., in the year 1483. But we must leave this interesting work, to notice others of equal interest, but of less importance.

"The People" is his own life, his own experience and observation; and may be read after his histories, as the concluding chapter, devoted to philosophical reflections and practical suggestions. It is the overflowing of a mind enriched by three thousand years of history, mingled with the effusions of a noble and generous heart, which has been quickened by trials and afflictions, and purified by friendship and love. We cannot read such passages as the following, without feeling a most lively sympathy for the poor and oppressed of the old world. The author is describing the country, and the situation of the people, in the district of Ardeche:

"Look at those parched rocks, those arid summits of the South; where, I ask you, would the land be without the man? The proprietor is then the property; which is the work of his untiring arm, which all day long hammers the flint to dust, and mingles a little soil with it. The land exists in the strong back of the vine-dresser, ever pushing up from the bottom of the hill his little plot, which is ever crumbling down. The land exists in the docility and patient ardor of the wife and child, who yoke themselves with their ass to the plough, . . . a painful sight, . . . which nature herself compassionates. From rock to rock hangs the small vine. The chestnut, sober and hardy plant, striking root into the flint, seems to live on air, and, like its master, to thrive on fasting. Yes, man makes the land! a truth applicable even to the poorest countries. Never must we forget this, if we would comprehend how much, how passionately, he loves her. Let us remember that for whole ages, generation after generation has expended upon her the sweat of the living, the bones of the dead, their savings, their nourishment . . . This land, on which man has so long expended man's better part—his sap and substance, his energy, his virtue—he feels to be a human land, and he loves her as if she were a living being. He loves her. To acquire her he consents to everything, even to seeing her no more; he emigrates; goes to a distance, if it must be, supported by his thought and recollection. What, think you, is that Savoyard errand-boy, who is sitting on your door-step, thinking of? Of the little field of rye; of the right of scanty pasture, which, on his return, he will buy on his mountain. It will take ten years! No matter! . . . The Alsatian will sell his life, and go to die in Africa, in order to have land in seven years' time. For a few feet of vineyard, the Burgundian woman takes her bosom from her own child's mouth, and puts a stranger's infant to it, weaning her own before its time. 'Thou may'st live, may'st die,' says the father; 'but if thou livest, my son, thou wilt have land!' Is not this a hard, almost an impious thing to say? . . . Think well before you so pronounce it. 'Thou wilt have land;' that means, 'Thou wilt not be a hireling—taken to-day, discharged to-morrow; thou wilt not have to slave for thy daily bread, but thou wilt be free!' Free! great word, in which is comprised all human dignity: no virtue without liberty."

It was thus that the French peasant struggled up to their prosperity under Louis XII.; thus that they survived the policy of Mazarin and Emeri; and obtained a prouder position after the storm had swept over their country:—

"A family that rises from a state of servitude to that of proprietorship learns self-respect—is elevated in its own esteem. An entire change takes place; it reaps from its plot of ground a harvest of virtues. Are the sobriety of the father, the economy of the mother, the devoted labor of the son, the chastity

of the daughter—are all these fruits of liberty, I ask you, maternal gods? Are they treasures that we too dearly paid for?"

This work is replete with judicious reflections, and generous and noble sentiments, and should be in the hands of every reader in our country. In the painful lessons of poverty and trial, of sacrifice and suffering which it contains, we may learn to appreciate our own individual and social privileges better, and to acknowledge our obligations more promptly.

The author's *Life of Luther* is composed of papers and letters, written by Luther himself; and is, therefore, more interesting than biographies usually are. The character of Luther—the great change which was effected by him and his associates, and the important services they rendered to mankind, make this work one of peculiar interest; but the manner in which the materials have been selected, arrayed and presented, contribute greatly to the work. This volume was necessary to perfect the historical chain which Michelet had commenced. The history of moral and intellectual improvements—of liberty—cannot be written without giving a partial biography of such men as Luther. But more than this; beyond the public acts of the man, or partizan, in the private and sacred recesses of life, there is much to instruct and benefit. In the struggles, doubts, temptations, consolations and triumphs of home, the man with his prejudices, passions, hopes, and affections, may be studied, with as much, perhaps more benefit than when he is in the public and more stirring scenes of life. It is thus that the character of Luther should be contemplated. Not only in his stronghold at Wurtzburg, or at Worms, braving the emperor and the empire, but at home, surrounded by his friends and children, sustaining them with his own unshaken firmness—captivating them with the loveliness of his new faith—inspiring them with loftier and holier emotions, and cheering them with the music of a grateful piety. The public man may attract our attention by some noble daring—may win our confidence and affection by his patriotic virtues and self-sacrificing spirit, but he is not wholly himself; the passions and energies of others, mingling with his own, destroy his individuality. It is at home only that we see the man individually: there, in the every-day occurrences of life, subject to all the silent but potent influences of nature—the growth and decay of vegetation—the beauty and fragrance of flowers—the joys and sorrows, the smiles and tears of friends—the birth and death of children; it is there, and there only, that the pulsations of the heart can be correctly measured. In this position, as well as in his public career, Michelet's history enables us to study Luther. But we are compelled to leave the work for the present.

We have not over-estimated the character of these histories; but fear we have not been able to do them justice. They are most valuable contributions to the literature of the world; and are indispensable materials in the construction of that mighty historical edifice which is rising so rapidly under the literary energy of the present age. That the author has achieved an honorable place among the most reliable historians and most accomplished writers, cannot be doubted.

These works have been published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., in a neat style, and are well entitled to a place in their most excellent historical library.

## RAPHAEL.\*

WHEN it was first announced that Lamartine proposed to publish a work under the title of "Memoirs of my Youth," we felt a thrill of pleasure at the bare possibility of contemplating the workings of that wonderful mind in its youthful hours, before its warm, powerful imagination had been brought in violent contact with the cold heartlessness of an uncharitable world. We anticipated with delight the prospect, the emotions we should experience, in viewing the developments of his earlier days—in contemplating the "yearning spirit of the years to come," as it manifested itself in the trivial actions, the thoughts and feelings of his boyish manhood. There is something in the early history of the great, particularly when detailed by themselves—charms which never fail to please—a certain indefinable something, which carries the heart and feelings of the reader along with it.

Knowing, as we did, his powerful imagination, rich in its poetic fervor, glowing with its love for the beautiful in nature; and, what is still higher, yet warm and enthusiastic in his admiration of the beauties of liberty, we were anticipating for ourselves an intellectual repast of no ordinary quality. We were not blind to his faults. We knew him to be vain; we knew him to be very prodigal, and, at the same time, almost avaricious in the thirst for earthly riches. We knew him, too, as Lamartine the statesman. When, in that hurricane of popular commotion and excitement, which in February swept over France, scattering ruined and broken the fragments of a profligate and licentious royalty; when, in that grand spectacle of an outraged and down-trodden people, arising in their giant strength to claim their rights, the returned spirits of the old betrayers of liberty, inhabiting earthly tabernacles, sought again to raise themselves on the waves of a tempestuous and giddy popularity, by shouting for the guillotine and "drapeau rouge,"—then rose Lamartine, like the spirit of the storm-king riding triumphantly on the tempestuous deep, bidding the winds and waves of popular tumult to hush, and cease their murmuring;—then, by his impassioned eloquence, his simple arguments, did he breast and stay that onward march of death. It required no ordinary courage, no common bravery, to stand between that infuriated blood-seeking and blood-thirsty faction, and their intended victims, in that terrible day. But with the day and with the hour came also the man—and that man was Lamartine. Contemplating this, and remembering also, that, when a blood-thirsty clique gained the ascendancy, Lamartine gave up place and power, to enable Cavaignac to interpose the strong arm of force, and, even at the point of the bayonet, save France from becoming the prey of an infuriated faction, we must respect Lamartine as the patriot. Though obloquy and scorn be now his portion, history, with its pen of truth, may confer that name of justice which his countrymen, if not the world,

\* Raphael: or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonso De Lamartine. Harper Brothers.

may deny him. Viewing Lamartine as the historian and the poet, we may honor and respect him as a man, and a man of genius. We see him in his *History of the Girondists* meteing out censure to vice and wickedness, even in the highest places. We see him in the face of a restored monarchy, portraying in glowing colors the virtues of the republicans, the correctness of their professed principles, and at the same time visiting, with burning, scathing denunciations, the men and the motives of those who participated in creating and continuing that sanguinary deluge, which at that time caused Paris to be watered by the blood of her citizens. He clothed the history of those men and those times with such a poetic fervor of expression, that one cannot read the book without feeling oneself standing in the midst of those stirring scenes of which he is reading. We know there are some, many, perhaps, who object to anything more than a mere matter of fact in a history; but we are among another class, who have no objections to the decorations in which it is clothed, so that the facts be genuine. We cannot perceive whereby any virtue departs from a Damascus blade, because it is polished, and placed within a golden scabbard.

We see him as the poet, pouring out to the world from the shrine of his own heart, in gushing beauty, the creations of his own fervent imagination—some with an air of mingled melancholy and sweetness, and others with the deep, passionate strains of love—all alike beautiful—for their beauty of expression, depth of feeling, and originality of ideas. Looking at Lamartine with these feelings—viewing him in the triple character of patriot, poet, and philosopher, and admiring him in each, what wonder is it, that from one so gifted much should be expected?

With this much of introduction we come to the work itself, and what do we find?—The story part of the book has, as usual, a hero and heroine. The hero passes under the name of Raphael, because “he much resembled a youthful portrait of Raphael, which may be seen in the Barberini Gallery, at Rome.” He is about twenty years of age when the book opens, at which age he has become misanthropic—*duodecimo* Byronic. He rolls over his collar, gazes at the stars with an abstracted look, and finally “hides his light beneath a bushel,” by burying himself, genius and all, in the town of Aix, in Savoy—all because the world, at his advent into it, did not bow down itself in profound adoration to his genius. At Aix “he finds a young stranger, a lady, who had remained at the baths, in a weak and languid state of health, which it was feared would degenerate into consumption.” Their windows being opposite, and both being star-gazers, they soon commence a regular system of billing and cooing, which in a few days ripens into an accidental meeting, at which time he “bows respectfully, and with a deferential air.” Again and again he meets her, and every time she passes before his eyes, the deeper and stronger grows his love. He ascertains that she is married to an “old man who had adopted her, to bequeath to her his name and fortune.” In one of the latter days of October, they both, while sailing upon the lake in different boats, are overtaken by a storm; and, as a matter of course, she is shipwrecked, and almost drowned, when our hero rushes up just in time to save her life. She is senseless for a long time, but finally, by his assiduous attentions, is restored to sudden consciousness, and both find themselves ir retrievably entangled in the meshes of love. A burning, ardent, un-

quenchable passion has taken possession of them; not, however, an earthly, sensual passion—far from it; it is spiritual entirely; purely a Platonic love, though generated by a similar concatenation of catastrophes, which usually stand as sponsors for earthly, first-sight loves, with the most approved novel-writers. During one of their Platonic communings she relates to him her previous history.

She proved to be a beautiful Creole, "born in the same land as Virginia," by the name of Julia D\*\*\*\*. Her family was broken up, owing to an insurrection on the island, (Mauritius, an isle in the south of France,) in leaving which they were shipwrecked, and thrown on the coast of France. Soon after she was left an orphan, and placed in one of the government schools, where she was educated. An old man of great celebrity visited the school occasionally in the name of the Emperor; he noticed her—was struck with her beauty and talents, and prevails upon her to consent "to accept, in the eyes of the world, and for the world only, the name, the hand, and the affection of an old man, who would be a father under the name of a husband; and who, as such, would merely seek the right of receiving her into his house, and loving her as his child." Their relations as man and wife to be purely and solely Platonic—his a father's, her's a daughter's love. This hoary-headed husband and his venerable associates showered down upon her their own bleak and wintry snows, which caused her youthful joyousness to pine away into melancholy. Her health rapidly declines, until she becomes a confirmed invalid, hastening gravewards. The medical skill, and all the remedies Paris could afford, having been ineffectually tried and exhausted, as a last resource she is sent to try the healing virtues of the springs at Aix. After finishing this detail of her life, Raphael tells her his previous history; and both, deeply in love though they be, vehemently exclaimed—Brother! Sister!

This love becomes their life, their thoughts, their words, their actions, and these constitute the theme of the book. Their thoughts, their communings, their sleepless nights, are all detailed with impassioned eloquence. Their lives and loves become so intertwined with each other, that at the prospect of separation they resolve to die together. For this purpose they go out in a boat on the water, resolving to slide beneath the wave in one embrace. They tied themselves together in a winding-sheet of fishermen's ropes, which are in the boat; they say their last earthly prayers; when, in his own words, "at the very instant I was taking the spring which would forever have buried us in the waves," they think better of it, and conclude to live. They return to the hotel, where she receives from the post a summons to Paris, to join her fatherly husband. The usual heart-rending separation, which ensues between lovers whom the fates sunder, takes place before she starts. He resolves to watch over her on her journey, and, being very poor, pawns his jewels, procures a caleche, and follows the carriage, as an invisible guardian of its inmate, to Paris. He watches over her until he saw her alight at her own residence, and then consoled himself by walking up and down in front of the house where she resided all night. The next day he returned home, and administered balm to his stricken heart, by sending her a daily journal of his thoughts and feelings—what the new-light philosophers would call a transcript of his inner life, which she duly reciprocated. They continue this correspondence for some two months,

when longer absence from her being insupportable, he prevails upon his mother to yield up a diamond ring, an heir-loom, which he sold, and with the proceeds returned to Paris. The first rapturous meeting of the lovers being over, he is presented to the possessor of his soul's idol, who enters somewhat into his feelings, and is received as a son. He is with her almost constantly, for several months, in the enjoyment of their Platonic love and sweet communion of souls. In the midst of all this enjoyment she gradually but rapidly fails, and at length dies, leaving our hero in utter desolation. He is found the morning after her death wandering among precipices in the mists of the Rhine, and is carried to his father's house, there to mourn silently, his communings following her to the spirit-world.

We are free to confess we were disappointed—very much disappointed—in perusing this book. We had expected more than we obtained. Not that there are not beauties in the book, for there are many, particularly if it is viewed in its true character, *i. e.*, as a prose poem; but even the veriest dribbler, the feeblest, shallowest poetaster who ever tagged one line to another, is not secure against the possibility of uttering some graceful thoughts, some beautiful ideas. From Lamartine we had expected “a string of pearls bound by a silken cord;” not here and there a pearl, its chaste beauty almost obscured by the sickening treacle with which it is surrounded. The hero has not the first quality of a *man* about him, much less those of a hero. He neither hopes, nor struggles, nor grapples with life. He takes the last jewel from an impoverished mother to obtain wherewith to feed his love. He displays no heroism of any kind, but keeps up one prolonged whine of maudlin sentimentalism. Our heroine is not much better. Take them together, and they make a complete Rousseau and Madame De Warens, *and water*. Those who have yet to learn that the boarding-school sentimentality of Misses in pantaletts, who worship at the shrine of the boy-god, is *not* the sum and substance of human existence, will gloat and revel over the pages of this book. To another class—those who stand in relations similar to those of our hero and heroine—those in love, who see no happiness in the present, no joyous anticipations in the future that are not to be derived from each other—those who let the sea of passion, in which their own souls are floating, swallow up the world of reality in which they are placed, to act and to do—such as these will weep and exult over its pages of passion, clinging the closer to their own delusion, which they here see typified; but for living, acting, sensible men or women, the only attraction of the book will be found in a small compass, comprised in some of the episodes, and some beautiful—surpassingly beautiful—descriptions of scenery. It may be said that we are not competent judges, and therefore ought not to judge, by English or American rules, a work calculated for the French market, unless we can transform our feelings into those of a Frenchman's. Different nations have their different standards of beauty, and why not different standards of literature? The Assyrian Venus, Hera, according to Layard, was round-shouldered.

In Africa, thick lips, woolly hair, ebony complexion, elongated heels, and odoriferous natural perfume, and various others, to us unpleasant qualities, are positively requisite to fill the measure for their standard of beauty. The argument, good in itself, operates only in

relation to the ideal; it has no force when applied to the real. The human passions, and love particularly, neither owe nor yield allegiance to the conventionalities of life, to be formed or smothered at pleasure. We are no cynic; we are no skeptic; we believe in love paternal and love fraternal; we believe, too, in a pure, devoted, ardent love, which will brave dangers and withstand trials; a love which purifies and refines; a love which displays itself in acts, not words alone; and which yields a pure, burning, acceptable incense to the throne of infinite love. Such love must be founded on the basis of respect, and nourished by the knowledge of virtues. It is this dish-water sentimentality, this trashy, dribbling effervescence, which flows from the morbid brains of love-sick novel heroes—this

“Lip to lip and eye to eye,  
Hand in hand we live, we die,  
No more thou and no more I,  
We, and only *we*—”

this dream, through fancied reality of love-sick swains, which is nourished and fed by much of what is called the light literature of the day, but which diseases and degrades the imagination, and is a living libel on the holy passion, the name of which it purloins. This it is which we would protest against, and which we believe Lamartine's Raphael ministers to. The lesson which Lamartine would have us draw is, perhaps, the reverse; the lesson which is the easiest to draw, and which will be drawn, is the one which we deprecate. We would lend a helping, though feeble hand, and bid God speed to those who would throw the foulest odium on such miserable, rickety starvelings of literature, which tend directly to minister to this prurient passion, which some call love. The most biting powers of sarcasm and ridicule could not be better employed, than to assist to drive away these literary Egyptian locusts who swarm throughout the country, leaving their effects upon every *green* thing. We cannot commend the moral tendency of the book; on the contrary, we most decidedly reprobate it. It is bad, very bad;—its hero a Christian—it heroine a worshipper at the shrine of Voltaire, and imbued with the principles of kindred philosophers. The characters in the book are pure, we grant; but the influence of their teachings and example would overthrow virtue and religion, sap the foundations of well-organized society, and ring the funeral knell of all we love and cherish in our domestic relations. We deprecate its influence far more than such works as Rousseau's and Mad. Sands'; with them the bane and the antidote, to a certain extent, go together. Immorality and licentiousness may be the teachings and tendencies of their books; but with them the characters in the books themselves are licentious and immoral. We see the effect of the principles advanced developed in the characters personified. On the breakers they place the shipwrecked vessel, to serve as a perpetual light-house, and we have no fear of others being wrecked thereon. With Raphael it is different. From characters, pure almost as seraphs round the throne of heaven, emanate these pernicious principles. Human passions are tried beyond the power of humanity to withstand, and yet they come unscathed from the fiery ordeal. The breakers are placed with the ship as having in safety ridden over them—breakers

such as no human barque ever has or ever can ride over in safety. Having expressed thus briefly our views of the work in question, we will now proceed to give a few extracts from the book itself.

One of the most beautiful of the episodes, and which we give as a sample of several in the book, is found in page twenty-nine of Harper's edition:—

“There was now more sunshine, music, and perfume—more holy psalmody of the winds and waters, of birds, and sonorous echoes of the lakes and forests, beneath the crumbling pillars, dismantled nave, and shattered roof of the empty Abbey, than there had been holy tapers, fumes of incense, and monotonous chants, in the ceremonies and processions that filled it night and day. Nature is the high priest, the noblest decorator, the holiest poet, and most inspired musician of God. The young swallows in their nest below the broken cornice, greeting their mother with their cheerful chirping; the sighing of the breeze, which seems to bear to the unpeopled cloisters the sound of flapping sails; the lament of the waves, and the dying notes of the fisherman's song; the balmy emanations which now and then are wafted through the nave; the flowers which shed their leaves upon the tombs; the waving of the green drapery which clothes the walls; the sonorous and reverberated echoes of the stranger steps upon the vaults where sleep the dead, are all as full of piety, holy thoughts, and unbounded aspirations, as was the monastery in its days of sacred splendor. Man is no longer there, with all his miserable passions contracted by the narrow pale in which they were confined, but not extinguished; but God is there, never so plainly seen as in the works of nature; God, whose unshadowed splendor seems to re-enter once more these intellectual graves, whose vaulted roofs no longer intercept the glorious sunshine and the light of heaven.”

The following description of Raphael in the Prologue, on page 6, is uncommonly delicately, nay, exquisitely drawn:—

“Every one knows the youthful portrait of Raphael to which I have alluded. It represents a youth of sixteen, whose face is somewhat paled by the rays of a Roman sun, but on whose cheek still blooms the soft down of childhood. A glancing ray of light seems to play on the velvet of the cheek. He leans his elbow on a table; the arm is bent upward to support the head, which rests on the palm of the hand, and the admirably modeled fingers are lightly imprinted on the cheek and chin; the delicate mouth is thoughtful and melancholy; the nose is slender at its rise, and slightly tinged with blue, as though the azure veins shone through the fair transparency of the skin; the eyes are of that dark, heavenly hue, which the Appenine wears at the approach of dawn; they gaze earnestly forward, but are slightly raised to heaven, as though they ever looked higher than nature; a liquid lustre illuminates their inmost depths, like rays dissolved in dew or tears. On the scarcely arched brow, beneath the delicate skin, we trace the muscles, those responsive chords of the instrument of thought; the temples seem to throb with reflection; the ear appears to listen; the dark hair, unskilfully cut by a sister, or some young companion of the studio, casts a shadow upon the hand and cheek, and a small cap of black velvet, placed on the crown of the head, shades the brow. One cannot pass before this portrait without musing sadly, one knows not why. It represents the reverie of youthful genius pausing on the threshold of its destiny. What will be the fate of that soul standing at the portal of life?”

His peculiar sensations when he first finds himself in love is a rhapsody of uncommon beauty—page 32:—

“This conviction gave to my love all the security of immutability, the calm of certainty, the overflowing extacy of joy, that would never be im-

paired. I took no note of time, knowing that I had before me hours without end, and that each in succession would give me back her inward presence. I might be separated from her during a century, without reducing by one day the eternity of my love. I went, and came; sat down, and got up again. I ran, then stopped, and walked on without feeling the ground beneath my feet, like those phantoms which glide upon earth, upheld by their impalpable ethereal nature. I extended my arms to grasp the air, the light, the lake; I would have clasped all Nature in one vast embrace, in thankfulness that she had become incarnate, for me, in a being that united all her charms and splendor, power, and delight. I knelt on the stones and briars of the ruins without feeling them, and on the brink of precipices without perceiving them! I uttered inarticulate words, which were lost in the sound of the noisy waters of the lake. I strove to pierce the vaults of heaven, and to carry my song of gratitude and my extacy of joy, into the very presence of God! I was no longer a man—I was a living hymn of praise, prayer, adoration, worship, of overflowing, speechless thankfulness. I felt an intoxication of the heart, a madness of the soul; my body had lost the consciousness of its materiality, and I no longer believed in time, or space, or death. The new life of love which had gushed forth in my heart, gave me the consciousness, the anticipated enjoyment of the fullness of immortality."

Almost the only discussion which they have apart from the, to them, all-absorbing theme of love, is in prayer, in which she, having been brought up in the society of philosophers and free-thinkers, argues thus—page 56 :—

" 'Oh!' she answered, hastily, 'do not interpret as folly the wisdom of those men who have uplifted for me the veil of philosophy, and have caused the broad day of reason and of science to shine before my eyes, instead of the pale and glimmering lamp with which superstition lights the voluntary darkness that she wilfully casts around her childish divinity. It is in the God of your mother and my nurse that I no longer believe, and not the God of Nature and of Science. I believe in a Being who is the Principle and Cause, spring and end of all other beings; or rather, who is himself the eternity, form and law of all those beings, visible or invisible, intelligent or unintelligent, animate or inanimate, quick or dead, of which is composed the only real name of this Being of beings, the Infinite! But the idea of the incommensurable greatness, the sovereign fatality, the inflexible and absolute necessity of all the acts of this Being, whom you call God and we term Law, excludes from our thoughts all precise intelligibility, exact denomination, reasonable imagining, personal manifestation, revelation, or incarnation, and the idea of any possible relation between that Being and ourselves, even of homage and of prayer. Wherefore should the Consequence pray to the Cause?'"

For the benefit of the uninitiated we transcribe the following, to illustrate the manner in which Platonic lovers act and pass the time while enjoying one another's society—page 111:—

" Sometimes there would be interrogations and answers, as to our most fugitive shades of thought and nature; dialogues in almost unheard whispers; articulate sighs, rather than audible words; blushing confessions of our most secret inward repinings; joyful exclamations of surprise, at discovering in us both the same impressions reflected from one another, as light in reverberation, the blow in the counterblow, the form in the image. We would exclaim, rising by a simultaneous impulse—we are not two! we are one single being under two illusive natures—which will say you unto the other? which will say I? There is not *I*—there is not *you*—but *we*. . . . We would then sink down, overcome with admiration at this wonderful conformity, weeping with delight at this two-fold existence, and as having doubled our lives by consecrating them to each other."

## JOHN HILL, alias NIXON CURRY;

OR, THE VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TRUE SKETCH OF LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

"Among the truest friends of the people, of all in the present Convention, may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence, and courage, fully entitle him to the proud place he holds, and, as we trust, will long retain—that of leader of the Arkansas Democracy."—*Little Rock Gazette, in the days of the Convention.*

*Bloody Affray.*—"A desperate rencontre occurred last week in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocities fifteen years ago in the Mountains of Carolina."—*Little Rock Gazette of May, 1840.*

WE have given the previous extracts from the oldest and most respectable journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader, that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events, and painting true scenes, we have been especially careful to avoid all vivid colors. Should this short sketch, by any chance, reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its descriptions tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has resided long on the frontier, has no use for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago there lived in Iredell county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher, by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and having a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these, the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems, from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion. When only six years of age, he had a combat at school with a bully of the play-ground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering dreadfully, at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first session he attended in the country school-house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other *juveniles* were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of silver rills. For ever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love

comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick-starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up into one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling. Their bias for each other's society, while children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common between the youth of opposite sexes in the country, and, as usual, terminate abruptly, on arrival at mature years. Far different, however, was the case with Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by star-light, firmer vows and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to its crosses, and, like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest roots into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally, at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued—overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead on the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the sources of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth—that the youthful bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the purpose of plunder, though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and, notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the governor of the state, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

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At the first settlement of the fertile delta, bordering on the St. Francis, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being; and yet every body was satisfied, that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude, was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field; for of all bear-hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in "the great swamp," or descended by torch-light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as the most fearless.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong, impassioned eloquence, as a chief leader in the Democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the convention that formed the state constitution; and was elected again the ensuing year to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were the Strongs,—four brothers of considerable wealth,

more ambition, and, if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "famous fighters." Notwithstanding their character was so dissimilar from that of the pacific "bear-hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber; and then collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always gone armed, with his enormous double-barreled shot-gun, two long rifle-pistols, and a knife so heavy, that few other hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buck-shot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came on from the executive of Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct in the crisis was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon, for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court-House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with his dreadful double-barrel—that sure death-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery, joined to the fear before inspired by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an unaccountable panic, that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgracefully rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending either in ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime Hill's character and conduct underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the look-out, and, therefore, unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming-table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition, necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme. Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bowie, who was so heartily dreaded. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale merely at the appearance of Hill's gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be considered no wonder; for even brave men's hands shook when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly gloomy, and, while at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and robber's cave.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection; "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelled of sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court, to-day," said the wife, in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband firmly. "When a man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; beside, it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possess the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued, "Bill, you see my gun!" pointing his finger as he spoke to the great double-barrel hanging on buck-horns over the door; "practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Mose Howard; he will protect you, Pa," remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth then approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate, "Take good care of him, Mose, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth, with a laugh; "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting every body that crossed his path; and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last, the desperado swore that he would clear the court-house; and immediately entering, with a furious countenance, and a threat as to his purpose,—judge, lawyers, jury and spectators made a general rush for the door. One old drunken man alone did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch, and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alas! who was never to be!) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red, and glaring like a mad dog, Hill instantly turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor; then following up the violent act, he leaped on the youth, and began a most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror, "For God's sake, cease! Hill, don't you know me?—Your friend Mose! Remember Mary!" Hill's anger only increased, till finally, he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful a frame as the other,—the only person in all Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the west. The advantage shifted from one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood. Even

the by-standers, looking on through the windows of the log court-house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge bowie knife, unthought of previously, protruded from beneath his hunting-shirt. Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded; quick as lightning he drew the keen blade from its scabbard, and sheathed it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and his Mary's father.

"The dream is fulfilled," exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sank down, and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face, and his glazed eyes open. And then, awaking with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor, unhappy youth, fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears, "Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the clammy lips of the dead; wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow; essayed to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then, apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet, with a shout, or more properly a scream,—“Farewell, Mary, your father is gone, and I am going with him;” and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his heart, had he not been prevented by the by-standers, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse-trader brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the Asylum for the Insane, at New-Orleans.

Had we been inditing a tale of romance, we would have paused with a preceding page; but literal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic, both as to the chief actors and the backwoods theatre of the main tragedy.

It will be remembered, that the fallen desperado had enjoined it on his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by that boy as a sacred duty; for on the frontiers, the widows of the slain teach vengeance to their children, and occasionally execute it themselves!

Accordingly, Bill Hill practised with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his foe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months Bill Hill came back, and hanging up the double-barrels in their old buck-horn rack, answered his mother's enquiring look,—“Mother, Mose is dead; I let him have both loads. Though I cried before I *done* it, and afterwards, too; he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton.”

“Poor Mose!” said the mother, weeping; “but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward, and besides it was your father's order.”

## EDUCATION.

THE subject of Education, in all its bearings and ramifications, is as interesting and important as it is extensive. In every age it has had its friends and advocates, as well as its enemies and opposers—the latter slowly but perceptibly diminishing as civilization has advanced; until at length in these times, few persons of common intelligence and reflection can be found in our country, who do not advise universal education of some particular kind, and under some general and well-organized system. So much has been well said and better written by eminent and excellent individuals on the subject, that it seems unnecessary to say more, and a work of supererogation to attempt to add even a mite to the previous stock of knowledge. But, though this be perfectly true, and the information is in existence, still, circumstances frequently arise when a precise kind is wanted, and not being at hand, it becomes desirable to have it prepared anew, and presented to our perusal in periodical publications, lest we neglect the occasion which demands its reiteration, and so hinder the onward course of education, and the social, moral and mental elevation of the great human family.

We perceive by the newspapers that one of these exigences will shortly occur, in the form of a national convention, for the discussion of matters appertaining to and connected with our common school organizations, which is to be held in the city of Philadelphia on the 22d of August inst.; and it is in view of this meeting, and with the impression that the question of introducing religious instruction into the schools, and amalgamating it with the general routine of education, will be discussed, that we venture to offer some remarks and reasonings. Whilst we claim to speak and write what we consider truth in the candid examination of any question relative to the public welfare, in a respectful manner, and in the spirit of kindness and free inquiry, we most cheerfully grant the same right to any and all others, whether they agree or disagree with our sentiments and opinions. And we would distinctly state, in the outset, that we belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and that any remarks which we may make respecting clergymen and religion in the course of this article, are intended solely to illustrate our opinions and the positions taken, and not out of the least disrespect to any portion of the clerical community, or to any religious denomination.

In the performance of this self-imposed duty, it will not be requisite for us to prove, by lengthened arguments and statistical evidence, that education improves and expands the moral and intellectual faculties of mankind, or that it promotes virtue and lessens vice. The criminal calendars of this republic and the nations of Europe, sufficiently demonstrate that a very large majority of all criminals consist of such portions of society as are very partially and totally uneducated, and exhibit thereby the evils of ignorance and the good of enlightenment. True, we ought not to place all the blame of the poverty, depravity, and crime, which we find recorded in the criminal annals of any country, and daily witness, to the account of ignorance alone; for no inconsiderable portion of it may be clearly

traced to the despotism of self-interest—to unjustifiable avarice and ambition on the part of kings and governments, who enact unequal and wicked laws, in order to enrich themselves by pauperizing and degrading the hard working, low-living millions of their fellow-mortals. Still, we perceive enough, by palpable and direct evidence, to convince us of the bad effects of ignorance and the advantages of education, to stimulate the middle and upper sections of, and indeed all, our people, to promote its extension and effectiveness to the utmost of their power. Yet, for all this, there are some persons, even in the United States of America, and in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, who object to the scholastic instruction of the masses; but upon inquiring into, and reasoning upon, their arguments for so doing, we invariably find them of a selfish, narrow-minded character, unworthy of themselves, their country, and the times in which we live. This class of citizens are, fortunately, however, comparatively a small proportion of our aggregate population. And we hope they are annually decreasing in numbers and influence; for they are analogous in their views and feelings to the overbearing and tyrannical sovereigns and aristocracies of Europe.

Such of us who can look back and call to mind the nature of a common education, the plans of teaching, and the very inferior qualifications of schoolmasters and mistresses forty years ago, will remember with somewhat of shame and regret the inefficiency of the schools of those days; and we see cause for joy, and congratulations, and hope, on contemplating the vast progress which has been made, the improvements to be made, and the advantages thus secured to the present and succeeding generations. For us, who live under republican institutions, this is a most cheering circumstance, for it is acknowledged on every hand by the enlightened and reflecting, that true republican government cannot be of long continuance, or happy and blessed in its results, unless the bulk of the people are well and rightly educated, and are also virtuously independent. The people of a republic, in order to insure its permanency, must not only know wherein true and equitable government consists, and have the determination to act honestly and independently in the performance of their political duties, but they should also be socially in such comfortable circumstances as will place them above the fear of scant and want, and the temptations of corrupt and vicious leaders. The ever to be respected and commended fathers of our republic saw this and felt its importance, and in consequence used such means as were within their power for the mental improvement of the people. Our immediate predecessors imitated their example with praiseworthy zeal and wonderful success; and we are wisely following in their steps, as is distinctly indicated by the rapid spread of our public school system, and the desire evinced for its improvement and well-being by the notification of the approaching convention.

But if we look with attention at the histories of monarchical nations, we readily perceive that it is by quite an opposite policy that they have been governed, and that the millions of oppressed humanity have been kept in ignorance, subjection, and degradation, by the superior knowledge and tact of a few. Russia, and almost all the kingdoms of the old world, even at this very period, amply corroborate the truth of this statement. And we know from our daily observation, and the experience of past times, how apt individuals of extra knowledge and intelligence, especially when held in association with wealth, are to become vain, presumptuous

and arbitrary. They appear to forget that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, they do not owe their elevated positions, riches, and advantages, to their own industry, economy, self-denial, and higher natural talents, but to the fostering care, prudence and liberality of their progenitors. Thus it has been through all past ages, and thus it is now, with some soul-stirring and brilliant exceptions. Men have used their wealth and power for the purpose of gratifying an ambitious, arbitrary, and avaricious disposition, and the enslaving and pauperizing their fellow-mortals, whose only faults, or rather misfortunes, were ignorance and poverty, which they did not originate and bring upon themselves, and had no power to alter.

Such, then, are and have ever been the opposers of progress and of universal education; and the reasons are obvious; they know that it is much easier to keep down, to deceive, and to lead an ignorant and uncultivated than an instructed and reasoning population; they know and feel what it is that constitutes their superiority, and that if the multitudes of mankind are raised to a state of enlightenment and rationality, the days of their power and ascendancy are numbered. These observations are forcibly illustrated in the case of Great Britain. In that country the various monarchs and aristocracies, and hierarchy, beneficed and general clergy of the established church, have almost invariably acted in concert to keep the people in ignorance and subjection. Although that industrious, ingenious, and patient population is now suffering and groaning under the combined oppressions of evil rulers and an unchristian church clergy, yet they have the temerity, up to this very hour, to oppose, both secretly and openly, the organization and establishment of a national system of secular education. That this is a fact, we learn, indisputably, from recent information from England; and it is specifically exemplified in the action which the clergy took about three months ago in opposition to the Lancaster School Association; the nature of which may be gathered from the following brief sketch of the proceeding.—A large number of the inhabitants of the county of Lancashire, seeing and feeling the necessity of adopting some measures for the general education of the working classes, formed an association for this purpose, denominated The Lancashire Public School Association. The head-quarters of this association are in Manchester, and the leading men are well known for their intelligence, respectability, morality, devotion to religion, and an expanded benevolence, and are attached to various churches of professing Christians. Finding, however, that their means and exertions were quite inadequate to the objects in view, they called a public meeting, with the intention of sending a petition to Parliament, asking for a law to empower the people of Lancashire to establish a public school system, similar to that of the city and county of Philadelphia, and to be supported in the same manner. In order that the clergy might have no occasion to complain of a respectful attention not being shown them, and to obtain their approbation and support, they were specially notified as to when and where the meeting was to take place, and of its precise intentions and objects. Instead, however, of attending the meeting to aid so good a cause, the Church of England ministers in the vicinity of Manchester, where it was held, from the highest to the lowest, with a very few dissenting clergymen, and a considerable body of the old tory party, assembled, and with the most eloquent speaker, and first-rate tactician, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, as their

leader and spokesman, defeated the object of the meeting, under the specious plea that religious instruction was not included in the proposed organization.

The Lancashire Public School Association proposed to establish a system of secular education for the laboring classes, and all others who might choose to avail themselves of it, which would enable the children now growing up to obtain, at the public expense, plain and useful learning, including sound morality. But this would not do for beneficed, plurality, and sinecure clergymen, and the other supporters of the powers that be and things as they are; for they are well aware, that educating the masses will lead them to acquire so much general and political knowledge as to bring about a speedy and searching reformation in both church and state. They therefore dodge the question, by professing to be anxious to do all they can for the institution of an universal system of religious education, by which they intimate that the people must be taxed to build school-houses, provide books, and pay teachers, superintendants, and all other charges; the whole to be under their management and control. The education thus graciously vouchsafed to be bestowed by mother church upon the people, would consist of reading primary books of a religious nature, a little writing to enable them to sign their names at marriages and baptisms, well grounded in the church catechism, forms, and ordinances; and the imperative duties of passive obedience to superiors, reverential humility towards the clergy and the church, and unadulterated loyalty. This is the kind of education which an aristocratic, avaricious, luxurious and comparatively idle clergy would fain institute as a boon to the starving millions of Great Britain and Ireland! and, doubtless, as the inferior orders of that *religious* body would fill the office of teachers, the children in the schools would be occasionally admonished to learn patience, endurance in their troubles, afflictions, and privations, and to bear with meek resignation the lot which it has pleased Almighty God to give them; in fact, humbly to do their duty "in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them;" and making the poor, oppressed, credulous folks believe, that the effects of bad governments and wicked laws are the dispensations of divine providence.

The clergy of the Church of England, as a whole, have never been prominent in the cause of education, for until recently they have not moved much in the question. They did not even come into the Sunday School enterprise until far on in the day; and although they now profess with solemn earnestness to be desirous of establishing a general system of religious education, it is evidently only hoodwinking; for if they were sincere, they would immediately cause the enormous incomes of Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and other clergy, to be reduced to a Christian standard, and appropriate the surplus to building and establishing schools. But this they have not done, nor have they intimated any wish for so beneficial a reformation; nor have they ever promulgated any scheme for giving the population even a religious education, to be supported by taxation. This sudden advocacy of the education of the masses by the clergy, is plainly one of pretence only; and by feigning to be anxious to establish a system of religious in opposition to secular education, they have defeated the efforts of the Lancashire school association, and, as they think, have staved off the evil day to a more convenient season.

But giving them credit for sincerity, which they do not deserve, they

know right well that any plan of their's having that object in view is not practicable, because on its being publicly agitated and brought before the House of Commons, Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and Baptists, and Unitarians, and Swedenborgians, *cum multis aliis*, would oppose it with all their might, and insist upon having the same privilege of teaching in the schools their creeds, and ordinances, and forms of church government, and modes of worship as the Churchmen. This would give rise to such a storm of angry disputes and contentions, that no scheme would be agreed upon; and the very thing, viz., Christian religion, they all pretend to be so anxious to teach others, they would themselves omit to exemplify—showing to the world that they were not heartily bent upon inculcating practical Christianity by their lives and teachings, but that each denomination was striving for the spread of its particular doctrines, and the increase of its power and influence. The clergy of the Church of England, however, are not singular in their opposition to secular education, for some of those attached to other bodies of professing Christians do the same, on the ground that it has a tendency, unless accompanied by religious instruction, to produce infidelity and atheism. This objection obviously arises from fear—fear as they would have it understood—lest the people should retrograde in civilization and Christianity, and assumes that ministers of religion are all Christians, both by word and deed. As we have a large number of citizens, both clerical and lay, within our own borders, who hold similar opinions and like views of education, it may not be out of place or improper in other respects, to inquire very briefly how far they are right, and if these fears and objections do not to a considerable extent originate in some other way.

Religion, whatever its name, creed, ceremonies, and organizations, has, so far in the world's history and progress, been used in the main as an instrument for enabling governments to keep populations in ignorance and subjection; the priesthood, and armies and navies, acting in union with emperors, kings, nobles, and aristocracies. This has been a peculiar feature in the Roman Catholic religion in various parts of the world; and it is not much less so in the case of the established Protestant Church of Great Britain and Ireland. Whenever the people of England have petitioned and agitated for reforms and more liberty, the clergy, both high and low, have always sided with the great and powerful, and against the elevation of the masses. If, as the bulk of the ministers of religion assert, their teachings will render the great multitude of degraded humanity comfortable, good and happy, then the Catholic population of Ireland and the Protestant laboring classes of England, ought to be pre-eminently so; for hitherto they have had very little but religious education. That they are not so, is well-known, and the fact needs no evidence or arguments to prove it. In Spain, in Mexico, in Italy, and in Ireland, the people are, and have been for a long time, under the care, instruction, and guidance of the clergy; and what do we find in those countries? We see bad government, unjust and partial laws, the greatest amount of ignorance, the least energy, self-respect, and morality, and the most deplorable poverty, misery and degradation. On the other hand, in these United States, where school education is very properly divested of religious instruction and clerical authority, and where the laws are more equitable, we find a fund of general intelligence, active industry, social com-

forts, and individual freedom and energy, unequaled in any country on the globe.

In reasoning upon the subject of religious instruction forming a part of the studies and duties of day schools, we are necessarily obliged to mention ministers of religion; but we do it with no disrespectful feeling, either towards them or their churches and creeds. We would gladly throw a veil over the atrocities and follies which many of them have committed in by-gone days, and the faults and failings of some in our time. They are but men; and owing to the peculiar nature of their studies, and the bias of their minds thereby induced, they are but too apt to forget, and not sufficiently careful to comprehend, the vast importance of instituting and maintaining equal and just civil laws, so as to prevent the educated and unprincipled from preying upon the labors of the industrious classes, and thus reducing them to the lowest condition of life. Hundreds and thousands of our most valuable fellow-citizens, with their wives and families, have been reduced to beggary and starvation at various times, by partial and dishonest legislation; and then, driven by desperation to drunkenness, irreligion, and crime. Let ministers of religion go to the houses of well-meaning, industrious, out-of-work, poverty-stricken, starving families, and offer them the consolations of religion, and they will find them regardless of such comfort—vastly preferring bread and cheese, and remunerating employment, to the best advice, the most eloquent soul-stirring sermons, and the most earnest and sincere prayers. They cannot be ignorant of the fact, that when the minds, and faculties, and energies of laboring men are bound down and held fast by superstitions, fallacies, ignorance, and bad laws, which make a few rich and many poor—that they become discontented and reckless, are far from Christianity, and have no taste and relish for religion and its blessings. In the aggregate, clergymen appear to think, that in their cases, and in our land, religion and politics are inconsistent—and not only so, but fancy that the bulk of the population ought not to have much hand in political affairs, because of their ignorance; and that legislation should be left to the intelligent, rich, and influential, and used for their aggrandizement, on the vain and foolish supposition that they can and will find employment for, and maintain in a comfortable condition, the hard working millions. How such notions have succeeded when put in practice, is fully exemplified in the case of Great Britain and Ireland, where the system has been acted upon for many years. We hold no such sentiments, and ardently desire never to see our citizens placed in such a degraded and pauperized position as the people of that country now are. We hold that our citizens *must* be educated, and in such a way as to enable them to fulfil rightly their political duties. So far from religion and politics being incompatible, they seem to us to have an inseparable connexion, not formed into disgraceful and monopolizing institutions of church and state, like England, but by educating the population, and so fitting them for the readier and better reception of religious truths. We hold, that if men be truly religious, and properly educated for making efficient citizens, they must of necessity be political also. In the Old Testament it is predicted concerning Christ, that he was to be not only a spiritual Saviour, but a temporal one also; that he was to open the prison doors, to loosen the bonds of the captive, and let the oppressed go free. And in the New Testament, we are told not to be slothful in business (all our duties;) to

do as we would be done by; to love our neighbor as ourselves; and to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God. Well, then, if we see our fellow-mortals by hundreds, and thousands, and millions, kept in ignorance and made poor, and miserable, and *irreligious*, by laws which are founded upon policy, expediency, and fraud, ought we not—ought not ministers of religion especially, to do all they can in a peaceable and legal manner, to obtain a speedy and effectual reform of such an unjust and oppressive system. If we read, and observe with attention, and then reflect upon the information thus acquired, we have no difficulty in discovering, that where private causes make one man or family miserable, public and governmental actions make a thousand so; and that where even the propensities and evil passions of the poor and ignorant, and which some religious teachers attribute to the power of Satan and man's innate depravity, bring down upon them and their families calamities of many and grievous kinds, the workings of mal-government do the same in a ten-fold degree, and are mostly the cause and parents of the evils themselves. Bad governments, which enact special laws for the benefit and aggrandisement of particular persons, parties, and trades, promote inebriety and crime, by making the laboring classes poor, dependent, and desperate. Bad governments, by keeping the people in ignorance, by heavy taxation, by accumulating large state debts in the pursuit of selfish and sectional interests, and by restrictions on both home and foreign trade, bring upon the people more poverty, and depravity, and crime, than all private causes put together. We say, therefore, that to ameliorate these things, by endeavoring to obtain honest rulers and laws, based upon the everlasting principles of truth and justice, is a religious as well as a political duty—a duty equally binding upon clergy and laymen; for by a due performance of it, we should be teaching Christianity by our works, in addition to our words.

Whoever has been much in England, and has frequently heard sermons from the benefited and plurality clergymen there, could not fail to notice that they preach morality, humility, devotion to the Church, reverence for bishops and the clergy, and respect towards superiors, more than theoretical Christianity and doctrines. And on the other hand, we find that ministers of religion in our country preach very little about truth, justice, honesty, and doing unto others as we would they should do unto us; but a great deal about psychology, faith, grace, the atonement, and the great importance to all persons of being members of some church of professing Christians. The great distinctions here pointed out in the style and practice of preaching, is doubtless owing to the very different positions and circumstances of the two bodies; the one being entirely dependent upon their congregations for bread and butter, and the other being completely independent, and supported by an enormous church property.

However disagreeable, therefore, it may be, and however unwilling we are to come to the conclusion, that there is some other fear on the minds of the clergy than that of making the people infidels and atheists by universal secular education, the foregoing considerations leave us no alternative, and we are bound in reason and candor to say, that religious teaching and preaching is too much relied upon as a means of money-making, and for the obtaining of worldly honors and rewards, which produce a fear lest the craft should be injured. We learn, then, from history—from our own experience and observation of men, and from an active and right

use of our reasoning powers, that the more elevated the human mind can be made, the more practically religious it will be; and that universal secular education, which ought to consist of sound morality and useful learning, is the one thing needful, leaving religious tenets, and forms, and modes of worship, to be taught by clergymen and the parents of the children.

Secular education, we maintain, is the mainspring, the pendulum, and the regulator of a republican people, and, indeed, of mankind at large, and under any form of government. It is a self-evident truth, that if the majority of the people of a great confederated republic, like the United States, continue long in a state of ignorance of the nature of true republicanism, and their respective positions and importance as minute parts of the body politic; or if they become servile and subservient, through their ignorance and dependency, to ambitious and unprincipled leaders, sectional party and personal interests will usurp the place of the great undivided whole, and at no distant period jealousies, discords, enmities, antagonisms, and anarchy will ensue, and the national governmental organizations will be swept away as with the besom of destruction. In fact, there is no solid ground for hope in the permanency and prosperity of our federal institutions, but through the education and enlightenment of our citizens; for in proportion to the ignorance and servility of the laboring classes, so will be their dependency, poverty and degradation. And in like manner, the more they become acquainted with natural philosophy, true political economy, and other useful subjects, the more rationally independent they will be, and the more elevated will they become, morally, religiously, socially, and politically. We are extremely anxious and particular on this point, because we wish to assist in dissipating the erroneous notion, that a general system of what some denominate a religious education is all sufficient for the mass of mankind. Education—secular education, we repeat—is the mainstay of our system, our balm of Gilead, our pillars, and the rocky foundation upon which we must build and expect to stand.

But what do we mean by secular education? We mean common, practical education, in which the clergy have no hand, and from which religious instruction is entirely excluded; a system of really useful education, conducted by and under the control of laymen only. Not that ministers of religion should be shut out from all interference, merely because they are clergymen, or from any disrespect to them, either individually or collectively, or their particular creeds and modes of worship, or towards religious institutions generally; but for the purpose of avoiding religious jealousies and disputes, which would produce ill-will, perplex the minds, and distract the attention of the pupils from their legitimate studies; and also as a safeguard, by preventing any one denomination of ministers from obtaining an undue ascendancy, and all from acquiring an improper amount of civil and religious power and influence. And what kind of secular education should this be? What branches of knowledge should be taught in our public and private schools, and more especially in those under our common school organization? In the usual acceptation of the term education, and the routine of studies, we understand going to a public or private school, and being taught reading, spelling, grammar, writing, geography, and arithmetic. And in the cases of extra, or best educations, as they are called, we include, besides these, Latin, Greek, alge-

bra, geometry, mathematics, history, rhetoric, and elocution; and occasionally in addition, chemistry, astronomy, and *belles lettres*. The last named portions of learning are taught in our high schools, some of them to the head classes of our grammar schools, and in colleges and private seminaries; whilst the former are learned at our primary, secondary, and grammar schools, both public and private. Are these the kinds of secular education which will fully prepare our children for republican life and free institutions? Are no other branches of learning requisite, to enable the rising generation to become really free and independent citizens? Ought we to teach the rudiments of mathematics, algebra, and the dead languages in our public schools, to the neglect and exclusion of physiology, political science, anatomy and agricultural chemistry? Ought we to go to a great expense in establishing and maintaining high schools, in order to give the children of well-to-do citizens a refined and classical education? Is the teaching of sound morality to be slighted, which is of the utmost consequence; and mathematics cultivated, which are perfectly useless to the great mass of our citizens? The dead languages, so far as law, physic, and divinity are concerned, might very well be dispensed with; and the classical language of the professions, if simplified and divested of technicalities and verbosity, would be much more useful and appropriate; so that with respect to the public good, it would be well if they were not only dead, but buried also, under the sod of common sense. They, like geometry, algebra, mathematics, rhetoric, elocution, and astronomy, are of no use to ninety-nine out of every one hundred pupils, but have a strong tendency to induce self-important and aristocratic notions, which are at variance with republicanism and the spirit of our institutions. The education which ought to be given to all the children of our great commonwealth, should, beyond all question, be plain, useful, and practically applicable to their wants as citizens in after life; and this is undoubtedly the real intention of our public school system—a refined, classical, gentlemanly education not having been originally contemplated. What citizens want and should have, is a common sense education, consisting of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as far as vulgar fractions, but no further; so much of grammar as will enable the scholars to read and write correctly; a general knowledge of geography; well grounded morality; physiology, and political science, or the nature of *just* government, divested of all party feelings, party fallacies, and party interests. Combined, and simultaneously, our children should also receive physical training, for a sound mind in a sound body is the greatest earthly blessing.

We have just now intimated that high schools, with their present courses of instruction, are an innovation upon our public school system, inconsistent with republicanism, and a great expense. As it is probable some of our readers or their friends may be unwilling to admit these assertions to be correct, we will endeavor very briefly to examine them. We have, we think, satisfactorily explained already, that the nature of the studies in our high schools, and the head classes of our grammar schools, are unnecessary and unfair innovations of the public school system. Who, then, are the scholars in our high schools, and those who compose the most advanced pupils in the grammar schools? They are the children of our rich or well-to-do citizens, with a very few exceptions. That this is so, and must always be the case, is evident from the circum

stance, that a vast majority of our citizens, when their children are of an age to be admitted into the high schools, require their assistance in various trades and occupations, or put them out to labor, so as to assist their almost universally straitened circumstances. And when these high school pupils have finished their scholastic educations, what productive employments do they engage in? Comparatively none. Most of them in due time become members of the three learned professions and editors of newspapers, a small proportion store-keepers and merchants, and a still smaller, farmers and manufacturers. Now we know that the persons who comprise the three learned professions are large and expensive consumers, and produce nothing, and as a whole, set themselves up as an aristocratic section of society. And we have only to look with attention at political matters and workings, to discover that idle doctors and lawyers, and proprietors and editors of newspapers, are the chief combatants for office and power—all of whom are endeavoring to live in style and luxury, and to amass property out of the public purse, by doing as little as possible. This feature of our high schools is alone sufficient to convince us that they are nurseries of a class who reckon themselves to be of the upper ten, of aristocratic notions, and expensive habits; and that they are consequently anti-republican, and in direct opposition to the spirit of our institutions and the true nature of our government. Indeed, the very name of high school indicates inequality, and has been borrowed, like the routine and courses of instruction therein pursued, from the monarchical and aristocratical institutions of Europe. That they are a very heavy charge upon the public school funds, is self-evident; and that they are an unfair expenditure of the public money, is not less so. It is obviously unjust to provide a refined, genteel, and classical education for the children of the middle and higher classes of society out of the public taxes. Any and all citizens who desire such an education for their offspring, ought to pay for it out of their own pockets. Here, then, we arrive at the undeniable truth, that that part of our grammar schools which prepares pupils for high schools, and the high schools themselves, are diversions from the legitimate and original intentions of our public school organizations, unnecessary, and not in harmony with true republicanism. In making this investigation, and having arrived at this conclusion, we have no wish or intention of throwing blame upon comptrollers, directors, or teachers, for, doubtless, they are actuated by correct motives, and do their best; we only wish to draw attention to these departments, and to excite examinations, discussions, and vigilance, to the end that our schools may be made as perfect as possible.

In this state of the question, we are naturally led to the inquiry, as to what action should be had in respect to these departments of the system, should we discontinue the high schools as at present constituted, and the preparatory classes in the grammar schools? We have no hesitation in answering this question in the affirmative, and in saying, that in our grammar schools we would supersede the course of preparation, by teaching physiology, anatomy, political economy, and agricultural chemistry; and that we would appropriate the high schools to the production of efficient teachers, in order to supply the present need and growing wants of our public school organizations. Few persons, we imagine, will seriously assert, that the supply of first rate teachers is equal to the demand arising from the continual and rapid extension of the system, and to the filling

the places of many who ought to be discharged for want of a sufficiency of the right kind of knowledge, natural adaptation, and attachment to, and love for the profession. In the course of our school inspections, during the last three years, we have noticed many instances of ill-adapted instructors of youth, occupying important and prominent positions in our public schools. Occasionally we have seen the principal male or female teacher so deficient in good temper and patience, and so self-sufficient withal, that they were constantly in hot water with the scholars, scolding, fretting and beating them. And on the other hand, and in juxtaposition, have seen junior teachers of an opposite character and constitution, maintaining order and peace, and good will, and getting their pupils along with comparatively little trouble and annoyance. Again, we have noticed others who have such a love of exactness, such an hankering after perfectly said long lessons, that they seemed almost to forget that the great object is, that children should understand what they read or repeat. Throughout our observations of, exceptions excepted, the whole of our public school instructions, we become impressed with the conviction that there is too much anxiety evinced by injudicious and aspiring parents, and unwise or incorrectly directed teachers, to produce and exhibit infant prodigies, and prematurely developed mental energies. That more relaxation during school hours is absolutely requisite, and that far too little attention is paid to health and physical education. Athletic and other pleasureable exercises might be adopted, and extended with much advantage. Ventilation, cleanliness, and a well regulated heat, in schools, are very important, not well-understood, and indifferently attended to—especially in country places. In most of the schools we have visited, and we have overlooked a considerable number in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, and Pennsylvania, the desks and seats are all of the same height, and chiefly adapted to boys and girls of from seven to ten years of age; so that scholars four feet high may be found on the same form with others, varying from five to six feet in height, bestowing upon the latter through the unavoidable process of learning, bowed backs and narrowed chests. This defect would be easily remedied by having the legs of the seats and forms constructed upon the sliding principle, so as to be raised and lowered at pleasure. It further occurred to us, that our public school institutions have been made more than is proper and desirable, a large field of speculation to book writers, and compounders and publishers; and that more discrimination, more caution, and less favoritism is wanted in their selection, and in making alterations. Books for our public schools should be plainly expressed, divested of pedagoguism and technicalities, and condensed as much as they well can be, with due consideration and prudence. We wish to avoid the accusation of invidiousness, so that we are prevented from naming any improper books which have come under our notice; if, however, Mr. Mitchel will pardon us, we would ask him, if he does not think that his geography, second part, is not too voluminous and burdened with a great many particulars which are, to children, of little or no use? Let a simply written, condensed general geography be used, and then short well understood lessons will be more effective than long and tiresome ones; and so on through every grade and branch of study.

In view, then, of the coming convention, and what we have now said, we would, with the utmost respect, and all kind feeling towards all per-

sons, parties, and religious denominations, suggest, that any attempt to take steps for introducing religious teachings into our public schools should be voted down at once. That our high schools ought to be changed into normal schools, for the sole purpose of educating teachers; and that no persons, male or female, should be admitted, unless they were found upon investigation to be naturally adapted to the calling, and had determined to follow the occupation when duly qualified. That the departments in our grammar-schools, hitherto employed in preparing pupils for the high-school, should in future be occupied in teaching physiology, anatomy, morality, political economy, and agricultural chemistry. That reading-books on these subjects should be introduced, and often used, by the upper classes. That teachers, as a whole, should be better paid. That particular attention should be given to the health and relaxation of the scholars—to ventilation, a proper degree of heat and cleanliness in the schools, and to a proper height of seats and desks. That none but well-informed, intelligent men, of sufficient leisure and fitness, should be appointed directors. That paid and talented superintendents should be employed in rural districts, who should be constantly visiting schools and consulting with directors and teachers. That no new books should be introduced until after a most rigid, careful, and unbiassed examination and approval; and the whole system be made as uniform as possible in every way. That as Latin, Greek, geometry, algebra, mathematics, rhetoric, and elocution, are of no use to ninety-nine per cent. of our citizens, they should be excluded immediately. That as agriculture is, and ought to be, the legitimate and pre-eminent business of our country, on account of its fertile and extensive territory, it should be a particular instruction to teachers to impress the minds of scholars with its nature and advantages. And lastly, that all branches of education should be made, as far as possible, a source of pleasure and attraction, rather than as heretofore, compulsory lessons, which must be learned on pain of punishment and disgrace.

We might with much propriety have extended our remarks, in many ways, particularly as to the prudence and necessity of establishing labor-schools: that is, school learning, in connection with practical agriculture and horticulture. But our present writing is long enough, and we fear we have trespassed too much on the time and patience of our readers. As to ourselves, we shall feel well rewarded for our thoughts, attention, and trouble, if we can only have the satisfaction of believing that we have assisted, even in a slight degree, the progress and extension of common sense education.

EARNING A LIVING;  
A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ROBERT HOLLYBUSH, <i>a retired Merchant of New-York.</i> JACOB HOLLYBUSH, <i>his unmarried brother.</i> RUPERT HAY, } <i>fashionable young gentlemen</i> HARTINGTON, } GLUMLY, <i>a Magazine Editor.</i> BARBOW, <i>a Writer.</i>	VANSITTART, <i>a New-York Lawyer.</i> CHARLOTTE, } <i>daughters of R. HOLLYBUSH.</i> MARY, } MR. and MRS. CAMPION. MINETTA, <i>their daughter.</i> MISS DUBARRE, <i>an heiress.</i> DUPERU, <i>a Broker.</i>
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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Old HOLLYBUSH's house. R. H. reading. Enter JACOB.*

*Jacob.* Good morning, brother.

*R. H.* Good morning, Robert, how are you?

*J.* Well, I thank you; how is all within? are the family well?

*R.* Yes, very. I'm sorry I can't inquire after yours.

*J.* That's rather late. I've been a bachelor so long now, I never think of it unless you remind me of it, and when you do, I don't take it kindly.

*R.* What news out?

*J.* The steamer is in, cotton is up and flour down. Nothing else of importance. I saw Vansittart just now.

*R.* Well, what did he say?

*J.* He said he had drawn up all those contracts just as we directed, and had them ready for signing. He is very diligent in such matters.

*R.* Yes, I think he is.

*J.* And then he told me an odd conversation he had yesterday about you, with a man named Glumly.

*R.* Glumly, Glumly—I don't know such a man.

*J.* No, but Glumly knows you, or would know you. He wants to marry one of my nieces.

*R.* Oh, that's all, is it? and he expects a reasonable dowry, I suppose, does he not?

*J.* Undoubtedly; but what I like is, he is plain spoken and says so. He says in plain terms he wants money, and would be glad to get some in this way.

*R.* That's honest, or at least impudent. Which of my daughters does he honor with a preference?

*J.* He leaves that to you. He will take whichever you will pay best to be rid of. He says he understands one has been crazy; he will take that one if you choose.

*R.* Crazy, Jacob! one of my daughters crazy!—What the devil does the fellow mean?

*J.* Oh, I suppose it is some story grown out of poor Charlotte's delirium last year when she had the fever at Saratoga. That's nothing; Mr. Glumly gets his information in bar-rooms, or at the Racket Court, where it is apt to be old and a little exaggerated.

*R.* Not at the Union Club, you think.

*J.* No; we always have it there fresh and genuine.

*R.* And plenty.

*J.* Yes, that is undeniable.

*R.* But who is Mr. Glumly?

*J.* He is one of those damned fellows that make books, and set up newspapers and magazines. And he has talent they say, too.

R. It does not appear in what he said to Vansittart.

J. No, perhaps not. But you know, knowing V. to be your legal adviser, and presuming therefore a sort of intimacy, he goes there to sound, and talks this kind of stuff in a joking kind of way, ready to back it up with earnest if he could find encouragement. His object was to get introduced.

R. Vansittart won't do that.

J. Not for his ears.

(Enter JOHN, announcing MR. and MRS CAMPION. Enter the ladies.)

R. H. and J. H. Good morning, ladies.

Mrs. C. Good morning, gentlemen; are the young ladies within?

R. H. I believe not, but John is gone to see. Will you take chairs?

Mrs. C. I met Charlotte walking this morning, but that was an hour ago. She looked beautiful, and so thought her beau.

R. H. What beau?

Mrs. C. Oh, a very pleasant one, and one who admires Charlotte more than words can express.

J. H. Words can express a good deal.

Mrs. C. That depends on who uses them. You would express a good deal, if you put your talent to it, I am sure.

J. H. Don't give me too much encouragement, or I may try it upon Miss Minetta.

Mrs. C. Oh, Minetta is too obdurate. All her school friends are married off, and she won't quit her single blessedness.

R. H. But who is this beau of Charlotte's—this admirer?

Mrs. C. Oh, a very clever, talented person indeed, and a great friend of mine, Mr. Glumly.

R. H. Mr. Glumly? why, where did he get acquainted with my daughter?

Mrs. C. Oh, last evening at my house. He is there constantly. He comes to all our reading parties. Reads us his own verses, too, sometimes; he writes poetry like an angel.

R. H. Made his acquaintance last evening, and joins her in Broadway this morning. No need of Vansittart now, eh, Jacob.

J. H. No, it seems not.

(Enter JOHN.)

John. The young ladies are both out, Ma'am.

[Exit.

Mrs. C. Ah! both out; I'm sorry. Good morning, gentlemen.

[Exit with Minetta.

R. H. Well, Jacob, this Glumly stock is rising. Mrs. Campion praises everybody, and always has a lot of pet phenixes of her own, and on them she lays it on double. But the man must be an absolute idiot to talk as he did to Vansittart.

J. H. I tell you, Robert, that was a coarse joke. It was bad taste, and bad enough to prejudice us strongly against the man; but if he comes here, do not kick him out of doors.

R. H. Well, perhaps not. In the mean time do you take Mrs. Campion's hints, and lay siege to Minetta, the obdurate.

J. H. I'll think about it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Room in the same. CHARLOTTE and MARY at a table, with books and needle-work.

Mary. Charlotte, why didn't you go down to receive Mrs. Campion's visit?

C. I was occupied here, and besides I don't like her.

M. But you ought to like her. You are such a particular favorite of hers.

C. Yes, I know. In her emphatic way, such a *parteeccular* favorite.—So is everybody else in turn.

M. But you like Minetta.

- C. Yes, much better. She has not the same faults as her mother.
- M. No, her mother has one that would fit her awkwardly.
- C. Which one?
- M. Manœuvring to get her a husband.
- C. Yes, that is true. If Mrs. Campion would have been quiet, Minetta would have been married years ago. I wonder if she will succeed with uncle Jacob?
- M. Aunt Minetta! That would sound oddly. But we might fare worse. She is a nice enough girl and has a fair fortune. Uncle Jacob might do much worse.
- C. What I dislike in Mrs. Campion, is her eternally talking to me about beaux. Beaux—beaux—I hate the word, don't you, Mary?
- Mary. Why so, dear Charlotte?
- C. It is a vulgar, cant expression. It is worn out. It don't mean a gentleman now; it means a common fellow made fine for a holiday. Chambermaids have beaux.
- M. Mrs. Campion says, Mr. Glumly is a first rate beau.
- C. Yes, that makes it perfect. First rate beau—I shan't want to see him again these two months.
- M. She said the same thing of Hartington. That ought to conciliate you.
- C. No. I would as lief she should have called him a jack-pudding.
- M. And the same of Rupert Hay; but that was to Papa. I wish she had said anything else, for Papa's whole objection to both him and Hartington might be summed up in that very idea. He thinks they are first rate beaux, and does not believe they can ever be anything else.
- C. Ah, Mary, don't let's talk about our troubles.

(Enter HARTINGTON.)

- H'n. Good morning, ladies.
- C. & M. Good morning, Mr. Hartington.
- M. We were just speaking of you.
- H'n. Then you put me among troubles, for I caught the last word.
- M. You are among our causes of trouble—you and Rupert Hay. But if you had any grace about you, you would be thankful and not sarcastic.
- H'n. Dear lady, so I am. But has anything new occurred?
- C. No. My father is a reasonable man, and does not break out often into novelties. But he keeps up the old song—
- M. Ye are idle, ye are idle.—Pharaoh's ditty.
- H'n. It's very hard. What would he have me do, or Rupert Hay, either? We cannot make bricks.
- D. Not without straw.
- H'n. No, nor with straw, by any process I know of.
- C. Straw is figurative. It means talents and industry.
- M. And bricks are figurative. They mean money.
- H'n. And so I am to make money like bricks, before your father will sanction my pretensions here, (*taking C's hand.*) Is that it?
- C. In some measure. But, Hartington, do not think me too calculating; but I really wish you had a profession.
- H'n. Why, I profess a great deal.
- M. But you *do* nothing, and my father hates you. I do believe it, he is civil to you, and indulgent and confiding to us, but I believe he actually hates you.

(Enter JACOB HOLLYBUSH.)

- M. (*runs to meet him.*) Come in, uncle Jacob. There, now, he proves what I was saying. Uncle, you see Mr. Hartington there?
- J. H. Yes, certainly.

*M.* Well now, tell me the truth, don't you hate him?

*J. H.* Hate him!

*M.* Yes, uncle, you understand me. Don't you detest him? abominate him? don't he make you sick? would'nt you like to choke him?

*J. H.* Why, dear Mary, what possesses you?

*M.* Why, dear uncle, I heard you say all this of a group of young men at a party the other night. Mr. Hartington was not one, but he might have been.

*J. H.* No, Mary, he might not. I understand you now; but Mr. Hartington is not one of the tribe I was abusing that night.

*M.* What's the difference? It was idleness you abused them for.

*J. H.* My good niece, those fellows make hourly publication of their idleness. They are always in sight, and all their daily actions, and all their ideas, too, might be printed, if the reporters pleased, in the Herald. But I think it would not pay.

*C.* But this does not apply to Mr. Hartington.

*J. H.* No, certainly. Mr. Hartington is seen in society, but he lives his life with a certain reserve, which is his own. Neither you nor I, nor the public, have the right to say he is idle.

*H'n.* You see, Miss Mary, your uncle is a shrewd censor, but not an indiscriminate one. But Mr. Hollybush, I suppose I know the persons you point at, and I don't like them, but yet I don't particularly wish to choke them.

*J. H.* Nor I, not literally; but there were two or three in the group in question who deserved it. Fellows once without a rap, that have married ugly heiresses, and have associated ever since exclusively with horses, and two or three more that bide their time, in hopes to do the same.

*M.* One married a very pretty heiress.

*J. H.* Yes, and behaved worst of all—wasted her property and broke her heart. I tell you, niece, this life of a young shark which your needy man of fashion leads, makes him intensely selfish; and when some generous woman overlooks disparities from a romantic impulse, and marries him, she is sure to rue it bitterly.

*H'n.* Well. I leave my character in your hands—I must be going.

*C.* Which way?

*H'n.* I am going to look up Rupert Hay. I have not seen him these three days.

*M.* Well, when you find him, you need not bring him here, you know.

*H'n.* I am perfectly aware of that. [*Exit.*]

*M.* Ah, uncle Jacob, you are twenty years younger than Papa. Hartington and Rupert Hay are no better in his eyes than the young sharks you were describing.

*J. H.* Never believe it, Mary. Both those young men are known to have the means of living. Their existence is not a mystery, like the fellows one sees here and there, who have white gloves and saddle horses plenty, and nobody can contrive how they are paid for.

*C.* I wonder what Papa would think of Mr. Glumly.

*J. H.* Very much what you would think of a rattlesnake. How came you to know him?

*C.* I met him last night at Mrs. Champion's.

*J. H.* So she told me. But how come he to be introduced to you?

*C.* Oh, naturally enough—unavoidably, indeed—the party was so small. But I had no objections.

*J. H.* Well, it's no very great matter, but the man's reputation is a disagreeable one. He is a scandalous and insincere flatterer, and a bit of a viper.

*M.* That is severe.

*J. H.* Not too much so. He has been known to take a spite at a lady, and show her up in one of his cursed papers or magazines for a month together. That was in New-Orleans, but the fact is certain.

*C.* That is odious, indeed.

*J. H.* Never mind. He is said to be amusing in society and must be tolerated, unless he should do something of the same sort here.

*M.* I hope we shall not furnish the occasion.

*C.* I hope not. But come, let's go dress for dinner. Good-bye, uncle.

*J. H.* Good-bye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—RUPERT HAY'S rooms.—HAY and GLUMLY at table, as after dinner. (Enter HARTINGTON.)

*H'n.* So, Rupert, where have you been so long?

*Hay.* Oh, I had letters to write, and have stirred abroad very little lately.

*H'n.* I have orders to send you to a certain lady. At least I am ordered not to bring you to her, which I suppose means I am to send you.

*Hay.* Yes, I understand, I suppose.

*Glumly.* Well, I don't; but don't let me detain you.

*Hay.* Well, if you'll allow Hartington to take my place, I will leave you for an hour or two.

*Glumly.* Certainly, (*pours out wine*.) think no more about us. Are you disengaged, Mr. Hartington? [Exit *Hay*.]

*H'n.* Yes; I believe so. [*Sits down*.]

*Glumly.* Is it a secret, where our friend is gone?

*H'n.* Yes, for the present it is—at least I cannot tell you.

*G.* Mrs. Campion is going to give a party.

*H'n.* So I hear. A grand ball, and the first of the season.

*G.* Grand balls are getting to be a serious matter.

*H'n.* Yes, for people who have small houses. New-York is a large city.

*G.* There was a time when all the well-bred and well-dressed people of New-York could be squeezed into two rooms; but I think the City Hall would hardly hold them now.

*H'n.* What induces Mrs. Campion to give a ball?

*G.* It is Minetta's fifth winter—the winter of her discontent.

*H'n.* But Minetta is very pretty, and an heiress too, more or less. What needs she be discontented?

*G.* That is, why don't she console herself with some fine fellow. Marry you, or me, and have done with it? Is that your question?

*H'n.* No. I question the fact of her being discontented. When one sees what a lottery marriage is for a woman, one may believe that some are afraid of it.

*G.* It's a lottery for us, too.

*H'n.* But we choose our tickets, and we have a better list to choose from, too, than they, even if they *could* choose. The women of America are immeasurably superior to the men.

*G.* So I told Mrs. Campion last night. But her husband contradicted me. I said ladies were much less rare than gentlemen, and he did not convince me of the contrary.

*H'n.* I scarcely know him. He seems a dull, quiet man.

*G.* So he does. But you must not judge rashly. He tells me he once said a very witty thing.

*H'n.* Indeed! What was it?

*G.* Something that flashed upon him at the moment. He had forgot what it was, but I took his word for it.

*H'n.* He has one good quality. He adores his wife.

*G.* Yes, he told me she was now in the flower of her age—at her perigee—at her most perfect point of development of mind and person.

*H'n.* And what said you to that?

*G.* I said nothing. But I thought it was a pretty prospect for him for the future.

*H'n.* Oh, he is reasonable. He

“Does not expect in December  
The flowers he gathers in June.”

G. July, August—nay, September or October. Were you at the Opera on Monday?

H'n. No.

G. The Campions were there. Minetta has a pretty mouth.

H'n. Yes, but I never should have remarked that particularly at the Opera,

G. Oh, she makes it very conspicuous there. She puckers it up to show her immense delight. She appears to be sucking the honey of the music, like Ophelia.

H'n. Why she does not know one tune from another.

G. I know that—she told me so herself. And yet a week after, she began a rigmarole one day to me about contraltos and bassos, and the devil knows what, but full of entusymusy. I stopped her, and put her in mind of her confession.

H'n. What did she say to that?

G. Oh, she got out of it well. She paused a minute, then laughed, and said well, you know we must talk this kind of stuff.

H'n. That is the principle that supports the Opera.

(Enter RUPERT HAY.)

Hay. Well, I've had my walk for my pains. Nobody visible.

H'n. That's odd; but you must not blame me. I really thought my orders were positive.

Hay. I saw Vansittart. He wants to see you to-morrow.

G. I like Vansittart.

H'n. I did not know you liked anybody.

G. I like Vansittart. He gives good dinners, when he gives any; no pretension; one or two persons; wine plenty, and he does not interrupt the conversation.

H'n. Why, you don't mean to say he can't talk?

G. No, but he is civil; he is good-natured enough, or flatterer enough always to give way when other people want to talk. It's astonishing the good-will he wins by it.

Hay. All the Hollybushes like him prodigiously.

G. Yes—so I hear; and he returns their admiration with devotion. He shops for the ladies and picks up gossip, brings news of the markets and what not to the men, and would wash dishes, run of errands and black shoes, if they desire it. He is the walking shadow of a Hollybush.

H'n. He is a very honest, respectable, sterling fellow.

G. No doubt of it. But he ought to respect himself. Yesterday I amused myself with talking profanely to him about that family, and saying I meant to make my fortune by marrying one of them.

H'n. Indeed—and how did he take that?

G. Indeed—upon my word—very much as you seem to take it. It astonished him very decidedly.

H'n. Some things are really astonishing.

G. So they are, to some people. I know an old gentleman who used to be cast into extacies every day by reading the Express. 'Twas his turn of mind; the older he grew the more he doated on it. Don't be angry. It was not Mr. Hollybush.

H'n. I presume not.

G. Old age has some strange ways with it. To-day I saw two old ladies at the crossing of a puddle. One had got over and was reaching back to help the other. The other raised her petticoats with one hand, then thought the step too long, and walked round still holding them up over dry ground. In the mean time her friend kept one arm in the air to help her; it took a minute or two to get their old arms back to their places from any movement once made.

Hay. You are a close observer.

H'n. Did you not think, while you were noting all that, that you might one day be old yourself?

G. Not an old woman.  
 H'n. I won't guarantee that. There is no telling what your love of gossip and showing up your friends and neighbours may come to at last.  
 G. That's savage. It is time for me to go. [Exit.  
 Hay. What's the use, Hartington?  
 H'n. Damn the fellow. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—MRS. CAMPION'S house. MRS. C. and MINETTA at a table with writing materials.

Minetta. Give me some more envelopes.  
 Mrs. C. There they are.  
 Min. These have cards already in them.  
 Mrs. C. Yes, they only want the addresses.  
 Min. Read on.  
 Mrs. C. Mrs. Bottilow and Miss Bottilow.  
 Min. (writing on a note.) Very well.  
 Mrs. C. Mrs. Batterson and the Misses Batterson.  
 Min. Very well. What a host of women.  
 Mrs. C. Yes, we shall want a great many beaux.  
 Min. Go on.  
 Mrs. C. Mr. and Mrs. Batterlay. That ends letter B.  
 Min. (counting.) Twenty notes in letters A. and B. How many names are there in our visiting list?  
 Mrs. C. About a hundred and fifty.  
 Min. And fifty or sixty beaux, will make two hundred invitations to send out. We shall invite at least four hundred people.  
 Mrs. C. Nearer five.  
 Min. Three or four people promised to come this morning and help me write invitations. Oh, here is Mr. Jacob Hollybush.

(Enter J. H.)

J. H. Good morning, ladies. Can I be of any use?  
 Min. Yes, take this, and sit down and write those names on these notes. There, that finishes down to letter S. Now I'll go on from these. Read, mother.  
 Mrs. C. Miss Sellison.  
 Min. (writing a note.) I don't see the use of inviting her.  
 Mrs. C. Why not?  
 Min. She is not ornamental, and she is not agreeable, and she never gives parties herself. People that move in society ought to contribute in some way to its pleasures.  
 J. H. Miss Sellison is my aversion.  
 Min. I knew it. I was abusing her to please you.  
 J. H. You have a singular faculty, Miss Minetta, of saying and doing things that please me. If I should begin to thank you for it, I don't know where I should stop.  
 Min. Suppose you try, and go on till I stop you.  
 J. H. Not before witnesses.

(Enter MRS. DUBARRE and GLUMLY. Salutations exchanged.)

Min. Oh, Mrs. Dubarre, we are almost done. How come you so late?  
 Mrs. D. Oh, Mr. Glumly would have me to stop at the Art Union. But the pictures are half gone.  
 Min. Mr. Glumly, you drew a picture, did not you?  
 G. Yes, one of Cole's—it is capital.  
 Min. You will have Mr. Vansittart to see you. He is picture mad.  
 G. Very like, but he has seen this, you know, at the Union.

*Min.* (having addressed notes from time to time with the list of names in her hand, stops and hands it to her mother.) Mother shall we ask that lady?

*Mrs. D.* What lady? Come, no mysteries here; we'll all give you an opinion.

*Min.* Mrs. Vindoboni, Jane Brinton, you know.

*Mrs. D.* Why not?

*Min.* Nobody knows anything about her husband.

*Mrs. D.* Then nobody knows any harm of him.

*J. H.* Yes—I do.

*Mrs. C.* What is it?

*J. H.* He is poor.

*G.* So am I.

*Mrs. C.* We won't exclude *you* on that account, any way.

*Mrs. D.* No, the rich in brains Halleck says, are a strong antithesis to the poor in pocket.

*Min.* Well, there's a note for the Vindobonis. Mr. and Mrs. Weeple—

*Mrs. C.* Leave them out.

*Mrs. D.* Why so? they have a fine house.

*J. H.* And they are very decent, quiet people.

*G.* If they are quiet, they are so far well bred.

*Mrs. C.* I don't like people blazing out so suddenly. And they say the Weeples came out of a rat-hole.

*G.* They did, and they brought a lighted candle. It would have been wiser to emerge by degrees.

*J. H.* Come, come, I give my vote for the Weeples. There's a note for them. They have cash, and they are willing to spend it; and there is no special objection to them. (*Looking over the notes in the basket.*) So, old Tom Pudney gets an invitation. I should like to know what for?

*Mrs. C.* So should I.

*J. H.* Tom has so established the fact that he goes everywhere, that now you can't leave him out. He circulates on the merits of the good wine and venison he has consumed.

*G.* Pudney is the residuum of a thousand dinners.

*J. H.* Exactly; or ten thousand as the case may be. But what is this? here are twenty or thirty notes not directed.

*Min.* Oh, those are for Mr. Brown.

*J. H.* Thirty notes to one gentleman?

*Min.* Yes; and yet he is not invited.

*J. H.* Why, who is Mr. Brown?

*Mrs. D.* Oh, Mr. Hollybush, don't expose your ignorance.

*Mrs. C.* He is Sacristan of Grace Church.

*Mrs. D.* Seneschal.

*Min.* Marshal—or, more quaintly, beadle.

*G.* Vulgarly, sexton.

*J. H.* I'm adrift, more than ever.

*Mrs. C.* Why, Mr. Hollybush, there are two sorts of men in society.

*J. H.* At least.

*Mrs. C.* Yes, but this is the grand division—gentlemen and Mr. Brown's men.

*J. H.* Well, the gentlemen I know; now who are Mr. Brown's men?

*Mrs. C.* Why, you know, Mr. Brown takes out the invitations. Well, we send him at the same time an order for thirty beaux, or as many as we want, and the notes with it. Well, he invites them from his list. Those are Mr. Brown's men.

*J. H.* He keeps the list, and puts names on and off as he pleases.

*Mrs. C.* Certainly; according as they behave. Now, the *gentlemen* who come to my party know my family, and observe some rules of politeness in speaking to me when they come in, and in calling afterwards. But Mr. Brown's

men are under no such obligations; they come and go like the fiddlers; they are of use in the dance, and they get their pay out of the supper, and there is an end.

*J. H.* What a beautiful and independent position!

*Mrs. D.* Well, this seems to be all done.

*Min.* All but the sealing.

*Mrs. D.* Well, you and Mr. Hollybush can do that. I want your mother and Mr. Glumly to walk out with me.

*Mrs. C.* Shopping?

*Mrs. D.* Yes.

*Mrs. C.* With pleasure. I have something to do myself; come this way; my hat is below. Be very prudish with Mr. Hollybush, Minetta.

*Min.* Yes, mamma. [*Exeunt Mrs. C., Mrs. D., and Glumly.*]

(MINETTA brings a lighted candle and sealing wax.)

*J. H.* Now, Miss Minetta, there are no witnesses.

*Min.* No, but all you say now must be sealed to.

*J. H.* No doubt (*takes her hand and kisses it.*) This is a seal and also a sign. I hope you understand it.

*Min.* I don't, indeed.

*J. H.* I'm sorry. I have much to say to you, if you only would understand me; but if you begin by refusing, I despair.

*Min.* I don't refuse. But really I can't guess riddles. I'd rather go on sealing my notes.

*J. H.* Minetta, you are right. You cannot guess riddles, and I ought not to expect it of you. But I am agitated, anxious. (*Takes her hand.*) I ask you for this hand, Minetta. You understand me now. Give me a gentle answer.

*Min.* What do you offer me in exchange for it?

*J. H.* A thousand thanks, in the first place, that you do not withdraw it. I offer a whole heart and the devotion of a life.

*Min.* It shall be yours. I am sure you will give me more than it is worth.

[*J. H. falls on his knees. Scene closes.*]

SCENE V.—Another room in CAMPION'S house. *Mr. Campion walking up and down. Rings the Bell.*

*Mr. C.* Robert.

(*Enter ROBERT.*)

*R.* Sir?

*Mr. C.* When did Mrs. Campion go out?

*R.* About two hours since, sir.

*Mr. C.* Did she say when she would be home?

*R.* She is home, sir; she came in half an hour ago.

*Mr. C.* Oh, call her then, and send up dinner. I am in a hurry.

*R.* Yes, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Mr. C.* Shopping, no doubt. Bills to come in at dinner time—bundles to be unpacked, and examined, and paid for, while the soup gets cold.

(*Enter Mrs. C.*)

*Mrs. C.* Oh, my dear Josey, I have the greatest news for you.

*Mr. C.* Well, dear, out with it.

*Mrs. C.* What do you think has happened?

*Mr. C.* The devil! I don't know—why don't you tell me, or else let it alone?

*Mrs. C.* Only guess, now—guess once, and I'll tell you.

*Mr. C.* Guess, the devil! what cursed nonsense, to ask a man to guess what has happened. Speak out, you great baby, and don't humbug.

*Mrs. C.* Minetta's engaged.

Mr. C. Engaged!—that is news indeed, but to whom?

Mrs. C. Guess.

Mr. C. Guess! Damnation, Mrs. Champion, (*raising his fist*), tell me at once, who it is. Is this an occasion to trifle with me? Is it Jacob Hollybush?

Mrs. C. Yes

Mr. C. A good, sound, sensible choice—a thorough going honest fellow, a true gentleman—a man of established character and fortune.

Mrs. C. Oh, I'm overjoyed.

Mr. C. When did this take place?

Mrs. C. This morning. I left them together sealing notes for the party, and when I came back an hour after, there was the candle burnt down almost to the socket—not a note sealed, and Minetta in a brown study, all alone.

Mr. C. Well.

Mrs. C. Well, and she told me all about it, and I kissed her and blessed her, and told her I hoped she would be happy.

Mr. C. That was all very proper.

Mrs. C. Then I took all these notes of invitations and put them in the fire, for what's the use of our giving parties after Minetta's engaged?

Mr. C. By Jove, that showed presence of mind. But it won't do to give the public that reason.

Mrs. C. No, and so I'm going to put it on aunt Rossie's death.

Mr. C. Nobody knows we had such an aunt.

Mrs. C. No, but we will tell them; and I have charged Minnetta that her engagement must be kept secret a week.

(Enter ROBERT.)

R. Dinner is on the table, sir.

Mr. C. Very well. Call Miss Minetta.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—GLUMLY'S Apartments. GLUMLY alone. (Enter VANSITTART.)

G. Oh, Mr. Vansittart, I'm glad to see you. Somebody told me you would soon be along this way to see my new picture.

V. Oh, it is not that. I've seen it often. But I want to borrow from you a volume of Retsch's Outlines.

G. With pleasure. (*Takes down the book and gives it him.*) How is the weather out?

V. It don't actually rain yet.

G. When have you seen Hartington?

V. I saw him yesterday.

G. Do you know, I have strong suspicions that Hartington is going in for one of the Miss Hollybushes?

V. He could not do a better thing.

G. But would he succeed?

V. I can't say that. I am the old man's counsel—not the young ladies'.

G. The old man will have a word to say in that matter I fancy, and perhaps his counsel too. If I had designs there, I would pay well for your good word.

V. Thank you; but you may rely on it, it would not be of any use to you. (*Looks out at the window.*) It rains a little. I must cover up this book. (*Takes out his handkerchief, and pulls out with it a note which falls on the floor.*) Good morning. [*Exit.*]

G. He cut that pretty short. But he don't deny that Hartington is in for it. (*Sees the note and picks it up.*) Ah, what's this? (*Reads.*) "Dear V—

I have just had another talk with Hay, and he urges me to write you again. We must have the money. Can you raise it for us by Thursday? Yours, Hartington." Now, here's something. But where's Vansittart? (*Looks out at the window.*) Still standing in the door. (*Calls.*) Holla, Vansittart, come up, and I'll give you an umbrella.

(*Re-enter VANSITTART.*)

G. I would have brought it down, but I wanted to ask you if I had got this picture in the right light. There—(*moves him back and forth before the picture, and takes an opportunity to slip the note into his pocket.*) What do you think?

V. It could not be better.

G. I'm glad you think so. Won't you stay awhile? It rains fast.

V. No; thank you. I have an appointment. [*Exit.*]

G. There. He little thinks he has told me that secret. Now let us consider what use can be made of it. (*Sits down.*) [*Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—OLD HOLLYBUSH'S house. OLD H. at table as after dinner.

JACOB H. going out.

O. H. Jacob!

J. H. What, brother? (*returning.*)

O. H. You'll be here again bye and bye.

J. H. Yes; we ought to go to Vansittart's office this afternoon.

O. H. Very well.

(*Enter JOHN with a card.*)

John. The gentleman is waiting below, sir.

O. H. Is he? (*hands the card to J. H.*) What do you think of that?

J. H. Mr. Glumly! I don't know. Did he ask for you?

O. H. Yes; it seems so. Eh, John?

John. Yes, sir.

O. H. Show him up. Has he come to ask for my crazy daughter?

J. H. Nonsense, Robert. I have seen the man a good deal within the last day or two, and he is not the fool that Vansittart made him out.

O. H. Very well. We shall see. [*Exit Jacob.*]

(*Enter GLUMLY.*)

G. Mr. Hollybush, I beg pardon; perhaps I am intruding at an inconvenient time.

O. H. Not at all, sir. Pray be seated. Did you wish to speak with me, sir?

G. Yes, sir. I wish to ask the favor of a little advice from you. But I suppose you are often troubled in this way, and you ought to be allowed to choose your own hours to attend to such requests.

O. H. I am quite at your service now, sir. If the matter in question is one where my advice can be useful to you, you shall have it.

G. I believe, sir, you are a director in the Quondac Iron and Coal Company; are you not?

O. H. Yes, sir.

G. It is not for myself I ask the question. If I were to invest my own money, I think I know enough about the Company now not to hesitate. But I am called on to advise another. That is a more delicate matter you know, sir.

O. H. Yes, sir.

G. There is a widow lady, a friend of mine, who has \$3,000 to invest, and the stock of this Company has been recommended to her, partly, I believe, on the strength of your example.

O. H. I took \$10,000.

G. So we heard; and my friend hearing that, was disposed to invest her little fund at once. But I persuaded her to let me come and see you first, and ask you whether you thought that stock one of those sure things to which those who cannot bear a loss ought to confine themselves?

O. H. I think it very good and very safe stock.

G. Yes, sir; but pardon me; a man with many investments made with judgment, may regard them all together as safe, and be quite right. But he would perhaps not risk the whole amount of all upon any one. Or, if he did, he would choose with an eye to absolute safety.

O. H. Certainly.

G. Well, sir, now this stock offers a prospect of pretty large profit. I am not a merchant, but I have an idea that a widow, with little to venture, ought to be shy of large profits; that there must be risk with them.

O. H. You are right there, sir; and though I consider Quondac stock safe, I think a good bond and mortgage safer.

G. That is just what I wished to know. (*Rising.*) I thank you, sir. I advised my friend so, and now she will take my advice. The education of her son, and his first start in life, depend in a manner on this fund.

O. H. Two things she ought not to put at risk. Though as for a first start in life, a young man of the right sort of stuff makes a very good start with nothing.

G. Many do, sir. But others find means to get on with nothing, and end in nothing. How they live upon it, is a mystery I never could see into; but they do it, and live well.

O. H. That mystery, Mr. Glumly, is to be explained by one word, debt, or sometimes you may add another, gambling.

G. It is very odd. I made a discovery this morning which illustrates what you say, Mr. Hollybush, as if it had been invented for the purpose. I learned by chance that two friends of mine—fashionable, elegant young men about town, living like men of easy means, though I never knew exactly how—were making an urgent application, through another friend, to procure a private loan of money. But I beg pardon, I have detained you too long. Good day, sir.

O. H. Good day, sir. [*Exit G.*]

(*Enter JACOB H. at another door, as having waited there for G. to go.*)

J. H. Well, how do you like him?

O. H. Pretty well, considering the prejudice I had against him. But Jacob, did you hear his last words?

J. H. Yes.

O. H. Whom does he mean, do you suppose?

J. H. I don't know.

O. H. Two friends of his, borrowing money together. That must be Hay and Hartington.

J. H. Hartington is very little his friend.

O. H. It is them he means, and through Vansittart. I'll find out more about this. If those young men are keeping afloat by borrowing, they are not the men for my sons-in-law.

J. H. Poh, poh; don't be savage. It may be a lie altogether, or it may mean some one else. Besides, did you never borrow money yourself?

O. H. Not to buy white gloves and opera tickets.

J. H. Well, well. Let's go to Vansittart's. [*Exeunt. Scene closes.*]

## POPULAR PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

HON. WILSON SHANNON, LATE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL sketches of distinguished men are useful in proportion to their truth and fidelity. Inflated eulogy and exaggerated praise neither do honor to the individual whose life is portrayed, nor excite emulation in those for whom the sketch is drawn. That man whose life is not its own eulogy, and does not seal its own character, without the rhetorician's aid, had better pass unnoticed, than to be exposed to public view. It is under the full force of these truths, that we venture to trace some of the prominent features of the life and character of WILSON SHANNON, in the hope that the picture presented will strike all who know him as an honest copy from nature; and that its harmony and moral beauty will be attractive to the young, and induce them to admire the virtues, perseverance, and personal characteristics which it feebly represents—stimulating them to the love of virtue, of true patriotism, and of moral dignity,—and that they may thus be honorably animated in the pursuit of fame.

Among the interesting pictures of "Western life," we find a family growing up in the "backwoods" of Ohio—houseless, homeless, parentless, living in the midst of a dense wilderness, surrounded by the untamed beasts of the forest, and for many long years without the advantages of society, schools, churches, or public improvements, and yet most eminently successful in all they undertook. It will be seen that they were estimable in all that is patriotic, virtuous, and philanthropic, whether on the battle field, or in the councils of the state or nation. And the youngest of the group, (the object of this sketch,) who is now on his way to California, has seen the "Buckeye State" grow up, with himself, from a rude forest, to a great and civilized commonwealth, with cultivated fields in every direction—with towns and flourishing cities—with a vast trade—by which Ohio has become the granary and star of the West, possessing over two millions of industrious, prosperous and happy souls.

The father of this interesting family, James Shannon, was born in Pennsylvania, of Irish parents. He was among the first of that "immortal band" who took up arms in the struggle for American Independence; he served during the entire Revolutionary war, and shared, as a soldier and patriot, with his compeers, the dangers and privations of a camp, and equally participated in the tumult of battle, and in the shouts of victory.

After the war, he moved to Ohio county, Virginia, and thence to what is now Belmont county, Ohio, and located in the forest. This venerable patriarch, while on a hunting excursion in the severe winter of 1803, was frozen to death in the woods, leaving a widow and nine children to mourn their irreparable loss.

The family possessed no real estate, and only a few articles of personal property, such as appertain solely to the most indigent pioneers. But from poverty, and the humblest position in life, the sons have risen to

stations of honor and distinction, by their own industry, energy and probity; and their example may be imitated, whether amid the tempest of war, or where our skies smile in the "rainbow of peace," without derogating from the dignity of human nature.

George, the eldest brother, crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1802-'3, with the expedition of Lewis and Clark, under the auspices of President Jefferson. He returned after an absence of three years. On a second trip, while exploring the Missouri, he lost a leg in a pitched battle with the savage tribes. He returned home, educated himself, studied law in Philadelphia, and had a lucrative practice in Lexington, Ky., where he was chosen District Attorney, which office he held seven years. He was then elected for three years to the legislature from Fayette county; after which he held the office of Judge of the Supreme Court for seven years. He then moved to Missouri, and was appointed District Attorney for the United States; afterwards elected to the legislature from St. Charles county, but he died prior to the time he was to occupy his seat.

Thomas served at the head of a company of volunteers, during the war of 1812. He was elected, for many years, to each branch of the Ohio legislature, and represented Belmont county in Congress.

John, another brother, served a long time with distinction, in the war of 1812.

James entered the regular army, was chosen ensign, and served during the last war with Great Britain. At its close, he commenced the study of law, practised with success in Wheeling, Va., was elected for two years to the General Assembly, and then sent as Minister, by Gen. Jackson, to Guatemala. He died on the coast of Honduras.

David was a printer boy for some time. He then studied law, went to Florida, took charge of the territorial government under Gen. Jackson, was created Judge, and died at Pensacola, universally regretted.

WILSON SHANNON, the youngest brother, was born in Belmont county, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1802. When a boy, he labored, with his mother at home, to gain a livelihood; and, until 1818, assisted in subduing the forest.\* He was then sent, by an older brother, to Athens College, where he remained one year; thence he was removed to Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., where he remained two years. He then settled in St. Clairsville, his present residence; and, in 1822, commenced the study of law, persevered despite every obstacle in his path, became acquainted with all the branches of his profession, mastered the great principles that lie at the foundation of all our political, civil and religious rights, and comprehended and conquered the details of an abstruse science, though covered with the dust and rubbish of centuries.

When he began the practice of law, he gained an enviable name by his talents, sterling honor, republican habits and success. He took a common sense view of life, countenanced no evil-minded clients, kept up a just equipoise of his passive impressions and active principles, and always deliberated with caution, and acted with a prudence that has ever distinguished him in the busy scenes of life. He was, therefore, never precipitate in forming or expressing opinions, and of course not preci-

\* He often speaks of the time, when a mere boy, of his going 18 miles down to St. Clairsville, with a little bag of ginseng; and of his first purchase of a hat and knife with the proceeds of his labor, and when he felt as proud of his success, as if he had won a world of wealth.

pitate in changing them. His theories are based on facts, and their truth is known by their practical application. His aim has been to enlarge his sphere of usefulness, by obtaining a knowledge of mankind; and, relying on his own judgment and experience, which are brought to a logical test, he is never taken unawares at the bar, or in his addresses before large public bodies.

He lays down his premises, based on facts admitted by all; argues closely every point; utters his sentiments in a bold, emphatic manner; grapples suddenly with his subject; becomes fluent, but not verbose; learned, but not pedantic; strong, but never coarse; and logical, without any attempt to mislead; nor does he even attempt to excite the passions; but they are often drawn into action by the warmth of his manner, and the soundness of his arguments. Dignified and impressive at all times, his ennobling views of man and nature, and of sound principles, are always heard with profound attention and delight. Having no personal enemies, he wins all hearts by his frank, manly and courteous demeanor. He has a copiousness of ideas, but not generally of words; and every speech teems with the thoughts of a comprehensive mind, and with *point*. All is vigor, truthfulness, and strength. He has a keen relish for humour, under a quick perception of the ludicrous; and yet he is rarely, if ever, satirical; for his disposition is too amiable to wound, and his conduct being ever guided by acts of kindness and generosity. If he is ever severe, pungent, and apparently loses himself, it is when vice has triumphed over virtue, and when a guilty criminal thinks he has so adroitly laid his schemes, that no trace is left, or connection is to be found, between the *cause* and the unavenged wrongs he has perpetrated—then it is that on dissecting the evidence, and laying bare the culprit, that Gov. S. is indeed terrible. His lofty frame towers—his brows expand with a proud defiance that causes the guilty wretch to tremble at the merited exposure, and the retribution that must inevitably follow the outburst of that voice, sentiment and feeling, which is riveting conviction on the jury, court, and auditory.

In 1832, Mr. S. was nominated by the Democratic party for Congress; and although ahead of his ticket at home, and in a strong Federal county, he was defeated by a few votes in the district. In 1833, he was nominated for Prosecuting Attorney, when that office was placed in the hands of the people, and he was elected by 1,100 majority. In 1835, he was re-elected without opposition.

In 1837, the St. Clairsville Gazette announced his name for the office of Governor; and at the Democratic Convention, held in Columbus, Jan. 8, 1838, he was selected out of a number of older candidates from among a body of men of fine talents and exalted purity of character, to be the standard bearer to lead on our legions against Mr. Vance, the strong man of the Federal party—the personal friend and protégé of Henry Clay. But Mr. Shannon, after personally visiting and addressing the people of nearly every county in Ohio, was elected by about 6,000. He boldly took ground against the Federal doctrine, that “our currency should be expanded to-day, and contracted to-morrow.” He advocated a revenue tariff, the independent treasury system, and an economical administration of the government. He had long opposed a latitudinarian construction of the constitution, by which means the Federal party could foist on the

country protective tariffs, national banks, a union of bank and state, and intermeddle with the domestic institutions of sovereign sister states, and squander money, by largesses on states or individuals, for internal improvements that were not recognized by the constitution, by wise laws, or sound policy.

From the time he was elected Governor of Ohio, he labored with assiduity to improve the currency; encouraged agriculture, and the mechanic arts; fostered and aided public improvements of general advantage, and sought out men who would extend the benefits of primary schools, and promote virtue, patriotism and intelligence. It is to instruction, conveyed cheaply to every dwelling, and a prompt administration of wisely enacted laws, that he looks as the sole reliance for the stability of our Union, its glory and its strength, and our physical, moral, and political prosperity.

In 1840, Gov. S. was again nominated by the largest Democratic Convention ever held in Ohio, without a single opposing voice; but he was defeated by Mr. Corwin, by about 16,000, when Mr. Van Buren lost Ohio by over 23,000 votes.

In 1842, Gov. S. was again nominated for the gubernatorial office, without a dissenting voice, and was pressed forward as a candidate when his private affairs would scarcely justify it. But he manfully armed himself for the struggle, traversed the state in person, addressed vast crowds of his fellow-citizens, and was triumphantly elected over Mr. Corwin, his competitor, by nearly 3,500 majority. When Gov. S. headed the Democratic ticket, he always carried Ohio. He has a strong hold on the affections of her people, who always found him among the first in the advancement of the common good, and in the promotion of the interests of all. Known for his honesty, his correct business habits, his benevolence and goodness of heart, well-directed perseverance and energy of character, he has received the credit and praise to which, by his labors and worth, he was so justly entitled.

In 1844, Gov. S. was in favor of the nomination of Gen. Cass for the presidency, and he addressed a large mass meeting in Columbus, the first public one in the United States, announcing that distinguished civilian for that important office.

In the spring of the same year, President Tyler, without any solicitation or knowledge on the part of Gov. S., tendered him the mission to Mexico, which, after consulting with the best men of the Democratic party, he accepted, and in May he resigned his post as Governor, and immediately left home, but not without the warmest wishes and expressions of the public for his safety while abroad, and his return in uninterrupted health.

Gov. S. having reached Vera Cruz, determined on making a visit to the Castle of Perote, that he might see, for himself, the *Texan* prisoners who were immured in its miserable dungeons. He accordingly went there, and found 104 prisoners confined in six rooms, and personally visited each one. He found many of the men almost entirely naked, and all of them in a most destitute condition. He assured them that he would use all the means in his power to procure an order for their release, and left them in tears of gratitude and joy, for they had confidence that he would exert himself in their behalf.

He reached the city of Mexico, and immediately addressed a letter to

Santa Anna, President of that Republic, urging, in the strongest terms, the release of the Texan troops, on the score of humanity, duty, and gratitude, for that he had himself been liberated, when his own life was hovering on the cast of a die. Santa Anna replied in a friendly note, but his answer was evasive.

The following week, Gov. S. was formally presented to Santa Anna, and recognized as Minister Plenipotentiary. At this interview, Gen. Santa Anna gave him a verbal invitation to visit the palace at any time that might suit his convenience. Gov. S. accordingly availed himself of the offer, and went as soon as he prudently could, and was received in a friendly manner. On drawing Gen. Santa Anna to the case of the *Texans*, they had a conversation of about an hour, when Santa Anna relented, and gave an order for the release of all the Texan prisoners, wherever confined within the domains of Mexico. By virtue of this order, Gov. S. had the gratification of seeing 120 men released from the most horrid dungeons, where they had been confined for years, and anticipating daily new tortures, or death itself. This eminently successful mission of love and humanity, on the part of Gov. S., has been gratefully remembered by the fortunate men, who thus escaped narrowly with their lives, and by their families, as their correspondence most feelingly depicts.

The agitation of the question of the annexation of Texas to the United States rendered the situation of Gov. S. an unpleasant, as well as a most critical one. The government of Santa Anna was tottering to its base. It was, shortly after the arrival of Gov. S., overthrown. The people and government were in arms, and a dreadful revolution going on. Nothing could be accomplished with either side; and when the news reached Mexico that Texan annexation had been consummated, and that the Mexican minister at Washington city had demanded and received his passports, the government suspended all intercourse of a diplomatic nature with the United States; and as the presence of Gov. S. could be no longer useful to our citizens, or his own government, he asked and obtained permission to return home, which he did in July, 1845.

On arriving at Washington he was received with great favor, and ably set forth our relations with Mexico, predicting that war was inevitable on the part of Mexico, and that we should prepare forthwith to meet her on the sanguinary field. On reaching St. Clairsville, Gov. S. was publicly received by his fellow-citizens of all parties; and, in answer to their address, he feelingly contrasted our own happy and exalted land—our wise and liberal institutions, and our prosperity, with the military despotism of Mexico—her oppressed and tax-ridden population—their ignorance and privations, the public plunder, and daily connivance of murder, which characterized her rulers and soldiery.

From 1845 to this time, Gov. Shannon has been engaged in his professional duties, adorning his homestead and educating his children. Last year he took the field for Gen. Cass, traversed the state of Ohio, visited two or three states, and aided in swelling the democratic vote for that distinguished patriot and erudite scholar. The change of thousands from the vote polled in the month preceding, in the counties he canvassed, proved that his labors were not without their reward.

Perhaps no man, who has mingled as much as Gov. S. in the political excitements of the day, ever possessed so enviable a personal reputation;

for on all God's earth we know of no man who is not his warm personal friend, unless it be some who are actuated by an envy as base as unworthy the true and dignified character of the truly great; and, in his departure from the far west, society has realized an irreparable loss, and the democracy of Ohio an advocate that can never be replaced.

Under the auspices of Gov. S., a company of young and active men have gone to California, where they intend to labor at mining, and developing republican principles—thus setting an example of industry and patriotism for others which they themselves acquired from the spirit of their leader in the enterprise.

With this imperfect but truthful sketch of Gov. Shannon, we would add a few remarks.

He is a well-formed man, somewhat stoutly built, with an animated, intelligent countenance; a bright, penetrating eye; a large and active brain; a clear perception; a retentive memory, and an unerring judgment. In his manners he is easy, frank, and cordial, and deeply attached to friends, children, and home. He has firmness in carrying out his plans; great concentration of mind; is methodical in business; and possesses sufficient self-esteem, caution, and conscientiousness, love of order, generosity, and a full development of the intellect, with all that presupposes a man of generous sentiments, noble emotions, sound judgment, and profound thought. He is abstemious, temperate, and frugal; and disciplined to the strictest habits of self-denial, so indispensable to a correct life and an unclouded mind. He has no selfishness in his nature, and reposes confidence in truth, and in the patriotism of the people. He speaks directly to the head, and less to the heart. His public career has never been controlled by private esteem or personal affection. Inflexible in duty, he performs it without asking: "What have I to gain thereby?" He is no politician, in the modern sense of the term, for he despises trickery and indirection, and would wield but one weapon for success—downright, *naked truth*. He detests all secrecy in managing public affairs—all sophistry to delude the people; and looks alone to measures, and not to men, to secure good government and the blessings of liberty. He is admired as a man and friend—beloved as a parent—esteemed as a virtuous statesman and sound republican. Like General Jackson, whom he resembles in many traits of character, he would scorn to do a wrong, and would never submit to one. To the youth of our country we can confidently say: *Abi tu et fac similiter*—Go thou and do likewise.

## THE PROTECTIONIST PROPHET, AN ENLIGHTENED ENVOY.

Among the singular anomalies that the aspect of the political world presents at this moment, is the fact, that republican and free-trade America is represented at the free-trade Court of St. James by a thorough-paced protectionist, whose enormous wealth has been accumulated through the aid of laws based on principles which the people of the United States abjured forever in the election of Mr. Polk, and which England has, in the repeal of the Navigation Laws, finally erased from her statute-books. The man, who, originally a free-trader, became, as usual with apostates, the most rancorous opponent of commercial freedom, and the most obsequious solicitor for government aid, where thrift would "follow fawning," is selected to represent America at the moment when free-trade principles have become fixed, and presents his credentials to the Court of St. James, at the moment when the last vestige of protection is being struck from the statute-books. At the moment when great questions of international interest are presented for discussion, an American minister appears, noted only for the rancour with which he has assailed foreigners, and the unscrupulousness with which he has urged proximate non-intercourse. There is, however, nothing in the history of Mr. Lawrence which will lead to the inference, that former avowals of principle will in any degree interfere with the expediency of the moment. How far, however, his published letters will tend to procure for his government respect abroad, may admit of doubt.

In the month of January, 1846, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, addressed two letters of somewhat singular character to Mr. William C. Rives, of Virginia, ostensibly upon the subject of the "Resources of Virginia," but actually intended as arguments in favor of the tariff of '42, suited to the southern market.

In these papers many strange views were mingled with bold prophecies, that speak little when tested by events for the sagacity of the new envoy.

In his letter of January 16, 1846, page 8 of the pamphlet, Mr. Lawrence estimates the expenses of the government, at the lowest, at 30 millions of dollars per annum, for the five years then ensuing; and states the revenue of the government under the tariff of protection, at 28 millions; bearing in mind that the amount of the duties received must, under that tariff, have been constantly decreasing, (for otherwise there would be no protection.) we have here, to commence upon, the somewhat important admission, that that system did not furnish sufficient revenue to meet the current expenses. The revenue of the tariff of '46 has been amply sufficient to cover even extraordinary expenses, and in its nature will continue to increase.

The second stone of this specious edifice is equally unreliable. After estimating the imports under an ad valorem tariff at 65 millions, Mr. Lawrence continues:

"Our exports have not exceeded, nor are they likely at present to exceed, 120 millions: we then have a deficit of 45 millions to provide for; and how is this

balance to be paid? State stocks are no longer current in Europe. Even the stocks of the United States cannot be negotiated on favorable terms."

What are the facts now developed? Our exports have kept pace with our imports; state stocks which, under whig financiering, were "no longer current in Europe," are in great demand, and those of the United States, which then could not "be negotiated on favorable terms," are now a favorite investment in England and on the Continent at 10 per cent. premium.

"If the importations fall short of 140 millions, we then have an empty treasury. In one case, the country will be made bankrupt to fill the treasury, and in the other, the treasury will be bankrupt, and resort to Congress for treasury notes and loans. It may be said that our exports will increase with our imports; this supposition I think fallacious."

Is the country bankrupt? Is the treasury insolvent? At no period of our history has the business of our country, in all its ramifications, displayed more vitality than now. The currency is sound, and, with the exception of certain interests which have not yet recovered from the expansion occasioned by a prohibitive tariff, the merchandize of our country is producing remunerating prices. The government, although contending with the financial difficulties attending a foreign war, have found no difficulty in obtaining loans upon unusually favorable terms, and this in spite of the injurious opposition of a whig House of Representatives.

The supposition "that our exports will increase with our imports," has not proved "fallacious." Indeed, it would be strange if the English or French merchants should be found so eminently patriotic, as to prefer to benefit their country by selling goods to us without pay, in order that the exports of England and France might exceed their imports.

Two extracts, showing the *far-sighted sagacity* of the would-be government financier, would seem to require little comment. The italics are our own.

"Wheat is prohibited by the "Sliding Scale," and in case of a total repeal of the Corn Laws, *very little wheat would be shipped from this country*, inasmuch as it can be laid down, in ordinary years of harvest, much cheaper from the Baltic. It is possible that Great Britain may abate her Corn Laws, so far as to admit Indian Corn at a nominal duty. *If it should be done, I have little faith in our being able to ship it to advantage.*"

The corn-laws have been repealed, and Great Britain has found it for her interest to take grain from her customer, paying for it in commodities of her own production, rather than purchase on the Baltic with specie, and incur the expense of an additional voyage.

It has been said that the defeat of Mr. Lawrence's motion last year, was owing to the famine of 1847. Alas, for the feeble argument! There is no famine this year, and the exports of bread-stuffs, as compared with last year, are as follows:

EXPORT OF BREAD-STUFFS FROM UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN,  
SEPTEMBER TO JULY 1ST.

	Flour. bbls.	Meal. bbls.	Wheat.	Corn.
1848.....	160,086.....	98,444.....	215,139.....	3,700,065
1849.....	1,007,640.....	79,704.....	1,048,593.....	12,333,890

The following prophecy, worthy of Miller in his palmy days, is sufficiently amusing to be copied at length :

"In less than twelve months after the new plan shall have been in operation, this whole country will be literally surfeited with foreign merchandize; (if it be not so, the revenue will fall short of the wants of the government;) we shall then owe a debt abroad of millions of dollars, which must be paid in coin. The exchanges go up to a point that makes it profitable to ship specie; money becomes scarce in the Atlantic cities; yet bills on England and France do not fall; the loans made to the South and West are called in; demands for debts due from those sections of country are made; exchange cannot be obtained,—produce is purchased and shipped; and when it arrives at the North, it will not command the cost in the West; a paralysis will have struck the business of the country; produce will no longer answer to pay debts due at the north, and the next resort is to coin, which is to be collected and sent down the Mississippi, or over the mountains, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston. Western and Southern credits are cut off, as the people of those sections can no longer promptly meet their engagements. The new states, and the outer circle of the Republic, are the weak points; and the first giving way of the banks is heard from those places where there is the least amount of capital. We see the storm approaching like a thunder shower in a summer's day; we watch its progress, but cannot escape its fall. It at last reaches the great marts of trade and the exchanges, having swept every thing in its course; and the banks of the Atlantic cities, after a violent effort to maintain their credit and honor, are forced to yield to this Utopian experiment on the currency. I have no hesitation in stating that all this will take place within the space of eighteen months from the time this experimental bill goes into operation; and not a specie-paying bank, doing business, will be found in the United States. Where will be the revenue which was to produce such a mighty sum under low duties? Where is the Treasury, and the Secretary? and the President and his Cabinet? The Treasury is empty; the Secretary is making his estimates of income for 1849, and preparing to ask Congress for a large batch of Treasury Notes; or perhaps the deficit is so large that a loan may be required."

Awful picture of destitution! The twelve and eighteen months of these "lamentations" expired one year since. Have these calamities indeed swept over the land while we were lying in the sleep of the renowned Rip Van Winkle? or do we recognise this prophecy to be the empty raving of a would-be financier? It would seem that we have here the clearest evidence of the entirely erroneous news of the sect of protectionists. The picture which they have drawn of the result of a revenue tariff being so far from the actual fact, can we but doubt in accepting as faithful, their "colored engravings" of the millenium to be anticipated under the operation of specific protection? Farther, are we not justified in interpreting their dream, as their prophecy has proved—*by the contrary?*

But we have not yet finished the examination of the predictions.

"If the present movement against the act of 1842 shall succeed, in accordance with Mr. Walker's plan, it must be followed soon by a counter movement; if not on the part of the people, the government itself will recommend it for revenue."

When and on whose part is this counter movement to commence? High whig authorities have denied the intention as well as the ability of the in-coming administration to restore the duties of '42, and certainly it cannot be expected of the democratic party.

How stands the government, which, in default of popular action, we are told, would recommend this counter action *for revenue?*

The average income from customs under the exclusive system was

less than 24 millions of dollars, and as has been before remarked, the nature of that system implied the constant reduction of that amount. The net revenue, under the tariff of '46, has averaged 31 millions, being an increase of actual revenue of the sum of seven millions of dollars per annum. And this amount, in the nature of things, must increase with our population.

Thus much for Mr. Lawrence's prophecies. A few instances are quoted of his inaccurate statements of facts, by means of which dates and statistics are made to subserve his present purposes without regard to their other applications.

On page 33, Letter III., he says:—

"I assume the responsibility of stating, that a laboring man may be, and is clothed with American manufactures, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, as cheaply as a laboring man in Great Britain, or any other part of Europe, who wears as comfortable garments; and that the revenue is raised principally from articles consumed by those classes of society who are in easy pecuniary circumstances."

If, then, clothing goods are as high in Great Britain as here, how happens it that Mr. Lawrence and his co-workers should be crying out for protection on those fabrics?

On page 14, Letter II., Mr. L. says:—"There have been three periods of universal distress throughout our land since the peace of 1783, and in each case under low duties, and dates one of these periods from 1815 to 1824." And in Letter III., page 24, he speaks of the "first high protective tariff in 1816," and remarks, "the tariff law of 1816 was founded in wisdom," and describes it as an act that has done much to promote the prosperity of the Union.

Here we must close this brief view of the inaccuracies of our pamphleteer, and it may not, perhaps, be amiss to do so in his own words:

"I have only to ask of those who are now the actors on our great political stage, not to experiment upon the prosperity and destinies of a happy and contented people."

One of the main arguments of Mr. Lawrence against the *ad valorem* duties was, that—

"I deem this feature in the bill a violation of sound principle, and such as must be condemned by men of all parties whose experience and knowledge are of value. It is no other in practice, than to drive from our foreign trade a large number of honest importing merchants, and to place their business in the hands of unscrupulous foreigners. Time may reveal the truth of this prediction."

Singularly enough, he has now been appointed to represent his country among those "unscrupulous foreigners;" and well will it be for our national honor if his bold and baseless statements shall prove no detriment to his usefulness among them. We trust that he will not have closed his eyes to the lessons of experience; and although wiser heads have been in the same situation dazzled by the splendor and blandishments of the British aristocracy, whose vast wealth, like his own, was derived from the people through the operation of oppressive laws, his safety will lie in the fact, that their principles of political economy are generally more sound than his own, and by visiting the fountain of aristocracy he may become more democratic in his sentiments.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

THE aspect of commercial affairs has not materially changed during the month which has elapsed. The tendency of exchanges has been downward, and of money to accumulate in the great reservoirs of business, as well from successful collections as through the absence of demand. The prevalence of the epidemic has checked that spirit of enterprise which usually manifests itself at times when money is easily obtained; and with abundance of supply on one hand, and limited demand on the other, the rate of interest has been very low at call. The exports of produce have continued large, and, as compared with last year, the value of cotton and breadstuffs exported from the United States is greater by \$25,000,000, to which may be added some \$9,000,000 stocks, drawn abroad by the demand on European account. As an indication of the rising value of American credits in London, we extract the following from the Circular of the Messrs. Barings:

## QUOTATIONS OF AMERICAN STOCKS IN LONDON—BARING'S QUOTATIONS.

	United States 6's, 1868.	New-York 5's, 1860.	Pennsylvania 5's.	Ohio 6's, 1860.	Massachusetts 5's, sterling.	Louisiana 5's, 1850.
February	—	—	63 a65	—	—	—
April	7	a	63½a66	85a87½	92 a—	76a80
July	7	94 a 96	89 a91	65 a66	85a87	96 a98
August	25	96 a 96½	89 a—	66 a68	90a—	80a—
September	22	96 a—	90 a91	66 a67	87a—	96 a98
November	10	97 a 97½	—	65 a66	88a89	94 a95½
"	17	95 a 97	88 a89	66 a67	89a90	93½a94½
December	1	96 a—	90 a—	67 a—	90a91	94 a96
"	14	96 a 97½	91 a—	70 a—	91a—	96 a97
1829, Jan.	26	104 a105	92 a—	71½a72½	93a—	98 a99
February	9	105½a106½	95 a—	73 a95	94a—	101 a102
March	9	106 a106½	95 a96	76 a77	96a—	103 a—
April	5	105½a106½	—	78 a—	—	102 a—
May	11	106½a107	94 a95	78 a79	97a99	101½a—
"	18	103 a109	94 a95	79 a80	98a99	101½a—
June	1	110½a111	95 a96	79 a80	99a100	101 a102
"	8	a110½	94 a95	80 a81	97a100	101 a102
"	15	* a108	95 a—	80½a81	—	101½a102
"	30	109 a109½	95 a96	82 a83	100a101	103 a104
July	14	109½a109¾	96 a97	82 a83	102a103	104½a—

The amount of stock sent forward to England has continued very considerable. The issues at Washington from 20th April to July 13, to foreigners, were as follows:

Loan of	Week of April 28.	to May 11.	May 18.	May 25.	July 6.	July 13.	Total issues.
1842	16,000	18,400	—	—	54,900	24,400	113,900
1843	—	—	—	1,000	24,000	25,000	70,000
1846	2,000	150,000	3,000	5,000	3,000	10,000	38,000
1847	6,000	177,000	83,900	42,700	337,100	156,200	850,000
1848	31,000	54,400	41,550	19,000	83,800	33,000	262,750
Total,	\$55,000	264,800	127,550	67,700	512,800	246,700	1,334,150

These issues nearly complete the amounts authorized by existing laws. There remains, however, a quantity of Treasury Notes, convertible at the

\* Ex-dividend.

pleasure of the holder, into stock, either transferable or coupon. The extent to which this process has taken place since Dec., is manifest in the following return of Treasury Notes outstanding :

	Issues prior to July, 1846.	Per Act of July, 1846.	Act of Jan., 1847.	Total.
Dec., 1848.....	\$159,239 31.....	\$237,700.....	\$10,753,000.....	\$11,149,939 31
July, 1849.....	146,189 31.....	119,350.....	3,768,950.....	4,034,489 31
Decrease.....	\$13,050 00.....	118,350.....	6,984,050.....	\$7,115,450 00

A considerable portion of the coupon stock has gone abroad, and altogether the amount is not far from \$8,000,000 of United States, and \$4,000,000 of New-York and other stocks, which has gone abroad since January. It will be observed, that inasmuch as this has been supplied by new issues to a considerable extent, the exportation has not directly relieved this market. Inasmuch, however, as the issues are now nearly done, and the demand continues good at still advancing prices, the probability is that much money now locked up or in these stocks here will be released at fair prices, and the money find other modes of investment. The prices in this market have, notwithstanding the inertness consequent upon the summer months and the prevalence of cholera, been sustained, as follows :

## PRICES OF STOCKS IN NEW-YORK.

1848.	United States.						New-York 6's.	Ohio 6's.	Ky. 6's.				
	5's, 1853.	6's, 1856.	6's, 1862.	6's, 1867.	6's, 1868.								
Oct. . . . .	93½ a	93½ 103	a103½	103½ a	103½	104½ a	105	105 a	105½	100	97½		
1849.													
Jan. 22, 99	a 99½	105	a105½	107	a107½	109	a109½	109½ a	109½	108	a109	103	101
Feb. 19, 98	a 98½	105	a105½	107	a107½	110½ a	110½	111½ a	111½	108	a109	103½	101½
" 28, 99½	a —	106	a107	109½ a	110	111½ a	112	112½ a	133	108½ a	109½	103½	102
Mar. 12, 99	a 99½	104	a105	107	a109	110	a111	112	a112½	108	a109	103½	102
Apr. 12, 97	a 97½	104	a104½	107	a107½	107½ a	107½	110	a110½	108	a —	103½	102
May 12, 99	a100	106½ a	166½	109½ a	109½	112	a112½	113½ a	113½	105	a106	106	103½
June 12, 100	a100½	107	a —	110	a110½	115	a115½	116	a116½	111	a111½	110	107½
July 2, 101	a101½	107½ a	107½	111½ a	112	116½ a	117	116½ a	117	112	a114	108½	108½
" 16, 101	a101½	107	a107½	111	a111½	116½ a	117	116½ a	117	114	a114½	109	107

The transfer of new stock abroad for the account of government has had an influence upon exchanges, although it has not directly influenced the supply of capital beyond what would have been the case had the stock all been taken at home. The government has got what money it wanted abroad, while the large and continued sale of American produce have continued to enhance the supply of money for commercial purposes. In 1844 there was no foreign demand for stocks, yet prices of United States' went much higher than they have now reached. The amount then outstanding was indeed very small as compared with now, the war loans having intervened. The resumption of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the compromises of Indiana and Illinois, have also contributed to equalize the value of the State and Federal stocks by restoring confidence in the former. Hence they have attained, under the present foreign demand, a higher comparative figure. The effect of this restoration of credit is to make capital available in all the states, and by facilitating the realization of credits, to promote investment in works of improvement and local factories. By this means the capital becomes rapidly reproductive; and if the sale of stock abroad involves the necessity of remitting money for dividends, the release of capital from stock investments for employment in productive enterprises enhances the quantities of produce that may be made available to meet those dividends. The rapid extension of factories in the Southern states is a very gratifying evidence of the reproductive power of capital employed in industrial purposes. It is probable that the accumulation of capital in the country now from

reproduction and immigration is greater than ever before, and it may be questioned whether, if there is no general revival of bank credits, the tendency of which is always to consume real capital, there may not speedily be a permanent reduction in the rate of interest throughout the Union, and that, in spite of all usury laws, money will not command anywhere, as a general thing, more than 5 per cent. interest. The imports and exports of the port of New-York have been for six months as follows:—

## IMPORTS INTO THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

	1848.				1849.			
	Specie.	Free.	Dutiable.	Total.	Specie.	Free.	Dutiable.	Total.
January.....	\$48,032	\$480,899	\$9,104,104	\$9,632,965	\$57,700	\$285,117	\$7,833,710	\$8,416,947
February.....	49,562	141,539	9,566,859	9,757,900	21,323	590,849	8,257,786	8,564,226
March.....	22,781	2,199,749	5,971,601	8,194,131	130,895	1,401,500	7,938,478	8,650,214
April.....	65,719	475,314	6,689,716	7,180,947	638,746	2,192,798	5,808,658	8,639,703
May.....	133,922	1,283,754	5,087,278	6,504,952	1,137,932	887,180	5,778,628	7,804,760
June.....	69,532	525,088	4,718,404	5,313,044	122,743	344,434	5,057,275	5,524,452
Total.....	\$391,488	5,106,273	41,067,963	47,083,949	2,109,339	5,601,878	40,665,025	47,600,277

The import of goods to be paid for has been rather less this year than last, while the exports of produce have been greater.

## EXPORTS OF THE PORT OF NEW-YORK.

	1848.				1849.			
	FOREIGN.		DOMESTIC.		FOREIGN.		DOMESTIC.	
	Specie.	Free.	Dutiable.	Domestic.	Specie.	Free.	Dutiable.	Domestic.
Jan..	\$1,183,517	\$4,475	\$222,689	\$2,456,615	\$122,582	\$29,923	\$122,633	\$2,109,903
Feb..	433,746	15,540	432,909	1,979,423	106,851	42,554	303,824	2,190,649
March,	452,507	99,639	216,490	2,184,194	36,596	63,303	269,287	2,687,806
April,	1,180,422	21,793	183,139	1,650,046	73,558	45,713	77,383	3,737,013
May..	2,249,253	35,954	180,775	2,464,733	373,916	63,499	488,492	3,946,768
June..	1,971,915	12,213	147,019	2,231,844	596,411	29,464	416,423	3,317,740
Total	\$7,471,360	189,735	1,383,021	12,971,775	1,359,824	274,456	1,633,047	17,989,885

For the month of July the imports of goods will greatly exceed those of the corresponding month last year. The exports of domestic produce, owing mostly to the rise in cotton, will also be greater, and it is observable that the aggregate value of these exports for the first six months is nearly 40 per cent. higher than last year. The comparative value of cotton exported from the Union this year and last is indicated in the following table:—

## EXPORTS OF COTTON FROM THE UNITED STATES, MONTHLY, WITH ESTIMATED VALUE, BASED ON PRICE OF FAIR COTTON IN NEW-YORK, ON 1ST OF EACH MONTH.

	1848.			1849.		
	Bales.	Prices.	Value.	Bales.	Prices.	Value.
Sept. to Jan. 1.....	327,448	9½ a 10½	\$13,097,920	483,793	6½ a 7½	\$13,570,600
February.....	120,025	8½ a 8¾	4,080,850	179,317	7½ a 8	5,469,168
March.....	195,605	8 a 8¾	6,454,965	258,690	7½ a 8½	8,019,390
April.....	326,098	7½ a 7¾	10,082,980	360,353	7½ a 8	10,310,590
May.....	266,249	6 a 6¾	6,922,474	293,168	7½ a 8	8,795,040
June.....	216,565	6¾ a 7¾	6,063,580	298,491	7¾ a 8½	9,551,719
July.....	183,905	6¾ a 7½	5,149,340	243,398	8½ a 9½	8,438,930
Total.....	1,645,895		\$51,876,069	2,117,210		\$64,655,430

The exports of breadstuffs have also been as follows :—

EXPORT OF BREADSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND, SINCE 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1848.

From	Flour. bbls.	Meal. bbls.	Wheat. bush.	Corn. bush.
New-York, July 10.....	635 070.....	34,932.....	563,671.....	5,653,330
New-Orleans, June 30.....	152,269.....	4,063.....	122,641.....	2,531,947
Philadelphia, June 30.....	62,038.....	21,534.....	195,783.....	6,281,286
Baltimore, July 4.....	73,808.....	7,407.....	120,300.....	33,612
Boston, July 7.....	12,782.....	3,518.....	9,723.....	494,904
Other Ports, June 30.....	8,195.....	5,103.....	31,606.....	676,736
Total.....	944,162.....	76,607.....	1,043,729.....	11,472,015
Last year to July 5.....	159,221.....	95,971.....	215,139.....	3,386,636

The value of this enhanced export is nearly \$4,000,000, and to a considerable extent promotes a depression in the exchanges, which continue heavy, notwithstanding that the abundance of money facilitates the remittances of importers.

The export demand for produce continues good, and the news from Europe is of further improvement, and an advance in cotton, resulting from the cheerful aspect of the manufacturing districts and the favorable accounts from India, as well as partially by the more tranquil aspect of Europe. The crops of France and England promise well; but there are already accounts of a re-appearance of the potato rot in Ireland, supported by a continued demand for Indian corn. The political aspect of Europe has not materially changed. The prospect of any serious military movements on a scale so extended as to disturb the industry of western Europe for the present year is not imminent; and the probabilities are, that the consumption of goods, amid the favorable circumstances for cheap production and the low price of food, will continue considerable, supporting the price of cotton under the large receipts. It is a gratifying feature of our own markets, that the free-trade principle, on which the tariff of 1846 was projected, has so far vindicated itself, that the quantity of raw material taken by American manufacturers increases more rapidly under the low tariff than it ever did under the protective scale. The quantities taken by United States manufacturers from the deliveries on the seaboard, are represented in the following figures :—

CONSUMPTION OF COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES, SEPT. 1 TO JULY 17.

	1848.	1849.
Stock on hand, September 1.....	197,604.....	144,815
Received to July 7.....	2,233,164.....	2,664,903
Supply, bales.....	2,430,768.....	2,809,718
Export, September 1 to July 7.....	1,710,216.....	2,143,145
Balance.....	720,552.....	661,573
Stock remaining.....	239,175.....	173,300
Taken by manufacturers.....	481,377.....	488,273

The state of the markets in respect of prices has generally operated to induce larger purchases by manufacturers at one season of the year rather than other. Thus, last year, when prices were falling, as seen in the above table, the manufacturers bought largely in the last half of the year, and this year, when the price has been advancing under an active export demand, they have bought less.

The following table shows the number of bales taken by United States manufacturers from the quantity delivered on the seaboard:—

BALES OF COTTON TAKEN BY UNITED STATES MANUFACTURERS ANNUALLY.

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.
First six months.....	275,296	314,313	235,956	248,812	207,303
Second six months.....	113,710	108,284	192,011	282,960	180,970
Total for the year.....	389,006	422,597	427,967	531,772	488,273

Under the tariff of 1842, the whole increase of consumption in four years was 154,747 bales; and thus far, under the tariff of 1846, the increase is already 130,000 bales, taken from the ports. The quantities of cotton taken from plantation by the rapidly multiplying factories of the South are not here taken into account. Those quantities were last year placed at 75,000 bales, and will this year fall not much short of 100,000 bales. Thus the consumption of the raw material in the United States has now reached a larger figure than the amount taken by British consumers. The enhanced consumption it is also to be considered, is by southern and western factories, which have no protection against the New-England factories of immense capital, and which manufactured this year for southern and western consumption equal to 535,200,000 yards of cotton cloth, against an importation from England of 17,000,000 yards. The exports of cotton goods of eastern manufacture were nearly 50,000,000 yards, and re-export of foreign manufacture 10,000,000 yards. Hence the production of southern and western factories, being equal to 120,000,000 yards, had to contend against 485,000,000 yards of New-England production, paying no duties, and 7,000,000 yards foreign, paying 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. It is evident that if the South and West have so successfully withstood the free competition of New-England, it is out of the power of Old England to affect them at all, while the low prices that have ruled under the free competition have induced a greatly-extended consumption of the raw material.

It is a consequence of selling large quantities of goods at low prices, that the producer of the raw material and the operative obtain a much larger share of the profit at the expense of capital. When a great deal of cloth is to be given for a comparatively small amount of money, there is a larger demand for raw material, and for labor to work it up. This increased demand raises the value of both, and the competition lies between capitalists, whose profits are diminished. For this reason it is that tariffs are so eagerly sought by the companies and millionaires. By preventing the competition of foreign capital, prices are kept at such a rate as gauges consumption within the production of the raw material and the supply of labor; both these, therefore, are at the mercy of the manufacturer, and the margin of his profits is great in proportion. The moment, however, capital competes with him, and lower prices, under the continued rivalry of capital, stimulate consumption, the operative and the producer of the raw material are emancipated. On this healthy basis are the factories of the South and West growing up, supported by a steady currency; and they will continue to grow, as they have done, under the severe competition of the large capital of the East, until the local demand being supplied, the cotton will go down the Mississippi in the shape of cloths, instead of cotton.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—RURAL LETTERS, AND OTHER RECORDS OF THOUGHT AT LEISURE. By N. Parker Willis. New-York: Baker & Scribner.

Mr. Willis is an author possessing more notoriety than real fame. We question whether, even among ephemeral writers, there is one so well known yet so little appreciated. Criticism—oral or written—very readily allows him due credit for brilliancy of style, a modicum of fancy, a degree of wit, but little if anything beside; while it visits most severely the faults of his manner—and with cause; for these lie on the surface, beyond which the criticism of our times seldom ventures, for want either of inclination or specific gravity. Thus are many led to draw the rashest inferences; they notice the sparkling current of the stream and its rapid current, and they conclude that it must be shallow—as if sluggish waters alone had deep beds.

We are as keenly alive as any one to the faults of this writer; a perverse love of neologisms, a straining after effect, a determination to perceive analogies which nowhere exist, and a morbid affection for gentility, the more obnoxious, that it sometimes betrays him into the shabby genteel, viz., that finery in style which resembles a pair of white kid gloves slightly soiled, or a *Camelia Japonica* worm-bitten. But while we see, or think we see, his deficiencies, we also see evidence of some of the loftiest faculties an author can possess: Wit, Fancy and Imagination. His claim to the former two can hardly be gainsayed; his very sins result from the abuse of those powers; but we may have to break a lance to establish his claim to Imagination, owing to the superficial mode of criticism, which daily spreads abroad the most erroneous and unjust opinions.

What is Imagination? Here the dictionaries avail us not, and professing definition-mongers only cloud our vision. If we go to Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, or even Macauley, for light, we shall be entertained with rhetoric of the highest kind, vastly creditable to them as imaginative writers, but leaving us wholly in darkness as to what Imagination really is. For our part, although we do not pretend to define it, we have a test of our own which we consider as infallible as any in chemistry, to ascertain whether an author possesses imagination. After reading his work with what degree of attention he has the talent to exact at our hands, we shut our eyes and try to recall the *picture* which the perusal ought to have left in our mind. If we find there a clear *image*, we feel certain the writer has *imagination*. This, we feel, is a severe ordeal for any writer to pass through; but Mr. Willis can submit himself to it without apprehension. Thanks to him, there now dwells in our mind a vivid picture of rural delights, which makes us, in the midst of our labors, cherish a dream and a hope of some future Glenmary for ourself—trout-brook, sculptured forest, orioles, "beloved hand," and all; but particularly, that snug little place "under the bridge," where to scribble in sun or shade, at will. We are no fashionable *ennuyés* of Broadway, sighing for ideal felicity on a farm, and liable, therefore, to take fire at rural descriptions; our appreciation of those things—description and country—is well sobered and tempered by actual experience. Therefore, if, under the circumstances, the "Letters from under a Bridge" have left such a vivid impression upon us, we contend that Mr. Willis must possess a great deal of that invaluable gift, Imagination. Q.E.D.

What error of judgment, it may be asked, has betrayed a writer thus gifted into the extravagant affectations which have arrayed against him such a host of critics, great and small? Was it an inherent defect of the mind, or a determination to prove a fit organ for exclusive Japonica-dom? The following pretty passage, which we extract from the work before us, may furnish our question with a specious kind of answer, which, if not absolutely "*vero*," is certainly "*ben trovato*."

"As a 'stock' or 'starring' player upon the literary stage, of course you desire a crowded audience; and it is worth your while, perhaps, to inquire (more curiously than is laid down in most advices to authors) what is the number and influence of the judicious, and what nuts it is politic to throw to the groundlings. Abuse is, in criticism, what shade is in a picture, discord in harmony, acid in punch, salt in seasoning. Unqualified praise is the death of Tarpeia, and to be neither praised nor abused is more than death—it is inanition. *Query*—how to procure yourself to be abused? In your chemical course next year, you will probably give a morning's attention to the

analysis of the pearl, among other precious substances; and you will be told by the professor, that it is in consequence of an excess of carbonate of lime in the flesh of the oyster—in other words, *the disease* of the sub-aqueous animal, who produces it. Now, to copy this politic invalid—to learn wisdom of an oyster—find out what is the most pungent disease of your style, and hug it till it becomes a pearl. A fault carefully studied is the germ of a peculiarity; and a peculiarity is a pearl of great price to an author. The critics begin very justly by hammering at it as a fault—and, after it is polished into a peculiarity, they still hammer at it as a fault, and the noise they make attracts attention to the pearl; and up you come from the deep sea of obscurity, not the less intoxicated with sunshine, because, but for your disease, you would never have seen it."

This, to say the least of it, is ingenious. But what if the disease, instead of originating in the excess of something, results from the want of a vital organ? We cannot recall a single sentence from the pen of this writer which shows a spontaneous flow of genuine feeling. Never, in reading his works, have we felt that delightful thrill which runs through our person, and makes us turn, with moistening eyelids, from the page of Dickens, Lamb, and (occasionally) Bulwer. There is no pathos in Mr. Willis. Not that he attempts it and lapses into Boetian *bathos*; his native taste preserves him from so mortal a taint. He seems to distrust his power in that respect, and with a Pelham-like mask of extreme good breeding, avoids any approach towards that difficult ground. But for this want of pathos—but for this lack of a chastening background of sombre hue to his delightful miniatures, Mr. Willis would rank high among the very best essayist in the British world of letters.

2.—LADY ALICE; OR, THE NEW UNA. A Novel. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This is a very remarkable book in many respects, and has consequently created a good deal of talk, much curiosity to see it, and eventually a great deal of wonder as to what it is all about. The author, it appears, projected a regular novel on the old stereotyped plan, with two lovers for heroine and hero, who encountered the usual romantic difficulties on their winding way to the altar, in the course of which a rogue is killed, and happiness crowns the virtuous at last; and in order not to deviate more than possible from the sentimentality of the old school, the scene is among the veritable aristocracy of the British Islands, with a plentiful supply of Cliffords, Courtenays and Coningsbys, &c., extracted from the peerage list. Its execution is what is called "artistic;" that is, the natural flow of life is trained into confined limits, as the German trims trees into geometrical figures, or as a meandering stream is straitened into a canal, and this latter object is more in point, as the purpose of the work is to transport Puseyite doctrine from the mind of the Rev. author into the noddles of novel readers. This mode of disseminating *truth* has been much in vogue of late, particularly with our Catholic brethren, whose example in this, as in other things, the learned author is disposed to follow. As it is sought, in the guise of a moral tale, to circumvent heresy by making "Puseyite truths" palatable, as modern pills are sugared over until the "children cry for them," so has the timid nature of American criticism been fairly taken by surprise, outwitted, and done brown, by this most sagacious teacher of moral truths. The devil and Yankee critics stand but little chance with him. The Rev. Mr. Huntington, in the course of five years' travel, it appears, spent a few days in England, and knowing the gullibility of John Bull, as well as the well-known weakness of his literary countrymen, determined, with the example of Cooper before his eyes, to take the "Bull" by the horns, and not only write an English book, but a book about English aristocracy, the very exclusive cream of British society. He accordingly bought Debrett's Peerage, price "one pun ten," and from materials therein contained, forthwith constructed a water-tight vessel to hold Puseyite droppings. This production was received with well-merited encomiums. The "Court Journal" averred that it exhibits extraordinary acquaintance with, and insight into British aristocratic society. Others, with sagacious nod, intimated their knowledge of the fact, that the highest leaders of fashion had aided the author. In short, all hands acknowledged the truth of the picture of aristocracy, as portrayed by a republican imagination. This success in London, of course settled the matter here, and the author, secure against the critics, also stole a march on the publishers, by getting the work copyrighted here simultaneously with its appearance in London. The management of the publication, we are inclined to think, is far preferable to the management of the work, which has very little of sound morality or practical sense, and deviates from the line of the probable, in its incidents, far more than the American public will think desirable. The most attractive feature of the book is its external appearance, which is really admirable, in paper, general style, and typography.

## 3.—A LIFT TO THE LAZY. George P. Putnam, New-York.

At this season of the year, when the debilitating influence of the summer's sun deprives the active of their energy, and makes laziness fashionable, a "lift" to those so afflicted is certainly desirable—more particularly at this time when an all-pervading pestilence adds its insidious load to the usual burden of life, and increases the languor of mind as well as of body. The present "lift" is apparently well calculated to aid in removing the load of doubt that hangs around many popular sayings, mysterious maxims and dimly-seen facts, that float in the world of every-day knowledge, and which the "lazy" are not expected to penetrate on their own hook. The collection is very comprehensive, and the explanations generally correct as well as amusing. Occasionally, however, we are inclined to differ; as a single instance, the Knickerbocker epithet of "loafer," by some roundabout process, is derived from the Spanish "*gallofear*," a vagabond. The fact is, however, that ours is a Dutch or German population more than a Spanish, and the German "laufer," signifying "runner"—"running footman," but generally used in German idioms in application to roadside beggars and loungers, has only been adopted into English from the immigrants among us, with very little change in import, spelling or pronunciation. The appreciation of a snob is, however, far more accurate.

"But a more familiar instance is afforded, in what may be called the 'Merchant Prince snob,' of our own day. With a palace for a residence, he occupies but the basement, the parlors being devoted to the four times a year reception of dinner or ball guests, unless a domestic funeral should put in a claim, with carriages and horses in plenty, yet riding in an omnibus, the fare of which, in the form of a six-penny piece, he generally pulls from his mouth, where he deposited it on entering the vehicle, 'that he might have it handy,' he pares and cleans his nails with a sharp-pointed pen-knife during the ride. With a library, containing at least a dictionary, he writes to his saddler for a set of harness, (but all snobs spell set with a double t,)—and he talks to his tailor about 'pauts.' He stops at the Wall-street auction room, in company with another of the same species, and gazes through his hollowed hand at an 'undoubted original,' in the shape of a fourth-rate copy from a very bad master, and talks over his shoulder of 'tone' and 'fore-shortening' to his fellow, who pokes the ferule of his cane against the stomach of one of the figures in a brick red cloak, and says it 'stands out,' &c. &c."

The attempts at wit are of a very lugubrious sort, and the supercilious sneers at other classes of society, betray the legal fop.

## 4.—AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. By the late Achille Murat, ci-devant Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies—citizen of the United States, &amp;c. Translated from the French. By Henry J. Bradfield. W. H. Graham.

Prince Murat has been well known to and deservedly popular among the people of Florida, less as the son of Napoleon's renowned brother-in-law, the model cavalry officer of Europe, than as the talented and amiable gentleman and the worthy republican. His little work upon the country of his adoption, dedicated to his friend Count Thibeaudeau, evinces much talent, and is of considerable interest. Its value has, however, been very considerably enhanced by the notes and additions of its editor and translator, Capt. Bradfield, who was an officer of a regiment of Lancers in the Belgian service, commanded by Prince Murat. Capt. Bradfield has been well and favorably known to the literary world, as well in England as in the United States, since his recent arrival. He is a gentleman of considerable attainments, refined literary taste, and what is rare among literary men at the present moment, is of great industry and research, tempered with excellent judgment. Having been among us but a few months, the notes and emendations of the work of Col. Murat show extraordinary information and perspicuity of judgment on the part of the editor in relation to our national affairs, and the operation of existing elements of progress. We conceive it not among the least of the advantages that flow from our glorious institutions, that gentlemen and scholars are drawn hither, and freely received into the bosom of our society, improving and being improved.

## 5.—COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler, Consistorial Counselor, and ordinary Professor of Theology in Göttingen. Translated from the German, by Samuel Davidson, L.L. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History, in the Lancashire Independent College. Vols. I. and II. Harper Brothers.

The peculiar merits of this great work of Dr. Gieseler are its profound research and rigid impartiality. The results of the most extraordinary labor are given in a few clear and condensed words, accompanied by such copious references as enable the

doubting reader to recur readily to the sources of statement. The clearest proof of the rigid impartiality of the historian consists in the blame which has by opposing parties been imputed to him, for withholding his opinion on the side they most affect. This admitted fact has constituted a text-book rather than an extended history. The translator informs us that, on looking about for a text-book which he could put into the hands of his students as the substratum of lectures on ecclesiastical history, could find none so suitable to his purpose as the present; and he accordingly recommended to the enterprising publishers to bring out a new version of the new edition, and this has been done in a most acceptable form. It is indeed a wonderful trait of the age in which we live, that works of such value can be presented in such admirable dress to the public for a sum so trifling.

- 6.—THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. In 3 vols. New-York: Harper Brothers.

The second volume of this admirable history has made its appearance. The white paper, large type, accurate index, and marginal dates, make the work very attractive, and, from the reputation it has already acquired for comprehensiveness and faithfulness of detail, it must become indispensable to those who would desire a clear knowledge of the early men and things of our country, unbiassed by party views or the romantic glitter thrown around them by writers whose aim is effect rather than instruction. The mind of the reader is not distracted from the story, and his judgment confused by misty reasonings upon abstract questions; but the matter in hand is kept constantly before him, while the incidents are combined in the best manner to shed the strongest light without interrupting the view. That the volumes will have an extensive sale, there can be no doubt.

- 7.—THE DOMESTIC PRACTICE OF HYDROPATHY, with 15 Engraved Illustrations of important subjects. By Edward Johnson, M. D. John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

The progress of Hydropathy, or Water Cure, as a science, has been rapid in this country, as well as in England. The number of publications upon the subject, as well as the multiplication of public institutions for the practice of the treatment, are indications of the means of its dissemination as the manifestation of its effects. The present work of Dr. Johnson, of England, is a very able exposition of the principles of the treatment. It is to be remarked, however, that while the German and American books upon the subject inculcate full faith in the virtues of the water treatment in all cases, and all drug treatment as injurious, the English works, this of Dr. Johnson before us in particular, defends the use of drugs in connection with the treatment, forming a sort of compromise between Allopathy and Hydropathy, which, probably, approaches the true position.

- 8.—THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second, 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A new edition, with the author's last corrections and improvements; to which is prefixed a short account of his life, written by himself. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The history, by David Hume, must ever be regarded as of the most elevated standard of English literature, when we regard its clear and admirable narrative, the philosophic dignity of its style, and the sagacity with which the views of parties are developed. If it is not always to be depended upon in relation to minor facts—nor, from its high tory principles, in any degree to be regarded, at this day, as a political text-book—its literary merits however, must ever render it attractive to all parties. It must be borne in mind that Hume passed away just previous to the great American Revolution, which was the first practical illustration of human rights and self-government, and that the before undoubted theory of divine rights has fallen into decay since that epoch. With respect to politics he is therefore of the *ancient* world; but his work is still one of the most elegant and interesting narratives in the language, and the points of the history are given with a picturesque and dramatic force seldom surpassed. While Hume took little interest in parties, and was utterly indifferent to religious tenets, his whole mind was devoted to the cause of letters, and he every where reiterates and illustrates the importance of the cultivation of literature. His history comes down to the close of the reign of James II., and the great work of Macaulay begins with the accession of James. Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, therefore, have promptly met a want of the public, in presenting a neat and well-executed edition of this great historian, uniform with their edition of Macaulay, when the public mind has been directed to the subject.

9.—TWO LECTURES ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE BIBLICAL AND PHYSICAL HISTORY OF MAN. Delivered, by invitation, from the chair of Political Economy in the Louisiana University, Dec. 1848. By Josiah C. Nott, M. D., of Mobile, Alabama. Bartlett & Welford, 7 Astor-House.

These two lectures contain much that is interesting to the American public, more particularly in relation to the subject of the diversity of the races. There is at present, and has been for a long time, a class of unnatural fanatics, who labor to degrade the Caucasian race to the level of the blacks, and who depend mainly upon the doctrine of the unity of the races for support in their grovelling propensities. This doctrine, Dr. Nott shows very clearly, has been abandoned by all respectable ethnological writers, including the London Ethnological Journal; and he handles the subject with skill and precision. That the blacks are capable of improvement, is evident from the exalted condition of those in the United States over those in Africa, where they enjoy freedom. This improved condition reaches its limit in the second generation, and can be maintained only by constant contact with the superior race. The moment they are left to themselves they begin to retrograde. Hayti is an example. The blacks were taught the mechanical and useful employments—also to read and write—put in possession of a well-organized government, prolific soil, and extensive commerce—no white race ever commenced nationality with such advantages; yet they have steadily and rapidly relapsed into barbarism, retarded only by the white blood mixed with a portion of their population.

10.—A SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Sir Charles Lyell, F. R. S., President of the Geological Society of London. Harper Brothers.

This new work of Mr. Lyell is of very considerable interest, as well to the American as to the Englishman. The author, it appears, left Liverpool in September, 1845, and returned thither in June, 1846, after a trip, *via* Boston, in the steamer, down the Atlantic coast, through the southern cities, up the Mississippi, *via* St. Louis and Cincinnati, back to Boston, where he again embarked; and the journal of his gossipings, observations, and reflections, is presented to the reader in a fair and candid manner. It is, however, in the experience of every one, that not all, or, indeed, few of the remarks he hears are worth repeating; and gravely to sit down and record the road-side chat, forgotten as soon as uttered by the speaker, as the enunciation of deliberate convictions, strikes one rather oddly, more particularly where those sayings are the merest twaddle—a conversation with two old negroes in the rail-cars, in New-England, is detailed, although the author states that subsequent observations convinced him what they said was false. In another place is gravely recorded the statement, as a fact, by some wise-acre, that the election of Mr. Polk was effected by "5,000 fraudulent votes in New-York." Apart from such quizzes, there is a vast fund of entertaining and instructive matter, well calculated to improve the American mind, as coming from an impartial foreigner.

11.—HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. By Jacob Abbott. Harper Brothers.

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