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EDITED, FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
BY
H. W. HERBERT,
AND
A. D. PATERSON.

Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animi prælargus anhelat.
Persius, I. 14.



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ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF EUROPE:— LYCANTHROPY.

AMERICA is new. She is a bright shining penny fresh from the mint, without a speck of that precious green *ærugeo* which medallists so highly prize upon a head of Otho or Pescennius Niger. She has no antiquities. The want of them is a loss to her poets; but to the politician or man of business, the deficiency has not hitherto been found an evil. Whether, as our numbers increase, and their relations with each other, and with the foreigner, become more complicated, it will ever be so felt, time will reveal to our grandchildren. Meanwhile, there is nothing in which it is more apparent, that we were born to-day, and not last night, than in the paucity of our superstitions. That word is not here employed to denote the opinions or practices, which enter into the regular religious creed of any given sect. Many such do, no doubt, exist, which are sufficiently erroneous, to deserve this epithet. But what we allude to are vulgar or popular traditions, legends, and superstitions. It may be amusing to examine one of these, which has been of long and extensive prevalency in the antiquated societies of Europe.

The wolf is an animal well known on our continent. But he is only known in his natural shape and condition. In Europe, on the contrary, the inhabitants of those countries, in which he abounds, have been in the habit of supposing that the fiercest wolves are men, transformed by magic into that shape for the purpose of devouring their fellows, or, at least, their flocks and herds.

Herodotus mentions that such an idea exists in Scythia. "The Neuri," he says, "are very little better than conjurors. For the Scythæ, as well as the Greeks who are settled in Scythia, say of them, that every Neurian is turned into a wolf for some days in each year, after which days he returns to his former state." The belief of similar transformations found its way into the more refined nations of Greece and Italy. "That men are ever changed into wolves," says Pliny, "we must either confidently disbelieve, or make up our minds to believe all the things, which long experience has shown to be fabulous; but I will explain by what means that notion has become so inveterate, that a turnskin (*versipellis*) is become a common term of reproach. Evanthes, a Greek author of some estimation, reports upon the authority of Arcadian writers, that it is the custom in a tribe descended from a certain Anthus, to choose one man by lot out of each family, who is led to the shores of a lake in that country, where he takes off his clothes and hangs them upon an oak tree, swims across, betakes himself to the wilderness, and is transfigured into a wolf; and for the space of nine years he associates with a herd of others such as himself. But if during those nine years he abstains from devouring men, he may return to the lake, swim back again, recover his human shape, and become such as he was before, except being nine years older. Fabius goes further and says, that he resumes his former clothing. It is wonderful what lengths Grecian credulity will go! There is no lie however barefaced but has its witness; Agriopas, for instance, who wrote the book called *Olympionica*, relates, that Demænetus, the Parrhasian, at a sacrifice, which the Arcadians at

that time still celebrated to Jupiter Lycaeus with a human victim, tasted the entrails of a boy who had been immolated, and converted himself into a wolf. The same Demænetus, ten years afterwards, being restored to the human form, contended as a pugilistic Athlete, and returned victorious from Olympia." The transformations in the tribe of Anthus were known familiarly to Plautus, a Roman much more ancient than Pliny, for his *Amphitryon* exclaims as follows, "Ye gods! what distemper agitates my family? What strange things I beheld, on my return from abroad! Now I see it was all true, which I have heard in old tales, that the Anthican men in Arcadia were changed, and remained savage brutes, and were never recognized again, even by their own parents." Act. 4, sc. 3.

At the Banquet of Trimalchion (in Petronius Arbiter) Niceros gives the following minute account of the way in which these transformations were effected, in the Emperor Nero's days. "It happened that my master was gone to Capua to dispose of some second-hand goods. I took the opportunity, and persuaded our guest to walk with me to the fifth mile stone. He was a valiant soldier, and a sort of a grim water-drinking Pluto. About cock-crow, when the moon was shining as bright as mid-day, we came among the monuments. My friend began addressing himself to the stars, but I was rather in a mood to sing or count the stars; and when I turned to look at him, lo! he had already stripped himself and laid down his clothes near him. My heart was in my nostrils, and I stood like a dead man; but he sprinkled* salt water round about his garments, and on the sudden became a wolf. Do not think I jest; I would not tell a lie for any man's estate. But to return to what I was saying, when he was become a wolf he began howling, and fled into the woods. At first, I hardly knew where I was; and afterwards, when I went to take up his clothes, they were turned into stone. Who died with fear, but me? Yet I drew my sword and when,—cutting the air right and left, till I reached the villa of my sweetheart,—I entered the court-yard, I almost breathed my last; the sweat ran down my throat, my eyes were dim, and I thought I should never recover myself. My Melissa wondered why I was out so late, and said to me, 'had you come sooner, you might at least have helped us, for a wolf has entered the farm and wounded all our cattle, but he had not the best of the joke, for all he escaped, since our slave ran a lance through his neck.' When I heard this, I could not doubt, and now as it was clear light, I ran home as fast as a robbed innkeeper; when I came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, I could find nothing, except blood, but when I got home, I found my friend, the soldier, in bed, bleeding at the neck like an ox, and the doctor dressing his wound. I then knew he was a turnskin; nor would I ever have broke bread with him again, no, not if you had killed me." The following verses from Dryden's translation of Virgil, are illustrative of the same extraordinary vagary of the human mind;—

These poisonous plants, for magic use designed,
 Noblest and best of all the baneful kind,
 Old Moeris brought me from the Pontic strand,
 And culled the mischief of a bounteous land.
 Smeared with these powerful juices, on the plain
 He howls a wolf, among the hungry train.

* N. B. Circum-minxit vestimenta.

Olaus Magnus, the Swedish Archbishop of Upsala, in his great work on the Condition of the Northern Nations, enlarges upon the subject in the following words:—"Talking of wolves, I may do well to add that, *that* species of them, who are transformed from men, and which Pliny confidently says we should account false and fabulous, are to be found in great abundance, in the more northerly countries. In Prussia, Livonia, and Lithuania, although the people yearly suffer a very great loss of cattle by the rapacity of the wolves, they think but little of that, in comparison with the damage done to them by men converted into wolves. For every year, on the feast of the Nativity of Christ, a great multitude of wolves converted out of men, the inhabitants of various places, assemble by night, in some stated place, which they have agreed upon among themselves; and afterwards upon that same night, they rage so fiercely both against men and all domestic animals, that the people suffer more detriment from them than from true and natural wolves. For it is ascertained that they will attack the houses of men who live in the woodlands, and try to break open the doors, in order to devour both man and beast. They enter the beer cellars, and will drink up several barrels of beer and honey-mead, and then they pile up the empty barrels one on top of the other in the middle of the cellar, *in which particular they differ from natural and genuine wolves.* The place in which those wolves happen to sleep on that night, is accounted prophetic by the people of the country; for if any one of them suffer any mishap on that spot, such as the overturn of a carriage, or tumbling into the snow, they are fully persuaded that he will die in that year, having experienced the truth of it during a long course of time. There is an old wall, somewhere in Lithuania, Samogitan or Courland, the remains of a ruined castle, to which many thousands of men, turned into wolves, are in the habit of resorting every year at a stated season, to try one another's agility in jumping; and those who cannot jump over the wall, as often happens to the fat ones, are flogged with whips by the prefects of the assembly. Lastly, it is confidently asserted, that the magnates and first noblemen of the country are members of that community—and, in my next chapter, I will explain how they usually arrive at such a point of madness, and at so very terrible a metamorphose, which, after they have once undergone it, they cannot neglect at the stated period..... Whenever any person, either a German, or a native, being desirous of innovations contrary to the divine law, wishes to become a member of that accursed college, who (when it seems good to them) are turned into wolves,—so that, at certain seasons of the year, and at appointed places he and his servants should, throughout his whole life, give them the rendezvous, and work mischief, and even death, to other men and to cattle—they use this most unnatural method of transformation. It immediately follows upon drinking a cup of beer, prepared by one who is skilled in such veneficous arts, and who, at the same time uses certain words; provided always that he who drinks it, is a party consenting. From that time forth, he has only to retire into some cellar or dark wood, whenever he is so disposed, and entirely transmute his human shape into the likeness of a wolf. And he can alternately lay it aside, or resume it, as he pleases. To come to examples—A certain nobleman was travelling through a long wood, and with him certain rustic servants, acquainted (as many are in those parts) with this sort of magic. The evening was closing in, there was no lodging

at hand, and they were forced to spend the night in the wood, and were moreover hard pressed by hunger. At last one of them proposed to the others, to remain quiet, and, whatever they might see, to make no disturbance, for that he saw a flock of sheep at a distance, and would very shortly procure one for them to roast, so that they might not be quite supperless. And with that he ran into the thick of the wood, that he might not be seen, and transfigured himself into a wolf. Then he rushed impetuously into the flock, and seized a sheep, and carried it off into the wood; and presently he brought it up to the carriage, being in the form of a wolf; his companions who were privy to his theft, took it from him and hid it in the carriage; and he went back into the thicket and reassumed the human shape. It also happened not many years ago, in Livonia, that a dispute arose between a nobleman's wife and her slave, (for they have more slaves there than in any other region of Christendom,) whether or not men could be turned into wolves. At last he said that, if he were permitted, he would presently show a proof of the fact. He went into the cellar by himself, and shortly came out in the form of a wolf. But as he fled towards the wood, the dogs pursued him and, though he defended himself fiercely, tore out one of his eyes; and the next day he returned to his mistress with one eye. Also it is perfectly certain, that, if a wolf transmuted from a man suffer mutilation of any of his members, he will, as soon as he resumes the figure of a man, be wanting of that member. But if he be killed by dogs or huntsmen, he will never make his appearance as a man again. And it is a fact recorded within recent memory, that the Duke of Prussia, having little faith in such magic, ordered a man, who was proficient in it, into strict confinement, in order that he should turn himself into a wolf, which accordingly he did; but the Duke afterwards burnt him alive, that such idolatry might not go unpunished. For divine as well as human laws severely punish such crimes."—So much saith the Archbishop of Upsala. A similar anecdote of a Grand Duke of Muscovy, is mentioned by Boissard in his book on magic. A man was taken up upon a charge of being a were-wolf, and brought before the prince, who asked him if it were true he could transform himself, and he said it was true enough. "Come then," said the prince, "and let me see that metamorphose." The man went away with his jailors to a sequestered spot, and performed the mysteries which the devil had taught him, and suddenly he became a wolf, with glaring eyes and horrid bristles on his back, but the chains with which he was previously bound, were still on him. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke had sent for two fierce and strong mastiffs, which he set upon the lupine monster, and they tore him to pieces, before he could recover his natural shape. Doctor Hakewill, in his *Apology of the Power and Providence of God*, quotes from Pomponius Sabinus upon Ovid, a story, which "he tells us of his own knowledge," viz. "that the like are here to be found among the Borussians, of whom one was lately taken and brought by the boors of the country before the Duke of Prussia, whose cattle he was supposed to have devoured. He was indeed a deformed man, and not much unlike a wild beast, having wounds in his face; which he was said to have received from the teeth of dogs, during his change. This fellow being by some examined, (whom the prince deputed to that business,) affirmed that he was twice in the year so changed, namely about Christmas, and again about midsummer. Whereupon, being kept close prisoner in the

castle, and narrowly observed, it was by trial found, that notwithstanding his own confession, he still retained the same shape, atque is fuit exitus fabulæ, says my author." Ogilby, in his notes upon Virgil, says, "Tutheim's reports of Bacarnus, King of Bulgaria, that he could, when he pleased, transform himself into a wolf, or any other beast. There is a like story to the same effect, of one Stuppater, a German."

When Gervas of Tilbury flourished, (which was in the reign of Henry the II. and Richard I., kings of England,) the extirpation of British wolves was very far from being complete, so that strong vestiges of this superstition were then still remaining in that island. "We have frequently seen (he says) men in England transformed into wolves, for the space of a lunar month, and such people are called Gerulphs by the French, and were-wolves by the English." When Camden wrote his *Britannia*, he does not seem to have known of any such superstition prevailing in England. But, in his notice of Tipperary, a province in Ireland, he says they have a "report of men turned every year into wolves," but adds, that he counts it fabulous. John Brompton, the author of an Old Chronicle, pretends that a certain abbot in the district of Ossory, had obtained from heaven, a decree that two persons of that district (a married couple) should every seven years be compelled to leave the country in the shape of wolves, but, at the end of those years, they might, if yet living, return to their home and native shape, and two other persons were condemned in their place to the like penalty for other seven years.

Two Frenchmen or Burgundians, by name Pierre Burgot and Michael Verdun, were convicted in the Archbishopric of Besançon, of having travestied themselves into wolves, by means of an ointment the devil gave them, and of having attacked both men and herds; they were publicly burnt to death in the year 1521. They made confession of their guilt. In like manner the Parliament of Dole, in France, on the 18th of January, 1574, condemned one Giles Garnier to be burnt, for renouncing God, and swearing never to serve any but the devil, and turning himself into a wolf. It was observed that persons of the name of Garnier or Grenier, were usually addicted to these practices. Ce nom (says a French author) est comme fatal. Besides those proceedings, there were condemnations for the same crime at Constance, under the Emperor Sigismund, at Orleans, in 1583, and in the Parliament of Rennes, in 1598, and at Grenoble, in 1603. Blois was remarkable above all other parts of France, for its *loup-garoux*, as these men turned into wolves are called in French. And it is a remarkable observation, that its Latin name Blisium Castrum, means in Gaulish, City of Wolves, from *blis*, a wolf. It was supposed that these people, had a deadly enmity to witches; in illustration of which, De Lancre relates the following anecdote.—A certain lycanthrope was convicted of tearing a horse to pieces, upon such clear evidence, that he could not deny the fact, but excused himself by saying that the accident happened as he was endeavoring to kill a witch, who had taken refuge under the horse's belly, in the shape of a butterfly. John Grenier, a young offender, only thirteen years old, and the only wolfish man who was ever pardoned in France, frankly avowed that he delighted in eating children, and especially girls. He declared that he had taken to the woods in obedience to the orders of Monsieur de la Forêt, a black man of gigantic stature, whose breath was cold. When asked what he had done with his wolf's skin and pot of ointment,

he said they were chez Monsieur de la Forêt, who sent them to him when ever he wanted them. The poor boy even maintained that Monsieur de la Forêt had been twice to visit him at the Convent of Franciscans, where he was detained. Gilles Garnier, of Dole, was also in the same story, and said, that he always considered Monsieur de la Forêt as his master. That personage is supposed to be the same tall black man, who was sometimes called, Le Grand Veneur, and who crossed the path of the Count de Soissons out a hunting, in the forest of Fontainebleau, in 1559.

Nobody can doubt or dispute that people of this description used to commit the most atrocious butcheries. When Peter Stump, who died very penitent, near Cologne, in 1589, confessed himself guilty of the magical self-transformation, we may be inclined to think the culprit as fanatical, as his judges were credulous. But when he confessed to having killed thirteen children, two women, and a man, we cannot call in question a fact of so great notoriety as the violent death of sixteen persons in one district or neighborhood. The madness in question was called lycanthropia, and described under that name by most of the ancient Greek physicians, especially Cribasius and Aetius. The latter says, that such patients leave their homes by night in the month of February, haunts places of sepulture, and imitate wolves in all things.

The libraries of Europe would probably furnish a much greater number of curious anecdotes and illustrations, but the above may suffice to excite, and partly to satisfy curiosity. It is evident, upon the whole face of the matter, that there is less in it than the superstition of the 16th century supposed, and more in it than we, in our present state of society, can clearly comprehend.

Herodotus describes these things as having been believed or practised in the interior parts of Asia, called Scythia or Tartary, the same from which the tribes of warriors and huntsmen, commonly called Indians, found their way to this continent. It would therefore be desirable, if any one, conversant with their opinions and habits, would make it known to us, whether any, and what, similar ideas are to be found among those savage communities. Any such communication would be gladly inserted.

SONNET.—ITALY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FILICAJA.

WHEN the last footsteps of departing day
 Fade from the mountains, and night's shadows fall,
 In the thick robe of darkness veiling all,
 I joy to think the late extinguished ray
 Lightens some other land; nor to the sway
 Of midnight leaves the world. But, Italy!
 Eternal night has quenched at once in thee
 The light of hope and valor—passed away
 Thy cherished glory—and the deepening gloom
 The torch of war illumines with lurid beam,
 To guide thee to destruction. Is thy doom
 Discredited? Ah, vain delusive dream!
 Yet if endurance save thee from the tomb,
 Suffer! to thee such loss a victory well may seem.

E. F. E.

Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature. By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. 8vo. pp. 257. New York. J. & J. Harper, 1833.

WE cannot conceive of a more substantial benefactor to society at large, than is presented by the man who incites by his precepts and encourages by his example, the community by which he is surrounded, to the cultivation of the history of their country, and the adornment of that country by continual acquisitions in the fine arts. And this, not on account of any extrinsic value of such works of art, not on account of the pedantic display which such knowledge may produce, but from far more valuable considerations. The trite, familiar, but always apposite remark, that "history is philosophy teaching by example" should not by any nation be forgotten; more especially should it be kept in vivid remembrance by one which achieved its liberties and its independence, against exorbitant power and all but moral impossibility. The noble assertors of political independence and natural equality, so successfully vindicated the former by their arms, and settled the latter by their jurisprudence, that we should be doing not only injustice to their memories, but to our own interests, if we should permit either their names or their acts to fade in the individual recollections, or the taste for their contemplation to lose any of that raciness of flavor which we at present rejoice to find them possess.

It is no unfrequent remark, among the indolent and the ignorant objectors to this species of study, that in America it is limited in its operation by the brevity of its details, naturally ensuing from the newness of the settlement, and the recent era of its independence. Nothing can be more absurd than such a remark, on every ground. For in the first place, in order to see the beauty of our own historical picture, it is necessary to go into the review of that of other nations.

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

says Pope, and this can only be effected by examining him under every variety of circumstances, place, and condition. Human nature we admit is the same under all circumstances; and mankind will generally at all times of the world have the tendency to act in the same manner under the same impulses;—allowance being made for the differences of education;—but what that mode of action *is* we can only gather from viewing mankind in various parts of the earth, under various governments and at various periods of time. It is *then* only that we begin to compare, review, and reflect, it is then that the actions of the dead are lessons to the living;—it is then that by the comparison of causes with effects,—the consideration of motives to action, with their consequences both to contemporaries and succeeding generations, that we gain those important lessons of experience which history is so admirably calculated to present.

On the other hand, though as a nation we are but the people of yesterday, and cannot present a chain of historical events extending through many centuries, yet what we want in antiquity we can amply supply in interest. It is true, we cannot go back with our history into those dim obscurities wherein the fable is so mingled with the fact, that we know not which to believe, and where both are so distorted by time and tradition that we should be glad not to believe either. It is true, we are not able to grace

our early annals with accounts of mighty robbers and conquerors roaming over the fair face of creation, and dealing death and destruction over millions of simple hearts, in order to gratify an inordinate ambition for conquest and love of rule. It is true, we cannot boast our country to have been founded by demigods, nor have we heroes going about fighting with "chimeras dire," but we have annals of more recent date, of which contemporary accounts satisfy us of the truth, and which show us that our forefathers left the homes of *their* ancestors, to enjoy the worship of their God in freedom of conscience; we have progenitors of so short a time back, that we know their exploits to be *no fable*, who shed their best blood, not for the conquest and enslavement of a peaceful unoffending people, not for the lust of dominion, not for the aggrandizement of a few, at the expense of many, but to acquire for themselves, and to transmit to their children, the rights conferred by God and nature, and having so acquired them, were contented to enjoy them, without molesting the rights of others.

We have history enough to inform us, that our warriors, after they had achieved their glorious triumphs over their enemies, could obtain one yet greater,—the conquest of themselves, and instead of becoming demagogues, who after all are but tyrants over the minds of their followers, became fellow citizens, and legislators for the public weal. And how did they legislate? They cast from them the mire and filth, the follies and the absurdities of by-gone institutions. They allowed experience to work her way, and instead of following the beaten track, only because it *was* the beaten track, they struck out for themselves a code of laws, having historical example for its basis, and "has the greatest good of the greatest number" for its object.

But that we may not take entirely on trust the excellencies of those who have laid the foundations of our laws, and that we may be enabled to mature our judgment, so as to be qualified to propose judicious improvements and expedient alterations, from time to time, according to existing circumstances, the page of history should be frequently turned, and its lessons deeply engraved. Of all the nations of mankind, *we* are the people who should most attentively study this important branch of education. The civilized world, in the other hemisphere, are ancient nations; placed in close proximity to each other, their manners in a manner amalgamate, their interests frequently unite, and almost as frequently clash;—the experience of past ages, and the improvements of education, have taught them that a species of perpetual and mutual protection, together with an equally perpetual and mutual check, is judicious and even necessary for the safety and harmony of the whole, and under the well known term of the "*balance of power*," a corrective is continually administered to that evil, which is incipient not only to the most moderate, but even to the weakest of the European governments,—the love of conquest, the desire of increased dominion.

Hence it is we find, that powers in Europe, which in their ordinary state, have national prejudices against each other,—which are frequently in the way of each other's projects,—which in fact are like snarling dogs, ever ready to show their teeth, and the more paltry the bone of contention, the more eagerly they battle for it—let but another step in, whether under pretence of being a moderator in the dispute, or for the purpose of making certain advantages out of it,—and all the rest of the states in that hemisphere, will immediately be set in close divan to consider the scope and tendency of pending operations, and to calculate how far one nation may possibly be crippled,

how far another aggrandized by the measure:—how far, in short, the “*balance of power*” may be affected, and what step may possibly be given to any one, in a favorable situation, for proceeding *towards* universal empire.

These things are with them matters of every day discussion; they operate on their manners, their politics, their commerce, and even upon their religion; hence, their ideas are always at home; their arms,—as we may term their arguments,—are always ready at hand, and that which in the *most remote degree* touches upon the finest point of European policy, is discovered and held to view before it is in any condition for action. All this, it is manifest, is the result of *history*:—the experience of the past, is the guide of the future. The acts of their forefathers, the motives that impelled them, the effects which they produced, are before their eyes. Europe is a great amphitheatre, in which certain individuals act with millions of spectators to view them; and this, not as an uninterested audience, amused with the unravelling of an intrigue, and pleased with the development of a plot, but seeing in all that passes, their own interests deeply involved, and competent and willing to change the course of the performance according to the manner in which they find themselves actuated.

We, on the contrary, are very differently situated. We stand aloof from the numberless little particularities by which the bodies-politic of the eastern world are affected. We feel ourselves placed in another hemisphere, the sole nation within it to which the term *civilized* can fairly be attached, we are, therefore, as it were isolated from the rest of the world, as regards jarring and feud for disputed points of dominion; having nothing to do with the law of hereditary succession, and not being even remotely connected with the thousand royal princes, of domains equal to the county of Westchester, we are not likely to become engaged in squabbles as to whether we are in the forty-seventh or forty-eighth degree removed from the succession to one of those said splendid dominions, and consequently whether we are qualified to match in the greatest and most powerful of the European states, *by right divine*. But we are equally with them bound to study their history, and that of the nations of old. It is true that our institutions are our own, that our code of civil and moral polity is our own, and that we have unscrupulously rejected, from adoption, every thing that appeared to militate against the national principle which is the pride of our country; but it is necessary to keep in remembrance that we are the descendants of the European nations, that our forefathers imbibed their knowledge and their experience from thence; and that the foundations of what we receive, no less than what we reject, are to be found in the institutions, or are to be deduced from the experience of the older nations; and it must also be considered that as ours is a nation already highly eminent throughout the world for its commercial relations, and daily adding to them both in importance and number, it is important, that we be acquainted with the peculiarities, as well as the general history of those with which we either are or wish to be connected, to the end that our proceedings, whether national or individual, may be conducted with propriety, wisdom, and right feeling.

But if general history be a study advantageous to us, how much more so must be that of our own country. The contemplation of the stupendous struggle with one of the most powerful of nations, in order to extricate ourselves—a few colonists—from the trammels and oppressions of a kingdom possessing incalculable resources, to establish a federal union which should

give us mutual strength both within and without; the contemplation of the privations to which our patriot fathers subjected themselves,—the load of debt which they were obliged to incur, in carrying on that arduous contest,—with the consideration that they surmounted these difficulties, and that the debt, immense as it was, is already paid; the contemplation of the frugality of the public expenditure, yet of the general respect paid by all foreign nations to our public functionaries; the contemplation of the characters of *individuals* in the glorious scheme, on the success of which we now so justly exult, and in the benefits of which we all so equally participate,—all these are matter of *domestic* history, on which the heart loves to dwell, on which the mind will improve, and on which the principles will fix. On this part of the subject Mr. Verplanck has been peculiarly happy, he says,

“But the habit of looking to our own annals for examples of life, and of rendering due honor to the illustrious dead, the rich fruits of whose labors we are now enjoying, has a moral, and I think, a nobler aim. In paying the tribute of admiration to genius, and of gratitude to virtue, we ourselves become wiser and better. Instead of leaving our love of country to rest upon the cold preference of reason, that slowest and most feeble of all motives of action, we thus call up the patriotism of the heart in aid of that of the head. Our love of country is exalted and purified by being mingled with the feelings of gratitude, and reverence of virtue; and our reverence of virtue is warmed and animated, and brought home to our hearts, by its union with the pride and the love of our country.”

This quotation recalls us to the consideration of the work from which it is extracted, and which forms the title of the present paper. The book comprises a number of speeches, made by the author, at anniversaries and other assemblies, upon occasions calling forth the warmth of the patriot, and the friend of learning and the arts. The objects of all these speeches are of a stimulative nature, being either incitements to the important study on which we have already expatiated, perhaps too much,—to the cultivation of the fine arts, on which we would also say a few words before we close,—or to the admiration and imitation of distinguished characters now lost, except as to their deeds, to survivors, and given in the form of eulogy, on those characters. On all and each of these accounts, the book has powerful claims on the attention of the public, independent of those which may be considered due to him, as an excellent scholar in the abstract, and a valuable member of the state, whilst acting in the legislature.

In the first discourse, spoken before the New York Historical Society. Mr. Verplanck, with great pains and research, has brought to view the various persons connected with the first colonization of America, and has exhibited the acts of those persons, for the benefit of those parts in which they had settled or interested themselves. He proceeds forward to those, who, after the settlement of the various colonies, had visited or attached themselves to particular parts, and recounts the acts of munificence of various founders of colleges, donors of important privileges and advantages, the rise and progress of learning in the colonies, and brings us by imperceptible degrees to the eventful period, when it became necessary for us, as a high spirited and a much wronged people, to assert the independence which was our birthright, and which had been too long and in too shameful a manner withheld.

When Mr. Verplanck arrives at the period of our assistance from the

French alliance, he takes the opportunity of paying some honor to the memory of Louis XVI., and this he does, by introducing an extract from a state paper, which it will be proper to transcribe again, here. Speaking of that monarch, the paper goes on thus:—"The conduct of our good and great ally towards us, has so fully manifested his sincerity and kindness, as to excite on our parts, corresponding sentiments of confidence and affection. Observing the interests of his kingdom to be connected with those of America, and the combination of both clearly to coincide with the beneficial designs of the Author of nature, who unquestionably intended men to partake of certain rights, and portions of happiness; his majesty perceived the attainment of these views to be founded on the single proposition of a separation between America and great Britain. The resentment and confusion of your enemies,* will point out to you the ideas you should entertain of the magnanimity and consummate wisdom of his most Christian majesty on this occasion. *They* perceive, that selecting this grand and just idea from all those specious ones that might have confused or misled inferior judgment and virtue; and, satisfied with the advantage that must result from that event alone, he has cemented the harmony between himself and these states, not only by establishing a reciprocity of benefits, but by eradicating every cause of jealousy or suspicion. They also perceive, with similar emotions, that the moderation of our ally, in not desiring an acquisition of dominion on this continent, or an exclusion of other nations from a share of its commercial advantages, has given no alarm to those nations, but has, in fact, interested them in the accomplishment of his generous undertaking."

Thus far the address of congress in 1779, and to this Mr. Verplanck himself adds "nor is there any thing in the after-life of Louis to induce republicans to revoke these praises."

Now highly as we admire the talents of Mr. Verplanck, and greatly as we respect his principles, we must take leave to differ from him "*toto cœlo*" as regards the above extract, and the brief comment which follows it. Of the kind disposition of Louis XVI., there can be no manner of doubt:—of his sincerity, *in the abstract*, perhaps we may also be satisfied, for it follows almost naturally from the admission of his "kindness," but as for sincerity *in practice* we must really put in a positive dissentient. The whole political life of that monarch presents a series of vacillation, a profusion of promises and professions, which it was the study either of himself or of the court in which he *presided* to evade. This we admit was not the effects of a plan of studied duplicity, it was sheer weakness of mind. In politics he was like a straw adrift upon a stream, which was floated in any direction at the pleasure of the wind and tide. Perhaps he might be a judicious theorist, but he never effectually brought a judicious theory to practice. For all the purposes of society, he was an *insincere monarch*, but when he became a prisoner he was a *sincere man*;—and a *martyr* when martyrdom would not save his cause. And again,—what says the state paper? That he observed the combination of the interests of the two nations "clearly to coincide with the beneficent designs of the Author of nature, who unquestionably intended men to partake of certain rights and portions of happiness,"—so then the King of France could consistently fight for "certain rights and privileges" in America, and *against* them at home! And what are these rights, and portions of happiness? They are unde-

* This paper was addressed to the several states.

fined, therefore they cannot be denied. "Certain portions of happiness, and certain rights" *have* been at all times enjoyed by all nations; if the state paper had defined them, mankind could have better judged whether the political conduct of Louis accorded to the definition. To talk at this time of day of the wisdom and discretion of that unfortunate and amiable but weak sovereign, would be absurdity, and to quote as doctrine anything which indicates as much, cannot be, we think, otherwise. Again, to talk of "our good and great ally," when it is notorious that our really "good and great,"—the illustrious Lafayette, came to join our cause, even in the teeth of court opinion,—that France wavered in her judgment, even after she inclined to us,—like the bat in the fable of the birds and the beasts,—until the surrender of Burgoyne,—it was the event of Saratoga that decided "our great and good ally," and not his patriotic feelings. In truth, and in brief, the paper from which the extract is made, though a politic one at the time, and serviceable perhaps both to flatter France and encourage our own patriots, will not do *now* as a sober opinion of the French court and its alliance. Lafayette, and his little constellation of friends, being ever considered a splendid exception from the remark.

We should have considered that Mr. Verplanck had hastily, and without much consideration, made the remark which followed, if we had not perceived subsequently that he attempted its vindication, but certainly we think, not successfully. With this exception, however, and a few remarks which savor of prejudices, and ought hardly to have place in a mind of so generally liberal a cast as that of the author, the discourse is a very fine one, and well calculated to stir up in the citizens of our states, that judicious taste for history, so well calculated to enlarge the public feeling, and to promote the public interest, by showing us that as we are of common origin in civilization, and deduce our institutions and experiences from a common root, so ought there to be a common feeling of liberality, and a common desire to be beneficial to others as well as to ourselves.

After a brief eulogy upon Lord Baltimore, the next address is upon the fine arts, and here it is but justice to say, that Mr. Verplanck leaves us at a loss which to admire most, his patriotism or his taste. The former incites him to urge with all the powers of his persuasive eloquence, the cultivation of those arts which refine the feelings, exalt the soul, and polish the manners. The latter enables him to point out those which are of most importance, and those in which we are at present most defective. It is delightful in this discourse to trace the hand of the connoisseur, and to perceive the eye which has long been conversant with works of taste and *vertu*; it is equally delightful to perceive how he makes his knowledge subservient to the best interests of society. It is indeed true, as he intimates,—we do not quote his very words,—that the rich cannot do better with the surplus of their wealth, than to lay it out in that which at once adorns their houses or estates, and gives encouragement to genius and art, for whilst they do this, they do something more. Works of genius, whether in sculpture, statuary, or painting, are generally taken from subjects that act upon the feelings or the principles. Can we see a portrait, a statue, or even a bust of WASHINGTON, without calling to mind all the virtuous and the magnanimous qualities of that distinguished patriot? Can we view even an ordinary daub of the surrender of Cornwallis, without feeling our hearts beat high with the reflection that, as the sword passed from the hand of the

British commander, so passed also the last link of our shackles from our limbs? Can we view a representation of the capture of the traitor Arnold, without the glow of virtuous indignation, and feel the horror of treachery as a powerful lesson to our own minds? Can we look upon the dying Hobart, as he is portrayed on living marble in our own city, without feeling a sentiment of holiness pervading our mind, and a tacit resolution springing up in our secret souls, to "go and do likewise?" A sea-fight, a storm, the portrait of a friend,—every thing, in short, in which the scientific hand has been exercised, whilst it gives increased elegance to the mansion, gives also increased purity to the heart.

Mr. Verplanck laments, in common with other men of discernment, the slow progress of taste in architecture which our country exhibits. This is undoubtedly true, and is much to be regretted; but when he would arrive at the cause of this backwardness, we suspect that his patriotism, or rather his tenderness for feelings which he cannot approve, leads him to repress, or at least to soften, his real opinion. It is true that the equality in the division of property in our country, is greater than is to be found anywhere else in the world, and that accordingly we have very few who are exorbitantly rich; that there is in every republic a spirit of economy, such as no monarchy ever exhibits, and a consequent simplicity in the habits and desires. But he subjoins, that in Greece and in Rome, both republics, as well as America, splendid and durable monuments of architecture were erected at no very late period of their history. The truth is, that from the notion of *economy* in matters of mere amusement, or of things which are merely gratifying to the taste, as the fine arts are too mistakenly and frequently deemed, our countrymen are too loth to *lay out*; instead of having the "cheapest and least durable materials" employed in our architecture, to give it a false glare of magnificence which must quickly yield to decay, and show a yet greater degree of barrenness, than if the attempt had never been made at all.

"Besides these faults," adds our author, speaking of the faults of overloading our architecture with a profusion of incongruous ornaments in these "cheap" materials, "most of our architects are very deficient in what may be termed the painting of their own art,—that power, too rare elsewhere as well as here, of giving expression to buildings, of making their appearance announce their uses, of assimilating the style of ornament to the objects to which they are applied, of filling the mind with those sensations most consonant to the uses, whether of amusement or learning, of legislation or of devotion, for which they were erected."—

"Our better sort of country seats, have often an air of too much pretension, for their materials and their scale, in size and expense. While we despise the humbler beauties and picturesque comforts of the cottage, we rarely attain to the splendor of the chateau or villa. In short, our countrymen have yet to learn, that *good taste and proportion, so valuable in their effects, cost nothing.*"

In order to give additional weight to his arguments on this subject, Mr. Verplanck judiciously points out, as he is able from experience to do, the difference between the sensations of a stranger visiting the United States, and those of one of our own citizens, visiting a city of the old world. "When a foreigner," says he, "first lands upon our shores,"—"finding here, as he does, much to admire, much surpassing his warmest expectation, the first

among several sources of his disappointment arises from the general taste and character of our public edifices."—"Every thought of freedom, and glory, and patriotism, recalls to his mind some recollection of the exquisite works of republican antiquity. He looks around him, and, it need not be added,—with disappointment."

Speaking of the utilities as well as the beauties of the arts, but chiefly in reference to painting and architecture he says, "I well remember the vivid impressions produced upon my mind several years ago, when first I saw the University of Oxford. The quiet grandeur, and the pomp of literary ease which are there displayed, did not wholly disarm that dislike I could not help feeling towards an establishment, which, possessing so much learning and so much real talent, had for the last century, done so very little for the improvement of education, and had so long been the sanctuary of unworthy prejudices, and the solid barrier against liberal principles. But when I beheld her halls and her chapels, filled with the monuments, and statues, and pictures, of the illustrious men who had been educated in her several colleges; when I saw the walls covered with the portraits of those great scholars and eloquent divines, of the statesmen," &c. &c.—"I could not but confess that the young man who lived and studied in such a presence, must be dull and brutal indeed, if he was not sometimes aroused into aspirations after excellence, if the countenances of the great men, who looked down upon him, did not sometimes fill his soul with generous thoughts and high contemplations."

"And why," he adds, "should not we also have everywhere the same excitements to laudable exertion and honorable ambition?"—"We, too, have great men to honor, and talent enough to do honor to them. In our public places and squares, in our courts of justice, our legislative halls, and seminaries of education, the eye should everywhere meet with some memorial of departed worth, some tribute to public service or illustrious talent."

This whole address of Mr. Verplanck is replete with sound taste, and virtuous enthusiasm, and should be read by every lover of his country.

In another address he vindicates the utility of the schoolmaster in an eulogy on D. H. Barnes, and ably proves the value of the teacher to society. We pass it by, however, as not connected with our present purpose, as well as the "Columbia College Address," and that of the "law on literary property," and shall briefly add that the concluding discourse, delivered before the Mercantile Association of New York, is replete with useful information and admonition to the young men who form that society, as to the objects of their studies, the best means of gaining useful knowledge, and the most appropriate mode of applying it to practical and beneficial purposes.

Our limits warn us to take leave of this learned and judicious writer;—the prejudices which we lament to have perceived in him, are however, but as specks in the sun, and serve but as additional instances to prove that there is nothing perfect on this side the grave; but on his excellencies as here exhibited, we love to dwell, and should do so longer, if duty did not call us to other matter. Of one thing we are assured, and with this we will conclude;—that not only will his book be extensively read, but the taste will be improved, and the warmth of patriotism heightened, wheresoever it is perused.

THE EXILE.

CHAP. VI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
 On a breeze from the northward free,
 So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
 Or the swan through the summer sea,—
 * * * * *

So brilliant was the landward view,
 The ocean so serene;
 Each puny wave in diamonds rolled
 O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
 With azure strove, and green.
 The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower
 Glowed with the tints of evening's hour,
 The beech was silver sheen.

Lord of the Isles.

THE morning was just breaking, when the cry of "land" was first heard below, and except Harlande not a passenger had as yet left his berth; he indeed, as a sportsman, and as a lover of nature, had from his early childhood been accustomed to rise even before the lark; and many a time had his elastic tread brushed the dew from his own heathclad hills, while the stars were yet glimmering in the cold sky, as he hurried with his favorite dogs to the wild haunts of the moorfowl. Nor had his wonted desire to taste the breath of morning, while it is yet untainted by the pollutions of human life and human sorrow, now deserted him, when his range was confined to the narrow limits of the deck.

They, who are sad in spirit, rarely or never love the pillow, after the earliest dawn has found them watchful. There is something in deep misery, which makes them ever seek for rapid motion rather than for rest, for thrilling excitement rather than for inaction, or ease. The occurrences of the day too frequently influence the imaginations of the night,—the thoughts of the waking mind are too intimately connected with its fantasies, when wrapt in what is so falsely termed the oblivion of sleep,—to suffer the wish for protracted slumbers to dwell in the bosom of the mourner. Who, that has ever felt grief, true, deep, heart-consuming grief, knows not that most wretched sensation of half obscured consciousness, which haunts even the visions of night, whispering that the fancied elysium, in which some dream has lapped the cradled soul, is but a fantastic and unreal shadow? No! The rich, the luxurious, and the happy may turn again upon their downy cushions, and seek a renewal of their repose; but the poor, the oppressed, and the miserable, when they have once started from perturbed and unrefreshing slumber, go forth at once into the sad realities of life, rather than endure the more terrible conceptions, the more bitter disappointments of their sleeping hours.

Painful as were the reflections of the banished youth by day, they were nevertheless easy and agreeable when compared with the thoughts that rendered his rest horrible;—after tossing his feverish limbs from side to side for a few endless hours, as they appeared to him, he would arise, while the skies were yet gray, and go forth to watch the glorious luminary coming up out of the east, and to mark his effect on all the myriads of living beings that cleave the ocean with viewless fins, or fan the air with unnumbered and upnoted pinions. He had been long abroad when that shout was heard; and before one of the eager crowds,—who hurried to the

deck, burning to catch the first glimpse of their native land,—had appeared,—he had climbed to the head of the giddy topmast, to look out—not in joy, but in deep anxiety—on that land, where he believed his lot was cast, till he should “shuffle off this mortal coil,” and till all countries should be as one, to the inanimate and senseless clod, which once boasted itself a man.

From the mast-head a long dark bank was visible, scarcely elevated above the tops of the ragged waves when first beheld, but gradually rising more and more distinct against the pale atmosphere, as the good ship close hauled on a stiff breeze breasted the waters with the ease and grace of some bird floating on its native element, till the highlands were clearly seen, even by the naked eye, stretching their continuous line across the near horizon. Winter had set in sharply, and the hills were covered with a deep coating of snow, but the general effect of the scene was nevertheless dark and monotonous, and by the aid of the glass—now in general requisition—it was easy to perceive that the dense forest of pine and brush, which is still spread over the coasts of America, veiled the snowy stratum from which it sprang, except where some occasional clearing of the adventurous settler, or some windrow, swept bare by the breath of the tempest, permitted the eye to penetrate into the bosom of the land. Ere long, a snowy sail was perceived in the distance bearing down upon them, and a moment afterwards a second. “They are the news boats racing for the first intelligence,”—said the captain—“now you will see, Mr. Harlande,—if you are not too patriotic to own it—such craft as swim not in the seas that gird your island, no! not in the service of your king.” And in truth they did come down gallantly, flying over the long swell more like living creatures, than mere machines of wood and iron, now showing the whole of their low and beautifully moulded hulls as they topped the waves, and now buried almost to the tops of their taunt and raking masts, as they plunged into the trough of the sea. It seemed but a moment, from their first appearance till they hove to, and sent their hardy mariners aboard for the latest news. “I confess the truth of your words,”—cried Harlande—though not much of a seaman, I have been something of a *yachter* in my day,—readily will I admit that not the proudest peer in the club can show such a model as that boat, even if he were to buy her at her weight in gold!—If they are as good on a trial, as they are beautiful in appearance, no boats in the world can match them,”—“No boats in the world *can* match them sir,”—was the answer,—“whether on a wind, or before it!—In the lightest air they will beat the fastest frigate in our navy, and in the heaviest gale, when ably handled, will ride like a duck on a mill pond!”—He had scarcely done speaking, ere the news collectors had performed the object of their visit, were again aboard, had trimmed their sails, and were already under way. It was a glorious sight, to watch them, cutting their way through the heavy sea that was running, their sharp bows almost buried in the spray, which drove over them at every plunge; now stooping to the stiff gale, and now rising again with their white canvas glittering like silver, in the rays of the morning sun. The packet, on which Harlande stood, was noted for her speed;—her best sailing was on a wind;—nor had the young man been a month on board, without knowing her qualities almost as well as the veteran seaman, who commanded, and loved her almost as if

she were his chosen bride. What then was his astonishment to see the little schooners shoot from her, like greyhounds from the slip, going at least two points nearer the wind, and leaving her

"As darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds."

Scarcely a cable's length apart, and having left the ship at the same instant, they strove to the utmost to weather each other, leaping as it were from sea to sea,—like mettled horses struggling to the goal,—*neither* gaining any perceptible advantage, till they had sunk into the distance whence they had risen, and whither they had returned like meteors. Hundreds of races had Lindley witnessed, in the narrow channel, and beneath the sheltering heights of lovely Ryde, or woodgirt Cowes:—races between vessels built for the noblest and wealthiest of his land,—manned by crews selected from the ablest seamen, and manœvered with the nicest skill, yet never had he seen, for the far-famed Cup, so closely contested a trial as this between the two boats, which worked by a few men and boys, were flying to announce the approach, and convey the tidings of the tardier though rapid ship.

The land now rose before and around them; the narrow strip of glittering sand, the stunted trees, the occasional buildings, with their map-like spots of cultivation reclaimed from the barren wilderness, no longer showed like glittering patches on the dark and indistinct horizon, but assumed their natural and definite proportions. It was such a morning as is rarely seen in the denser climate, whence Harlande had so lately departed. From east to west there was not the vestige of a cloud to be seen, he discovered not even a speck of vapour hovering above the land; the whole vault of heaven was as pure and as transparent, as though it had been carved from a vast *aquamarine*, the sun riding in a blaze of glory, which no eye could brook, on its eastern verge, and casting a flood of light even to the zenith; while the ocean below reflected his broad disk in a long and ragged line, broken into ten thousand fantastic shapes, by the wild vagaries of its billows—the heavy roll of the surf,—so awful to the ears of the mariner when heard beneath the sullen fall of night, with the dread accompaniments of a howling tempest and lee shore,—now came on the fresh breath of morning, like a harbinger of pleasure, and hope; hundreds of gulls were on the wing, now fanning the very crests of the breaking waves, now soaring till their forms were lost in liquid distance, and again swooping, from their pitch with fatal aim, and the lightning's speed, upon their scaly prey. Nor was the lofty ship as heretofore, alone on the bosom of the deep; many a sail varied the animated scene, from the light coasters of those shores, to the vast and complicated fabrics that now traverse the Atlantic with nearly the same regularity, as the sun performs his daily course. All on board was merriment and joyful anticipation; even those uncongenial souls, who, during the voyage, had shunned all intercourse, beyond a passing civility with their fellows, now opened their hearts and lips, to tell of their anxiety to meet friends, children, parents, wives,—all those ties which bind the heart to the beloved home with tenfold attractions; to be absent from whom renders all happiness incomplete, and to be restored to whose longing arms makes all past toils forgotten, and all future cares unheeded. Nor, in this general burst of feeling, was the young and friendless stranger overlooked; many who had already formed habits of intimacy

with him, expressed their earnest wish, "that those habits might not be suffered to decline into formality, now that the accidental circumstances which had induced them were about to pass away;"—many more who had no thought beyond the impulse of the moment, and who cared not whether they should ever again behold his face, hoped—"that Mr. Harlande would find his way to the house in Bond-street, or the office in Pearl-street,—always glad to see a fellow passenger." Each invitation duly acknowledged, and the full force of each clearly discriminated, Lindley appeared to partake in the exhilaration of those about him, for well did he know that his real feelings would not be comprehended, and that to suffer the grief,—which was gnawing at his heart,—to appear in his countenance, would be but to draw upon himself observation, and perhaps dislike; so apt are men to consider those who do not weep with the mourner, and rejoice with him that rejoiceth, in the light of enemies,—without for a moment considering the causes, which may have saddened the spirit of one, while it has brought balm to the afflictions of the many.

The broad banner of the States, with its stars and stripes, was fluttering proudly from its haulyards at the gaff, while the private signal streamed from the main, wooing the observation of the telegraph, and probably already known on change, in the distant city.—Harlande was standing alone on the quarter-deck, with his eye intently watching, as it seemed, the glancing folds of that "star spangled" flag, though in truth his mind was far away;—when, one of the companions of his voyage, a gentleman already far advanced in years,—whose deep-lined brow told the history of many a hardship undergone, while the firm curve of his expressive mouth, no less plainly told that they had been combated by a high and manly spirit,—touched his elbow—"Even our ship puts on holyday this morning, Mr. Harlande,"—he said pointing with a kindly smile to the gay bunting—"but, if I am as good a judge as I have thought myself, of the mind of man, there is no holyday in your heart!—Come, come"—he proceeded with increased warmth, as he perceived, by the quivering lip of his auditor, that he had struck the true chord—"my young friend—if you will permit me so to call you—this must not be!—suffer not your spirit to sink before imaginary evils—life has enough of real misery."—"You know not to whom you speak, sir"—replied Lindley, in a deep suppressed voice—"you know not what are the sorrows to which you allude!—But you mean kindly to me; and I thank you,—how you have read my thoughts, I know not,—but do you call it an imaginary evil, that there"—pointing to the land—"in that vast, and free, and happy world, to which we are hastening,—I alone shall be solitary and unfriended,—all, but I, are hurrying to the homes of their relations, to their own bright and happy hearths, to their own native land, with all the calls of interest, ambition, and glory, to incite them to exertion; and all the sweet influences of friendship, affection, and love, to sooth in affliction;—while I, to whom you speak, am torn by hard necessity from all that is most dear to me; am about to be cast away, as it were, on a shore, desert to me alone of all its inhabitants,—homeless, hopeless, and friendless?"—It was the first time, he had unburthened his sorrows to a human ear; and now—he knew not wherefore—he felt irresistibly impelled to open the secrets of his heart to the kind old man, who listened with benevolent sympathy to the eloquent sorrows of the stranger. "Not friendless, Mr. Har-

lande, do not say friendless!—I am not one to tender my esteem on light grounds, nor do I wish to pry into aught, which prudence, no less than nature, may incline you to veil,—but I have seen enough of you, sir, in our past sojourn,—and I have not observed you lightly, nor am I often deceived in my opinions,—to make me wish to see yet more!—I do not ask you, “to make my house your home,” for I know that your spirit would disdain a favor from one, with whom you are so slightly acquainted,—but I do beg you, as a personal kindness to an old man, to let me see you very often—I will call on you at your hotel to-morrow, and then we will endeavor to know each other better,—Stop, Mr. Harlande,”—he continued, as he perceived that he was about to reply—“Give me no confidence now!—your feelings are moved by unexpected attention from a stranger, and your judgment is controlled by your passions; I will hear nothing till to-morrow!—But now, if you want an example by which to cheer your desponding spirits, look before you! Look at America!—Time was—when her vast territories, her endless rivers, and her noble seas, were subject to the dominion of a foreign land. The mother-country, proved a *step mother*! The daughter, for a period lay in the very dust, an oppressed, and a miserable colony!—The hour came, and she arose from her degradation,—and behold her now

“As a fair vestal throned in the West.”

Compare her former lowliness, with her present sublimity; think of the difficulties apparently insurmountable, the dangers, the miseries, through which she struggled to fame, and liberty, and power!—But I shall tire you with my sermon, and see we have taken the pilot, and are already passing the Hook; let us ascend the hurricane house and I will be your chaperon and introduce to the country which is to be for a time your *home*!

“There is the Sandy Hook light, and her beacons—there is the cove, the scene of Mr. Cooper’s Water Witch,—you have read it, I doubt not;—but you cannot see the Neck, which,—though so unknown in the days of Queen Anne;—is now crossed by many an honest trader, and many a smart sea boat, when the spring tide and heavy weather from the eastward have converted the peninsula into an island.—Now, sir, you see before you our boasted bay, which you may have heard compared to that of Naples, although in truth, there being no similarity, there can be no comparison.—Both are surpassingly beautiful, but their beauty is of an order as distinct as the delicate loveliness of a girl, from the manly charms of her lover,—or as the power of the oak, from the pliancy of the willow.”

“I have never seen Naples,”—was the reply—“but this is lovely—how sweet must be these wood-fringed shores, in spring, or in your many-colored American autumn—how beautiful they are even now, with their glittering knolls, and fringed branches.” The ship was flying past the swelling knolls of Staten Island, and was fast nearing the point, where the bold banks jut forward as if to meet the rival heights of Long Island, fortifying the inner bay with the natural bulwarks of liberty.—“You have some powerful batteries, and I doubt not heavy metal there,” said Lindley,—as they swept majestically between the dark fort, named after the noblest and the best among the foreign auxiliaries of freedom, the good and gallant Lafayette, and the lower works on the western side of the narrows—“But I am no believer in the strength of batteries—the mightiest safeguard of America, must be the vast space which divides her from all other nations, and the

unanimity of her freeborn sons.—What foreign power dare land an army on your territories, or what object could it picture to itself in such a step? Your millions must arise upon them to their disgrace, and annihilation! nor is it probable that any nation will ever again resort to a measure, which has been invariably unsuccessful, even when the states were in their infancy; but which now, when they are in the prime of undecayed manhood would be an act of self immolating insanity.—*Au reste*, should they attempt it, batteries will not stop them.—But Paris, and Brussels, and Brunswick, have shown the inutility of stone walls, and iron weapons, against the concentrated power, and unanimous will of the people!" —"I agree with you, sir, entirely;—but see, we have entered the inner bay, and the city is itself in view—is it not a fine *coup d'œil*." The Quarantine ground with its clustered dwellings, white cupolas, and noble hospitals lay on their left, glittering to the wintry sunshine,—a group of fishing boats and light schooners rocking at the pier, and a revenue cutter—with her tall raking masts and rigging, as taught as the chords of some stringed instrument, her polished decks, her ready armament, and the long light pennant streaming from her truck, at her moorings in the river; on the left Gawannis bay with its woodland hills, and before them the fortified islands with their bastions, waving poplars, and the broad flags fluttering over all; the vast city looming in the distance with its tall spires, and innumerable masts, its grovehill battery at the apex of the triangle, and the long range of wharfs flanking either of the glorious streams by which it is bounded; while on the one side—the heights of Brooklyn thronged with happy dwellings, and on the other—the almost insulated knoll of Jersey City, stand like rivals of the great metropolis.

"It is indeed a country of which an American may well be proud,—a country which might inspire the coward with valor, and the feeble with a giant's strength,—a country which deserves to be free!" The words burst from Harlande's lips,—as it were by inspiration,—as he gazed on that splendid scene, with its thousand accessories of life and animation;—its rapid steam-boats glancing across the channel of either river, its thousands of snowy sails crossing and recrossing in every direction; its heavy shipping, some moored at the wharfs, and others safely anchored in that noble natural harbor, wherein all the fleets of the united world might float in security, were they fifty times more numerous than they are; its lighter crafts, ascending or descending the broad Hudson, which could be seen for miles in the clear frosty light, winding by Hoboken and the heights of Weehawk, till it was lost behind the stony barriers of the distant palisades. His heart, racked as it was by a thousand conflicting emotions, throbbed violently in his bosom, and for a time its ruling passion was pride!—High, noble, and disinterested pride.—Pride that such a country should, in some degree, owe its magnificence to his own England; speaking the same language, sprung from the same stock, peopled by a race possessing, in a remarkable degree, the same characteristic qualities, the burning patriotism, the love of freedom, the stubborn valor, and the humane enterprise, which he had admired in America, and adored in England. His enthusiasm visibly communicated itself to his companions, and perhaps the excitement which displayed itself in his whole air, did more to endear him to the natives of that land, in which he was about to become a sojourner for years, than the more sterling merits, which had been manifested to all, during weeks of that familiarity

which on ship-board is as unavoidable as it is delightful. To this feeling however, as to all others of intense gratification, there was ere long a chilling reaction.—Sail after sail was furled, till under her maintop-sail and jib she came to her moorings in the East River, and a throng of anxious friends rolled in upon her decks, to greet all *but him*. Then it was, that the recollection of his distant home, the mother, the sister, from whose arms he had been so abruptly torn, rushed upon his sickening spirit. Every trifling incident of that parting scene was present to his mind, as clearly as the sights that were passing before his eyes; every word, to which he had lent his wounded soul, was ringing in his ear to the exclusion of every nearer sound. And, worse than all, every slight offence, every hasty remark, every unkind thought, by which he might for an instant have wounded those beloved ones, whom he never again expected to behold, rose up in judgment and condemnation against him! Oh, how passing bitter, is that consciousness of wrong which we have done, and for which we can never, *never* atone!—How doubly do the coals of fire, which we have heaped in very wantonness upon the heads of those, whom even at that very time we loved beyond our own lives,—how do they return to blight us with the memory of that forgiveness, which we sought not when we had the power, and which, now that we possess the will, we may forever seek *in vain*. Few indeed were the faults of such a nature which could be justly charged against the generous disposition of Lindley, but it is ever the part of this morbid self-condemnation to exaggerate; and though, in truth, unconscious of all real wrong, it was with a humbled spirit, and a heart filled even to bursting with penitential sorrow, that he collected a portion of his baggage, and set his foot, for the first time, on the soil of America.

W.

IMITATIONS OF

FILICAJA'S SONNETS ON ITALY.

SONNET I.

ITALIA—Oh, Italia! to whom fate
 Has given the boon of beauty,—on thy brow
 The fatal guerdon of thy sorrows now
 Is graved and borne,—but pity is too late!—
 Oh! had kind Heaven but marked thee out for hate,—
 Given fewer charms,—or strength to meet the blow!
 Then less admired—or more terrific, thou
 Hadst found repose in thy more humble state!—
 Then from the stormy Alps thou hadst not seen
 Arm'd hordes descend,—nor had the blood-stained wave
 Of thine own Po,—by foes of haughty mien
 Crimson'd with slaughter,—been thy childrens' grave,—
 Nor foreign swords had thy protection been!—
 Conquering or conquered—thou of each the slave!

SONNET II.

WHERE is thy might, Italia?—Of thy foes
 Whom dost thou serve? The open hostile steel,
 And treacherous friendship thou alike must feel—
 Each is thy foe,—and each his victim knows
 In thee enslaved.—If in thy bosom glows
 One spark of ancient fire,—Oh! canst thou kneel,
 And calmly hug thy servitude,—and heal
 The wounds of honor? *This* thy conflict's close?
 Thus dost thou pay the debt of loyalty?
 And thus redeem thy faith? Go then—dream on—
 Forget thy pristine glory! Let it be
 A vision of the past! Sleep midst the groan
 Of falling empires, till the sword on thee
 Shall light, and even thy soulless life is gone.

SONNET III.

TRY days have been like summer,—but they pass
 Like summer suns away,—nor canst thou see
 The horrors destiny prepares for thee;—
 As the false Nile that, smooth as burnished glass,
 Its source unseen, conceals the strength it has,
 Till the pent billow bursts upon the lea,—
 Thus, sweeping, whelming all with misery,
 Thy swift advancing waves shall come at last.—
 Thus—like the tempest by thick darkness led,
 That rides the winds and swells the blackening wave,—
 The storm will burst on thy devoted head!—
 Trust not to aid, that treacherous fancy gave,
 Nor hope to hold a part,—thy fall is sped
 If thou divide;—and all thou darest not save!

SONNET IV.

DISCORD is death, unhappy land, for thee!—
 Nor is it still the least of all thy woes,
 That thy frail strength forbids thee to oppose,
 While yet that strength may tempt thine enemy
 To deeds of violence!—Thou wilt not yield!
 Thou canst not struggle!—Like the hapless bird,
 Whose trembling pinions by the bleak winds stirred,
 Are helplessly suspended in the field
 Of middle air;—so thou,—a mockery
 To every passing tempest,—rudely tossed
 By bitter blasts,—canst only breathe a sigh
 For glory rifled, and for bright hopes crossed!
 Knowing that fear and hope alike defy
 Thy feebleness,—for thou in both art lost.—

E. F. E.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—We have experienced much gratification in our visits to the Barclay-street Academy. It is an institution in every way worthy of our city, and is, we believe, destined to be the germ, from whence great things may hereafter be expected. Possessing rooms calculated in size, coloring, and light for the best possible display of paintings; possessing a small but well selected collection of casts from the best antiquities; and possessing the great advantage afforded by a president, no less admirable as an artist, than respectable as a man; it holds—as it necessarily must do—the highest place among the liberal institutions of our land. The exhibition of 1833 is decidedly superior to that of the preceding year, and we shall hereafter have much pleasure in testifying to the improvement of some favorites of ours, who are making rapid steps to excellence, and who will, we venture to predict, ere many years have elapsed, stand deservedly high in their profession. Before entering into the merits of particular pictures, we have a few words to say regarding this, and the rival exhibition; and in truth it is deeply to be regretted, that it should be destined to our times, and to our city, to afford an illustration to the Roman satirist's,

"Genus irritabile vatum,"

proving that the professors of the pen, are in no wise superior to their brothers of the brush, in the susceptibility of their natures. Without entering into the merits of the case, we shall simply state that we consider it highly injurious to the advancement of the arts, that there should be a division among those, who ought to be most united, leading to animosity and bitterness of spirit, and venting itself in critiques equally unjust and illiberal. Taking no share in the disputes of these touchy geniuses, we propose to consider the merits of each picture in detail, commencing with the elder, and ending with the younger sister.

No. 1. Full length portrait of Benjamin West. The venerable president is represented, as delivering his last lecture to the Royal Academy, on the theory of Light and Color. In illustration of the subject, the cartoon of the "Death of Ananias"—from Raphael, is placed on the easel. Painted for the American Academy of Fine Arts

by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. To say anything in praise of this well known and splendid picture would be in us superfluous, and impertinent. One Vol. I.

thing we would point out to many of our artists,—the gravity and harmony to be observed in the coloring, of what some have deemed, though we think undeservedly, the masterpiece of the greatest portrait painter since the days of Sir Joshua. We have frequently observed, in passing round the apartment, the gaiety and flashiness of tinta, displayed in the back grounds of many otherwise well executed pictures, and would suggest to the authors that they destroy the effect of their labors, and produce a glaring and gaudy appearance, equally inconsistent with truth or nature.

No. 2. St. John the Baptist—lent by D. Colt, Esq.

A clever old picture, though by no means a *chef d'œuvre*, we shall have occasion hereafter to notice several paintings of far greater worth, owned by the same gentleman.

No. 3. Americus Vesputius. } Copied
No. 4. Christopher Columbus. } from
pictures by Parmegiano, in the Royal Gallery at Naples. Lent by H. W. McCracken, Esq.

Curious as portraits, and probably authentic ones, of illustrious men, but otherwise unimportant.

No. 5. Landscape and Cattle—a good copy from P. Potter or A. Vandevelde, we are inclined to think the former.—J. W. Hope.

No. 6. Landscape.—Willis.

A very well painted, and well imagined sketch of English scenery; you can almost walk in and out among the stems of the old trees. This young man promises to do well, and we hope will meet the encouragement he merits.

No. 7. Portrait of an Officer of U. S. Engineer corps.—Waldo and Jewett.

The figure and head are good—the back ground out of keeping, and the color of the curtain neither rich nor light.

No. 8. Gipsy Mother.—By a lady amateur.

A clever sketch—we hope the lady will persevere.

No. 9. Portrait of a child.—Hillyer.

No. 10. Flower Piece.—Baptiste.

No. 11. Landscape, the Stag Hunt—From Messrs. Nunn's & Co.—L'Allemagne.

A very good and natural picture of the Flemish school.

No. 12. Fish Wagon.—Lent by J. Glover, Esq.

A tolerably good copy from *Wouwer-mans*.

No. 13. Portraits of Children.—*Shogog*. Slight and sketchy but very clever,—a close imitation from Lawrence.

No. 14. Landscape in water colors.—*Haverell*.

No. 15. Ichabod Crane. With a long quotation from the Sketch Book.—*B. Thorp*.

A bad picture, but, we are told, the work of a boy; it is much to be regretted, that we cannot be content to learn before we attempt to shine; the young gentleman in question may succeed some ten or twelve years hence, but he must learn—first—drawing and perspective—then *chiaro scuro*—then coloring—and then if he is patient, and fortunate, he may do something.

No. 16. Still Life and Animals.—Lent by Messrs. Nunn's & Co.

No. 17. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*J. Frothingham*.

May be good as a portrait—but as a picture is not of much importance.

No. 18. View on the Mohawk.—*J. V. Dacey*.

Hangs very high up—but appears to be possessed of some merit, although too uniformly brown.—Nature has no such tints as these, spread equally over land, sky, wood, and water.

No. 19. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer*.

All the paintings of this artist are hard and cold, in outline and coloring; though we understand that as likenesses they receive much commendation.

No. 20. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*Waldo and Jewett*.

Very like, and moreover a very harmonious picture.

No. 21. Landscape; the Valley of Wyoming.—Lent by Mr. Clover.—*J. C. Ward*.

*Whose lofty verdure overlooked the lawn, And waters to their resting place serene, Came freshening and reflecting all the scene:

A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves, So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween,

Have guessed some congregation of young elves,

To sport by summer moons, had framed it for themselves.

Gertrude of Wyoming, Part II. Canto I.

A lovely, cool, natural, and refreshing picture.—We can hardly find a fault with it,—if any, the remote distance is a little too blue—but this is a trifle, not to be thought of, in such a work as the one before us:—and indeed we have many a time beheld effects in the marvellous beauties of nature, which would have been pronounced absurdly *unnatural* on canvas. This is decidedly the gem of the Academy, and we have the more pleasure in speaking of its merits, for two reasons!—Firstly—because the works of the same gentleman, exhibited last year, were in some degree impaired by an indistinctness, or *woolliness* of the distance, which has entirely vanished from those of the present year! Secondly—be-

cause we have met with a critique on this beautiful production of American art, dictated we fear rather by the jealous envy of a rival Painter, than by the impartial spirit of an unbiased observer.—The Valley of Wyoming deserves a place in any collection either on this, or the other side of the Atlantic—and Mr. Ward, if he continue to improve as he has done hitherto, bids fair to rank among the first artists of either hemisphere.

No. 22. Landscape, with a Girland Dog.—*T. C. Ward*.

A pretty little scrap—showing much of the same taste which predominates in the last number. The figures are not however equal to the scenery.

No. 23. A Calm.—*T. Birch*.

Rather hard in the outline, and deficient in the breadth of shadows and richness of color in the foreground, but a pleasing and well executed piece.

No. 24. Landscape, after Wilson.—*Richardson*.

Why does not Mr. Richardson paint from his own sketch book, rather than copy Wilson?—He has considerable ease of touch, and not a little force; but his coloring is false and exaggerated.

No. 25. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*G. W. Twiss*.

No. 26. Portrait of a Lady.—*F. R. Spencer*.

Very gaudily and ill colored—the flesh is cold, the curtain glaring, and the effect of the whole patchy.—It is singular how few even of the best painters avoid this fault in their representations of females; even that giant Lawrence was not wholly free from it.

No. 27. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*Hillyer*.

No. 28. Landscape, Catskill Falls.—*T. C. Ward*.

A lovely picture.—If there be any fault, it is the brilliant light in the sky, which interferes with the principal gleam upon the pitch of the falls. Mr. Ward should pay a little more attention to his animals—no details, however small, are beneath the notice of an artist; and the wolf at the edge of the basin is by no means so good as it might be.

No. 29. Portraits.—*Titian*.

Certainly not *Titian*, nor good, except the child's figure, which has merit.

No. 30. The Money Diggers.—Scarcely had he uttered the words when a sound from above caught his ear. He cast up his eyes and lo! by the expiring light of the fire, he beheld just over the disk of the rock, what appeared to be the grim visage of the drowned buccaner, grinning hideously down upon him, &c. &c. *Vide Tales of a Traveller*.—*T. Quidor*.

Here again we have much pleasure in noticing a very palpable improvement, since we last met with this promising young artist.—Last year we had a Bold Dragoon of his, also from the works of Washington Irving; which, though raw and somewhat deficient in drawing, nevertheless gave us

reason to hope for good fruits from the budding sapling. We rejoice to find our prognostics verified—the *money diggers* is many degrees superior to the earlier attempt, and comes very near to being a good picture. The negro, scrambling out of the hole, is extremely well done; the light is ably managed, and the general effect is got up so skilfully as to give us the most pleasing anticipations for the future: we do not however like the red capped buccaneer,—his visage is rather grotesque than hideous!

No. 31. Landscape.—*R. Hoyle.*

Altogether too pale, and the foreground so light as to destroy the perspective.

No. 32. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*J. W. Badger.*

No. 32. Miniature of a Lady.—*J. W. Badger.*

Both rather deficient in character and originality of style.

No. 34. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*A. L. De Rose.*

Somewhat better than the above, but not approaching to excellence.

No. 35. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*A. Robertson.*

A very clever painting—this is the true style of a miniature, and worthy the imitation of all who pursue this difficult line of portraiture.

No. 36. Miniature of a Gentleman.—*Miss Ann Hall.*

Very nearly being a good painting. Miss Hall should persevere, and observe the method of composition used by such artists as Robertson, and success will attend her.

No. 37. Frame containing Miniature Specimens.—*T. W. Sturgeon.*

Prettily finished—but the resemblance of the centre piece (a copy from Sir T. Lawrence's celebrated likeness of Miss Croker) is not sufficiently strong to the original, to justify very sanguine expectations of correct representations.

No. 38. Narcissus.—Lent by Mr. Brett. Flesh too red.

No. 39. Miniature of a Lady.—*Miss Ann Hall.*

Better than No. 36, which we noticed above.

No. 40. Portraits, Lady and Children.—*G. Cooke.*

A bad Picture—decidedly bad in drawing, coloring, and anatomy,—the bigger child's head is as big as the mother's; and the little one's leg is joined—Lord knows how—to the body; and yet Mr. Cooke can draw well, eye and paint well too, at times!—To wit, No. 86—an Italian Monk preaching to Banditti, of which more anon.

No. 41. Susannah and the Elders.—*Col. Trumbull.*

Col. Trumbull is decidedly the best anatomist of American artists; his style is too well known both here and in England, where his works have commanded a large price, to need any notice of ours. But we would recommend to all, who would *paint well*, to learn first to *draw well*; whether

from the human model, or from casts of the antique. We assure them that their time and labor will not be lost, to whatever school they may direct their views. Half the portraits in the room are deformed by faulty proportions; and the hands—in particular—in many cases, are as like lobster's claws, as human members!

No. 42. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer.*

Possessing the same merits and the same defects with all his other works.

No. 43. Italian Landscape.—Anon.—Lent by H. W. McCracken, Esq.

Too blue: and too blue in places where it should not be blue at all. If the critique to which we alluded, concerning the Valley of Wyoming, had related to this landscape, it would have been just!

No. 44. Cattle Piece.—*Rosa di Tivoli.*

Very clever, and bearing strong marks of being an original.—The peep of landscape under the bull's head is very sweet, and the goats are *nature*.

No. 45. Landscape.—Lent by Mr. J. Parker.—*R. W. Weir.*

Is not equal to the high repute of the artist, but we believe it to be a juvenile production.

No. 46. Landscape and Figures (after Morland.)—Lent by Mr. Torbos.

Composition very good—as all Morland's must be—but the coloring cold, and not well done.

No. 47. Sea Beach, with a fresh breeze.—*T. Birch.*

A very clever sea piece indeed—though hardly a fresh breeze. The craft and shipping very good, except the two row boats in front, which are rather *wooden*; but the sea and sky excellent, and the *tout ensemble* very pleasing, and better than the calm mentioned before.

No. 48. Portrait of a Gentleman.—*F. R. Spencer.*

No. 49. Portrait of a Gentleman.—do.

No. 50. Study from Life.—*Miss Jane Stuart.*

A clever study—the brow is too perpendicular, and the crown of the head too flat; in other respects it is a pretty model enough—the draperies perhaps a little too wild in their flow, but well conceived.

To be continued.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open, and we take some shame to ourselves that we have not sooner noticed the many meritorious performances contained there. The multiplicity of engagements incidental to a young publication must plead our apology, especially when we avow that the purpose has only been procrastinated, not neglected.

The exhibition room of this respectable collection presents a *coup d'œil* at the very entrance, and it requires a little vacant staring before the attention can address itself to the serious purpose of examination, which latter however well repays the trou-

ble. There are in this small gallery---small as compared with the academical exhibitions of Europe---many chefs d'œuvres of which the European galleries would be proud; the pictures by the president for instance, those by Cole, Richardson, Mount, Durand, Inman, Twibill, and some others are, with trifling exceptions, calculated to do honor to the arts under any circumstances, and evince a classic and cultivated taste which gives fair promise of distinguished eminence in this department of the fine arts. With great beauties there are also combined qualities of a more ambiguous nature; that is to say, qualities which may enhance or depreciate the value of the performance, according to the degree in which they are used; for instance, the style of the coloring,---and the mode of filling up;---when these particulars are of a peculiar description in the artist, and are strongly and uniformly discoverable, they come under the objectionable term *mannerism*.

From this fault few artists in any part of the world are totally exempt; indeed when the genius is original, and the powers of the imagination genuine, they will naturally develop themselves in an uniform manner, but this is the very thing to be guarded against; the peculiarity is rather a beauty than a fault; it is the redundancy of it, or the slavish adherence to it, that is the deteriorating quality; and by it the artist of fire and genius reduces himself towards the level of the mere dauber who having only one set of rules for every performance, makes his pictures only the broken parts of one panorama. But let us examine them somewhat more in detail.

The opening little picture, No. 1, by Thompson, is calculated to give a good impression of the gallery, just as an ingenuous countenance is a good letter of introduction. It is good both in conception and coloring, and the clouds of "leadene hue" which help to throw the back ground into obscurity are very well conceived. There is another picture, No. 16, by the same hand, of which we cannot speak so favorably. He seems to have had an eye to that mode of coloring adopted by the president in Nos. 2 and 3, but the skies and atmospheric effect in Italy and Switzerland, present different appearances from those of New York Bay, and that which is the effect of warmth and repose in the former case, is but half shading in the other. Indeed we must even object to the president's *chiaroscuro* in these two pictures, notwithstanding the artificial means used there for bringing them out.

No. 30, by Moore, is a very fine conception. It is "the Brigand alarmed." The expression of the wife, with the tint of light on the outline of her figure as she reaches the verge of the cave have a fine effect, and the attitude of the bandit, with his *trombone* ready for use or defence is well conceived. The accessories in the back ground are just; and the only defect in the picture---a small fault---is the

stiffness of the lower drapery of the female.

No. 33. The Calabrian *Pifferari*, by the same hand, is a good little picture, and expressive of customs at the shrine of a saint, but it does not contain anything of a striking nature; the drawing and the coloring are both in good taste. No. 3. Is a portrait, by Durand; soft, mellow, and expressive, it has the elasticity and animation of life, and is a highly finished performance.

There are several good pictures by the Mounts, and among the best we would choose No. 13. Dead fish hanging against a wooden partition, by S. A. Mount. This picture is not only well done, but carefully; the graining of the boards, and the soiled effects of the fish hanging against them are marks of care and consistency, highly necessary to those who would "copy nature."

No. 75. A full length portrait of Bishop Onderdonk, by W. S. Mount, is a good picture, but we object to the likeness. If taken recently it is too young, and not sufficiently "filled up" for the bishop. We accord as to its general features, and admire the dignified position and appropriate finish of the drapery, but certainly the artist has done for him, what all who know him will be glad of,---restored him two or three by-gone years.

No. 18. A view of the Cascatella of Tivoli, with the Campagna di Roma in the distance. This is by Cole. It is a most excellent picture, the perspective most admirably carried out into the confusion and haze of distance. The landscape elaborately filled in, and presenting a splendid view of the rich, sunny, fertile plains of Italy. The point of sight being an elevation, pours upon the eye a splendid profusion of objects, and the mind seems lost in the magnificent extent of the scene. So far well; but we regret to see that in all the works of this charming artist, his hand is perceptible the moment the eye glances upon his performances. It abounds more with the *mannerism* we have attempted to describe, than is consistent with the justice he owes himself, or with the pleasure he owes to those who view his pictures. No. 76, a landscape composition, by the same artist, and No. 97, the Fountain of Egeria, evince strongly the mannerism on which we feel obliged to touch. The former of these two besides the peculiar elaboration of filling up, has too many accessorial subjects in it. The canvas is too crowded. In this matter Mr. Cole reminds us of two very distinguished artists in England, who yet fatigued the public taste in the same way,---Glover and Prout,---and it is no disparagement to any of the three to be thus named together. Mr. Cole has nevertheless shown us, that he is capable of higher and better things, in No. 104, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, which is of highly classic conception. The mild dignity of the Savior, the admiration in the expressive countenance of the finely round-

ed woman, the figures in the back ground, on the Samaritan Road, its gateway, the hills, buildings, all in good keeping, and present a grand coup d'œil, which is neither too confused nor too stiff. It is an excellent painting.

No. 40. A full length portrait of J. H. Payne, by Twibill, is as capital a specimen of miniature portrait as is to be found in the whole collection. The attitude, the coloring, the smile, the whole expression reminds us most strongly of the distinguished individual himself, and cannot fail of being considered a valuable painting.

No. 61. Portrait of a Gentleman, by Pin-gret, we are induced to notice, next to the above, as we consider it to be next in estimation, in this line of portrait painting. There is an ease in the position, as well as an air of verisimilitude in the countenance, that even to an absolute stranger will give assurance of a likeness,—added to which, the piece is carefully *finished*, a point of care, which, in small pictures especially, should never be neglected.

No. 31. Metamora. We should do wrong, notwithstanding the excursive form of our remarks, if we were longer to delay the examination of this picture, by Agate. It is the most prominent in the room, both in size and singularity; and at this particular juncture, when the public attention has been called towards the Indian Chiefs, who lately visited our city, the Metamora has naturally drawn a considerable attraction. The figure is well drawn, well colored, possesses great majesty, has all the attributes of strength and command,—but we cannot help thinking, that the Indian character of countenance is wanting. The face, with the exception of the complexion, is decidedly European. Were it not for this, we should have no hesitation in calling it an excellent representation of an Indian Chief by a masterly hand.

No. 26. The Plague of Thunder and Lightning, by Miller. We are under the painful necessity of expressing a very qualified approbation upon this picture and another (No. 35) by the same hand. The grouping we admit to be excellent;—the dismay of the various bodies of Egyptians at the terrible display of Almighty power; the upturned heads of some, and the hidden faces of others, according to the emotion which might be presumed to actuate them,—the hasty prostration of the multitude at the feet of their colossal deity,—the horseman struck by lightning, on the left of the foreground, are all well conceived;—the architecture is also in good keeping with the scene;—but there is a dimness throughout, that does not harmonize with the subject; it is not even relieved by the "fire running upon the ground," nor even by the lightning flash itself. The only piece of physical effect is the dim glare of fire breaking out in the back ground. The figure of Moses is too melo-dramatic, and rather represents the talismanic effects of an enchanter, than the minister of an offended Deity.

No. 35. Earthquake,—the destruction of Sodom, by the same artist. Mr. Miller has here evidently miscalculated his strength. He has given us yawning gulphs, and falling towers, but he has assuredly not considered the laws of gravitation in the way he has caused some of the masses to fall; he has given us despairing figures, who cling to—nothing, or who climb to—nowhere; but in the midst of his chaos the moral sublime is wanting; his "fire from the Lord out of heaven," fails of effect, as entirely as the lightning in No. 26, and this picture like the last is dim in its coloring. It is but fair, however, to observe, that there are in both considerable marks of genius and of original conception, which may hereafter break out with true grandeur and deserved eminence.

No. 88. Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of Sir Walter Scott, by Richardson, is a beautiful *moreau*; the artist has managed to make the abbey itself prominent, without being too obtrusive on the canvas, by placing it near the centre, and in good relief, and has been altogether very happy in catching the true Scottish atmosphere; the scenery itself is not of that bold, grand description, which characterizes the Western Highlands, but what it wants in grandeur it makes up in beauty, and recent events have hallowed it in all sensible hearts.

No. 96. View from Froster Hill, Gloucestershire, England, by the same artist, is still more beautiful than the foregoing;—the two are intended as companions. Nothing can surpass the extent and richness of this scene, which the artist has executed in the most chaste and skilful manner,—no gaudy tints, but delicate grays are the chief colors, and there is a soft haziness that is very impressive to the imagination. The two are in truth, the finest pieces of landscape in the whole exhibition.

No. 60. Landscape, by Weir. Whilst on the subject of landscapes we should be doing injustice both to the distinguished Artist who painted this piece, and to our own judgment, if we were to postpone it. Mr. Weir has long had a just celebrity in works of this kind, and upon the present occasion he well vindicates the character he has obtained; it is faithful to nature, delicate and chaste, and must needs still further increase his reputation.

No. 83. Boonton Falls, New-Jersey, by Durand. This is an exquisite piece of nature; it is in the highest degree fresh and vivid: the foliage has obtained a particularly careful finish, and the white volume of water falls in such a manner that we would almost pronounce it cooling and refreshing to the eye. The Professors in this Academy by-the-way, appear to have studied landscape with great success; the best paintings in the exhibition, with one or two exceptions, are of this nature.

No. 127. Marine View, by Birch. We have now to turn to another department of art: one on which so many have worked their own fame more effectually than that of the vessel they have attempted to de-

scribe; one in fact on which too many are liable to seek for materials in their own fancy, instead of viewing them in sublime reality. But the latter we would suspect to have been the case with Mr. Birch. His brig in distress is so faithfully portrayed, that we could almost imagine him to have been one of those in the boat which he exhibits leaving the vessel for the shore. The brig herself is very fairly represented in a state of distress—part of her masts are gone, her maintop sail shivered into ribbons, and flying out of the bolt-rope, is highly picturesque; a boat "freighted" with distressed souls is laboring for the shore, and in the hazy back ground are rocks on which the surf beats high. The white caps on the tops of the waves in strong relief to the leaden or black sky which frowns above it, and the whole is a remarkably fine picture of a shipwreck.

Among the landscapes we omitted to name a very fine one, No. 145, by Miller, which is well filled in, and the foliage most elaborately and tastefully finished—the water in the back ground looks brilliant and clear, and the general effect very delightful.

We have but leisure to remark two or three Portraits at present, and must resume our examination in the next number; we cannot, however, pass

No. 110. Portrait of a Lady, by Ingham, which is chaste and spirited, we venture also to pronounce it a good likeness.

No. 133. Portrait of J. Audubon, Esq. Painter and Naturalist, by Inman:—In this portrait the artist has been so happy as to throw mind, decidedly, into the countenance of his eminent subject;—the upturned eyes, the loosened drapery of the neck, the mouth just opened, are all appropriate, and give us a lively idea not only of the face but of the contemplations of the philosopher and artist.

No. 208. Portrait of Chief Justice Marshall,—also by Inman. We have reserved this for the close of the present number, being desirous, in humble imitation of the Phoenix, of dying in a blaze. This portrait of the learned and amiable biographer of the great Washington is a chef d'œuvre. The venerable lawyer is seated in an easy chair, his hand resting on a book which is placed on his knee, his thin gray locks, and his attenuated but calm and contemplative visage are turned towards the spectator, his deep set eyes, under his bushy eyebrows, give tokens of intense thought, but there is an air of philanthropy and benevolence about him which rivets the attention. We regret that this beautiful picture should have been hung so high, as it is hurtful to look so long as the anxious wishes would impel us. The engraving in line by Durand, which graces the third number of the National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, is from this painting, and its accuracy as compared with the original, entitles the latter artist to the thanks of the community, as well as to a high rank in the list of native artists.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA, by J. Lempriere, D. D., a new edition—enlarged, remodeled, and extensively improved, by CHARLES ANTHON, L. L. D.; Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages, Columbia College, New York—2 vol. 8vo. pp. 1635. G. & C. & H. Carvill.—This book, which has just been issued from the Press, reached us too late for more than a brief notice of its publication, and a hearty commendation of what appears to us the production of a literary Hercules, who has not only purified the Augean mire of classical history, but, with consummate skill and transcendent ability given to the youthful student and the man of learning those golden apples of literature which so many thousands find guarded by difficulties more formidable than was even the Dragon of Old. We mean the actual want of the sources of information, which a valuable private library has afforded to the learned Editor; but as it is our attention to treat at large of this work in the next number, and enter fully into its merits, we will only say that the author has, in our opinion, done more to elevate the standard of our literary character, in the eyes of Europe, than any other living writer; and we doubt not that the work in question, if not immediately reprinted, will have an extensive sale in the English market. There are two things connected with it which strike us at first sight as not being exactly to our mind, viz: the difficulty of making it answer as a School book, owing to the two volumes; and again, the retaining that almost exploded Chronological reckoning of 4004 years from the Creation to the coming of the Messiah.—Of these, however, *inter cetera*, more hereafter. We would wish to see the book not only in the hands of every man engaged in the education of youth, but also in the library of every one claiming the appellation of a scholar.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, with a Biography and his last Additions and Illustrations, 7 vols. 8vo. New York, Conner & Cooke, 1833.—Messrs. Conner & Cooke have completed one volume of this interesting work, the cheapest, we venture to say, and the best executed for the price, that ever appeared in the Union. Of the value of the work itself, it would be impertinent now to speak, the whole world has conspired to raise its character beyond injury from carping critics; it is admitted on all hands to be the most amusing, as well as one of the most instructive publications that ever found its way to the attention under the garb of fiction. The present editors are making their edition a desideratum. It will not only include all that the distinguished bard and wizard has published,—with his last corrections, alterations, and improvements,—but also a biographical account of the author, his correspondence, and every thing that relates to so eminent a man, which the power and means of the compilers can

bring together of an interesting nature. The work is stereotyped—in fact, nothing but a very extensive sale could repay the publishers, at their low prices—and it is a clean, clear, legible type;—the notes particularly are in a type unusually clear. We consider that Conner & Cooke have done good service to the community, in thus placing within the means of so large a portion, a work, which all should read who have the power. These hitherto voluminous writings are by admirable management thrown into seven octavo volumes (including the life and correspondence) without the elision of a single word from the improved text, and without being either cumbrous or difficult.

A PLAIN AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA, as it prevailed in the City of New York in the Summer of 1832, &c. &c. by David Meredith Reese, M. D. 8vo. pp. 110. New York; Conhor & Cook, 1833.—In these days of terror when the fell monster Cholera is stalking over the world, crying "havock" wherever he appears, it becomes extremely necessary and prudent to give attention to every thing which professes to arrest its progress. Even from mistaken judgment there is always something to be elicited, which may form the foundation for further discovery. Under these considerations rather than from absolute confidence in the opinions of Dr. Reese, we recommend this Treatise to the public notice. He appears to have gone into a grave consideration of its nature and cause, and we confess, much to our own satisfaction; and his reflections on the use of alcohol, or rather of ardent spirits, are judicious, though we fear not effective. But as we dare not positively give our opinion on so important a subject, and on which learned Doctors differ, we will leave the matter, and proceed to the manner of the publication. And here we were about to express disapprobation on account of old associations, but a friend who looked over our shoulder reminded us, that the desire of Dr. Franklin, in typography, was here attempted. The long letters are very considerably shortened, not so much so, however, as to prevent them from being distinct, and it certainly gives the whole an air of compactness which is pleasing to the eye. But though we concede that part of the novelty, we cannot approve of the *italic* being put in a smaller type, in the middle of the other type—it looks broken and disjointed; however, it has the charm of novelty, and will therefore have its admirers. It is got up very neatly, and does great credit to the publishers.

THE BUCCANER; a Tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of Sketches of Irish Character, &c. in two vols. 8vo. Philadelphia.—This Romance came to us, so highly recommended from the other side of the Atlantic, that we took it up with the most sanguine anticipations, and we are happy to say that our expectations, in this in-

stance, have fallen far short of the excellence of the work. It is decidedly the best novel from the pen of any female writer, that has appeared for years; and is conceived in a spirit worthy of the great characters which are delineated. The plot is well worked up and the story well told. All readers will do well to judge for themselves.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—The theatrical season is drawing fast to a close. On the 19th inst. Mr. Barry took his *Farewell* benefit, upon which occasion he mustered all the strength of the stage in New York; among the most distinguished were Mr. and Miss Kemble, Placide, Barnes, Hilson, Sinclair, Jones, Reynoldson, Mrs. Barnes, Miss C. Fisher, and Mrs. Hilson. The principal piece was *Katharine and Petruchio*, which afforded an admirable display of the powers of the Kembles and Placide. It is an absolute feast to see the Petruchio sustained as it was by Mr. K., who to the determined, resolute character of the bridegroom, adds the nonchalance and ease of the gentleman. There is so little of stage *trick* in these two performers that we are deceived into the notion that they are for the time the very characters they represent, and we know not whether to admire the "conquering hero" or the tamed shrew, save that some portion of exultation mixes with our pleasure,—at the submission of the weaker vessel to the proper lords of the creation. Placide was an excellent Grumio, but we must protest against a piece of bad taste exhibited by that gentleman in the flogging scene at Petruchio's house; it was "most foul and most unnatural" in the midst of the confusion, for Grumio to mount on his fellow-servant's back and ride off the stage. This would hardly be tolerated among the lowest class of itinerants, and is highly insulting to the understanding of enlightened citizens. As if that were not enough, Grumio returns upon the stage, and like a victorious cock, he crows his notes of victory "cock-a-doodle-doo" in the hearing of his supposed irascible master. Surely Shakspeare's advice ought not to be so soon forgotten by actors "and let those that play your clowns do no more than is set down for them." The fact is, it is catering for the coarse vulgar taste of the galleries, and neither should a respectable actor lend himself to it, nor should a manager permit it. Placide was however *himself* in the first piece, "*The Secret*;" the whole of which little prelude was well performed. After the comedy there was a selection of songs, in which it was our misfortune again to hear a really good singer spoil her music. Mrs. Austen always sings below the pitch, and we know not how to attribute a cause to this very great fault, unless it be, *indolence*. We are aware that we tread upon dangerous ground in presuming to differ from so large a portion of

our fellow-citizens, but such being our genuine sentiments, they must of course be given faithfully to the world or reserved altogether. We are sure that Mrs. Austen can sing, and understands her music, and we therefore take it the worse that she will not charm, by the slight additional exertion of keeping up her voice, and by giving us the silver melody of a *sostenuto* occasionally, instead of the load of ornament and chromatic run, which surprises without satisfying. Jones sung most chastely, but chose unhappily. The music of *Storace* is always pleasing in the drawing-room, and sterling in itself, but is seldom sufficiently brilliant for the theatre or the concert room. Sinclair threw away his fine voice upon a ridiculous monotony, purporting to be a ballad, the subject being supplied from an incident in Rogers' *Italy*, and the burden of each verse being "O the misletoe bough!"—in fact, a travestie of a most beautiful anecdote. The company have a most valuable accession to their musical strength in Mr. Reynoldson, whose voice, a Baritone, is powerful and sonorous. His chief defect is in his enunciation, dwelling but for a short time on the vowels, and thereby losing much both of melody and truth. This we are assured he will remedy; he has all the other requisites of a good singer.

We cannot quit our Theatrical article without protesting in the strongest terms against the abuse of the character of Paul Pry, as played or rather as ridiculed by Mr. Hilson. That actor degrades the Paul Pry into a pitiful low-bred buffoon, vulgar, boisterous, cowardly, and mean.—Whereas the real Paul Pry is a gentleman *at all times*;—he is supposed to be a person of small independence, bred to no profession, and living in a country village. Having nothing of his own to engage his attention, he is a busy-body in the every day affairs of others, and knowing nothing of affairs of consequence, he has gradually come to magnify trifles into important matters;—but he never forgets his dignity, nor can we imagine a greater contrast, than the brutal vulgarity with which Hilson invests him, and the quiet comic gentility with which he is portrayed by Liston.—The dialogue also is essentially altered, we venture to assert that not twenty lines of the whole comedy, as played at the Park the other night, is to be found in the original manuscript. It is in fact cut and mangled so as to be hardly recognizable. We trust that the manager will find it his interest no less than his duty to rid the stage of distortions which disgrace it, and make it once more what it was originally intended, "a glass wherein the world might see itself." Let the actors "follow nature;"—it is a simple rule, and they will find it more to their own advantage, and to the public edification.

NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.
—On Thursday the 27th, this society performed the Oratorio of the Creation, in

the society's hall, Chatham-street, before a numerous and highly respectable audience. It gives us pleasure to perceive the manner in which this society advances in the cultivation of harmony. One of the most sublime, and certainly the most difficult of overtures, was performed with a precision and care highly gratifying both to the hearers and the performers. The chorusses also were powerful and well sustained. The accompaniments however were in general too strong, and that besetting sin of orchestras in general was visible on the present occasion in a powerful degree. We mean the wind instruments were out of tune. Of the singers we would observe that Mr. Fehrman is a young man of great promise, his voice is not deeper than a Baritone, nor will it ever be. He has good taste, but needs power or volume; and his foreign pronunciation was a little against him. Of Mr. Jones it is unnecessary to say much, as he is always correct, pure, and melodious. We only wish he had more strength, but his songs were refreshing to the ear, and pleasing to the judgment; his singing is chaste, correct, and beautiful. Mrs. Austen gave proof of our assertion that she can sing delightfully when she pleases to make the exertion.—The beginning of "With verdure clad," was poor, but the latter half was delightful;—the air "On mighty wings" was extremely well sung by her, and half redeemed her from the censure we have expressed before. In truth we know what she can do if she pleases. Mr. Pearson possesses a great compass of voice, being able to sing a very deep bass, and go up considerably into the tenor; his singing is true, and he only wants cultivation and polish to make it very effective, at present there is a monotony of expression, a want of flexibility, which he must conquer.—Mrs. Franklin's voice, a mezzo soprano, is very pleasing, but not very strong. We suspect she is not quite familiar with the music of the Creation, as the leader's violin was very perceptible accompanying her recitative. It might however be timidity. Her tones are very pure, she sings in good tune, and altogether was a pleasing performer.

In conclusion we would remark one general fault in the orchestra, which they cannot too soon amend;—that of running before the singer. It is a well known rule in vocal and instrumental music, that the singer is allowed a certain degree of *ad libitum* for the purpose of giving grace and effect to particular passages. On these occasions it is the business of the leader to observe the singer, and of the orchestra to follow the leader's motions;—instead of which it required all and more than all of Mr. Hill's exertions to restrain the instrumental performers, from dragging the singers forward, even through a cadenza. On the whole, however, this society has acquitted itself in a highly respectable manner, and bids fair to execute sacred music well and effectively.

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VOL. I.

Bibliotheca Classica; or a Classical Dictionary, &c. &c., by J. LEMPRIERE, D.D. A new edition, enlarged, re-modelled, and extensively improved, by Charles Anthon, L.L.D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, and of Archæology and Ancient Geography, and Rector of the Grammar School in Columbia College. New York. 2 vols. 8vo. New York, G. & C. & H. Carvill—H. C. Sleight.

THERE has been perhaps no greater *desideratum* in latter times, than a work possessing the qualifications requisite to such a classical dictionary, as should be of service to the most deeply learned scholar, as a book of reference and a compilation of authorities; while it should be, at the same time, a fountain of information to the merest tyro in the languages and labors of the mighty spirits of old. A dictionary—the object of which should be, to illustrate rather than simply to enumerate, to elicit the truth rather than to be content with the bare statement, of those incredible perversions of historical and moral veracity, which abound in the writings of the heathen sages of Greece and Rome! A dictionary, which,—while it recounted the facts and fables, recorded by the poets, the historians, the philosophers and the *λογωποιοί* of remote ages,—should at the same time point out the discrepancies, the fallacies, the impossibilities, with which they teem;—should analyze the turbid waters, that may perhaps allay the thirst of curiosity, but minister nothing to the health of mind,—and indicate, not only the corrupted vein which has polluted the living stream of knowledge, but also the antidote, whereby the poisoned draught may be converted into a beverage, not merely innocent, but refreshing and salubrious to the soul that pants for wisdom.

Such a work is the *BIBLIOTHECA CLASSICA*, which now lies before us,—and most sincerely do we hail its appearance, and revere the talents, by which it has been produced to the literary world; as ardent lovers ourselves of ancient lore, as fervent promoters, in our degree, of every measure which may tend to the advancement of human knowledge, and, last not least, as sons rejoicing in every new honor, which may be added to the arms or the arts of our Mother America. In each and all of these characters have we reaped a rich harvest of pleasure, from our partial perusal of Dr. Anthon's able and scholastic *edition*—as he modestly terms it—of Lem-

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priere. It cannot but be an essential assistance even to the most finished reader of the classics, if merely considered as a saving of vast mental and corporeal labor; as a compendium, wherein passages are collated, from almost innumerable authorities, with a diligence, equalled only by the utility of its results. It cannot but be an invaluable teacher to the youthful student, as furnishing him with the means of learning not merely letters, but the sciences which it is the object of letters to impart,—and as being the only work of a similar nature, which even hints at the absurdity of viewing legends replete with fable and falsehood in the light of authentic records rich in history and truth. It cannot but be a source of triumph to our country, that it has at length given birth to a publication, which must eventually become the text-book of profane literature, supersede every previous work of the same class, and hold unequalled rank in every library either of the new or old world.

To speak of the talents or erudition of one, whose fame for scientific and accurate scholarship is as familiar to the universities of England and Germany, as it is to the younger seats of learning in our own country, would be superfluous and impertinent. For the research and labor which have been expended—not indeed in vain—on this herculean task, no further voucher can be required, than the prefixed enumeration of authorities consulted for the purposes of the present edition, not including the classics; which amounts to upwards of four hundred and fifty works, on almost every branch of art or science, that could be brought to bear on the subjects in hand, and in almost every remarkable language, whether of ancient or modern days. With regard to the utility of devoting so large a portion of time, and such intense application to a study so important as this, there can—we apprehend—be but one opinion. On the execution of the undertaking however, on the result of such strenuous exertions, on the beneficial tendency of the entire work, much may be said! So much indeed, that our limits can but allow us to submit our judgment to the public concerning a portion, and that by no means an extended one, of this valuable publication. In fact so short has been the period, which has elapsed since the first appearance of Dr. Anthon's book, that want of time alone would preclude the possibility of our having even *perused* the whole; and were we to pretend in the course of a few days, or even weeks, to have formed such an opinion, as would justify us in putting forth a criticism on *the whole* of a work of such magnitude and power, we should deserve the reprobation and contempt of the learned, as mere solemn *charlatans*, as quacks of literature, affecting to treat of subjects, to become acquainted with which we have evidently lacked the means, and might reasonably be supposed to lack the power also. In order to enable all classes of readers fully to appreciate the benefit, conferred on the studious by the indefatigable author, it may be advisable to set forth briefly—the nature and extent of information, which may be reasonably expected from a dictionary of this kind;—the qualifications which are requisite to an author, who may aspire to throw new light on the dark ocean of early history, and to penetrate the doubtful mazes of heathen mythology;—and lastly, the defects, whether of commission, or omission, which have so long and so loudly called for reformation in those prior editions, which are about to be supplanted for ever by the incomparable superiority of that which is now before us. In the first

place then, a classical dictionary should contain not only "a copious account of the principal proper names mentioned in ancient authors;" but it should also give the compiler's own opinions, as to the truth or fallacy of such accounts; it should furnish the youthful student with a key to the hidden meanings, the remote sources, and the possible explanations, of the strange fables which are related no less by the historians, than by the poets of old; it should tell him what he must reject *in toto* as false and absurd,—what he may admit as containing undoubted facts, though partially concealed by mythical adornments,—and what he may receive with full conviction of its importance and veracity; it should illustrate the obscurity of past ages by the aid of recent discoveries, whether relating to the geography and architectural remains of the countries, or to the languages, the customs, or the origin of the people, it is led to describe; it should not, in short, be contented with furnishing a brief statement of all that was known to the ancients, concerning the subjects of which it treats,—but it must apply the test of accurate examination to those statements, and judge of their worthlessness or value, by the new lights, which have accrued to our days, from the vast improvements that have obtained in every branch of art, and of science, of moral philosophy, and of that religion which is the touchstone of truth.

In order to perform all this, and to perform it with judgment, the compiler must be endowed with talents, taste, and discrimination, of no ordinary nature; for,—although it will be necessary, as we have stated above, that he dive far below the surface, and plunge deep into the caverned mysteries of the sea of time,—that he must carefully analyze the spoils which he may have dragged into light,—that he must hurl aside the worthless dross, while he enshrines the true gem in that setting, which may best display its purity and splendor;—he must yet beware, lest in his success he become too fastidious; he must remember that the natural object of his labors is, to afford a lucid exposition of all that appears most worthy of note, concerning the names of classic lore, whether they be of god-like mortal, or half-human deity; of cities and states, whose site, whose glory, and whose policy have been blazoned abroad, till they have become as it were things of to-day; or of Centaur, Sphinx, and Arimaspians,—monsters, which existed only in the vague and traditional superstitions common to all wild and semi-barbarous nations, till they received as it were—

"a local habitation, and a name,"

from the poetical beauties, in which they have been embalmed by those writers, whose works it is no less his pleasure than his duty to consult, to scrutinize, and to adapt to the time and understandings of his readers. When he shall have done this, and not till then, he may be expected to set forth his own opinion on the subject, tracing the fabulous narrative to its historical foundation, if it have any; deducing the origin of the tradition from the facts of its prevalence at certain periods, or among certain tribes, and lastly warning those who may consult him, to place no confidence in such legends, as can be in no wise tracked upwards to any credible source; remembering always that the duty of a lexicographer is not that of an historian, and that to elucidate the text of ancient authors, rather than to investigate the truth, is the peculiar purpose of a classical dictionary. In a general view, as we have stated above, Dr. Anthon's book is the most able production of the sort we have ever met with, and it would be no easy matter

for a scholar, however well qualified for the task, to make improvements upon it on any considerable scale, even with the advantages afforded to him by the subject of our present article. There are nevertheless some points on which we have the presumption, as it may perhaps be deemed, to differ from the professor; not, be it observed, in any portions of his work relating to authentic history, or matters of fact, for we have been unable in a very careful examination of many topics of the utmost importance, as records of the mightiest states of earth, to discover any room for emendation; we would particularly specify the articles—*Egyptus*, in which the indefatigable author has brought together a mass of erudition on every point connected with the topography, antiquities, religion, customs civil or military, arts and sciences of this wonderful nation, which has been so long considered the mother, as it were, of learning and civilization to the entire universe; and *Roma*, wherein he has subjoined to a compendious narrative of its history, as related by the classical authorities of old, a masterly exposition of the fallacy of their statements, and a clear and probable solution of the principal difficulties involved in their accounts, leaning manifestly to the opinions of Niebuhr, who has brought more light to the early ages of this wonderful people, than the united wisdom and research of twenty centuries; rejecting at once the mythic tradition, that Rome was founded by the Trojan fugitives, he attributes her gradual accumulation to a Pelasgic or *Oriental* origin; to which doctrine, as far as the Pelasgi are concerned, we have no hesitation in yielding full credit; we cannot however so fully coincide in the belief, which Dr. Anthon seems to entertain, both here and elsewhere, that the Pelasgi were immediately of an Oriental, or Indian descent; but of this we shall have occasion to speak more fully, when discussing his notices of Greek, and even Roman, mythology. With regard to the government and policy of the Roman republic, all that could possibly be collected within the limits of a dictionary, will be found under the heads *Consul*, *Centuria*, *Dictator*, *Decemviri*, *Senatus*, *Tribuni*, and many others of equal or superior interest; nor could the youthful student seek for information elsewhere, with equal hopes of success, unless he should wade through whole volumes of fiction, in order to arrive at one sentence of truth. In like manner, beneath the heads of *Carthago*, *Ptolemæus*, *Persia*, and in short every subject relating to those periods, on which the direct statements of contemporary historians have shed their illumination, much matter will be discovered not unworthy the columns of the completest encyclopædia. Dr. Anthon is stronger than any writer, whose investigations of such topics we have heretofore consulted, concerning the lives, the writings, and the doctrines of the philosophers, poets, and authors of every description,—who abounded, in those early days, of a vigor and luxuriance, which would almost lead us to believe that the mind of man, like the soil of the earth on which he treads, decreases in its productive energies, in proportion to the length of time during which it has been subject to cultivation. The tenets of the innumerable schools of philosophy, which in their vain yearnings after that knowledge, to be derived in truth from revelation alone, produced more fantastic theories, more visionary absurdities, than we can conceive to have found listeners, much less disciples, among a people so sagacious in their worldly affairs as the Greeks have proved themselves to be, by their politics, their sciences, and their literature, are set forth with the greatest perspicuity. The styles, the beauties, the defects of those divine poets,—the argu-

ments, the character, the eloquence of those orators, whose rhetorical compositions are still acknowledged to be models of spirit, no less than of persuasion, by all who aspire to the glorious faculty of governing their fellows with a breath from their mouths,—are here delineated with a force, and exactness, which prove that the professor has brought to his arduous task, not only a mind stored with more literary treasures than those of ten ordinary scholars, but a soul capable of appreciating the beauties, no less than diving into the critical *acumina* of the page, whether it be adorned with the rich imagery of an Æschylus, the thunder-like periods of a Demosthenes, or the dark and subtle disquisitions of a Plato and an Aristotle. In all these branches, we confess that the professor has proved himself equal, if not superior, to any modern inquirer, who has given publicity to his labors in our language. Few, we regret to say it, of the literati of the English universities, have the industry to apply that *otium cum dignitate*, which they possess in such princely abundance, to the laborious and irksome task of compilation. Contented with enriching their own understanding, they are too apt to suffer their erudition to perish with them, having passed a youth of toil in the acquisition of knowledge, which, when acquired, they hoard up till it becomes savorless and unprofitable, its possessors sink into the tomb, and the results of their application, which, if duly registered, might have conferred incalculable benefits on the rising generation—

like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.

Not so the author of this valuable, we had almost said invaluable, addition to the long list of lexicons and dictionaries, which are so indispensable both to the mature scholar, and to the incipient laborer in the vineyard of the muses!—He has acquired for himself, only that he may augment the literary acquisitions of his less gifted countrymen, and many an aspiring youth in either hemisphere, will hail the correct science which he may obtain from Anthon's, even as we ourselves have cursed, in the bitterness of our hearts, the meagre truisms of Lempriere's *Bibliotheca Classica*.—In fact, there is hardly a name, whether of those who have been held up as maxims of virtue to be copied, or as ensamples of vice to be shunned, till every minute action of their career, every shade of their character, every incident connected with their lives, have been dragged into light,—or of those, whose insignificance has shielded them heretofore from the scrutiny of succeeding ages,—concerning which our author has not managed to discover something new and interesting, no less to the man who reads for pleasure alone, than for him who struggles to one pinnacle, only that he may use it as a resting place whereon to support his foot, till he gain vigor for another and another spring, in his unwearied progress towards that summit of science, which, though he seem to be nearing it for ever, in reality is scarcely less distant than at the first moment when he started on his toilsome adventure. In truth, the road of knowledge too much resembles, in this respect, the endless avenue bounded on the right hand and on the left by parallels, which, though to the deluded eye they may appear continually to converge, may in reality be produced to infinite space, without the slightest alteration in their relative positions!—When first the student commences his pursuit of wisdom, there is for the most part some preconceived station which he desires to gain; some particular branch in

literature, of which it is his highest ambition to become completely master, and on the acquisition of which, he proposes to rest upon his laurels, content with his first victory, and heedless of further toil. He arrives at the height of his wishes,—he has become a master of that one science at which he aimed,—and behold! the knowledge which he has gained, is only sufficient to show him, that there is yet further and more desirable knowledge beyond. Erudition in one line, is but the *primer*, if we may venture on so humble an illustration, whereby the scholar is drawn into another and higher sphere; and so he must go on for ever, still discovering fresher and fairer objects of desire, till his corporeal, if not his mental faculties yield to the force of time; and when he shall have become “as one of the clouds in the valley,” a long succession of spirits no less enthusiastic than his, will climb step after step upon the same towering ladder, commencing their ascent even where his was ended, and in turn bequeathing their position, to be left yet further below by their undaunted posterity.

There is perhaps no more singular circumstance, in the whole history of the human mind, than the simple fact of the constant progression of knowledge; a fact, which, in our opinion,—if all other proof were wanting,—would be in itself sufficient to demonstrate the immortality of MIND. That truths, which were in by-gone ages elicited, from more than Cimmerian gloom, by the prodigious powers of a Newton, are now taught in every petty school to every dull and droning schoolboy is notorious to all; that the knowledge, which it cost him in his peculiar line, and a thousand other sages in theirs, a lifetime of unremitting toil to gain, may now be imparted in the course of a few years, if not months, is no less evident, than that *we* are residing in an hemisphere, to have imagined the existence of which stamped its discoverer a visionary and a madman, in the eyes of the wisest men of Europe, till success—the only sure test—had proved his folly to be wiser than the wisdom of the gravest philosophers of his age. That this extension of knowledge may be carried on in a certain progression for ever we doubt not; and this,—as we have said above,—this single fact would prove to our conviction, even if the light of revelation had not been vouchsafed to us, that a soul *capable* of endless expansion, and *incapable*, in its present form, of perfectibility, must be intended for higher and better things than the darkness visible of this sublunary sphere. But we are wandering widely from our subject; though in fact we have not gone so far from it as at first sight we may appear to have done, for the aim of the foregoing observations is this—that much as Professor Anthon has done for us, we yet want more; like the miner,—who cannot be content to grope his way in certain but slow security by the aid of his safety-lamp, but must needs brave the fatal explosion of the firedamp in his desire for a clearer illumination,—we can see enough to excite, but not enough to gratify, our curiosity; we can see that there are strange mysteries partially revealed by the waving of the curtain, which is not as yet entirely drawn aside, but what those mysteries are we are at a loss to discover, and yet we burn to know them!—And now we come to the only complaint, we have to bring against the learned compiler;—it is this,—that, in stating the objections brought by critics to some formerly received opinions, which are daily sinking into obscurity and disuse, he has not more frequently given us the benefit of his own judgment, powerful as it needs must be, to guide the

youthful spirit to its scope, when half bewildered in the maze of conflicting doctrines, and now perhaps hearing for the first time, that the existence of *Æneas* and *Achilles* in their poetic characters, much more of *Romulus* and *Numa*, were less authentic than that of *Washington* or *Franklin*. At the end of his able article on *Rome*, the professor has supplied an abridgement of some of the leading doctrines of *Blum*, *Niebuhr*, and *Muller*; but having done so, he leaves us without the sanction of his decision with regard to their united suggestions. We ourselves are fully convinced of the fabulous nature of all Roman history, previous to the alleged destruction of the city by the Gauls,—allowing only that, according to analogy with other governments, we may safely admit the probability of *Rome* having been originally governed by a monarchical dynasty; though all or nearly all the incidents, related as pertaining to that dynasty, are utterly fictitious; this we hold to be now as fairly ascertained, as any fact can be; and scarcely less certain do we hold it, that the formation of the Roman people resulted from a combination of a native stock—the *Etruscans*—who appear to have exhibited some remote signs of a Slavonic descent,—with a foreign or sea-faring people of *Pelasgic*, or *Grecian* origin. Still we should have rejoiced had we been strengthened still further in our belief by the opinion of one, who has such opportunities for acquiring information, united to such faculties for improving on them, as *Dr. Anthon*. We wish then, that he had stated more fully what *he* believes to be the first era of *history* in the legends of early *Rome*;—what facts, isolated and remote as they may be, we may credit, even before this period;—and what we must reject as utterly absurd, and fictitious. Still more do we wish, that he had not cumbered this great monument of his powers with a document, so utterly exploded as the general chronological table, which continues,—contrary, we dare be sworn, to the editor's own faith,—the ridiculous dates of the Roman monarchy, and even assigns the actual periods to facts, of which the average of lives, according to every table of insurance, demonstrates the absolute impossibility; and collates the puerilities of *Livy* and *Herodotus* with the immutable veracity of holy writ. Deeply do we regret, that *Dr. Anthon* should have suffered antiquated custom to exert its sway in this instance over his better judgment; and certain are we, that on reflection he must regret the addition of a codicil to the work, which must either cast discredit on the inquiries broached in the body, or be itself, as it most clearly is, entirely confuted by their superior truth.

This table, commencing from the year one, or 4004 before Christ, and carried down in regular arrangement to the reign of *Heraclius*, Anno Dom. 610, might have done well enough as a summary to *Rollin's* ancient history, or *Stanyan's* *Greece*, or some such other mass of fables; might have imposed on the credulity of the seventeenth—but is utterly misplaced in the nineteenth—century. To display the simplicity of the mere attempt to recount things, which never did happen, which never could have happened, in the same breath with the authenticated dates of sacred history, no other evidence is needed than that which is contained within; although, if other evidence were needed, every writer of sense, from *Newton*, down to *Niebuhr*, teems with incontrovertible argument. The first part, which contains the space of 1758 years, and is embodied in some thirty lines, is merely an attempt to fix the precise epoch of the patriarchs, and though it ap-

pear sufficiently absurd to endeavor to ascertain the era, even of real events, and actual personages at so vast a distance of time, it is nevertheless wisdom, when compared to the second part, whose very title is its condemnation!

"Uncertain and fabulous TIMES of Greece."

And yet these uncertain and fabulous *times* are collated, *accurately*, as we may suppose, with the epochs enumerated in Genesis, and other books, the sacred origin of which is a sufficient voucher for their truth. And herein we find accordingly, that *Telchin*, successor to *Ægialeus* on the throne of Sicyon, was a contemporary of *Sarah*, wife of the patriarch *Abraham*! That *Atræus* and *Thyestes* reigned at Mycenæ, and *Ædipus* at Thebes, exactly nineteen years after the liberation of Israel, by *Deborah* and *Baruch*! That *Troy* was taken in the days of *Jephtha*, and that the *Heraclide* returned to the Peloponnesus two years after *Samuel* defeated the *Philistines*! We could go on to fill pages with these whimsical parallels, were not one example as good as a thousand!—Our chronologist speaks of the *Heraclide*, but he does not fix the date of the apotheosis of their progenitor *Hercules*; and by what means, we would ask, are the offspring made legitimate sons of *history*, while the father is passed over in silence as a spurious child of *fable*; or how has the compiler of the tables,—it was not Professor Anthon we are certain,—been enabled to determine the periods at which events occurred, whose very occurrence at all he pronounces *apocryphal*? Again, has the compiler never met with such a work as Newton's chronology, and does he not know, that in the most quiet times of hereditary succession, in profound peace, aye! even beneath such auspices as those of *Castlereagh* and the *Holy Alliance*, no seven kings have ever reigned 245 years, or 35 years each!—That he should still adhere to the old version of the Romulean dynasty, of which four died by violent deaths, and the last was driven from his throne, and lived in obscurity fourteen years after his expulsion?—But *verbum sat*! Professor Anthon's error has arisen from a desire to give satisfaction to that prejudiced generation, who cling even to *folly*, because it was the *folly of their ancestors*,—and not because he has been himself misled, or dreams of misleading others;—and, after all, the blot is but a blot on the face of a sun.

In some points respecting the mythology, and origin of the Greek tribes, we respectfully differ from the judgment to which he seems inclined; we refer in particular to his evident bias towards the belief of a proximate affinity between the races and religions of India and Greece; although at times he seems to waver slightly in his faith; as for instance, in the article *Troja* he somewhat countenances the ancient "Tale of Troy Divine."

While under the head *Achilles* he hints the possibility, that the whole legend may be an "*adumbration*" of some earlier, and *Hindoo*, tradition—this reminds us of a favorite theory of our own, which again reminds us, that we must not trespass too far on the patience of our readers; and that we must unwillingly defer the *hobby*—for such we confess it to be—on which we are about to mount, as also the consideration of some mythological topics, particularly those which have a reference to *Hercules* and *Apollo*, till our next number; feeling as we do that they are subjects of far too great importance to be introduced at the sag end of an article, that has already run to a somewhat fatiguing length.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

No. V.

1st. *Officer*.—That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2d. *Officer*.—Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore.
Coriolanus.

SUPPOSE me now a midshipman, duly inducted into that important function, and doing duty in the third lieutenant's watch, in his Britannic Majesty's ship, the *Ardour*, of sixty-four guns. How well do I remember the surprise and admiration with which I viewed the interior of that vessel, her immense beam, her two gun-decks, her spacious poop, her excellent quarters, and the number of her complement. The difference between the *Calliope* and the merchant vessels in which I had been was great, but here it was beyond my imagination. Every thing was upon so large a scale, that it was with difficulty I could comprehend the parts; and my anticipated airs of superiority were sunk, on perceiving the tact and ease displayed by the other midshipmen, in giving or repeating orders. I had however learnt docility and obedience in all the ships in which I had sailed, and I was not long in perceiving that these qualities, together with alacrity and enterprise, were necessary in every one who desired the approbation of Captain Ferguson. An excellent seaman himself, as well as a gallant officer, and shrewd tactician, he was desirous that all his subordinates, and his ship,—which is generally a sailor's wife,—should be distinguished in the fleet. It is not always that the captain of a man-of-war can have all his officers of his own choosing, but if he stand high in estimation at head quarters, he can manage it in a very considerable degree; such was the case with Ferguson, and accordingly the greater part of the ward-room officers, as well as those of the cock-pit, might be considered as his *followers*. To some of these he had long been known, and as all became soon acquainted with his mode of government, the *Ardour* presently became a *crack* ship.

I am inclined to dwell on Captain Ferguson and the *Ardour*, more, than anything like stirring interest would impel, because, if there be anything more than the flattering partiality of my friends in the character which their kindness has given me as a naval officer, I certainly either learned it, or got the grounds of it, in that ship, and under that commander. As a ship of the line, there was not that continual enterprise and spirit of gallantry excited, which is to be found in a cruising frigate or in a sloop. On the contrary, when she is attached to a squadron, which is generally the case, she has her station in the "order of sailing," as well as that in the "order of battle," from which she must not deviate, except from the superior impulse of powers which are sometimes far beyond human control,—the winds and waves. Saving, therefore, the character already obtained whilst commanding a smaller craft, the credit with the captain of a line of battle ship depends upon the accuracy with which he obeys the general orders, the care with which he keeps his station, and the celerity with which the duties and evolutions of his ship are performed;—of course I except action itself, upon which I do not enlarge here, as I shall have occasion hereafter to take up the subject more particularly. Allow me then to describe Captain

F. and his manner circumstantially ; for however ill I may have imitated him, he is my model.

Captain Ferguson was a Scotsman of ancient family, but of no fortune. He was sent early to sea, with an education but imperfectly finished ; and his chief dependence, a brave heart of his own, and the promise of some parliamentary interest in his favor, when he should be in condition to make it available. And well was it for the gallant-souled lad, that he depended more upon the former than the latter, for so precarious a thing is court interest, that at the time Ferguson was qualified *by service* for a lieutenancy, his friends were all on the wrong side of the post. Ferguson had, however, determined from the first, to "achieve greatness," and not to have "greatness thrust upon him." He came of a warlike race, and upon all occasions "his voice was still for war."—Was there a cutting-out party, Ferguson was ever the foremost to volunteer ;—was there a storming party, or any expedition in which honor could be gained, or danger could be courted, Ferguson was ever forward to secure the one, or partake of the other. Enthusiastically attached to his profession, no part of its details were irksome to him ; reared in the hardy style of Scottish children, his frame and strength were equal to all the irregularities to which a naval life is obnoxious. With all this he had the strong feeling of family pride, with which his nation is, sometimes too strongly, reproached. "Too proud to be vain," as it has been finely expressed, he was never known to boast ; but he was apt to keep aloof from the generality of his messmates, and to form close intimacies only where he could find congeniality of sentiment. In discipline he was, from the very first moment of his career, found to be somewhat of a *martinet* ; but this not so much from a love of power, and the desire to exercise it, as from an early conviction that such conduct was most conducive to the interests of the service he loved, and even of the people who submitted to it unwillingly.

Before he was nineteen, young Ferguson, had been once blown up, twice wrecked, the little finger of his left hand was shot off, he had been dangerously wounded in the left thigh, the right shoulder, and had received a dreadful wound on his head with a sabre. He had been mainly instrumental in cutting out two corvettes, one of which lay under the protection of a powerful battery ; and had captured with man-of-wars' boats merchant vessels innumerable. Such were his successes though achieved with difficulty and danger, that in whatever ship he served he could always depend on volunteers for any enterprise in which he was engaged. The "pick of the crews" would turn out for "Hector," as he was called among the people, "though he was such a tartar."

The consequence of all which, was, that his various commanders could never have despatches sent home, without some account, in which young Ferguson's name stood honorably prominent ; so that when he passed his examination at the end of six years, he was promoted immediately to the rank of lieutenant, to which he had literally fought his way ; and an appointment was sent out with his commission.—His zeal did not slacken, nor did his courage cool with his advancement, on the contrary, he became more and more distinguished, as the field of action widened for him. He quickly rose to the rank of commander, and from thence was posted.—The enemies of his country will long remember his name for exploits whilst

commanding cruisers, and the officers and seamen, who served under him, loved whilst they dreaded him, and associated with the name of "black Hector" all that was valorous and honorable, with all that was strict and rigorous.

Such was the man under whom I served three years. The first lieutenant had been a midshipman in the same ship in which he was lieutenant, the next three had served under his command in former ships, the junior or fifth only, being a stranger; his purser had been his own clerk, his surgeon had gone with him through every ship he commanded, his master had been captain of the fore-castle in the first ship he commanded, and had been promoted and brought forward for his exemplary conduct and clever seamanship, in short, whilst all were kept at arm's length when on service, all would have hazarded their lives for his approbation.—As he *never* remitted a punishment, there were very few occasions for inflicting them upon the people; and though he never passed over even an inadvertency in his officers, yet, his remonstrances were always given in private, so as to avoid wounding either their feelings or their authority unnecessarily. They were usually effectual, but if the offender proved contumacious, he received a hint that he had better change his ship, or apply to be superseded—which hint, it was well to act upon promptly.

I had not been long on board, before I got my first lesson. Captain Ferguson, came on board and remained the whole day and night.—In the evening I was walking on the midshipman's side of the deck, during the second dog-watch,—which means, between the hours of six and eight. The captain was walking the other side with the officer of the watch and the surgeon.—Suddenly he stopped.

"Mr. R."

"Sir."

"You will have the morning watch of course :—call me exactly at two bells."

"Aye, aye, sir."

My companion was "mate of the watch," and on him generally devolves such a duty as that of calling the captain at a stated time, whilst a younger mid commonly has the same office to perform for the first lieutenant.—Conceiving therefore, that it was a general order, and that my watch-mate heard it as plainly as I did, he would obey it as matter of course, I thought no more of the matter.

The morning watch came on, and about a quarter after two bells out came the *skipper* ;—he went, as every seaman knows, first to the binnacle, then turned up his face to the weather to ascertain how the wind set, and then without farther ceremony called the third lieutenant on one side, spoke two or three words to him in a low voice, and retreated again into the cabin. I still remained unconscious of offence ;—we cleaned the decks, piped "up hammocks," the captain's steward came with the usual invitation to the officer of the watch to breakfast, and the ward-room steward performed the same office to the mate of the morning watch, and to me as a stranger.—All went on smoothly, till Mr. Saunderson, the lieutenant, sung out "strike eight bells, and pipe to breakfast." Then turning to me with a darkened countenance, "Youngster what orders did the captain give you last night?"

I repeated them.

"Why did you not obey them, sir."

"I thought sir, that"—

"Thought sir,—z—ds what right have *you* to think? obey, obey,—there are plenty here to think without you.—You have disobeyed the captain's orders, a fault which he never overlooks.—Go to the mast head, and stay there till I call you down."

"But sir, I"—

"But—but—d—me no buts here—up with you, and think yourself well off its no worse."

He pointed with his finger at the same time to the main-topgallant cross-trees, and up I behoved to go, nolens volens.

"So much for my invitation to breakfast," thought I, with a lengthened visage, "this deck-washing gives an excellent appetite, and the air of the mast-head will give it an edge.—It was sharp enough however without this."

I solaced myself with the notion, that being a stranger and this the first offence, I should immediately be called down, and told to consider this as a warning.—I never was more mistaken in my life.—The warning was intended to be an effectual one, for I was obliged to remain there broiling in a hot sun on an empty stomach, until noon. How wearily the half hours passed, and glad was I when upon striking eight bells, or noon, the first lieutenant hailed me.

"Mast-head there."

"Sir."

"Come down."

I obeyed this order with alacrity enough, but was so giddy with sitting there, without food, that I nearly missed my hold. When I alighted on the deck, the first lieutenant beckoned me to him, saying, "Mr. R. you must go in the barge with the captain, to the dock yard, go and get ready, they are manning the boat,—be quick."

I was about to make a reply, but catching a glimpse of his countenance, and remembering my late lesson, that "I had no *right* to think," I ran down with a heavy heart to dress for this new duty, resolved that there should not be again a complaint of neglect,—I was but half dressed when the quarter-master came down.

"Mr. R. is wanted in the boat."

"Coming, coming," cried I, sticking my right arm into the left sleeve of my coat.

By the time I had rectified the mistake, down he comes again; "Mr. R. the boat waits."

Up I ran with my hanger in my hand. On reaching the quarter-deck, the first lieutenant cried out "how now sir, you keep the boat waiting,—and—what—have you not on your side arms?"

I hastily buckled my belt as I ran across the deck, down the side I went, and broke my shins in the hurry to get into the boat, where I sat with an anxious heart waiting for the formidable appearance of my commander.

Here, however, I was obliged to sit nearly an hour. At length I was loomed even to wish for the appearance of the man I dreaded. Welcome was the sound when I heard the boatswain "pipe the side," and saw the

side boys step *without* the gangway. Quickly he followed, and sat himself down beside me in the stern-sheets. He talked of ordinary matters,—made not the least allusion to my negligence; but when the boat reached the stairs at the dock yard, he turned towards me, as he was about to step out. "Tell the commanding officer, I shall want the boat about seven o'clock, and *do you be here with it, at TWO BELLS, exactly.*"

"Aye, aye, sir," I replied,—mentally adding, "ah, that two bells; if I fail this time, it shall not be my fault."

It took us a full hour to get back to the ship, against a strong flood tide and heavy sea, so that in was six bells, in the afternoon watch, before I got on board. I delivered my orders, and was invited to dine in the ward-room; an invitation which I was glad to accept, for I was dreadfully hungry.

My punishment was, however, not yet at an end; for I was doomed to endure all the sly insinuations from the officers, and from the mids, with respect to my recent elevation.

"You've kept a close look out," said one.

"What sort of weather is it aloft?" cries another.

"Fine air for dyspepsia," observed the doctor.

"Why, you have been on short allowance," exclaimed the purser.

"No," said *my own* lieutenant, "he is a cogitator."

"A what?" said several voices at once.

"A cogitator—he *thinks*; by the Lord Harry, R., I would'nt advise you to think so intensely, but act more promptly, my boy. I've a notion you'll remember this morning's work, youngster. Obedience is the word here, and leave *thinking* to your superiors; or, if you *will* think, let it be how you can best perform your duty, and obey orders. Well,—come, you'll do now—take another glass of wine, and then remember we've the next watch on deck."

I drank my wine, *as in duty bound*—made my bow, and exit to the cock-pit. There I found that it was out of the frying-pan into the fire. A reefer's jokes are all practical; and I was surrounded by all who were below—whooping and hallowing, "the *Highflyer* had anchored in the roads,"—"how were all friends in the sky-parlor?"—"did I like *chums* for breakfast?" with abundance of other witticisms, all of the *stock* kind, and which though pointless in themselves, through constant use, yet struck a little hard from the mouths of strangers. Glad was I, that the quarter-master came down in a few minutes, to report eight bells, and call me and others to relieve the deck.

When my watch was out, I was sent in the barge, according to orders, and arrived at the stairs *in time*—received Captain F.—got on board about nine o'clock, and slunk off to my hammock, tired enough—to be roused again for the middle watch, and mentally resolving "to obey first, and think afterwards."

In a few days I had an opportunity of witnessing another instance of the captain's inflexible regard to discipline and good order. I have already intimated that we were a *crack* ship, which term signifies that the *Ardour* was perfectly neat and clean within; the rigging well fitted, and hardly showing a block except where it was impossible to hide it; our running rigging always taut, and the ends neatly coiled; but, above all, we

piqued ourselves in beating the whole fleet in exercises, such as loosing or furling sails, sending up or down topgallant yards, mooring or unmooring ship, repeating or answering signals, ready compliance with general or particular orders, and such like. The practice of sending up topgallant and royal yards in the morning, and sending them down at night, has long been universal in vessels of war at an anchorage; and the duty, in the fleet, is to follow the admiral's motions, and if possible to beat him, notwithstanding the lead which he necessarily takes. The *Ardour* was remarkable for this; so much so, that the ships in the fleet generally were considered smart which could follow her pretty close. One unfortunate evening, at sending down the yards, the fore-topgallant yard refused to "top;"—there it stuck—a monument of shame to the officer on deck, and of fear to the fore-top-men, who the more hurry they ran into, to correct the fault, the more they entangled themselves. With heavy imprecations, the first lieutenant hailed the unfortunate top-men.

"Cross-trees, there." "Sir." "Send the captain of the top down here."

"He's not aloft, sir."

"Where the d—l is he?"

No answer. The lieutenant raged at the disgrace; by this time the unfortunate yard was down on deck.

"Send all the fore-top-men aft," cried he again.

The master-at-arms was immediately dispatched for the captain of the top, with directions to bring him on the quarter-deck immediately. After a few minutes he returned with a look of perturbation.

"Well, sir, where's Tanner?"

"Why, sir, I can't get him up—he's a little the worse of liquor, I fear."

"Liquor! d—n him,—I'll liquor him. Mr. R., go down with the master-at-arms, take hands and bring him bodily here—d'y'e hear. As for you, fore-top-men, you have disgraced the ship, and by — I'll make you remember it. Mr. Grey," turning to one of the master's mates, "go forward on the forecastle, and exercise the fore-top-men at the topgallant and royal yards until farther orders."

Down I went, and found the unfortunate Tanner completely drunk, and very refractory. He had refused to attend the master-at-arms, and had even given the old man a pummelling; but at sight of the *weekly accounts*, by which name the white patches on the midshipman's collar are distinguished, his fury subsided, and he followed me submissively enough. The general character of this man was very good; but he had unhappily succeeded in procuring liquor, by means of one of the bum-boats alongside, and could not resist the temptation of getting "glorious."

"So, Mr. Tanner, from whence are you?"

"Be—low—sir; I'm—si—si—sick, sir."

"I dare say—at least if you are not, I'll sicken you. You're drunk, sir, beastly drunk."

"N—no, your honor—not ve—very—I've not had noth—nothing to drink—except—th—e *plush*."

"*Plush*, you scoundrel—a precious quantity of *plush* you've swallowed. How came you by your *plush*, as you call it?"

"Sir, I was co—ok to-day—and your ho—honor knows it was *my plush*. I've not had a drop, besides—your honor."

"Tanner," replied the officer, "the ship is disgraced, the captain of the larboard watch in your top is sick in his hammock, and you are brutally drunk; we are behind every ship at the Nore, and you must answer this, heavily, to Captain Ferguson. Master-at-arms, put him in irons."

Before the latter part of this remark was uttered, Tanner had turned his eyes, late so "lack-lustre," indignantly towards his own top, and clenching his large fist towards the men, he exclaimed bitterly, "d—n their limbs, the lubberly hounds." Then, heedless of his own fate, he was taken to the gun-room, and placed in the bilboes; but his impending punishment was nothing, compared with the reproach which the first lieutenant had so judiciously thrown in; and the thought that *his* top had caused "the shine to be taken out of the hooker," was more bitter to his feelings than either cat or disrating. As for the top-men, they were kept at exercise as long as there was light to perform it, and in such a manner as would make them remember topgallant yards as long as they should live.

In the evening the captain came on board, and was made acquainted with the affair. Accordingly, at seven bells next day, the hands were turned up, and the delinquent brought to his sentence. Now, though Captain Ferguson never forgave an offence against the discipline of the service, he was inflexibly just in another way. He never wreaked vengeance upon an offender by punishing beyond what might be considered due measure. Therefore, when the people were assembled, he ordered the man to stand before him, and addressed him in something like the following manner, his calm, dignified, and impressive deportment, giving additional weight to every syllable he uttered.

"Thomas Tanner, you have been guilty of a gross violation of the rules of the service; you have disgraced your shipmates, and the ship in which you serve, and you have given a shock and disappointment to me, who have heretofore had a good opinion of your deserts, and a respect for you in your station. I rated you as captain of the fore-top in consequence of that opinion and respect, and falsely conceived I was assisting his majesty's service, in selecting a *sober* and trustworthy man. I was mistaken; but, being undeceived, I can no longer, in justice, allow you to hold a station of responsibility, nor to do duty in a part of the ship where none but good seamen should go. I disrate you, therefore, from this day, and you will henceforth do your duty in the larboard watch, among the after-guard. Your conduct in future will be scrutinized, and it will depend upon yourself whether, at some distant day, you may or may not be restored to the station of a top-man."

He paused a moment, and then exclaimed, "Pipe down."

Ten dozen would have been a milder punishment than this; the poor wretch was cut to the soul. He retired, crest-fallen and humbled, to take his place in another watch—which, by the way, was merciful—and to perform services which, to the thorough-bred seaman, are always degrading: such as mere manual labor, pulling and hauling wherever he should be ordered, in the *after* part of the ship, and always under the eyes of the officers.

In such a ship, and under such a commander, it was my destiny to learn the elements of a profession, which has always been the pride of my existence; but I had another advantage, in the technical and mechanical part of

it, which I obtained casually. My station, when working ship, or when all hands were upon deck, was the fore-castle; in short, I was one of the "fore-castle midshipmen." Now, among seamen, this is the post of honor, as the men for that station are always picked, old, thorough-bred tars, whose least boast is, that they can "hand, reef, steer, heave the lead, and rig and un-rig a ship, from her water line to the mast head, and from the after end of the spanker to the flying-jib-boom end;" and besides all this, they can mat, and thrum, mend sails, make rope, cut out trowsers as "taut as the skin of a furred foresail," and cover hats with tarpaulin as it were an integral part of the fabric. These men are, besides, full of long *yarns*, of their own exploits, of doughty commanders under whom they have served, of wonderful ships, in which they have sailed, of desperate adventures and fearful dangers, in which they have been involved; they sing old ballads, any one of which will last out a whole dog-watch; they look with contempt on all other stations of the ship except those of the quarter-masters, and upon every other fore-castle in the world except their own. They are all dry jesters, they contemn danger and difficulty, they despise innovation upon received and established practices, and are the most superstitious set of beings upon the face of the waters.

With these men I soon became a sort of favorite, partly because I had so earnest a desire to become a practical seaman, and partly because it became known, presently, that I had been in the merchant service, and had been impressed. This latter circumstance, whilst it in no wise diminished the respect with which they treated me, was nevertheless a passport to their good will, as making me more like themselves;—they probably were, every one, pressed men,—and I overheard one of them saying of me, "that I had come in at the hawse holes, as every seaman should, and not in at the cabin windows." With one of these I became a particular favorite, an old tar barrel, or rather an old sand cask, for he was so universally liked in the ship for his genuine good nature, and the stiff yarns he told of the "*ould Claopatry*," that could do anything;—"could sail through a needle's eye, luff within four points of the wind, and beat the d—I himself, *by a large*,"—that half the "plush" went down Alick Johnson's throat; yet was he no more affected by it, than would the Arabian deserts by a like libation. Alick had always something to tell either of the "*saucy Claopatry*," or of the "*ould ball of rope yarns*," or "*bully ruffian*," by either of which latter terms was meant the Bellerophon; and if his stock were even exhausted, he scrupled not to begin again, assured that the subject was as grateful to his hearers, as to the delighted speaker himself. Alick was one of those whose dandyism consisted of a jacket and waist-coat very thickly set with buttons, a pair of trowsers, the after part of which were as tight as a drum, a long and very thick queue, and a hat with a low crown and hardly any brim, but covered with tarred linen, by his own "*fair*" hands;—the latter object was the idol of his adoration; after the evening grog, which was his nearest approach to inebriety, though his faculties were never confounded, he would caress this beloved object with great ardor of affection, and spurn with scorn any other hat which the wags affected to hold in higher estimation. A remarkable instance of this man's fondness in such a trifle I witnessed myself.

A few days after I joined the "*Ardour*," among other matters of duty

the captain ordered that the bowsprit should be fresh gammoned. This is an important operation, which, however, I need not describe here, and is always committed to the best hands even of the fore-castle men. Among others was honest Alick, who kept all alive with his many-times-told tales, and who worked away with his "beautiful castor" on his head. In the course of the work he had occasion to go forward on the bowsprit beyond the gammoning; either a rope struck him, or, from some other cause, he fell over-board, and in trying to save himself, he caught hold of a small line awkwardly, which formed a bight over his thumb, and from the force of his descent, actually drew that member out of the socket, and clear away from the hand. By the loss of his thumb he got clear of the jam, he swam like a duck, and was presently taken in-board again, where the first words he uttered were, "d—n my eyes, where's my hat? I say, lads, which of you saw my hat?" Alas! the hat was gone forever; a strong flood tide was at the instant carrying it up towards Sheerness, and Alick never saw the beautiful appendage more.—As for the dismemberment, and the bleeding hand, they were not thought of, until some one cried out, "why, Alick, what the d—l has become of your thumb?"

"By the lord Harry," replied Alick, "the thumb has gone after the hat, sure enough, and I suppose they will both come back together.—Well, I must go and get soldered up."

And this was all the heedless creature cared about the loss of an useful member; and with him, and such as he, my nautical education was advanced, and I was preparing myself for hoped for command.

Hitherto my nautical experience had been, in the dangers of the deep, in those of a particular trade, and in practical seamanship;—I was now to see and learn those of nautical *warfare*, for Captain Ferguson was not a man to keep aloof, when hard knocks were going; on the contrary, he was but too ambitious of more than his share, so that honor could be obtained.

TRUE DIGNITY.

PHILOSOPHERS, and men who think beneath the surfaces of things, assert that true dignity exists in the mind, and is independent of external circumstances; whilst the great mass of mankind, imagine that it can only be found in elevated station, and the old world particularly are given to the conclusion, that it only exists in conjunction with the pride of ancestry, and in the contemplation of a long list of noble, illustrious, and affluent predecessors. That such a contemplation may dignify the feelings, and incite the scion of such a stock to respect himself, and take the most correct means to make himself respected, is probable enough, and such an effect is very often produced. But that this true dignity of soul is not inseparably connected with such collaterals may frequently be proved.—The following is perhaps as decisive upon the case as can be given:—

A boy, the son of a barber, was observed to be attentive to the duties of the petty school to which he was sent, and to labor hard to improve himself according to the small means that could be afforded to him. A solicitor in his neighborhood perceived the industry of the lad, and the propriety of his deportment; he fancied he saw in him something more than the every day production of humble life, and accordingly made an offer to the

parents of the boy, to take him into his service, partly to perform duties of a domestic nature, and occasionally to assist in the office as a writer or copyist. Of course the offer was gladly and thankfully accepted. In his new situation he ever behaved with respect to his master and with propriety to those around him; but it was quickly seen, that he lent all the attention which time would permit, to the study of law books in his master's library. The solicitor was not slow in distinguishing his merits, nor did he hesitate to show unequivocally his approbation of the lad's conduct; he offered to defray out of his own pocket, the fee for legal articles, and enable him to pursue the profession in his own office. Here was another important step for the youth, who now pursued his studies with ardor, and performed his duties with a zeal which only sincere and deeply felt gratitude could inspire. Yet was not adulation towards his superior, nor arrogance towards the class he was leaving behind ever evinced from him.

He served his articles out, was entered an attorney in the Court of King's Bench, and practice followed in reasonable proportion; but our youth, now a man, was seized with a nobler ambition, and resolved to quit the grade of *solicitor*, and try his fortune at the bar. He was admitted to keep terms, passed through them, and was called to the bar, with the respect and good wishes of all classes of his profession. And what had produced this universal good feeling? Not the fawning sycophantic expressions and actions of a vulgar soul, but the modest, respectful, but independent conduct of a mind well constructed. He pursued his career with undeviating but quiet course, was gradually raised in legal eminence and legal dignity, until he became Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, the highest common law office that can be held under the British crown.

And here, to any but one whom insult cannot injure, and whose equanimity is such as worldly caprice cannot unsettle, he received his first indignity, following hard upon his highest honor, from the same hands,—those of “the finest gentleman in Europe,” by which title was recognised the late King George IV.

It is customary to make the magistrate above alluded to a peer of the realm, but this was refused to the distinguished subject of this article, on the ground of low extraction. He therefore held the office with the honor of knighthood *only*, for some time;—but justice could not be withheld forever. So happily did he deport himself in this elevated and important situation,—with such suavity to the bar, such mildness to the witnesses, such independence in the expression of opinion,—occasionally familiar, and even facetious,—that he could convulse the court with the sallies of his wit, yet ever so dignified, that no one durst presume upon his good nature,—always listened to with respect—rarely, very rarely an appeal from his judgment,—his name was equally synonymous with *justice* and *gentleman*, and at length the title came, tardily, which added nothing to his real elevation, though it gave him a seat in the legislation of the nation, as a peer,—and which in fact only added an additional duty to those he had already in his hands.

Henceforth he acted with zeal and rectitude of intention in the twofold capacity of legislator and judge, and died a short time back, regretted and respected universally,—as the *great* and *good* Charles Abbot, LORD TEMTERDEN.

SPECIMEN OF THE ITALIAN TRAGEDIANS.

VICTOR ALFIERI.

Of all the modern schools of dramatic composition, there is perhaps not one more worthy of attention than the Italian.—In the English language no writer has appeared, more recent than the days of Otway, who can advance the slightest claim to be considered of a higher grade, than a composer for the stage, unless we except the highly gifted authoress of *Count Basil* and *De Montfort*; the dramatic works of Byron cannot be deemed exceptions, for whatever merit they possess, and in some instances it is very exalted, is that of poetical rather than scenic effect. Of the French tragic theatre we have never been very warm admirers; wanting alike the depth and power of the romantic school, and the harmonious dignity of the Athenian drama, it holds in our opinion the lowest rank in its peculiar class of literature;—Germany indeed has produced, and still continues to produce, writers of no ordinary stamp;—the name of Schiller is in itself an host, nor are those of Tieckh, and Kleist, and Grillparzer, and others more than we have leisure to enumerate, to be passed in silence.—Great however as may be the value of individual works from each and all of these, we hesitate not, still to award the palm to Italy, as having given birth to a school possessing in a high degree the qualifications which charm alike in the closet, or upon the stage;—and of all the minstrels, who have contributed to render the soft harmony of the modern Tuscan inferior to no language, in point of the treasures which it contains, save its manlier predecessors of Rome and early Greece, not one has been more widely, or more justly celebrated, than he who furnishes the subject of our present article.—Born of a wealthy and Patrician family at Asti in Piedmont, of impetuous passions, and unbridled temper, despising and loathing the tedium of education, Victor Alfieri at an early age rushed forth into the world on the pursuit of pleasure; he travelled with unequalled speed over the greater part of the European continent, nor were the follies, and the vices, the amours, and the horsemanship of the youthful noble less widely bruited abroad than his subsequent poetic glory.—Like Byron, he

in turn ran through

All that was beautiful and new,

and like him he turned in satiety and disgust from “women, wassail, wine and treasure,” and applied himself with unexampled ardor to the pursuit of literary glory.—To relieve a weary hour by the sick bed of his mistress, he composed a single scene, the scene swelled into a drama; and flushed by its success and eager for a yet more ample reign of glory, he devoted his hours to the studies which he had neglected in his boyhood, deliberately commenced a course of education to fit him for the profession of poetry, and despite the old adage of “*Poeta nascitur*,” succeeded to the height of his ambition.—In the course of ten years he produced fourteen tragedies, distinguished by a grandeur and dignity, both of style and sentiment unsurpassed except by the earliest masters of the tragic shell; a nervousness of dialogue,—a force of character,—and a depth of feeling, inferior to Shakespeare alone;—closed a life of riot and debauchery by a maturity of harmony, and an age of glory; and when his earthly career was ended, slept

beneath a mausoleum wrought by the far-famed chisel of the great Canova. According to the plan, which we have proposed to ourselves, of offering to our readers a series of selections, from the purest authors of the Italian school, we here lay before them some translations from "Saul," in our opinion the most perfect of his dramas, and hope, at some future period, to call their attention to other poets of the same melodious land, scarcely less worthy of immortal fame, than Victor Alfieri.

The scene of this tragedy is laid at Gilboa, and the time is near the close of the life of the unhappy Saul in his last battle with the Philistines. Some hours before the battle, David returned from exile, and determined to devote himself to the service of his king, enters the royal camp. The scene opens with his soliloquy.

All powerful God! here wilt thou that I check
The course, to which thy hand divine has urged me?
Here then I pause. These are Gilboa's hills,
Now the encamping place of Israel's host,
Arrayed in hostile ranks against the front
Of impious Philistia. * * * *

Soon night these hills, this silent camp, will yield
To the triumphant sun, who shall go forth
To tell of noble deeds. And thou, Gilboa,
To earth's far distant ages shalt rehearse
That here devoted David gave his sword,—
His life,—to Saul. Come forth, Oh Israel,
From these your silent tents! Thou king, come forth!—
Witness this day if David hath forgot
The arts of battle. Ye, Philistine hosts,
Come forth!—And see if yet this sword can slay!—*Act 1. Scene 1.*

Jonathan joins him, and tenderly expostulates with him on this temerity, in exposing himself to the anger of his father;—David's reply is noble and patriotic.

David. People and king
Are both in danger; and shall David now
In woods and deserts seek security?
Shall he take thought for one poor life, while o'er
His country, and his sovereign hangs the sword
Of merciless infidels? I come to die—
But on the field of battle,—girt with arms
Wielded in Israel's righteous cause, and his
Who long since sought my death!—*Act 1. Scene 2.*

How finely touched the tenderness, with which Jonathan excuses the bitter hatred of his sire against his friends by attributing his hostility to the influence of Abner's representations! He describes the complete ascendancy, which the false courtier has obtained over the mind of the king, and laments that neither his entreaties nor those of Michal, David's wife, were able to soften his obduracy. How much of nature is there, in the warth with which he assures David of his devotion and friendship, yet hints the possibility of those dark and desperate perils against which no human friendship can avail, no human arm can shelter him.

Jonathan. While I live, I swear,
No sword of Saul shall harm thee!—But from foes
Who lurk in secret, and in secret strike,
How can I shield thee, David? The delights

Of mirth and luxury, the joyous song,
 May hide some hidden bane! Aye, in the cup
 Of gold, that sparkles to the flowing brim,
 The unsuspecting lip may drain a death.
 Who'll guard thee from *such* dangers?

David. *Israel's God—*
 If 'tis his holy will, I should escape them!—
 A host could not protect me, if his fiat
 Doom me to fall!—*Act 1, Scene 2.*

The gentle and feminine character of Michal is finely contrasted with the stern temper of her sire. Her utter grief and desolation of heart as expressed in the third scene, where she enters without seeing David, must penetrate the breast most inaccessible to softer sympathies. The transition from despair to rapture at meeting him, mingled with her apprehensions for his safety, and her confidence that God who has conducted him through so many dangers, has not brought him there in vain, are pictured with a truth and freshness that render her a real breathing creature, rather than a mere being of the poet's phantasy. Jonathan advises David not to venture into the presence of Saul, till he shall have been previously prepared to receive him, but to mingle unobserved with the common soldiers. The objections of Michal are such, as must naturally arise from the love and admiration of a devoted wife—at the same time adoring the man, and all but worshipping the hero.

Michal.—How canst thou deem my David could conceal
 His form amidst the crowd of meaner warriors?
 What eye can flash such conquering rays as his
 Beneath the helmet?—Or what arm may wield
 The sword like his?—What voice, like David's, charm
 The listening hosts with melody divine?—
 No, no—my chieftain—hide thee from *all* eyes,
 Till to thy side thy Michal can return!

The second act opens with a scene of waverings and temptations between Saul and Abner. The old king recurring to his brighter days of youth, and innocence, and glory—bright even from their contrast with his present degradation and despair.—

Saul.—How glorious is the dawn! in bloody mists
 The Giant rides not forth. But seems to promise
 A day of joy! Oh, my lost years of youth!
 Where are ye vanish'd now? Then from his tent
 Saul ne'er went forth at morning, but with proud,
 Unyielding confidence, that parting day
 Should hail him glorious victor.—

And the villain Abner attempting to inspire him with the hope of renewed victory—while the unfortunate monarch answers with a feeling of prophetic melancholy—conscious that he is deserted by his God—conscious that he has merited the desertion—yet lacking the moral courage to fall down and cry, Father I have sinned—and humble himself before Him who “despiseth not the contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful.”

Oh! in the sight
 Of human things, how different the view
 Of youth from age! When with strong hand I grasped
 The mighty lance—which now my feeble arm
 Can scarce support—I knew not how to doubt—
 Alas! I have lost more than youth!

To Abner's assertion that his misfortunes are solely owing to David, the king replies,—

Abner, no—

A source more deep, more dread hath all my woes—
Would'st thou conceal its horrors from me? Ah!
Were I no parent, nor my offspring dear,—
What would a wretch like me with victory,—
Kingdom, or life? Long since I should have given
This form to glut the greedy foeman's steel!—
Long since should I have cast away this life,
Which I drag on reluctant! Canst thou number
The years, in which a smile has never lightened
On this wan lip? My children whom I love!—
Their fond caresses move me oftener far
To anger, than affection! Fierce, impatient,
Vexed with a thousand ills, I have become
A weariness to others, and myself—
In peace, I burn for war—in war, I thirst
For rest, and peace! In every festal cup
Dark treachery seems to lurk!—Mine eyes discern
In every friend a foe—these silken couches
Hateful as rudest rocks—my brief repose
Is anguish still—and all my dreams are terror.

And, again the miserable old man describes with terrible distinctness his visions of horror!—visions of despair, and guilty consciousness!—of a mind abandoned to the dominion of sin, and its dark train of avengers—anguish—and repentance now too late—and the worm that never dies—the venom'd worm remorse!

The self same voice,—

The sovereign voice, which in my days of youth—
When, happy in obscurity, I dwelt
Far from the throne—called me to royal state,
I hear again!—But changed its tones and dreadful—
It threatens and rejects me. Ever nigh
That awful voice, more deep and terrible
Than is the tempest's in its hour of wrath—
"Hence, Saul! depart." Then I behold the face
Of slumbering Samuel—him, whose sacred aspect
I saw in dreams—before God's will was known,
That I should rule His people! Still the same—
The same—and yet how changed—in some abyss
Hopelessly plunged, far—far above I view
The prophet robed in light!—the youthful David
Kneels at his feet, while o'er his shining locks
The old man pours the sacred oil—then, stretching
From his bright eminence an hand of power;
Tears from my head the crown, and with it circles
Young David's brows. But wondrous past belief!
David rejects the gift—weeps at his feet,
And pleads for me! O sight to thrill the soul!
My faithful David!—Art thou still my son?
My friend, my subject still? What! tear the crown
From my brow! Treason! madness! pale old man!
Darest thou do this? False, impious traitor!—tremble!—
Who art thou? Let him perish, who designs
The treacherous thought!—Alas, I rave! I dote!

The attempts of Michal and Jonathan to console their father, and cheer

him with the hope of victory over his enemy, he checks in his usual tone of gloomy foreboding—but reproves Abner with severity when he ventures to remonstrate with the children of his sovereign; still manifesting even in his frenzy and guilt some traces of the noble spirit that had won for him of yore the favor of his God, and made him a ruler in Israel. There is unequalled beauty and dignity in the next scene, where David enters and devotes himself to the will of Saul.

David. I bear nor sword nor shield—
Such arms in presence of my sovereign lord
Become not me, where prayers and lowly patience,
Innocence, and humility, and love,
Fail for protection. If my fate be fixed,
I'll perish as thy son,—not as thy foe.—
So Isaac, when the father of our race
Had raised his hand to shed his guiltless blood,
No word,—no sign,—save of submission,—gave,
But kissed the hand beloved, that sought his life.—*Act 2. Scene 3.*

The stern monarch melts involuntarily at this testimony of the devotion of his dreaded subject, but reproaches David at the same time with a wish to rob him of his glory, and to exalt himself above his king and captain. “If I were not thy king, would it have become thee,—a young soldier,—to cherish contempt for an aged and experienced warrior?” He alludes to the songs of the damsels of Israel, when the palm of superiority was awarded to David, censuring him that he had not replied to their indiscreet praises, by reminding them that he was but the creature of Saul. David answers that such indeed was his reply, but that slanderous tongues had conveyed false interpretations of his conduct to the ears of his sovereign. Abner, stung with the reproach, taunts David with seeking shelter among the Philistines, and accuses him of conspiracy against the life of Saul. To this accusation David answers only by displaying a fragment of the royal robe, cut off in the cave of Engaddi where his persecutor had lain defenceless in his power. The proof is convincing, and charms even Saul to admiration, who bestows upon the generous David the command of his forces in the ensuing combat, and all—for a time—is hope and confidence.

In scene the fourth of the third act, a fearful picture is presented of the mind of the wretched king—racked with remorse for his past crimes, the most terrible bodings of future ill—and abandoned forever by the God he has disobeyed,—the perfidious Abner has again stirred up his mind with dark suspicions. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give the entire scene between him and his children, depicting him under the influence of varying passions,—despondency, suspicion, and the wildest rage excited by the discovery in David's possession of Goliath's sword, taken from the tabernacle at Nob. The expression of his despair is heart-rending, and while we hate the tyrant we cannot refuse our pity to the miserable mortal.

Peace is torn from me,
Light—offspring—soul, and kingdom. I am left
Of all at once! Saul, miserable Saul!—
Who shall console thee!—In thy path of darkness
Who now shall guide, sustain thee? * * *
* * * All invoke,
Wretched old man, thy death! all hearts are fixed

Upon the diadem, which now too long
 Has circled thy gray locks! Hence—tear it hence!—
 And sever at the same time from this body
 This trembling head! Death were more welcome far
 Than present anguish!—

When thus grovelling beneath the shadow of his darkened spirit, he seems fast sinking into utter insanity, they call on David to exert his often proved powers of harmony for his relief, and the lyric verses to which “the monarch sweeps the string,” are inferior in power to no choral strain of elder Athens, or imperial Rome. Though in the original adapted to music, and clothed in regular metre, we have not fettered ourselves to the recurrence of rhyme, happy if we have caught in any degree the *spirit* of the inspired Piedmontese.

Oh! Thou,—who uncreate, unseen, unknown,
 O'er all creation sit'st in sovereignty,—
 By whose dread fiat, and whose power alone,
 This spirit lives, which dares to mount to thee!--
 Whose searching glance hell's dark abysses own
 And yield to light their depths of mystery.
 Whose nod can shake the world,—before whose hand
 The rebel nations vanish from the land!—

Thou on the Cherubim's exulting wing
 Wert wont in veiled glory to descend!
 Thou, with the might of Heaven's eternal King,
 Thine Israel's chief in danger did'st defend—
 To him thou wert of peace the exhaustless spring—
 His shield in war, his Captain, and his Friend!
 Oh from thy glory send one pitying ray
 To cleave the clouds that hide from us the day!

In woe and darkness sunk—

Saul. Heard I the voice
 Of David, rousing from the palsied sway
 Of mortal lethargy—it breathes a tone
 Transient, but glorious, of mine early days.
David.—Who comes? who comes? Heard from the murky cloud,
 But swathed in war-clouds dim, by whirlwinds driven
 Across the face of Heaven!

They part—and from their bosom glance afar
 The flashing steel,—the panoply of war!
 Lo from the dusky shroud

The monarch stands confest—high, o'er his head,
 Like the red halo—gleams above—around,—

His sword victorious!—To the thundering tread
 Of men and steeds the quaking hills resound!—
 The sea, the laboring earth, the lurid sky
 Echo his warrior cry.

The king comes forth!—and hurls in dreadful might
 Soldier, and car, and courser from his path
 O'erwhelmed in wild confusion—at the sight
 His foemen shrink—nor dare to meet his wrath,
 But trembling fly,
 For God's own lightning flashes from his eye.--

Ye sons of Ammon, where is now your boast!
 Ye that could once insult, defy, disdain
 Israel's despised host?

Lo! your pale corpses cumber all the plain---
 Your living men remain,
 A bloody harvest soon to writhe in dust---
 Such is their fate who in false idols trust!--
 But hark! with sudden peal
 Another trumpet shakes the sounding air!--
 'Tis still the avenging steel
 Of conquering Saul, that widely flashes there!
 He comes to quell the pride
 Of Moab and of impious Amalek,
 Edom--and Zobah--that his power defied!
 As the fierce torrent, bursting from the chain
 Which lingering Winter strives to bind in vain,
 Thus in the tide of wo
 His haughty crested foe
 The monarch sweeps in one o'erwhelming wreck!
Saul.—It is the war cry of mine ancient days
 That calls me back to glory!--at the sound
 Life, as in past years I was wont to live,
 Thrills in my veins. Alas! who now would speak
 Of war to me? Oblivion, peace, invite
 The old man to their shades.

David. We sing of peace--
 Wearied---beside the verdant shore
 Of his own native river laid,
 The champion dreams of victories o'er
 Beneath the laurel shade--
 His children stand the warrior near
 They kiss away each starting tear,--
 Exult in every smile!
 So sweet the gloom that shades each face,
 So soft of every tear the trace,
 'Tis scarcely marked the while.
 His daughters with fond hands undo
 The shining helmet from his brow,
 His consort courts the mute caress,--
 While they with emulous gentleness
 Bear water from the crystal spring
 And bathe his front, and o'er him fling
 Flowers, whose rich odors well might seem
 The lingerings of some fairy dream!
 Bedew his hand with tears of love,
 And grieve that 'tis to each denied
 Superior tenderness to prove,
 And be the closest to his side.
 And near him too a smiling band
 Absorbed in other labors stand;
 His graceful sons!--One strives apart,
 Its mirrored brilliance to restore
 To that blood rusted steel once more.
 Another asks, with swelling heart
 When he shall whirl the lance and shield,
 Which now his arm in vain essays to wield?
 While thus his tardy youth he chides,
 A third, with infant wile
 Behind the ponderous armor hides
 His soft seraphic smile.

Tears that the depths of bliss bespeak,
 Roll down the monarch's furrowed cheek—
 He only!--For that lovely race
 Lighten with soul in every face.
 Oh, beauteous peace! where'er we roam,
 Where could our wandering footsteps meet
 A truth so pure, a love so sweet,
 As in this bower of home?
 But lo! beneath the tranquil deep
 The sun has set:--o'er tree, and hill,
 And waveless stream, the winds are still--
 The king has sunk to sleep.
Saul.--Oh happy father of a race so noble!
 Blest peace of mind! A tranquil sweetness glides
 O'er all my yielding soul. But what would'st thou?
 Shall Saul waste thus in weak domestic ease
 His powers? For him, must war's dread implements
 Rust in forgetfulness?---*Act 3. Scene 4.*

The minstrel, adapting his style and measure to the changing humor of the king, in a glow of splendid poetry again calls up visions of glory and victory. Again Saul's jealousy takes the alarm, and with menaces and bursts of ungovernable fury, he drives David from his presence. The stings of a guilty conscience kindle anew all his frantic hatred, he raves at the thought that his youthful rival may have perhaps already received the kingly unction, bitterly exclaiming that David shall die, ere he obtain the crown, although he confesses a secret influence which restrains and calms him in his presence.

The last extract our limits will allow us to give, is part of the scene between Saul and the high priest Achimileck, who is brought a prisoner to his presence, and in our opinion a finer scene is not to be found in any tragedy of ancient or modern days,—with the superb contrast between the calm and stern inflexibility of the priest, and the ungovernable fury of the devoted king,—and lastly the sublime denunciation which the prophetic pontiff thunders forth against the hardened sinner, who, already blinded and maddened by the avenging justice of his God, is rushing headlong to the doom, which that very madness is bringing to its season of fulfillment.

Saul. Art thou not the same
 Who to the exiled David gave asylum,
 Succor, and food, and arms? Yea, and what arms?
 The sword of the Philistine, in that place
 Of holiness devoted to the Lord,
 Whence thou with hand profane hast rifled it,
 To arm the faithless foeman of thy king,
 Thy sole and sovereign lord! * * *
 * * * * *

Ach. I am
 The same who succored David. Who is David?
 Is he not husband to thy daughter Michal?
 The bravest of thy champions? The most lovely,
 Gentle, and just, of Israel's sons? In war
 Thy strength and shield? in peace, a bard
 Whose harp's sweet harmonies enthrall thy soul,
 And hold it captive in their magic chain?
 Is he not the delight of Israel's daughters?

Thy people's joy? the terror of thy foes?

* * * * *

Saul. Whence is your pity,
Ye ruthless priests? Blasphemous, thirsting still
For human blood? It was a damning crime
In Samuel's eyes that I had not destroyed
The king of Amalek, with sword in hand
Taken in battle. He a noble monarch---
A brave, a generous, patriotic warrior,
Who freely poured his life blood to sustain
His people's cause. Ah! wretched captive! dragged,
Loaded with base chains, to his conqueror's feet,
Still vanquished he preserved the noble pride
Which scorned alike to boast, or to implore
Unwilling mercy! To the cruel prophet
His courage was his crime! into his breast
Unarmed, defenceless, thrice the priestly hand
Of Samuel plunged the steel. These,---cowards,---traitors,---
These are the deeds ye boast---and treachery's arm
Steeled 'gainst its rightful king, will ever find
In you defence, help, counsel! * * * *

* * * * * A race debased and cruel,
Who scoff at perils in which ye sustain
No part or share!—Who safely wrap yourselves
Within the sacerdotal robes, and boast
Courage, that ye deny to us who sweat
Beneath our weapons!—Us, who in the storm
Of blood, and death, and terror, for our wives,
Our children, and for *you*, lead dismal days
Of pain and hardship! While you, dastard tribe,
More weak and slothful than our women are,
Strive with degrading sceptre to control
Our swords and us!

Ach. And who art thou? A king
On earth thou art—but in God's mighty presence
A naked man—a crowned thing of dust.
I in myself am nothing---but the bolt
Of fiercest vengeance---whirlwind, tempest, wrath,
If the Lord deign to utter, or fulfil
His dread intents by me. That God who made thee!—
Whose glance could look thee to primeval nothing!
Ill thou defendest Agag, and pursuest
His impious steps. Unto a sinful king
What rod of chastisement like the stern brand
His foeman bears? Whence the consuming terror
That arms the sword, but from the Lord of battles?
God graves his vengeance on the unyielding rock.
And the Philistine, in his heathen pride,
No less than Israel, is the instrument
Of his most righteous ire. Tremble, thou, Saul!
Lo! on the blackening cloud that broods above thee
I see the messenger of death unfold
His wings of fire! With one dark hand he bares
The avenging sword, and rends thy hoary hair
From thy proud head. * * * *

* * * * * Thou, urged by evil fate
Hast spurned the sole support of thy frail fortunes
From thee for ever. Wo, to the house of Saul!
'Tis based upon the dark and treacherous wave,

It shakes---it falls---is nought! each lingering vestige
Is swept away forever!

How noble the saintly fortitude with which Achimilech, supported by the lofty consciousness of right, receives the sentence of death, and is led forth to suffer!

The redeeming trait in Saul's character, for which, in spite of his blasphemy and wickedness, our sympathies are interested for him, is his affection for his children. It is for them alone he deems life worth preserving, and, though in his bursts of passion, he treats them frequently with great harshness, and unkindness, yet his tender solicitude for their safety accompanies him in situations of the most appalling danger, and is strong in death itself. Thus in the last act, when his reason abandons him, and he sees in imagination the awful shade of the prophet Samuel, frowning upon him,—he beseeches him to turn away the avenging sword of the Almighty, not from him, but from his innocent offspring, who are, as he pleads, guiltless of his crime!—then seeing his daughter beside him, he fancies that his prayer has been partially granted, and implores more earnestly that vengeance may not be visited on them, consenting even, in his agony, to yield his throne to his rival, if *that* may purchase safety for his children. And his last words,—when all hope is lost, before he yields to the suggestions of his despair and falls on his own sword,—are a charge to Abner to protect his daughter,—bidding him, if she have fallen into the hand of the enemy, to proclaim her not—as the child of Saul—but as the wife of David, whose name he believed would command the respect of the Philistines!

The specimens which we have here placed before our readers, selected not for the purpose of giving any idea of this play as a connected piece, but simply to exhibit the beauties of style, and method of treating the subject,—although scarcely worthy to be compared, even at the most remote distance, with their magnificent original,—may still afford some conception of the powers of language, and the depth of sentiment, which are peculiar to this masterly poet. Severe, and chaste in his style, he draws no gorgeous veil over the limbs of his creations, but sets them forth “then most adorned, when unadorned the most.” It is to the proportions, the grace, the vigor of the form itself, that his admirers must look; for in the works of Alfieri there will be found no illusive drapery to conceal a blemish, or give a fictitious beauty to that, which if viewed alone, would be nerveless or inelegant. Content to sway the mind by the agency of high emotions,—by grief, by terror, and despair, he has perhaps neglected the softer influences, which soothe, rather than excite the soul. But in excluding sentiment and softness, he has by no means shut out true pathos; and more, far more, than he has lost in sweetness, he has gained in grandeur, and sublimity.

It would be useless to comment upon the sublimities of language, or the powerful exhibitions of intense passion which abounds in this tragedy,—those who have read it, will have felt its beauties—and to those who have not, we fear that all our attempts to convey an adequate idea of its merits, will be fruitless; although these beauties are alone sufficient to have stamped Victor Alfieri, a poet unsurpassed even by those glorious spirits, who have rendered the name of Italy a holy word, consecrated forever by the harps of poets unnumbered

as autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High overarched, imbower.

E. F. E.

THE ARMENIANS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH OF SOCIETY AT PERA, IN NUMBER V.

THE genius of the Armenian is essentially mercantile, but many of them, having a mechanical talent, are employed as jewellers, gold and silver smiths, and the various other trades called for by the luxuries and the necessities of a great capital ; and being of strong frames, the lower and poorer classes are employed almost exclusively as *hamals*, or porters, for the purpose of transporting the heaviest burthens through the steep and narrow streets of Constantinople, Galatea, Pera, and the neighbouring towns. Where money is to be gained, Armenians are to be found employed. There is no financial occupation however exalted that is beyond the reach of their mercenary ambition ; and none too vile or base, for their acceptance, where money is their object ;—from the superintendence of the mint, to the filthy and contemptible employment of cleansers of common sewers ; and all the intermediate gradations of employment, are sought by the strong built, industrious, avaricious Armenians.

The Turks, in their application of a term which they conceive suitable to the Armenian caste in general, call them *Bakji Bokji* a phrase indicative of the most filthy of all of their employments.

But commerce in all its various and extended branches is most congenial to the Armenians, in pursuit of which they brave the frosts of Russia, the deserted regions of Asia Minor, where fever lurks in every vale ;—the heats of Syria, and the Simooms and droughts of the Arabian desert ;—disease in every shape ; the dysentery ; the cholera, and the plague. The rapine of professional robbers, and the rapacity of pachas, and governors, through whose territories these roads lay, all are encountered in the hope of gain, and when the Armenian has arrived at the uttermost limits of the Ottoman empire, he appears but to have reached the place, from whence to start in fresh pursuit of his object, until India and Japan furnish the merchandise destined to be vended in the khans and bazaars of Constantinople. Endowed with great personal strength and passive courage, the Armenian undertakes these dangerous journies, with a forethought of the risks and the difficulties he has to encounter, and occupies his mind on his journey, in calculating as every danger is past, and every loss sustained, the additional per centage necessary to be charged on what remains of his merchandise, to enable him to make good the losses which he has suffered, from accident, rapacity, or whatever other cause.

Thus patient as the camel he bestrides, and enduring his pack-saddle, months are spent in making those tedious and dangerous journies ; and while a being less mercantile would reap intellectual stores from observations on men and customs, the only *stores* he thinks of are those within his *bales*, and the *stores of paras* he will receive for them, while comfortably seated in his little shop at the bazaar.

Industry is the inheritance of the Armenian, and in Turkey resolves itself into four principal branches ; to wit,—banking, and the administration of public and private estates for the Turks ; the coining of money ; the manufacturing of muslins and stamped cloths ; goldsmith's work and jewellery, and the greater part of the mechanical arts, and other

occupations before alluded to. Whatever may be his occupation, during the hours devoted to it he never suffers his mind to be drawn off by any circumstance whatever; he almost forgets his own family, in the thoughts of *paras*, and calculations of gain, while waiting the appearance of customers, and it is only on feast days that he abstains from indulging in almost the only food of his mind, to partake with his family in the festivities of the occasion.

With literature and science he has little to do, and is an entire stranger, even to the name of the *fine arts*; hence his education is limited to the calls of his religion and the necessities of the trade or profession, to which he may be destined.

To read and write Armenian, to learn as much arithmetic as is necessary to keep accounts, and to pick up a knowledge of the Turkish sufficient for the intercourse, which he is destined to have with that nation, are sufficient for all his worldly purposes.

But more particular attention is paid to that part of his education, which relates to his religion, for example, psalmody in the choirs, accompanying their spiritual songs with movements of the hands, body and head, in a manner that it would be difficult to explain, but which however is calculated to excite laughter among strangers, as they are thereby forcibly reminded of the motion of puppets. It is in this manner that the precious hours of the Armenian youth are wasted.

The Armenian priests generally superintend this miserable education. Schools they can scarcely be said to have any; they are afraid to trust their children to the tuition of masters out of the family, lest they might be taught something not in every respect conformable to the dogmas of their sect. Latterly, however, the Armenian missionaries for the establishment of schools, have had sufficient influence among them to induce them to establish schools on the Lancasterian principle, and with books published in their language, under their direction, and submitted to the inspection of the patriarch whose approbation they have obtained, there is a fair prospect of education becoming more extended among them; as Armenians having the confidence of the community are instructed in the system by the missionaries, and placed at the head of these establishments, in the villages along the European side of the Bosphorus. These schools are placed on the footing of free schools; part of the expense of them is paid by the wealthy Armenians, and the deficiency is made up by the missionaries who, have in their efforts to get these schools established, manifested a wonderful degree of praiseworthy zeal, and a perseverance and sound discretion, that have conquered the opposition of the Armenian clergy, and broken down the prejudices of the more intelligent part of the nation. Especial care however is taken that these school books contain nothing whatever that can interfere in the slightest degree with the dogmas or the ritual of their church. The Armenian press at *Orta Kieny*, (the present residence of the Rev. Messrs. Goodell and Dwight, and their families, and the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer,) is now engaged in printing the translations for the schools, now in operation and about being established. Formerly the Armenian presses were employed only in the multiplication of books of devotion and the alphabet. Books of this kind were the only ones calculated to captivate the minds of a nation, in which all their religious traditions amount to articles of faith.

The books now in course of publication, besides precepts of Christianity, biblical and other history, treat on learning and science in general, and are calculated to awaken the minds of the young Armenians, and excite to farther pursuits after knowledge. That they do not want for solid talents is proved by the progress in learning of the Society of St. Lazaro, near Venice, and also by the learning spread among some of the clergy of the nation, who have received an education in Italy. There is no difference between them and well instructed men of other nations; a sufficient proof that the general ignorance which prevails among the Armenians, is not owing to natural defects in the construction of their minds, but to that blind submission to the will of their ignorant pastors, who know not how, nor are willing, to spread open to their view the book of knowledge.—Minds, thus shackled and locked up in darkness, find employment in the sordid pursuit of wealth, and their thoughts become divided, between their badly conceived idea of the attributes of the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, and their well conceived estimate of the value of *paras*, the only things which their education is calculated to aid them in acquiring. However, civilization, and instruction, are creeping in among them, and not only have many of the young men thrown off the hideous *calpac*, and black pelisse, and adopted the coat and hat of the Frank, but they have shaken off their *shacksheers* and kicked off their red *papanches*, and substituted for them the pantaloons and boots of civilized Europe. The young Armenian ladies also have in some instances had the boldness, in defiance of all the remonstrances and prejudices of the elderly members of the nation, to lay aside the *yashmar*, which concealed their really lovely faces, and to cast off their ill fashioned loose national attire which placed all shapes on an equality, and to adopt the fashion of the Franks, displaying as beautiful and as graceful forms as the world can boast of. The Armenians share with the Georgians and Circassians that reputation for beauty, for which the two latter are so celebrated.

The men of Armenia, in their native climate, are hardy, bold, and industrious. In Turkey they become sordid and base, the natural effects of the desire of accumulation, which has destroyed the noble and manly countenance which distinguishes the one, and given to the other, the anxious careworn and cowardly look, by which he may be known from all the rest of the human race.

The Armenian on his native soil, still retains the love of arms; and from inclination he seeks service among the troops of the Sophi of Persia, where he makes the best of soldiers, and is proud of the terror which his name spreads among the Russians.

The Armenian of Turkey meddles not with *cold steel*, none has ever been known even to defend himself when attacked; none has ever been known to bear a weapon about his person, or to have one of any description under his roof, not so much even as a fowling piece. From inclination his submission is the most abject; it is the acquirement of the *precious metals* alone which absorbs all his faculties. Arms are his utmost aversion, his utmost horror. Slave and coward are written in every lineament of his countenance, and manifested by every act and gesture. Yet this nation furnishes the men of wealth, the men of business, and the men of trust, to this portion of the Ottoman empire.

I have divided the Armenians into four classes, to wit, the banker, the coiner, the manufacturer of cloths, &c., the goldsmith, jeweller, and other mechanical artizans, including the laborers. The class of merchants, large and small, are absorbed among these four great classes.

The bankers are known by the name of *seraff*, and may be looked on as the farmer-generals of the empire, as well as the intendants or men of business to those high in office in the service of the sultan, and generally to those who have any of the affairs of the state to manage. It is to them to whom the *kharaji bashi*, the collector of the capitation tax, the chief of the custom house, and all others who farm the revenues of the state, apply for the security demanded of them for the faithful performance of their contracts, for which the rich *seraff* becomes responsible; the means of making his payments, for which he receives an interest of 20 per cent. per annum, with the condition that at every three months the interest due shall be added to the capital advanced. And as the Mussulman contractor has rarely the faculty of managing his own concerns, the Armenian contrives it so, that all the monies arising from the revenue collected, go into his strong box, which is delivered out to the contractor, as he may call for it, and in such proportions as the Armenian may think it safe and convenient to furnish. He also becomes the agent for purchasing supplies for the great contractor and his family, on which, besides having the use of the money for 6 or 12 months, as he generally buys on credit, he charges a profit of 10 or 15 per cent. He, in fact, becomes the entire manager of all the money concerns of his principal; to him creditors and debtors apply for the adjustment of their accounts. They can scarcely be said to be accountable; they possess the entire confidence of the Turks, who trust their whole fortune in their hands, without even troubling themselves to inquire into the amount of receipts or expenditures, or of the state of their affairs.

It is easy to perceive from this statement, the many facilities the Armenian *seraffs* enjoy for amassing the enormous fortunes which some of them are known to possess, and to which is sometimes added all the fortune of the great man, if his existence should be suddenly terminated by the bowstring or the plague, or by the many other modes of death which flesh is heir to in this part of the world.

But woe betide the *seraff* who falls under the suspicion of appropriating to himself that of which *Pada Scha* claims the inheritance, or who has not sufficient adroitness to arrest the evil which on the slightest proof, and sometimes without proof, falls heavily upon him. I have shown the fair side of the picture, so favorable for the interests of the *seraff*, but let us now look at the other side.

If a Mussulman who has a proprietorship in any contract with the government, for any one of the branches of the revenue, should die before the *seraff* has drawn in the amount advanced to him, this is entirely lost to the Armenian, so that in this respect his risk is a mere lottery.

Suppose him to be in the service of a minister, and this minister happen to be decapitated; on the *seraff* nine times out of ten the blow falls with great severity. His head to be sure is often left on his shoulders, but they bleed him of that which is much more precious to him than life, and allow him no rest or peace until they have squeezed out his wealth to the entire content of the sultan. If his paternal love for his gold should carry him

so far as to induce him to refuse to give it up, the torture is applied without ceremony, until every para is extorted ; and it has so happened after all, that the poor seraff has been found hanging at the lintel of his own door, as an example to others, with a paper pinned to his breast showing the cause of his execution, and to prevent any erroneous conjecture about it.

The fact of the seraff becoming surety for the fidelity of the Mussulmah, and the implicit, blind confidence of the lazy Turk in the honesty of the *seraff*, who is the receiver and depository of all his wealth, completely identifies them, at least in the scales of *Ottoman justice* ; and it is, in fact, no more or less than a virtual contract between them to share all the risk of the dangers, with the hope of escaping the rocks and shoals that surround them, and in due time arriving safe in port, laden with the riches which they look upon as certain.

Of all the situations most desired by the Armenians, next to the administration of the affairs of the mint, is the employment of seraff. We have seen what it is, and the hopes and the dangers which environ it ; yet it is sought with the utmost avidity, and after all he is no more than the first servant, the freed man, or rather the slave of the confidence, of his Turkish master. A seraff must never think or act but by the will of him in whose service he is enlisted. This personage is every thing to him ; on his safety that of the seraff is dependent, whose first prayer to God is for the preservation of his infidel chief.

The Armenians are made for the use of the Turk ; they are precisely what he would wish them ; their passion for gold has turned their thoughts from all ambition to mingle in the affairs of state, in which the Turks are very adroit, and they occupy themselves with their financial speculations, of which the Turks know nothing. They are therefore treated with a gentleness, and a kind of consideration which no other nation enjoys ; and in fact, from their habits of business, they are indispensable to the Turk who, if he give them his confidence at all, which he must do, gives it to them entire and undivided.

My desire being to avoid fatiguing details, more calculated to confuse, than enlighten the mind of the reader, this sketch of a seraff will be sufficient, I hope, to satisfy his curiosity. I have only to add, that his dress is extremely simple and plain, generally of coarse materials, his demeanor the most humble and respectful, and the whole outward appearance of the man abject and mean. His first movement, on approaching any person of rank or distinction, is to bend himself so as to touch the ground with his hand, and then place it on his head, signifying that he covers his head with the dirt of the great man's feet. He then kisses the back of his hand ; if anything in compliment be said to him, he raises the skirt of the coat and places it to his lips ; he then retires backwards a few paces, and places himself on his knees to await the will of his master. When he takes his leave, the same marks of respect are observed, he then, with many salams, sidles off obliquely to a part of the room next the door, taking especial care never to turn his back on or towards his superior. Such is the invariable custom of the rich seraff of Constantinople, and of all other Armenians, well drilled and skilled in the exercises of the school of humiliation, debasement, and degradation.

In a society constituted like that of the United States, where every man

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is equal in the eyes of the law, where no other testimony of respect is called for than reciprocal civilities, and courtesies of good breeding between man and man; where the proud republican in his poverty stands erect before the rich and the great, and scorns to offer a salutation where he supposes he will not meet a suitable return; where even the slave is not required to distinguish himself from the freeman by any act of degradation, it would be extremely difficult to convey a suitable idea of the servile humility of the Armenian towards his lordly Turkish superior. Let it suffice to say, that it is studied and formal, and reduced to system, that all that ingenuity can invent to manifest the most abject humility on his part is practised, which the proud, indifferent, or indolent Osmanlee receives as his rightful homage, without honoring the abject, humble creature before him, with the slightest token of recognition or of approbation.

THE PRINCE AND THE PALM TREE.

ABDERAHMAN, the first king of Moorish Spain, is said to have been the first who transplanted the palm from his native country into Spain. He is represented as frequently addressing it with great feeling, connecting it with recollections of his native land, from which he had been driven by Abul Abbas, the usurper of his rightful throne.

BEAUTIFUL palm! though strange and rude
The gales, that breathe around thee here,—
Though in ungenial solitude
There bloom no kindred foliage near,—
Yet lovely tree, no foreign hand
Shall rear thee in the stranger's land.

My fellow exile!—dost thou sigh
For thy lost native soil again,—
For the warm rays of Syria's sky,—
Her bowers of fragrance on the plain,
Where thy broad leaves once joyed to lave
Their verdure in the southern wave?—

Across the sunlight hours of glee
Do memories of sadness come,
That speak of groves beyond the sea,
And whisper of a glorious home!—
Dost thou partake my grief, when here
I bathe thy stem with many a tear?

Ah no!—thou drink'st the beams of day,
As if thy country's air they bleat;—
As proudly do thy branches play
Fanning the breezes of the west;—
The glad earth yields a soil as light,
The heaven above thee shines as bright.

But I, a pilgrim desolate,
Must mourn unheeded, and alone;—
Thou sharest with me the Exile's fate—
The Exile's sorrow is mine own!—
Still glorious in thy reckless pride
Wave thou,—whilst I weep by thy side.

E.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN, Moral, Poetical, and Historical, by MRS. JAMISON, author of "The Diary of an Ennuyée," "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea and Blanchard, 1833.

IF "envy, calumny, and spite," could be put down by reiterated and accumulated testimony, the character of the immortal bard would, long ere now, have been entirely rescued from the persecutions of wretched critics, who visionless and totally uninspired themselves, cannot comprehend the possibility of intellect soaring through the heights of moral space, observing and describing the nice distinctions in the moral world, classing and comparing with all the beauty of poetic imagery, and all the truth of moral information. On the other hand, if the same "envy, calumny, and spite" had been able to work their way against time and truth, Shakspeare would, long ere now, have been set down a driveller, and presumptuous blockhead—we blush whilst we write the word so near his name—and his works would have been consigned to oblivion. Critic after critic has arisen to prove that the major part of the beauties of Shakspeare were fortuitous, that his discriminations were all chance, his pathos unfelt by himself, his learning nought, and his judgment *if possible* less. How indeed was it possible that a lad brought up in a country village, in a nation where learning and the arts had hitherto made no great progress, with the ordinary education of an ordinary school in such a period,—addicted to all the sports, pranks, and mischiefs of disorderly persons in those times, and at length making an escapade to avoid the stroke of justice,—coming to the great mart of iniquity, the metropolis, there engaging himself in the most menial of occupations, in the vicinity of the most dangerous of places—that such an one should be qualified to describe the acts of princes, the thoughts of philosophers, the feelings, the actuating principles of the whole human race? The reflections drawn from such a source must inevitably be either vapid from their shallowness, unwholesome from their laxity, or disgusting from their bombast!

Such we admit would be the conclusion at which most persons would arrive, who attended to the popular story of the life of Shakspeare. But, setting aside the consideration of his wonderful intuitive perceptions, setting aside the admission of the facility, with which he used to seize on a character, analyze it, and place it in the intellectual storehouse till a proper occasion,—inquiry obliges us to confess that the bard of *all times* was neither so deficient in education, so debased in principle, nor so reduced in circumstances, as popular story long gave us to believe.

Without dwelling on those circumstances however, it is sufficient for us to know, that immediately after the appearance of his first work, the public of the day, were so charmed with the plot, and so struck with the beauty and appositeness of the positions, the reflections, the whole dialogue, that from thenceforth every house was open to his reception, and however scanty might be his original means, however limited his original range of observation, the veil was soon withdrawn from his eyes, and the clog from his feet.

It is worse than trite now to defend him. Defend him! It is something almost insulting to the general understanding to insinuate such a phrase.

All the enlightened part of the world has done him justice, and we turn to the more grateful task of examining the nicer shades of beauty, to which he has introduced us; and to admire the more than human delicacy of discrimination, by which he has been enabled to delineate the same passions and feelings in such different forms and under such diversity of circumstances, that we feel new light let in at each display, and are compelled to wonder at the correctness of his judgment no less than at the beauty of his language.

Of all those who have undertaken to compare the characters of Shakspeare with each other, as there are none who have engaged more warmly in the task than Mrs. Jameson, so there are few, if any, who have performed it so successfully. In order to do so, it was necessary,—and every page of her book shows that she was provided for the necessity,—to undertake it *con amore*. Our authoress has been deeply imbued with a sense of her favorite bard's perfections, she views them with the eye of affection, she even meets them, and beauties hardly perceptible at the first glance are, by the magic touch of her pen made

"sensible
To feeling as to sight,"

so exquisitely does she discriminate, and so ably does she manage her mental anatomy.

But besides being the able commentator on Shakspeare, and the accurate observer of his peculiar and delicate distinction in the shades of character, our authoress is at once the champion, and the mentor of her own sex. It is observable in the present work that not only are all the *heads* of articles, women, but the collateral remarks, with a very few exceptions, relate to women. In fact, the introductory dialogue fully opens to us the leading principle which induced to the production of "the Characteristics" at all. She remarks—

"I have endeavored to illustrate the various modifications, of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes, and results."—"It appears to me that the condition of women in society, as at present constituted, is false in itself, and injurious to them;—that the education of women as at present conducted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes."

Afterwards she says, in language, too beautiful, and in truth too important, to be passed by,

"Blame (then) that *forcing* system of education, the most pernicious, the most mistaken, the most far-reaching in its miserable and mischievous effects, that ever prevailed in this world. The custom which shut up women in convents till they were married, and then launched them innocent and ignorant on society, was bad enough:—but not worse than a system of education, which inundates us with hard, clever, sophisticated girls, trained by knowing mothers and all-accomplished governesses, with whom vanity and expediency take place of conscience and affection—(in other words, of romance)—"*frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore*;" with feelings and passions suppressed or contracted, not governed, by higher faculties and purer principles:—with whom, opinion—the same false honor which sends men out to fight duels—stands instead of the strength and the light of virtue within their own souls. Hence the strange anomalies of artificial society—girls of sixteen who are models of manner, miracles of prudence, mar-

vels of learning, who sneer at sentiment, and laugh at the Juliets and the Imogens; and matrons of forty, who, when the passions should be tame, and wait upon the judgment, amaze the world, and put us to confusion with their doings."

It is doing injustice to Mrs. Jameson we are aware, to weaken her beautiful language by the echoes of a feebler tongue, but the subject, upon which she dilates in the above extract, is of such vital importance to the welfare of future generations, and even to the happiness of the present, that approbation of its opinions ought to find a *voice* in every heart so impressed. The world has too long been inundated with a profusion of *accomplished females*, whose *superior* education consisted of a smattering of French, or Italian, an equal degree of proficiency in music, and drawing, a great deal of dancing, very little reading,—and that little indiscriminate, desultory, and undigested;—an inordinate vanity and love of dress, an infinite vivacity in common-place things, a skimming view of philosophy,—yes, philosophy it is called,—and then they are paragons of perfection, and miracles of acquirement, fit wives for rational men, and fit mothers for future citizens. The question ought almost to be asked, "Can such things be?" If it were not for the ready answer, "Such things are." Happily for society, happily also for the unconscious rising generation of females, these things are visible, and steps are taken, and will be taken, to reduce, if not to remove this defect in female education. We owe it much to such active spirits as Mrs. Jameson, that the stigma on our national female character is on the wane, and that woman should be a "help, *mete*" for man, as well as his best earthly friend and companion.

Holding such an opinion with respect to the *station* of women, Mrs. Jameson's assertion again harmonizes, when she says, "it is not a woman's *attainments* which make her amiable or unamiable, estimable or the contrary, but her qualities." And much it is to be wished that her language may be prophetic, where she trusts that "a time is coming, when the education of women will be considered with a view to their future distinction, as the mothers and nurses of legislators and statesmen; and the cultivation of their powers of reflection and moral feelings, supersede the exciting drudgery, by which they are now crammed with knowledge and accomplishments."

In addition to this truly feminine notion of female station, and to the enthusiastic but delicate zeal with which she vindicates the claims of her sex to purity of sentiment and nobleness of feeling and action in emergencies; the authoress wins our applause and respect individually, by the earnestness with which she deprecates the use of satire, and particularly from a woman's pen.

"Show me that one human being who has been made essentially better by satire! O, no, no, there is something in human nature which hardens itself against the lash,—something in satire which excites only the lowest and worst of our propensities!—" "I abhor the spirit of ridicule,—I dread it, and despise it; I abhor it, because it is in direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of Christianity;—I fear it, because that we find in every state of society in which it has prevailed as a fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it marked the moral degradation, and approaching destruction of that society; and I despise it, because

it is the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand, with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy, which is twice blessed, seems to me twice accursed;—evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it.”

Mrs. Jameson has placed the subjects of her “characteristics” under the four following heads, viz.:—*characters of intellect*, including *Portia*, (in the “*Merchant of Venice*,”) *Beatrice*, *Isabella*, and *Rosalind*. *Characters of passion and imagination*, including *Juliet*, *Helena*, (in “*All’s Well that Ends Well*,”) *Perdita*, *Viola*, *Ophelia*, and *Miranda*. *Characters of the affections*, including *Hermione*, *Desdemona*, *Imogen*, and *Cordelia*; and *historical characters*, including *Cleopatra*, *Octavia*, *Volumnia*, *Constance*, *Elinor*, *Blanche*, *Margaret of Anjou*, *Katharine of Arragon*, and *Lady Macbeth*. Besides these, there are various other female characters slightly touched, without being dwelt upon, and rather assisting as illustrations to others, than being themselves illustrated.

In the portraiture of these characters, there are so many particular features brought to view, and so many springs of action brought to sight, that one may be tempted to conclude, that none but a woman can describe a woman. If indeed Shakspeare was able to comprehend the infinitely delicate shades of character, the detail of the thousand minor points of feeling which make up the whole of the subject’s disposition, and actually embodied them in the several characters before us, as described by our authoress, *he must indeed have been inspired*. To say that he had a genius far transcending that of the generality of mankind, would in such a case be no description at all.—But the truth is, that more than the broad features is correct,—there is without doubt, a fine discrimination of character *intended* by the poet, and the enthusiastic admiration, and the highly imaginative feelings of his present commentator, together with her own intuitive knowledge of the female hearts, have done the rest. All—notwithstanding our unbounded love of the bard,—we conceive to be morally impossible to a mortal and a man.

And here it is that the work before us becomes enhanced in our opinion, for the foundation which Shakspeare laid, nay, which he alone could lay, has served her as a basis on which to erect a superstructure, which has given to the world one of the most delightful, and the most instructive views of the female character, and the female mind, which it was possible for a writer to describe,—and this too after the manner of her prototype.—For, as she remarks, the peculiar skill of the poet in developing the character of his heroes and heroines, rather from incidental circumstances arising from the parts they have to play in the drama, from the passions which those circumstances elicit, or from some still more occult cause which yet finds its way to our convictions,—than from any set descriptions of the said heroes and heroines, or from the voice of a chorus,—so also do we get further insights into the more minute parts of the female character, spring rather from Mrs. Jameson herself, than from the subjects of her animadversion, while she labors to portray all that she supposes her *Portia*, her *Imogen*, or her *Cordelia* to possess as principles of action; she indirectly puts us in possession of all that might pass through her own mind under similar circumstances, and we pass from the contemplation of the creatures of Shakspeare’s imagination, to admire the actual workings in a woman’s bosom. And it is

no slight compliment to her judgment, that she is able to extend the line which he commenced to draw, and also to elicit from herself, those exquisite feelings, together with matured judgment, which would be no disparagement to some of the characters themselves.

This being premised, we may be allowed to smile at the occasional scope, which she has given to her fancy, when forming her comparisons between characters of a cast much alike, but presenting features of distinction. It is delightful to see her place herself, as it were, in their several situations, and from such position look around, carefully noticing the accessorial parts, and acting for her heroines as Shakspeare, or rather as *she*, supposes they would act under like impulses. The instrument of the anatomist, and the microscope of the philosopher are imperfect and weak types of the warm and critical woman, in the dissection of one of her own sex.—It grows under her imagination until she forgets the poet, and even the fiction, and becomes the personage which fancy first created.

We have already said that our authoress is not only the mentor, but the *champion* of her sex. The commencement of her Portia exhibits her beautifully in the latter light; the following is the passage, which is both spirited and dignified.

“We hear it asserted, not seldom, by way of compliment to us women, that intellect is of no sex. If this mean that the same faculties of mind are common to men and women, it is true;—in any other signification it appears to me false, and the reverse of a compliment. The intellect of woman bears the same relation to that of man, as her physical organization: it is inferior in power, and different in kind. That certain women have surpassed certain men in bodily strength or intellectual energy, does not contradict the general principle founded in nature. The essential and invariable distinction appears to me this; in men, the intellectual faculties exist more self-poised and self-directed,—more independent of the rest of the character, than we ever find them in women, with whom talent however predominant, is in a much greater degree modified by the sympathies and moral qualities.”

There is something both delicate and graceful in the manner that the characters in the first division are distinguished. An attentive reader of Shakspeare will at once acquiesce in the accuracy of the distinction, although previously such differences were not perceptible. Not to mar the remarks by our own mode of relating them, will give Mrs. Jameson's elegant and poetical words.

“*Portia*, *Isabella*, *Beatrice*, and *Rosalind*, may be classed together, as characters of *intellect*, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In *Portia* it is intellect kindled into romance, by a poetical imagination; in *Isabel*, it is intellect elevated by a religious principle; in *Beatrice*, intellect animated by spirit; in *Rosalind*, intellect softened by sensibility; the wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin;—It is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of *Portia*, is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of *Rosalind*, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of *Beatrice*, is like sal volatile; and that of *Isabel*, like the incense wafted to heaven.”

Such passages as these, are sufficient to send us all back to our Shakspeare again, to read and trace under the new directress, the minute beauties of the bard, who has been thought already to have a "hive of sweetness." In such passages she abounds, and there are hundreds more, which would only lose their beauty by extraction, being so firmly bound to their context.

It is something in these times to see a woman "bearding the lion." Besides strengthening where Richardson has been weak, and bestowing care where Schlegel has been negligent, she attacks the critical Johnson himself. In this adventure, she not only defends her poet in his portraiture of "woman-kind," from the churlish criticism of the lexicographer, who, however much he might know of books, and even of man, was not competent to the analysis of the female heart, but she also takes up the weapons in his behalf, against the charge of "anachronisms, and the confusion of names, dates, and manners, over which Dr. Johnson exults in no measured terms." Here again, we must have recourse to her own words. In truth did space permit, we could with pleasure transcribe every page, and think our labors well repaid, by the gratification it would afford.

"The confusion," says she, "is no where, but in his own heavy obtuseness of sentiment and perception, and his want of poetical faith. Look into the old Italian poets, whom we read continually, with still increasing pleasure; does any one think of sitting down to disprove the existence of Ariodante, king of Scotland? Or to prove that the mention of *Proteus*, and *Pluto*, baptism and the *Virgin Mary*, in a breath, amounts to an anachronism? Shakspeare, by throwing his story far back into a remote and uncertain age, has blended, by his 'own omnipotent will,' the marvellous, the heroic, the ideal and the classical,—the extreme of refinement, and the extreme of simplicity, into one of the loveliest fictions of romantic poetry, and, to use Schlegel's expression, 'has made the social manners of the latest times harmonize with heroic deeds, and even with the appearance of the gods.'" In *Imogen*, ii. 47.

It is much, when a commentator does not confine the observation to isolated passages either of beauty or the contrary, nor even to the consideration merely of the general construction of the poem, but is able to run on a parallel course by taking up the origins of these several plots, and the histories of the dramatized transactions. This cannot always be done, but in Shakspeare nothing is more easy, as he has almost invariably taken them from some legend or tradition, or has blended two or three together. By the comparison of these, it is, that the wonders of our intellectual Midas are more manifested. It is admirable to observe the rubbish which he has transmuted, and the coarse ribaldry which by his celestial touch has become transmuted to sentiment winning its way to the inmost recesses of the heart. It is in this way that Mrs. Jameson has still farther exalted the character of her favorite. By pointing out the discrepancies between the conduct of the story and that of the drama, she has been able to exhibit in stronger relief those exquisite touches of pathos, humor, or sentiment in which his pre-eminence has always been so conspicuous. But in the historical drama, she has had an additional incentive in her comments,—that namely, of proving that Shakspeare has seldom if ever, violated the truth of history, as received in his time,—at least in his principal characters and incidents. In the English he has followed Hollinshed, and the other Chroniclers of his

day, and in his Roman characters he has not only adhered to the historians, but has even paraphrased the speeches found in them, or Plutarch. She teaches us therefore, that whilst we are purifying our minds, and improving our nature by his exalted sentiments, we may also stock our experience with many useful traditions.—In short, she concludes him to be what few will have the hardihood to dispute,—the master spirit of poetry and of the affections, the wizard that enchants the heart, softens the feelings, improves the dispositions, elevates the passions, exalts the hopes; he is the deity of her poetical idolatry, and she has labored not unsuccessfully to bring fresh worshippers to the same shrine.

It may be well, as we confess ourselves unable yet to leave off the consideration of this well-written book, to proceed with the authoress a little further in the *historical* characters, although throughout we shall only be able to give “faint echoes” to her nobler strain. It is here we conceive that she becomes most *useful*, in the homely sense of the phrase; for, being evidently well read in history herself, she has been able to examine with accuracy, and she assuredly has examined with care, the degree of historic truth in those parts of the poet’s writings, which are called after subjects found in the real romance of life.

In the very outset of this part of the work she determines to clear her ground, by vindicating the character of the bard for historical veracity, and asserting for tragedy a source of the pathetic, which has by some been denied. She says—

“I cannot agree with one of the most philosophical of Shakspeare’s critics, who has asserted, ‘that the actual truth of particular events, in proportion as we are conscious of it, is a drawback on the pleasure, as well as the dignity of tragedy.’ If this observation applies at all, it is equally just with regard to characters; and in either case can we admit it? The reverence and the simpleness of heart with which Shakspeare has treated the received and admitted truths of history,—I mean according to the imperfect knowledge of his time,—is admirable; his inaccuracies are few, his general accuracy, allowing for the distinction between the narrative and the dramatic form, is acknowledged to be wonderful. He did not steal the precious material from the treasury of history, to debase its purity, new stamp it arbitrarily with effigies and legends of his own devising, and then attempt to pass it current, like *Dryden*, *Racine*, and the rest of those poetical coiners. He only rubbed off the rust, purified and brightened it, so that *history herself* has been known to receive it back as sterling.”

“Truth, wherever manifested, should be sacred; so Shakspeare deemed, and laid no profane hand upon her altars. But tragedy—majestic tragedy! is worthy to stand before the sanctuary of truth, and to be the priestess of her oracles. ‘Whatever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man’s thoughts from within;—whatever is pitiful in the weakness, sublime in the strength, or terrible in the perversion of human intellect, these are the domain of tragedy. Sibyl and muse at once, she holds aloft the book of human fate, and is the interpreter of its mysteries. It is not, then, making a mock of the serious sorrows of real life, nor of those human beings who lived, suffered, and acted upon this earth, to array them in her rich and stately robes, and present them before us as powers evoked from dust

and darkness, to awaken the generous sympathies, the terror or the pity of mankind. It does not add to the pain, as far as tragedy is a source of emotion, that the wrongs and sufferings represented, the guilt of Lady Macbeth, the despair of Constance, the arts of Cleopatra, and the distresses of Katherine, had a real existence; but it adds infinitely to the moral effect, as a subject of contemplation and a lesson of conduct."

After passing a just encomium on the Cleopatra, as a character most justly and forcibly drawn, and putting the violent and prominent action of that character in opposition to the quiet unobtrusive conduct of Octavia; after her judicious remarks on the skill and cunning, as well as the predominating passions of the Egyptian—she hastens to characters in which her mind seems to revel with unbounded delight. Volumnia, in *Coriolanus*, and Constance, in *King John*, seem to her models of dignity and affection, and upon surveying these two characters at a distance, perhaps we may decide that under an exchange of circumstances, places, times, and manners, those two personages would have acted their parts much alike. The mother and tutoress of the proud Roman, we cannot help thinking, though in opposition to the opinion of our authoress, had many things in common, and it is the difficulty of changing suddenly the manners of one country and age to those of another, that leads us, at first sight, to imagine an incongruity. Without pressing this point too far, however, we will give the reader the benefit of Mrs. Jameson's own observation on the subject;—it is as follows:

"We have seen that in the mother of *Coriolanus*, the principal qualities are exceeding pride, self-will, strong maternal affection, great power of imagination, and energy of temper. Precisely the same qualities enter into the mind of Constance of *Bretagne*; but in her these qualities are so differently modified by circumstances and education, that not even in fancy do we think of instituting a comparison between the gothic grandeur of Constance, and the more severe and classic dignity of the Roman matron."

In *Volumnia* we have a practical illustration of the principle with which the book set out, namely,—the influence of the female sex as mothers, upon the temper, dispositions, and correspondent actions of mankind.—Hear her speak, in *Shakspeare's* words.

Volumnia.—When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter—I sprung not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

This is "teaching the young idea how to shoot." See again the influence which a mother can hold over a haughty, nay, even a fierce spirit, when she has judiciously managed that spirit from childhood upwards,—when he continues inflexible against her intreaties, she exclaims,—

Volumnia.

At thy choice, then:

To beg of thee it is my more dishonor,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list—
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But own thy pride thyself.

Coriolanus.

Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place—
Chide me no more.

We actually tear ourselves from this charming writer, but trust we have said enough to express our commendation of the work.

THE EXILE.

CHAP. VII.

Let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

As You Like It.

For the first time in many a weary month, did the full light of the morning sun gleam, through the uncurtained window of the —— Hotel, upon the sleeping countenance of Lindley Harlande ; never before, since the fatal hour, when he had first been taught to doubt the faith of his betrayer, had he enjoyed that uninterrupted repose, which had been wont to

“steep his senses in forgetfulness,”

in those happy days, when there was nothing which he was desirous of forgetting ; when he had sunk to his rest in sweet content, and hailed the returning dawn with cheerfulness ; but,—now when he would have given worlds, had he possessed them, for one short draught of oblivion, to snatch from him all consciousness of home, and friendship, country, love,—all to which the fortunate cling with the most unyielding tenacity, but the memories of which are to the miserable but an addition to their sorrows,—the syren sleep had fled his aching balls, no “appliances and means to boot” could court her fickle favor, no labor, however severe, of the preceding day, could compel her presence ;—like all other friends of mortal mould, profuse of promise when need was none, ever ready to obtrude her kindness unbidden, perhaps even neglected, so long as the confiding dupe is high and happy, she too had been tried in the furnace of adversity, and found wanting ; she too, like the acquaintances of the Roman satirist, had fled as soon as the cask had been drained to its last dregs, and the companion who was cherished yesterday so warmly, had been discovered incapable of ministering any further to those pleasures, which had alone caused him to be so eagerly followed, so shamefully deceived. That dreadful and harassing sensation of doubt, which is so much more difficult to be endured than any certainty, even if that certainty be the very worst and bitterest that has ever presented itself to the imagination, had kept his soul in constant wakefulness. Hence it was then, that, for months before he had departed from the land of his fathers, he had plunged head-long into the wildest whirl of pleasure and excitement ; the pursuits, which once had power to enchain his every thought, were now rejected as tasteless and annoying,—the lonely ramble in the dewy morning, with some old volume for a comrade,—the hour of poetic musing beneath some mighty oak, in the cool tranquillity of evening,—had lost their charms for Harlande ;—the ball, the feast, the chase, could bestow a momentary oblivion, and for that oblivion only were they pursued with a recklessness of anxiety, that spoke too plainly of the fever, that was raging within. Ever admired for his talents, and looked up to as the rising leader of the *ton*, there had been noticed something strange and forced in the character of his vivacity ; sweet voices had whispered in his ears that he was paler than of yore ; bright eyes had marked every change that shot across his speaking lineaments, and not

seldom had they seen, that even in midst of jest, and repartee, and light-laughter, a cloud would gather upon the young man's brow, a haggard, care-worn expression succeed to the wreathed smile, proving too clearly that his bosom's inmate was no more at rest. Ever a bold and fearless follower of the chase, there had been a change in the feelings with which he partook of its thrilling and tumultuous joy, that had produced no little wonder at the covert-side, even when the motives which had caused the change were buried in his own soul; formerly he had been no less famous as a sportsman, than distinguished as a rider; in the coldest scent, when the hounds were puzzling their way across the driest fallow, he had scarcely derived less pleasure from watching the sagacity of the pack, and witnessing the hits of some favorite veteran, than when sweeping over field, and fence in the hottest animation of some brilliant burst. Latterly however it was remarked, that the hounds could never go too fast; that the moment the scent became less burning, and the progress of the pack less rapid, he sank into abstraction, to spring again from his lethargy and be the foremost and fiercest horseman of the train, whenever the renewed crash of music should announce a livelier motion. In fact he had been struggling, hopelessly struggling, to escape himself—but still it was in vain! Even in the fury of the pursuit, when all tongues were loud in admiration and wonder at his fearful temerity, his unequalled skill, a bitter smile would curl his lip with scorn!—scorn for his own pursuits, no less than for those who clamored in the rear!—and a sickening throb of anguish would come across his soul, when he thought, for how brief a time these expedients could avail, either to calm his own wild passions, or to check the course of events, which had set those passions in so strange a tumult. Still, though wearied in body by the labors of the day, and loathing at heart the forced festivities of the evening, his spirit could not sleep; his eyes were no sooner closed, than all the sad realities of his situation thronged in gloomy distinctness upon his brain. In the deep midnight there was a voice forever ringing in his ear, whispering the loss of friends and fortune, and worse than all, that good report which had ever been the idol of his soul;—in the stirring emulation of the field, or the gay circle of the dance, he might turn a deaf ear, and an impenetrable heart, to that small, still voice; but in the loneliness of his chamber, there was no hope of escaping from the avenging demon, who climbs the vessel's side with her despairing victim, and sits behind the horseman in his fleetest course. Now, on the other hand, the painful event had actually occurred, which had so long kept his mind upon the tenter-hooks of anticipation; hope indeed had fled, but with it doubt, and that heart-sick, numbing sensation of anxiety, which makes us even long for the fatal hour rather than to endure the anguish of suspense, had vanished also; his mind, though heavy, was calmer than it had been for many a day; and now for the first time since his compelled departure from the mansion of his fathers, he slept the cool refreshing sleep of innocence and peace. A slight sound in the small chamber roused him with a start, and for a moment, as he raised his eyes, he gazed around him with an air of bewilderment;—nor indeed was it singular that his fancy should be in some degree excited,—the last time he had seen the morning sun stream with its floating atoms through the windows of a dwelling, the bright ray had been poured through the latticed casements of his own beloved apartment,

mantled with the clustering ivy, adorned with every luxury that wealth could furnish, or imagination require; and now as he looked from the ungarnished couch, on which he had lain so long in absolute forgetfulness, his eye, missing the familiar objects which were wont at home to meet its returning consciousness, glared wildly round on the rude furniture and damp-stained walls of his low garret. Beside his pillow, contemplating with the calm smile of benevolence, the evident surprise of his young friend, stood the tall form of the gentleman, who on the preceding day had parted from him with such warm assurances of friendship. An instant sufficed to explain to Lindley's mind all that passed, but before he could frame his thoughts into speech,—“You will pardon my intrusion, Mr. Harlande,” he said, “my desire to have some conversation with you, has made me a sinner against the rules of *politesse*, but I hope you will not think of politeness also. The truth is, sir, that I do feel more interested concerning your welfare, than, on so short an acquaintance, I can either justify to myself, or explain to you; and fearing that you might have gone out to see the *lions* of our city, if I should defer my call till you were visible, I made the waiter show me to your bed-room, and here I have been these two hours patiently awaiting till it should so please you to arise.”

“My dear, Mr. Warburton,” cried the enthusiastic youth not only flattered, but moved almost to tears, at the kindness of this stranger, at a moment too when so many of those, who should have been the foremost to stand forth to support and justify him in his calamities, were hanging aloof in cold and callous indifference, “This is too much—I can never sufficiently thank you for this unmerited attention. But why did you not disturb me—I assure you I am not wont to be such a sluggard, as I have proved myself to-day—but have you breakfasted? Your smile is a sufficient answer, is it indeed so late?” “I know not what you *English* gentlemen call late,” replied the other sportively, “and we are early at our business here. But, to come to the object of my visit, are you more profitably engaged to-day, or will you dine with me? I think I heard you say, on board, that you had no letters of immediate consequence to deliver, and it occurred to me that you might be less solitary at my table, than in the bustle of an ordinary. You will find nothing very inviting,—a little daughter of mine, to whom I must make you known,—and one or two old friends of my boyhood! You will come, Mr. Harlande, will you not?—You see I treat you already as if you were the friend, I hope ere long to render you.” Lindley hastily assured him that he was completely at his service, and should be too happy to avail himself of his obliging offer; “I shall expect you then, at five o'clock,—you have my address I think, and till then good bye,—I have a thousand things to attend to, and here, like an old fool as I am, I stand chattering in a young man's room as if I had no business but to collect the news.” Shaking Lindley's hand affectionately he turned and was gone. It is a singular thing indeed, thought Harlande, that even now when I thought myself utterly deserted, and cut off from fellowship with my kind, this good old man should thus attach himself to me! Oh man! man! how strange a composition of warmest sympathies and chilling caution,—of exalted virtues and soul-debasing vices,—is thy wondrous nature! Now pouring forth the abundance of thy purest feelings, lavishing thine affections, surrendering thine heart to the un-

known, and perhaps worthless stranger; and now closing the sources of pity against the innocent, and oppressed! Most merciful to-day, and to-morrow more iron of mood than the very beasts of the forest. Who can penetrate thy mysteries or judge of thy motives, save He alone who gave thy being, and who can read the most secret thoughts, more easily than a fellow worm can appreciate the most evident action? Who knows that I,—I who am despised by my early associates,—deceived, oh how cruelly deceived, by him who was the friend of my bosom,—banished from the free land of my fathers,—and blasted forever by the mouths of the many, have never so much as harmed a houseless dog! He sunk his head upon his hands, and the big drops forced their way through his fingers, as his whole frame was shaken by a paroxysm of ungovernable grief.

Many minutes however had not elapsed, before he had rallied his native strength of mind, and brought himself to the resolution of fully and undauntedly envisaging his situation; a wanderer in a foreign land without fame or fortune, without an introduction to a single individual on the vast continent, without a friend to whom he might communicate his sorrows, or a counsellor from whose experience he might learn to trim his little bark aright, it behoved him to exert every energy of his powerful understanding, in the choice of some mode of life, which might enable him to gain an independent, if not a luxurious income, and above all things, to gain it in such a manner as should cast no imputation on a name, which had descended from distant ages in bright, untarnished honor;—and which he felt that he must bequeath to his posterity, even as it had been handed down to him, unblemished. Conscious of the possession of no slight or ordinary degree of talents, conscious also that the advantages, which had been vouchsafed to him by the bounteous will of nature, had been improved to the utmost by the aids of taste, and education, he little doubted that finally he should be enabled to strike out some path for himself, which should lead to respectability at least, if not to glory. Full of these brighter anticipations, and resolving to consult the friend whom Providence appeared to have raised up for his assistance in Warburton, he wandered forth for the first time into the streets of an American city.

It was that season of the year, which in every Christian country is hailed with decent festivity and chastened mirth; the anniversary of the Savior was at hand; and all, from the churches decorated with winter greens, to the unfettered merriment of schoolboys released for a brief interval from restraint and sorrow, bespoke the approach of that high and holy tide.

The snow lay deep in the streets, and on the roofs, not in loose and half thawed masses, as in the moister climate of an European winter, but in one, rich, solid mantle of spotless white, glittering like a vast mirror to the sun, that was already riding high in an atmosphere swept clear from every trace of cloud or vapor by the bracing influence of a fresh north-wester. The air was keen and cold, yet in its severity there was nothing aguish or insalubrious; on the contrary the very bitterness of the blast seemed to string every nerve with newer life, prompting the pedestrian to a longer and a firmer stride, and driving the blood in quicker currents through every tingling vein. Before him lay the long perspective of Broadway, thronged with hundreds of happy faces; the occasional trees

which skirt the side-walks sparkled like diamonds, the reflection of the snowy surface often sent the dazzled eye to seek for repose in the calm azure of the firmament, and so dry and transparent was the air, that the buildings, at the very extremity of the long avenue, showed every cornice and angle as clearly and distinct, as though they had been but a few yards distant. It was a scene utterly unlike anything he had ever before witnessed, and there was a nameless something in the whole, that rendered it impossible to be gloomy, or even contemplative, while all nature shone so gloriously around. The city was alive with the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, from the vehicles of every shape and magnitude, that shot by on their light runners, faster, as it almost seemed, than the very steeds that drew them. The ponderous omnibus with its crowded seats, the light pung with its single occupant close wrapped in fur and velvet, the four-horse sleigh of some wealthy family with its gay bevy of laughing girls, the rude sled of the milk-vender with its tall pewter vessels glowing like burnished silver, combined to form a wintry picture it is true, but one in which the wintry aspect had no touch of "discontent;"—the very rapidity of motion, which seemed to be its leading feature, in itself lent animation, and a certain joyous excitement to the whole. Care may brood in silence and in sloth, but his whole essence is changed when he is hurried into the whirl, the bustle, and the throng. Often did Lindley pause to gaze in eager admiration at the pace and action of the trotters, which flew by him on every side; the meanest sled, occupied in the most mechanical service, drawn by an animal whose form might perhaps have doomed him to a *kennel*, but whose movements would have shamed the favorite roadster of the noblest peer in England.

With a heart already relieved of half its burthens, disposed to look upon his own prospects,—lately considered so dark and despondent,—with complacency, and upon all mankind with those amiable feelings, which in general arise from inward satisfaction, Harlande had already turned to retrace his steps. A packet was to sail on the succeeding day, and he would not have failed to send the aspirations of his warm heart home, no! not to have been the owner of all the wealth and beauty of America! With a quick elastic tread, he passed along the crowded street, outstepping the most active of the throng, and feeling his pulse throb faster, and

"his bosom's lord sit lighter on his throne"

at every successive bound. Twice, in the course of his brief ramble, had an equipage passed him, which had attracted his attention, no less by the splendid symmetry and action of the fast grays, which hurried it along as if they had no draught behind, than by the exquisite taste displayed in the whole turn-out, and the easy elegance of the party it contained,—two girls in the very blossom of youth, whose faces he could discover, in the short glimpse afforded by their transit, to be in no small degree attractive, conducted by one of the other sex, scarcely their senior in years, although he handled the reins with an air that proved him no novice in the equestrian art. A sudden motion of the passing multitude at the corner of an intersecting street, men running to and fro in haste and trepidation, caught his quick eye; and before he had time to reflect on the probable cause,—with a louder rattle of the bells than he had yet heard, and a thicker trampling of boots on the frozen snow, the equipage, he had noticed, wheeled mad! into

the main street ; the driver had disappeared,—the horses came on with flying mane, erected ears, and blood-red nostril, stretching to their utmost speed ;—the sleigh veering from side to side in wild irregular sweeps, as the terrified animals dashed in terror away from every passing vehicle ; the reins dragging at random beneath their feet, and balls of ice driven high into air at every stroke, from the violence with which they dashed their caulked shoes upon the slippery surface !—And there, without a possibility of stretching out even a hand to save their lives, within a hair's breadth of a terrible and painful death, the two wretched girls sat, watching every escape from a collision as their last, in helpless, hopeless agony.

To add yet another horror to what wanted no such addition, a huge and savage mastiff, which was following a butcher's sled, attracted by the cries of the bystanders, and all his savage fury kindled by the noise and speed with which they approached, dashed at the head of the off-side horse ; and though he failed in his murderous intent of fixing on the lip, or nostril, yet he ceased not from the chase, now baying with impotent fury at their heels, now leaping at their crests, till the goaded brutes seemed actually mad with terror.

All stood aghast ; many were there, who possessed the courage to have braved a deadlier peril face to face ;—many were there, who would have marched undaunted into the very jaws of a battery, or plucked the burning fuse from the heated shell ; but the suddenness of the call had unnerved their faculties ; they looked on in mute amazement, without even dreaming that it were possible to render aid under circumstances so appalling.

It was no want of physical courage to face a definite and visible danger ; it was a deficiency in that higher attribute of soul, that perfect self-possession, that calmness in the heat of the most sudden peril, which so seldom falls to the lot of man, and, when it does, as surely stamps him for a "nobleman of nature's aristocracy," as an opportunity offers for its display. With Harlande, to see, to think, and to do, were not the slow result of three separate exertions of the mind ;—ever in the greatest emergency he was most collected ; and now, when all present hung aloof, he stepped coolly and silently forward ready to interfere when the time for action should arrive, and resolved to perish or effect his purpose. Fully acquainted with the character of the animals, against which he was about to exert his powers, he knew that from a motionless object they rarely, or never, swerve till they are in actual contact with it, while from anything which exhibits life and action, they sheer away while yet at a distance.

Right in their course he stood, as motionless as a stone column, with his arms by his side, and every muscle fixed in rigid tension. On they came, and now the near horse almost grazed his erect form,—then, with a sure eye, and steady hand, he sprang at one bound clear before their heads, and grasping the rein of either horse with right and left, he yielded to their impetuous violence, and suffered them to bear him onwards, trusting to his weight and strength to gain the day. For a moment the success of his bold attempt seemed doubtful ; their speed was augmented with their terror, and all believed that Lindley had destroyed himself, and done no service to those within. But he had calculated too well on his firm nerves and undaunted valor to be thus deceived ; for some twenty strokes they dashed on with unabated vigor, inflicting heavy bruises at each plunge on his un-

guarded limbs, but not for that did he relax his hold.—In a moment their pace was slackened,—in another they had stopped,—and fifty hands were on their harness, steadying the sleigh, or aiding its lovely occupants to alight from their perilous position. Battered, blood-stained, and weary as he was, Harlande could not but observe the surpassing loveliness of *her* whom he had rescued, for he saw but one!—A form rather beneath than above the middle size, but framed in the rarest symmetry; tiny hands of the most dazzling whiteness, with their thousand veins of purest blue,

“and feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,
But rather skim the earth,”—

and then her face, not so exquisite in regularity of feature, as in ever varying expression;—her large blue eyes, now languishing, now sparkling with suppressed delight, a mouth whose smile might have made the madness of the *Triumvir* wisdom; a brow all intellect and majesty, with her pale brown tresses simply braided, uniting to form a creature, who might well be said,—if her mental qualifications were equal to her charms,—and who that looked into that eye could for a moment doubt it—to be but “a little lower than the angels.”

Scarcely had Lindley time to make these observations, ere the gentleman, who in turning a corner too sharply had been pitched out of the carriage, arrived panting, and alarmed for the safety of his fair charge;—overjoyed at finding them unharmed, and eager to remove them from the gaping crowd, he persuaded them to re-enter the sleigh, reassumed his guidance of the blown, and now docile horses, bowed slightly his acknowledgements to Harlande, and was out of sight ere a minute had elapsed.

There is a pleasure so pure and unearthly in the knowledge that we have, by the exertion of our single faculties, preserved the life of a fellow-creature; that we have brought back the fainting spirit from the very gates of Hades;—that we have bestowed the god-like boon of breath;—that we have restored a parent, a child, or a friend to his afflicted relatives;—that it must elevate the saddest, and cheer the most desponding soul. Reputation had not been gained by his gallant devotion, for he was an unknown and nameless foreigner.—Fitting gratitude had scarcely been expressed towards him, for the fearful risk he had incurred; yet was the whole vein of Harlande’s meditations changed, from base lead to purest gold, by that only true alchemist, sweet fancy! It was but little likely that he should ever again behold the object, in the preservation of whom he had manifested such noble feelings, backed by such unequalled power; yet the simple thought, that his arm had been the means of rescuing so fair a being from a doom so dreadful, contributed further to allay the sorrows of his wounded heart, than all the eloquence of the divine, or all “the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

Although much time had not been actually consumed in his adventure, such a stimulus had been given to his feelings, that he wandered without a motive through the streets to cool the ferment of his blood, and the appointed hour had almost arrived, before he recollected his engagement; and the clocks were pealing it forth in all their various cadences, as he stepped into the sleigh, that was to convey him to his first essay of American society.

W.

THE BLIND HARPER.

Rest thee, companion of my toilsome way,
 And thou my gentle guide. Beside the fount,
 That with its plashy coolness bathes my hand,
 And sends its dewy moisture to my brow,
 We'll sit--till the fresh breath of evening comes
 To cool the burning air;--for I am faint
 Beneath the burthen of the summer's day,
 And feel my limbs bowed down with weariness.
 And thy step too, my boy, has been less light,
 Thy tone less buoyant, than when morning's flowers
 Were fresh beneath thy feet. How faintly now
 Rustles the drooping foliage,--as the wind
 Comes like the breath of infancy, when hushed
 In gentle slumber on the mother's breast.
 How beautiful must be this visible world
 To those, whose sense can drink the glorious light
 Shed over nature's face!--for whom, the day
 Fresh dawning brings, in newer loveliness,
 The rich and treasured beauties, which the earth
 Pours forth in glad profusion! For my soul
 A world of unpierced darkness lies before,--
 The past a waste,--whence memory cannot pluck
 One solitary blossom. Closed to me
 Are nature's stores of joy. In vain the sun
 Sheds blessings down from his ambrosial throne
 Upon a thousand charms,--the lone old man
 Beholds them not. The voice of birds in spring,
 The whispered music of the murmuring stream,
 The hum of insects, and the myriad tones
 Of love and life, that on the liberal air--
 Fraught with the perfumes of the breezy flowers--
 Float like the breathings of some heavenly dream,
 Are tuneless music to a weary heart.
 And thou, my harp, last solace, though thy notes
 Are dear to him who wakes them, though the wild,
 Sad, melody thou utterest brings back
 The visions of my youth, and all I loved;
 Yet soon the hand that trembles o'er thee now,
 Shall strike thy chords no more--withered and rent,
 Like me, thou'lt lie neglected--rudely swept
 By stern and wintry winds--or crushed beside
 Thy master's grave his fitting monument.

E.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

If every man's internal grief
 Were written on his brow,--
 How many would our pity move,
 Who wake our envy now!
 Stern hate would give his enemy
 A word of softer tone,--
 Seeing how small the joy, that once
 Embittered all his own.

Notions on Political Economy, by JOHN HOPKINS. 1 vol. 12mo. By the author of "Conversations on Chemistry." Allen and Ticknor, Boston.

WITHOUT representing ourselves to be monsters of longevity, we may safely assert, that we can distinctly call to mind a period in the history of society, when it would have been thought scarcely less preposterous for a lady to send forth a treatise on a science so abstruse as political economy, than to have commanded a brigade, or manœuvred a frigate. In the days of our early boyhood, we remember to have heard it predicated, that a girl, in order to be a meet companion for her lord and master, required no fictitious aid of education; that beauty, and sense enough to preserve her from the danger of falling into the fire, were all the qualifications to fit her for society; and most sincerely do we thank our stars, that we have fallen upon these later times, when it is held no derogation—*derogation* did we say?—when it is held in the highest degree praiseworthy, and desirable for a female to be possessed of as many literary acquirements as are consistent with the full exercise of those truly feminine duties, the care of her household, and the attendance of her helpless babes. That a woman may shine in the higher paths of knowledge, is not now to be for the first time proved, nor will it be necessary to recur to an Aspasia or a Sappho for illustrations, while at the present day we have female authors in every branch of science, and these too ranking among the first of English writers. It has however been generally supposed, even by those who are not such sticklers for the divine supremacy of the stronger sex, that if the ladies must dabble in the mysteries of composition at all, they should at least confine themselves to the lighter and more ornamental styles; poetry and romance, or even now and then a moral apologue, or pious meditation, were allowed to be within the sphere of their tender capacities!—But lo! amidst its hundred other marvels, the close of the nineteenth century has brought upon the stage two female writers, on the science of practical government.

Political economy!—why 50 years ago there were not 20 men in England or America, who knew the meaning of the words, and now we have a lady producing a work on this most difficult and important subject, replete with sound sense, and practical information; dressed up indeed in a pleasing garb of fiction, and suited to the comprehension of the meanest capacity, yet not on that account to be slighted by the learned, for truly there are few persons, be their station what it may, who cannot derive both pleasure and information from this clever little volume. Written principally for the benefit of the lower classes of society in England, and touching on some grievances as yet unknown in our country, it will not be found uninteresting to the mechanics and artisans of America, nor—because the sense is covered by the superstructure of a fairy tale, or legend of giant grim,—need they be fearful that their manhood will be impeached for studies of so light a nature. The object of the publication is to prove, that the operation of laws, which may perhaps press hardly on individuals, are yet to the benefit of society at large. Of course it will be granted, that no law can be enacted which will not be counted a hardship by some parties or other. The importer complains bitterly of the excessive duty; the home manufacturer

moans bitterly over the cruelty and injustice of free trade; the consumer of corn wishes to see all ports open; the producer prays for a blockade; and so might we go on, till we come to the *thief*, who grumbles with his associates as sturdily against the enactments of a police, as the others, whom we have enumerated above, at their real or imaginary grievances. So true is the old maxim that "one man's meat is another man's poison!"—You may argue on all this, as long as you please;—you may prove, beyond the possibility of refutation, that the common good requires such or such protection, but so long as the interest of your opponent is concerned, you shall make no *iota* of impression;—"This may be all very true," he will say, "but I shall starve if such become the law!" On the other hand, show him, that what hurts his fellow, hurts him also;—that what raises his prices on his neighbor, will also raise his neighbor's on him in like proportion,—and you shall find him not only a most reasonable, but a most charitable listener. This then is what Mrs. Marcet has endeavored to effect, through the medium of a fairy tale, and wonderfully has she succeeded in her aim, and that too without using any of those appalling terms of "floating capital," and "circulating medium," "systems of currency," and a thousand others, which make the unlearned reader tremble, under the supposition that a science, which is inculcated in such formidable denominations, must in itself be utterly incomprehensible.

The story is told in a word. We have a poor and honest agriculturist, who has been toiling all his life with an increasing family, and decreasing means of support; nevertheless, he still, by dint of hard fare, and harder labor, creeps onward;—of his numerous family each member is engaged in a different trade; one boy works with a carriage maker, two more are engaged at a cloth factory, one daughter is a ribbon weaver, and another finds employment in a manufacture of British silk: still all will not do! the times get harder, and they are daily less able to struggle with them, while their poverty is insulted, as it were, by the prosperity of the neighboring landlord, whose palace overcrows their *midden*. At this crisis a benevolent fairy takes compassion on their misery, and offers to grant the father any wish he may form;—his first desire, that all men should be equal in wealth, and that riches should be utterly abolished, is unhesitatingly granted—the peer is transmuted to a farmer, the farmer to a peasant, and our poor friend finds to his dismay, that, in the general descent, he too has fallen to a lower grade; worse still, a few days brings home his son from the carriage maker's, for carts are only now in vogue!—a terrible disappointment this!—next in come the ribbon weaver, the silk spinners, the wool carders;—the factories are all discharged,—for now that there are no more rich people, fustians have taken the place of silk and broadcloth. In short to his surprise and sorrow, he discovers that his plan has failed entirely. He seeks out the amiable fairy, she reverses her wand, and all things return to their former condition. Still he is not contented, he wishes that wages may be doubled, and doubts not that this will remedy all evils, and apply a balm to every hardship. His prayer is again granted, and for a time, he rejoices to find that he is double gainer, for his produce has risen in proportion to the influx of money to the operatives; but alas! his joy is soon at an end, when going to purchase in his turn he expe-

riences to his sorrow, that all other goods have risen in value even in a greater ratio than his own; to his utter confusion his children are again dismissed from their employments, for the master-manufacturer has found his outlay, owing to the increase of wages, greater than his income; by and by his own employer finds that he cannot afford to maintain so many laborers on his estate, and his own time is now a drug in the market.

On this slight foundation is raised a mass of argument, which couched in the plainest language, and conveyed in the form of easy dialogues, must carry conviction with it. This little volume must, we are certain, be of great and real utility;—from its form, its price, and its character, it will readily find its way into the poor man's hands, and will, we doubt not, work reformation to many a false idea, and visionary scheme.

In conclusion, we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of all our readers, nor can we do better than adopt a thought, which has already been published in the columns of our daily press,—that it would give us true pleasure to learn, that every family of the working classes were provided with a copy throughout the entire union, convinced as we are that, if it did not ameliorate their condition, which is indeed beyond its province, it would at least prevent vain yearnings for a state of things, which theory may promise, but practice will never realize.

THE WRECK.

I.

WITH the bellying arch of her white sail set,
To the fresh breeze bending low,—
Dashing the spray like a fountain's jet
In diamonds from her bow,—
Outspeeding the waves in their murmuring pride,
And the spice-wind's balmy sigh,—
Like a swallow in air, or a swan on the tide,—
The good ship glided by.—

II.

The Indian sun was blazing bright
In the cloudless, tropic sky,
And the sea like a mirror of azurn light
Glowed to its canopy.—
The shark shot by, and the nautilus shell
By its fairy mariner driven,
And the flying-fish glanced from the liquid swell
Like a star from the vaulted heaven.

III.

The surface is tranquil and clear as glass,
And the eye dives deeply through,
To the sparkling gems, and the ocean's grass,
And the corals of crimson hue,—

The Wreck.

To the fry, that spring from their sea-weed lair
 At the changeful dolphin's stroke,—
 But of all the wonders that glittered there,
 Not a sign of peril spoke.

IV.

The hurricane slept in its sultry shrine,
 And hushed was the surge's moan,
 And the soundings were deep in the measured brine,
 Full forty fathom down !
 Five hundred hearts beat proud and fast
 On the frigate's stainless deck ;—
 Five hundred hearts—that had dared the blast,
 Or the battle, their pulæ to check.

V.

The helmsman was still at his steady wheel,
 And the watch at their stations round,
 And the officers leaned on the lazy steel,
 That had flashed at the bugle's sound.
 Not a bosom was there that dreamed how nigh
 Was the viewless angel's rod,
 Nor shuddered to think, that ere day should die
 He must reckon with his God.

VI.

Like a swallow in air, or a swan on the tide,
 The good ship rode the wave,—
 And little they deemed in their manhood's pride
 She was hurrying to her grave !
 With a shivering crash, and a sullen shock
 Stopped short in her winged career,
 For an instant she clung to the fatal rock,—
 Then plunged through the waters clear !

VII.

Not a second was granted for thought or prayer,
 Not a second to struggle for life.—
 Not a glimpse of fond memory was hovering there
 In the spirit's parting strife !
 Not a hope for the future,—a sigh for the dear,—
 Nor the love that is strong in death !
 It was but an instant from first, to last—
 And sound there was none, nor breath !

VIII.

The waters were clear as they were before,
 And the gales as balmy blew,
 But where are the hearts that rejoiced in their roar,
 And the ship that before them flew ?
 She was here but now, like a winged sprite
 Upborne on the sunbright air,—
 Where is she now with her pinions of light ?
 The wild waves answer—Where ?

MAY DAY.

Quo fit, Mæcenæ.—*Hor. Sat. lib. 1. l. 1.*

THE poets are mighty fond of urging the praises of the month of May. Thank heaven I am not a poet,—at least if such praises are the orthodox proof of a *poetical imagination*, and still farther, if the praise must begin with the first day of that month. The fact is that I have a particular dislike to the first day of May, from two particular circumstances,—one being connected with the usages of the “modern Babel” over the water, and the other with those of our own beloved city of Gotham, Manahata, or—by the by I shall fear an infliction of the poetic furor at last, if I go on, thus copiously, in appellatives. To return,—there are two especial reasons against my song in favor of the first of May,—maugre the singing of birds, the shining of Phæbus, the salubrity of the atmosphere, and the delightfulness of the day. For be it known to all whom it may concern,—that such a description is all moonshine, and scarcely accurate one year in ten. It is generally the hallucination of addled brains, fermented by empty stomachs, and the unfortunate wight who trusts to such expectations, may as easily expect to

dull the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast,—

which, by the way, is good language, whether it be poetry or not.

But, as I said before, I have two especial reasons for disliking the first of May. The first is, because that a certain class determine to “be happy,” as they call it, according to ancient custom, and without any sufficing cause, consequently without any genuine results. The second is, because a *whole people* are equally determined to be miserable on that day,—to annoy their neighbors,—destroy their own property,—and this without any sufficing cause. For my own part, I have suffered on both scores. But—you shall hear.

Some years ago I visited England, and of course, London. The first of May arrived, and a ceremony commenced, originating, it is said, in the philanthropy of a good lady, whose brains were in her heart,—the tradition said, she owed some great deliverance to chimney sweepers, and therefore she caused great rejoicings, and feastings, and donations, and—what not?—to be the order of the day for ever, at her domicile. The sooty gentry, in process of time, thought within themselves, that it would be a custom fraught with great benefit, *to themselves*, to make the custom general through the vicinity of the metropolis; and, with hand and heart, they executed the resolve, which is continued, as the historians say, “until this very day,”—to the great annoyances of the *lieges*, as well as to peregrinators, like myself.

The beautiful, sunny, flowery, first of May,—it is so sometimes,—is therefore called, *par excellence*, *chimney-sweepers’ day*. Oh! ye poetical souls, was ever term so anti-melodious,—so anti-euphonious,—so far removed from poetic musings! On this day, sundry poor little *wretchednesses*, as my friend M. le Marquis, used to call them, by sunrise—nay, long before, are adorned—no, not exactly adorned, but—dressed up in all the vanity of ends of ribbons, scraps of colored paper, spangles, bits of colored glass, beads, gold-leaf, in short, with all the gaudiness, without any of the *spices*

or *perfumes* of the east ; and thus bedizzened they go forth, to dance. Their *faces* get the annual wash on the night previous to this day of happiness, or at least, of merry-making. I am not certain but they even inflict on themselves a *general ablution*, although I am given to understand, that, as Liston says, in the farce, "it's quite *hoptional* with them." Be this as it may, some of them, whose exalted employment was to collect the pence, which pity and charity flung to them, and were therefore the bankers of "the state," certainly did pay that respect to appearance; although the greater part of the *corps de ballet* preferred remaining in *nubibus*.

In one of these groups, I espied a bleary-eyed puny little wretch assiduously rubbing the soot on his face, where probably it had been no less assiduously rubbed off not long before. "What are you about, my boy," said I, "don't you wish to *feel* clean for once in your life?"

"Vell then," replied the urchin, "I does'n't—I does'n't vaunt to feel clean at all; it's so 'nation cold;" —

And without further ceremony he continued his *art divine*.

The various groups or companies of these *miserables*, assemble at their appointed places previous to sallying forth; when they choose from among themselves, in case none of the *gentlemen* present should have a sister, upon whom they would be willing to confer the honor of temporary royalty—one who, *disguised* in female attire, is to represent the *Queen of Beauty*! The election settled they dress the *happy fair one* as fantastically and gaudily as possible.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

These *homo-feminals* are attired generally in *white*; by which means the sedulous attentions of their *femmes de chambre* are made abundantly manifest by the unequivocal representations of four fingers and a thumb, true to nature, which are here and there placed in bold relief upon parts of the snowy (?) garment.

At the appointed hour, they commence *their rounds*, that is they call, by way of compliment of course, upon all those families, in the first place, who employ them in sweeping their chimneys,—but their courtesies does not confine itself in so narrow a circle, for after the point of *duty* is performed, they visit all within a reasonable distance, in the hope of making something out of them.

The following is a description of their dance. A grave friend of mine who wore a big wig, and buckles, told me a long story about Eleusinian mysteries, and hinted something of this being the remains of it, mixed up with the ceremonies of the Saturnalia;—and other hard words, which I did not then much heed, and have now forgotten,—I suspect he was quizzing me, as he was known to be a dry and inveterate joker.—But the dance.

The *lady* places herself in the midst of the ring of gentlemen who, with brush and shovel in hand, stand in order round her. Their music generally consists of a fiddle and a drum, to which are added the beautiful accompaniments of the said brush and shovel, the latter being performed with great dexterity, if not with much melody, by holding the brush by the centre, and rapping first one end and then the other smartly against the shovel. This produces, to speak heaven's truth, a most abominable clatter, only equalled by that of another set of musicians whom I have occasionally heard,—to

wit, the butcher's boys with marrow bones and cleavers. The word being given by the *master in attendance*, master of the revels, more properly—the dance begins. The gentlemen perform an annular motion around their *terrestrial* luminary; every now and then, as the spirit quickens them, revolving each upon his own axis by way of *coup de grace*, whilst the *epicene* in the meanwhile is figuring in the untaught elegance of a *pas seul*. At length, by exertions made breathless, they stop, when the *lady in alto voce* begs her friends to “remember the first of May.”

And this, the poor wretches call a holyday!—And they are happy. Happy? Yes, they *begin* their revels in a spirit of apparent cheerfulness, but view them before half the day is done, flagging with the labor of their pleasures, some of the elder ones drunk, most of the younger ones starving, weeping and creeping after *their superiors*. The whole company enduring the mortification of seeing the surrounding spectators march off in every direction at the sound of the harsh word “remember.” Yet with this *mixed* happiness, which many of them have experienced from year to year, are the streets of London so infested on the first three days of May, that it is no wonder a stranger should hold the period in horror after he has once experienced it. And all this, besides the chance of utter destruction to the clothes in the rush, or the discomposure of the lady who accompanies you, should such be your otherwise happy lot. Therefore from May day in London, wet or dry, let me warn all future travellers to fly, as he would fly *blue devils*, as well as black ones. The sight of them is not calculated to induce brighter thoughts than would a dance of *dæmons* in a melo-drama, from which last I have long banished myself altogether. The whole

“loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows.

My second objection to the first of May arises, as I said before, from the custom long established in this our fashionable and sapient city of Gotham, by which its inhabitants are obliged to tumble all their *penates* out of their houses by twelve o'clock of that day, according to law, and to tumble them into another with all possible dispatch. The consequence of which is, that, if the day be windy, the dust arising—to say nothing of any other resurrection—from such a method of procedure, the feathers, the tenants of the bed-posts and ticking, the sudden and sometimes awkward encounter with pots and pans of every denomination, render a retreat advisable—that is if a retreat be among the physical possibilities.

“All the world's a stage,” says the melancholy Jacques, but upon such an occasion, a *stage* has been all the world to me. It is a paradise to enter, as it was the beginning of happiness to see it approach. The first of May made me first acquainted with this *agreeable species of vehicularity*.

On the first of May, as I was walking in Greenwich-street—how I got there is actually a mystery to me—I was stopped in my promenade by two men in smock frocks,—carmen they were in fact—who were lifting some bedding and beds into a cart. Stopping is your only chance in such a case,—but unfortunately, in looking forward, I perceived the same sort of operation carrying on at the next door, and the next—and the next,—the pavement being covered with domestic utensils of every description, and furniture blocking the street up to the very

centre. I had ever a horror of strange beds even in their most inviting position, but in their present disjointed condition, and "fallen from their *high estate*," I confess it was more than my sensibility could endure. How to escape—my only chance was to leap over the kennel,—no very tempting exploit as it happened—and then only a doubtful chance, if I should perform it. As I considered, the cart before me was now laden and about to move off, which would have afforded me a passage, but at this juncture, a female "*aye every inch a*" female, with one child in her arm, one laying hold of her hand, and another, of her apron, —to say nothing of those in the cradle, which a monstrous fat negro nurse was drawing along the passage, suddenly marched out upon me.

"Now," said I, "I'm off. *Ces't trop*."

Accordingly I made a spring, in the hope of clearing a parcel of rubbish which was just before me,—when, to my horror and dismay, I felt my airy flight arrested, by something which caught hold of my coat;—a sharp *creak* followed, indicating some terrible laceration of the integuments which encovered my nether man, and then down I came, plump into the middle of a horrid looking feather bed!

I hate a *scene* of any kind,—especially in the street. I know of nothing, which has a greater tendency to excite one's choler and irritability, than to be suddenly plunged into an accumulation of difficulties, which in themselves are too trifling to demand serious attention, whilst at the same time they place us in a situation which requires the nicest good humor, and perfect appearance of nonchalance. Happily in this instance I was able to restrain myself, though inwardly burning with vexation; but my anticipations of fractures and consequent ridicule annoyed me excessively, and the more so because as yet I neither knew the extent of them, nor of course how to hide them.

I tried then to express the appearance of a good joke, though I fear my laugh was much like what is called a "purser's grin,"—and arose from my odoriferous couch, with fear and trembling, and repeating to myself the lines of Tom Hood, as they flashed on my mind;

"A score were sprawling on the ground,
And beavers fell in showers,
There was another *floorer* there
Besides the queen of flowers."

I was convinced that I had injured my coat, and was fearful that there was other damage besides. At length up I stood; my frock was nearly rent in twain,—and my *unmentionables* were somewhat endamaged. No sooner was this ascertained than fresh peals burst forth from the sharp sighted urchins. One little vagabond clapped his hands and exclaimed,

"Oh my! How he has tored himself, ma! Look ma! Has'nt he tored himself though?"

The men assisted me kindly enough, and soon made me sensible of the exact extent of my injury, by each taking one of the skirts of my unfortunate frock, and expanding that *dismembered* garment to its utmost extent;—while one of the new comers, of whom by the by there was a plentiful assemblage, pointing to my unfortunate inexpressibles, exclaimed with upturned hands and eyes,

"Lauk! what a pity! I say Bob that ere suit ain't worth so much by ten dollars,—is it?"

"I do'nt know," replied his friend; "as to that 'ere matter. Tim Needles, in Chatham-street, could splice it sleek enough, I guess. It is a right down screamer though—ain't it?"

Guess my feelings at these comfortable animadversions. I had never before been the subject of commiseration to a whole street, nor placed in a situation to have my person thumbed, and my raiment pointed at by all sorts of people. I suppose however I was fair game, and was used accordingly. *Here* was one man probing the extent of the laceration of my pantaloons;—*there* were two or three others equally busy with my coat, and *guessing* the amount of damages, whilst others stopping as they passed, treated my misfortunes to—a broad grin, and passed on. "*O tempora, O mores!*"

A decent looking woman with more of the milk of human kindness than the rest of the surrounding multitude, at length edged her way within the crowd, and after a few ejaculations of "My—well if I ever—dear, dear, what a pity,"—said she'd "fix me," and began to pin my tatters together in such a manner as to enable me to reach Broadway, without exciting *very particular* notice. I was grateful to the woman, for she appeared to render her service through real kindness, and slipping a gratuity into her hand I made my escape from the mob in the best manner I was able, keeping as close to the areas as possible, and invariably turning back towards them, whenever any one came near me.

I hailed an *omnibus*, and to my great satisfaction found only one passenger therein, a gray headed talkative old man, whom I knew by the name of Mr. Dribbleton Dribble, but happily with whom I had no acquaintance. Instinctively I sought the farther end of the vehicle, in order to escape notice as much as possible, whilst the old gentleman, on the contrary, kept himself placed as near as he could to the door, which induced me to think and hope he intended soon to get out. We did not talk much, fortunately, for the noise of the coach over the stones prevented us—to my companion's great annoyance, and to my great relief, for I had heard of his garrulity. Presently we stopped and took up a female and two little girls, all of whom came up to my end of the coach.

I was absolutely on thorns. I had never been within an *omnibus* before, and felt all the uneasiness so natural to people when they find themselves placed under disadvantageous circumstances, in strange places. I hid myself as well as I was able, behind the curtain, lest any of my friends in the promenade should spy me out. I dreaded the approach of every passenger, lest some inferior person,—we are not all equal,—should stalk in and salute me with a slap up "How are ye," and ask me "How have ye *ben*?"

Misfortunes never come single. We stopped again, and my tailor crawled in. He did not, however, recognize me, thanks to the curtain, and my hat which I slouched over my brows. He took his seat near Mr. Dribbleton Dribble, and was presently engaged deeply with that worthy, in the consideration of the tariff, nullification, and all the thousand and one general topics of news and politics, which will bear to go through the alembic some fifty times, without getting either weaker or stronger. Never did time lag with me, as upon this unhappy excursion; I thought I should never get home;—the coach stopped assuredly at every twenty or thirty yards, either to take up or set down. This, to me, was torture, as I could not divest myself of the notion that every one who arrived discovered my

ridiculous plight, and that every one who departed carried with him food for mirth, of which my misfortunes were the subject. Never did hart pant for the waters of the brook more fervently, than did I for the cool and quiet retreat of my own chamber, where I might rid myself of my present shame, and breathe freely as one who had achieved a deliverance. A deliverance! The black hole at Calcutta was at a freezing point, compared with what I felt. The stage had by this time become perfectly crammed;—so much so that the children on either side of me were pressed close against me;—and the consciousness of my condition added to the heat, so that it raged within me. I became, at length, so uncomfortable that I determined to brave ridicule and all its stings and arrows, and make my escape at the first opportunity.

Fortunately we now trotted on without interruption, until we came to Spring street; when being near my domicile I determined to emerge from my *durance vile*. I pulled the string. *Ping* went the sound over my head, and we stopped. Ye who have suffered mishap, pity me! I rose, in a hurry to get out, and in doing so, I for a moment forgot the children, who were sitting on the skirts of my coat, by which means I pulled them asunder again to my horror and dismay. The female seeing the child was in my way, rose to take it to her; in doing which, her bonnet hitched the string, and *ping* it went again. The coach immediately started on, which jerked me forwards directly into the woman's arms. She being unable to sustain my weight, fell forward with me upon the gentleman next to her, who shifting suddenly from his seat to avoid such an awkward collision, let us both fall upon the coach floor.

I never heard such a *guffaw* in all my life. Moreover the children began to scream and bellow most lustily, as if their mother had been killed—frightened she was, no doubt—but by Jove not half so much as I was. We both struggled for a moment to get up again;—but as the coach was bumping us over the stones and gutters, we only made matters worse by bumping more and more against each other. The woman at last became enraged—ungovernably so—and having disengaged her right hand she began to cuff me, over the back and ribs, most unmercifully.

"I'll teach you," cried she, "to treat a decent woman in this shameful way."

"My good madam," cried I, at the top of my voice, amid the roars of the passengers,—*"My good madam, it was impossible to help it. Pray, sir,"* continued I to a gentleman near me, "lend me your assistance."

He pulled the string, and we stopped once more. I scrambled to my feet again, and bustling my way through the barrier of legs and umbrellas, I fled from the omnibus,—*"the observed of all observers,"* as I hurried along the streets in my woful plight. All sorts of people said and looked all sorts of things; some tittered, some coughed, some laughed aloud, whilst *"I say, mister, you're in for it,"*—*"Crackie, Bob, what a smash,"*—assailed my ears from every side. Thank heaven, I reached home at last; and flinging myself upon a couch, I rang for my servant, who came, and *stared*. I could have kicked the booby into the street. I could see he was about to begin a long string of interrogatories, but I cut him short by demanding instantly my black suit;—and determined from henceforth to consider the *first of May* as a season of penance and mortification, instead of cheerfulness and rejoicing.

RURAL ENJOYMENT.

O rus quando ego te aspiciam.

To a mind of keen sensibilities, and poetical temperament, few of the ordinary pleasures of life can compete with the strain of tender feelings, which is almost invariably called forth by a lonely ramble in some sequestered glade, when "the burthen and the heat of the summer's day is o'er;" when the eye, which has been dazzled by the intense glare of light during so many hours, can dwell with pleasure, enhanced by contrast, on the fresh verdure of the dewy woodlands, and the soft haze which is spread, like a veil over the face of beauty, across the cool horizon. Perhaps, in the whole range of human sensations, there is not one more generally inherent in every breast than this desire for rural enjoyment; ask the soldier, the sailor, the merchant, what is the end which he proposes to himself, after he shall have realized that independence, for which they all have striven alike,—and each will tell you of some romantic nook, that has struck his fancy in his wanderings, and colored his waking dreams for everafter, amid the turmoil, the strife, the sordid anxieties, the engrossing cares of cities. There has he laid out the mode in which he will enjoy contented ease beneath his own fig tree,—there is the promised elysium which has raised his spirit

"to scorn delights and live laborious days;"

this is the hope, which has cheered his mind under many a bitter calamity; this is the hope, which, though never to be fulfilled, still haunts him to the tomb, and often times prompts him to seek out for his senseless bones an enduring mansion in that green spot, after which he had so yearned in life. What can be the source of this strange passion in men, who, were they to receive the objects of their prayers, to acquire possession of the *suburban rus* for which they have panted so long, would fly in disgust, ere a solitary week had passed over their heads, from the innocent and unexciting pleasures of a country life? Is it that even in our present state of refinement, there is still a hankering after the wild sports, and wilder perils of the wilderness, when

"erect in woods the noble savage ran,"

or is it indeed, that there is so evident a superiority in the lovely face of nature, over the artificial restraints of the city, that it cannot but be manifest even to the least observant eye;—is it simply—that, as an old writer quaintly though beautifully expresses himself,

"God made the country, but man made the town?"

In truth we know not, nor will we pause to inquire; suffice it to know that such a feeling has been implanted in almost every heart, by Him who best can judge what is good for man; and moreover—were not this sufficient proof of the excellence of such a feeling,—who has ever wandered among the lone haunts of nature, tracing the brooklet to its secluded fount, listening to the converse of the foliage with the winds of heaven,—for all these things have a language, that speaks directly to the heart,—without feeling every earthly thought give way to a pensive and affectionate melancholy; without perceiving that his soul was almost insensibly

"from nature's works, upraised to nature's God?"

Common as this feeling is to the greater part of mankind, how much

more deeply imprinted must it be on the minds of those, who, born and bred among the simple, and perhaps undignified delights of some rural district, have been condemned, in after life, to the confinement of a huge and heated metropolis? How does the victim cherish the recollection of those green hills, and bright waters, which would be still his friends, were every human being whom he valued cut off at one fell swoop from his affection. Perhaps, however, we are falling into the common error of egotism; perhaps we are presupposing the existence of sensations in the minds of others, because we are conscious that they are rooted in the very core of our own hearts. We passed ourselves the happiest days of our existence in a sweet pastoral country; the memories of our young days of transient merriment, and yet more transient sorrow, are all interwoven with recollections of verdant hedge-rows, and dewy copses. There is one green hillock, hundreds of miles from hence, with its calm church yard and dark chestnuts, in the bosom of which we hope at some future period to lay our bones, even if it should be denied to our mortal vision, ever to behold it more; there is a tinkling brook, by whose side we have sat the livelong summer's day, fishing for the small fry which swarmed by thousands round our artless bait, or launching our tiny fleets in its mimic coves;—and though we have gazed, in awe and breathless admiration, at the stupendous beauties of Niagara, though we have looked upon earth's noblest rivers sweeping through every variety of scenery, still the murmurs of that puny rivulet rise oftener, and oh! how far more sweetly, to our remembrance than the far famed rush of the world's most classic waters. How often could we have cried aloud with the patriotic Syrian—"are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel." Yet if we apply our minds to investigate the causes of this, all is wrapt in impenetrable darkness; why should the murmur of flowing water raise such emotions, rather than the din of chariot wheels, or the thousand noises which make a Babel of our streets?—Why should a single green tree waving its branches on a sunny bank conjure up the sweet fancies of our childhood, rather than the paved thoroughfare, or the brick-built mansion?—To prove that such is the case we need but cite the authority of every bard, from the pastoral poets of Arcadia or Etrurian vales, to those who have been the admiration of all later ages, the writers of the Elizabethan era of England. Shakspeare and Milton, teem with such descriptions of rustic scenery, as prove them to have sought the matter for their strains, not in the ponderous tomes of classical authority, but from the mighty book of nature; nor have the minstrels of our own days dwelt with less enthusiasm on the strange power, which is exercised over human sympathies by the lonely lake, the mountain, or the forest, than upon the passions and desires of the mind itself. So accurate are the paintings of Byron, so minute his details, and so true his reflections, that it would be no hard task for an artist to transfer the spirit of his words to the canvas, and embody their force in the actual reality of colors. It is this peculiarity, which has rendered the poets of the English language more generally popular among all classes of persons, than the writers of any other tongue; there is a simple pathos in the figures, which they so frequently elicit from their contemplation of the wonderful beauties of nature, that needs no commentary to point out its application; it comes directly home to the imagination of every reader, whether it be

clothed in the wayward musings of the melancholy Jacques, the sweet, romantic dreams of Juliet or of Jessica, or in the slighter though no less characteristic touches that intrude themselves into scenes of the most appalling interest, yet never without adding to the effect of the action, and the identity of the personage:—what labored strain, for instance, could have so revealed the character of the “gracious Duncan” to our imagination, as the short converse which he holds with Banquo on entering the fatal fortress of Macbeth?

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.—

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze, buttress
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.

What could so completely convince us of the reality of those, who are thus familiarly enjoying the sweets of the summer evening, as these few most simple, and therefore most lovely lines; what more perfect contrast could have been conceived to the dark meditations of the murderous *Thane*, to which they stand in closest proximity;—what could exhibit the gentle and amiable disposition of the victim to so much advantage, as this innocent fondness for those beauties, which to the contemplative eye abound in every green field, in the breaking dawn, and in the misty close of day; in the tempest no less than in the calm; on the summit of the snow capped Alp, or in the humble valley that sleeps at its feet, in shadow scarcely less palpable at noon, than at the dearest hour of night? It would indeed be a superfluous and an endless task, to attempt to cull the sweets from the unbounded luxuriance, which flourishes in every page whether of poet or philosopher, tragedian or divine,—familiar as they must be to every heart, that is not dead to one of the purest sources of enjoyments that nature has bestowed upon her votaries. Rely upon it, that if a man love not his country, he loves not anything.—The being who has never felt his heart expand in gratitude to the Great Giver of all good; who has never pictured to himself the features of the Eternal, in the bright magnificence with which he has invested the creatures of his hand; who has never communed with his own soul in the solitary woodland, or by the silent lake, and pictured to himself from the repose of these, the immortal rest which is prepared hereafter, in that blessed sphere where the envy, the hatred, the sordid selfishness, and the fierce passions of the human breast will have no power to mar the beatitude of paradise, must indeed be dead, not to sentiment alone, but to every high and noble feelings which raise man above his kindred clay. For our own part, whenever we have escaped from the turmoil, the anxieties, and the hollowness of society, we seek for no other pleasures, than that of absolute quiescence, in some shadowy hamlet far from the busy haunts of sordid, money-making business; we need not the absence of excitement, we feel not the want of intercourse with our fellows, for

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
We love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which we steal

From all we may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel,
 What we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Often have we stood by the brink of some far cataract "from morn to dewy eve," watching the white clouds of spray, as they rose from the abyss beneath our feet, and the bright sun-bows spanning the watery arch ; with our eyes fixed on the glorious spectacle before us, but with our thoughts wandering back,—back into the gulf of departed years, calling up the happy scenes of our childhood, enjoying high commune with those, whom we have once so tenderly loved, for whom we have so bitterly lamented, till the gloom of night has crept upon us unperceived, and we have started to behold the pale stars waning in the sky, which—at the moment we last remember to have marked it,—was bathed in noontide lustre. For ourselves, we never hear the sound of a rippling streamlet, without feeling ourselves transported to the home of our fathers ; we never look upon a waving tree, but our spirit wanders back to the gigantic ash, which shed its gentle twilight over the porch of that old church where first we learned to read the word that giveth life ; we never listen to the breezy wind wanton-
 ing in the tree tops, but we

Feel the gales that from them blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 Our weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

We never return from our brief visits to those districts of peace and contentment where we fain, did our avocations permit, would bury ourselves ;—

in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach us more—

But we feel ourselves not only sadder, but better, men ; in gazing upon a lovely landscape, rich in the adornments of summer, there is ever a touch of melancholy in the train of thoughts, that sweep across our soul!—Before we shall again cast our eyes across that smiling champaign, the chilling blasts of winter will have effaced all the fair labors of his genial predecessor ; the deep snow will have whelmed our fragrant flowers ; the wild hail-storm, and the drenching shower, will have swelled our favorite rill into a dark and sullen torrent ; and perhaps before the returning season shall have again called forth the leaves and buds to revel in their ephemeral existence, the wintry hand of death may have benumbed the fervor of our souls, and closed our eyes in that sleep that knows no waking.

And now farewell, thou, who hast wandered with us hitherto in the fairy paths of fiction !—we leave thee for a time, it is true, but we trust that the familiarity, which we have carried on thus far with so much profit to ourselves, and,—may we venture to hope,—not wholly without pleasure to thee, may be renewed after a brief interval.—We have struggled through the helpless stages of our infancy, we feel our youthful vigor growing day by day, our small stock of ideas ripening hourly into more matured understanding, we have the hope before us of a vigorous youth, perhaps of an honorable and useful manhood ; with thee it rests to say, whether, beneath the maternal fostering of thy patronage, the weak bantling may be reared into maturity and strength, or whether its small pipe must be quenched, its little limbs must be relaxed, its frail spirit must "go hence and be no more seen !"

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—In compliance with our promise to that effect in our last number, we shall proceed to resume our notice of the pictures exhibited at the Academy, where we quit-
ted them in July; nor shall we at present enter into any general remarks, as those at the head of our preceding article will be found no less to apply to the pictures at present under consideration, than to those of which we have already disposed.

No. 51. Portrait of a Lady.—*J. Haskill.* Has very considerable merit, but is faulty in its coloring, and this too in a manner so different from the usual errors of this nature, that we cannot but remark it. The defects, which we have hitherto felt ourselves called upon to notice, have been, without an exception, offences against sobriety and harmony of color; this picture, on the other hand, is too uniformly black and white, either for effect or nature.

No. 52. Still Life. *Weeninx.*—Whether this be an original or not,—and we are far from being confident that it is so,—of the master whose name it bears, who by the way is decidedly the head of his class, it is undoubtedly a work of some power. The fruit is the best part of the whole, particularly the grapes, which have all the bloom and transparency of nature, the game is not nearly so well executed, and from this arises our hesitation as to the author.

No. 53. Portrait of a Lady. *W. Page.*—This is worthy of notice in more respects than one. There is much originality in the manner, and not a little merit in the performance; it is altogether a highly creditable performance, and one which gives high promise of future excellence.

No. 54. The Beggar Boy. Lent by — Carnes, Esq. *Murillo.*—We are strongly inclined to dispute the authenticity of this painting; although it is a good picture, well colored and in admirable keeping.

No. 55. Peter Stuyvesant's arrival at Hartford. "The kind hearted Anthony alighted from his Calico Mare, and kissed them all with infinite loving-kindness."

A. D. O. Browere, 137, Cherry St. It is truly lamentable to see such miserable specimens of inability to draw, color, or compose as the above; and in our opinion the admission of such daubs reflects no credit upon the academy. There is a very handsome wall to the exhibition room, and if there should be blank spaces, they would be infinitely preferable to pictures which, like this, are utterly destitute of all merit, or even apology. We do not hold the youth

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of the artist as the slightest excuse; if he cannot do better than this, he had better learn, and if he be too proud, or too dull, he had better rest convinced that "Neither men, nor Gods, nor columns have granted it to him to be a painter."

No. 56. Portrait of a Gentleman. *F. R. Spencer.*—A good picture; though not entirely free from the hardness of outline, which is so generally observable in the works of this otherwise meritorious artist.

No. 57. Portrait of a Physician. *A. L. De Rose.*—Would be very good, were it not for the red back of the sofa, which cuts the picture as it were into two halves.

No. 58. Battle. Lent by Messrs. Nunns, & Co. *Breughel.*—We can give no opinion on the merits or defects of this piece, as they are not perceptible owing to the obscurity of its situation.

No. 59. Portrait of a Lady. *J. Jackson.*

No. 60. Portrait of a Gentleman. *Miss J. Stuart.*—A very good portrait; Miss Stuart is among the best portrait painters in our city, at least as far as coloring and keeping go. With regard to likeness we cannot speak, as we are not acquainted with the originals of her subjects.

No. 61. View on the Susquehanna, Pennsylvania. *J. C. Ward.*—It would be no easy matter to say whether Mr. Ward is more industrious, or more successful, in his labors. We have rarely seen any landscape painter more uniformly natural, than he is, in all his subjects. He is in our opinion decidedly the best artist we possess, and is daily rising higher and higher in his profession. This picture though not quite equal to the view of Wyoming, is cool, clear, and as lovely as the scene, from which it is taken.

No. 62. Shipwreck. *T. Birch.*—A very clever storm-piece; a little too gray perhaps, but still a painting of high order. Mr. Birch has evidently aimed at representing that universal dimness, which is produced by an overcast and lowering sky, and a driving mist; but if so, the caps of the waves are too creamy and clear, while the ship, which is wedged among the rugged cliffs, is even too hazy and indistinct. As a marine painter Mr. Birch has however no superiors and few equals among us.

No. 63. Landscape. Lent by Mr. Clo-
ver. *T. Cole.*—Mr. Cole cannot paint ill or moderately, nevertheless we do not altogether admire his manner; this picture is not however so liable to objection on this point, as two others, which though very

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cleverly executed, are somewhat too fantastical for our taste.

No. 64. View near Fort Montgomery. *J. C. Ward.*—A beautiful glade, with wood, and rocks, and water, as wild and fresh as if they had come newly from the studio of some painter, rather than from that of a poet. There is much poetry in the scene, which are fishing by the woodland brooklet as fearlessly, as though no wandering painter's footstep had ever intruded on their sequestered haunts. We desire no sweeter *morceau* than this to lead our thoughts away from the

"*Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*" to the green shadows and silent bowers of the lovely country, for which we are painting as eagerly as the hunted deer for the cooling stream.

No. 65. The subsiding of the waters. *T. Cole.*—The name of this singular, but powerful picture, seems to be, to a certain degree, a misnomer: certainly it possesses none of the striking images of desolation and misery, which might have been suggested by the subject. The rocks are admirably painted and the waters are good, but we cannot bring ourselves to regard the whole as entirely agreeable to the high reputation possessed by Mr. Cole: the story is not well told, nor is the *tout ensemble* altogether natural, we like the views of this artist far better than his compositions.

No. 66. Portrait of Gabriel Ludlow, Esq. Lent by Dr. Ludlow. Painted by *J. Copley*, in 1753.—A queer old picture, with which a singular circumstance is connected. The person by whom it was executed having been the father of the celebrated John Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst, and predecessor to Lord Brougham, on the Woolsack of Great Britain.

No. 67. Camilla, "At medias inter cedes exultat amazon."—*Camillo Procaccini*, Æt. ii. 648.

No. 68. The Coliseum. Lent by H. W. McCracken, Esq.—We looked more than once at this picture without having ascertained, to our perfect satisfaction, whether it was in truth an oil-painting or a mosaic, for the information of our readers we beg to assure them, that it is in reality what it professes to be, a painting!

No. 69. Interior. Lent by Mr. Olmstead. *G. Morland.*—Clearly an original, and the dogs painted as no one but *Morland* could have done, in his happiest moments.

No. 70. Composition of Roman Monuments. Lent by Messrs. Nunns & Co. *Panini.*—Very good, but somewhat cold in the tints.

No. 71. Portrait of a Lady. Lent by Dr. Dering. *Blackburn.*

No. 72. Boy and Dog. *Shagoy.*—Very near to being a beautiful thing; all that prevents it from being quite so, is the sky, which is ill colored and out of keeping; the dog is admirable, and the light falling on the boy's features, through the rent in the tattered hat, is prettily imagined, and cleverly managed.

No. 73. Portrait of a Lady. Lent by Dr. Dering.

No. 74. Expulsion from Paradise. Lent by Dr. Hosack. *T. Cole.*—We doubt not that this picture has very warm admirers; and in truth it is a remarkable production; its merits are those of the painter, its defects those of the subject. It is in fact a view of the entrance to the Garden of Eden; a lofty natural arch of rock occupies the centre of the piece, dividing a lovely, cloudless sky, and a region glowing with sunshine, and teeming with all the luxuriant productions, which we can imagine to have lent their aids to the blessedness of Eden, on the one hand,—from a lurid and murky canopy of storm and darkness; barren rocks, and black torrents on the other, illuminated only by the glare of the fiery sword, which, though itself unseen, sends forth a stream of crimson light, to reveal the horrors of the universe, as withering beneath the denunciation that had pronounced it accursed for the sake of Adam's sin. This is all very fine, very poetical, and very well painted! Nevertheless it is not a good picture! It is utterly impossible that a good picture could have been made of it; as the simple fact of its being all light on one, and all gloom on the other side of a definite line, must necessarily give it a pie-bald appearance, destroying at once all harmony of effect, and all that reality, which charms the eye more than any other qualification, that can be given to the level canvases by a master's hand. We have seen very handsome men of color in our day, and still more very handsome whites, but we think no one could for a moment imagine that one individual could unite the tints of the two, divided by a perpendicular line through the centre of the nose, and yet so preserve the comeliness of the two distinct animals. Something of this sort occurred to us as we gazed on this picture, and we felt real sorrow that a gentleman, possessed of such talents as Mr. Cole, and who might give life and being to thousands of scenes in our vast country, now known to few who can appreciate their beauties,—should devote his pencil to the delineation of such fantastic combinations as this, and the picture which we noticed above. After all, however well he may succeed in his present line, he can never be more in the opinion of the world than what we are sure he, no less than we ourselves, would consider it a degradation for him to be called, an imitator of *Pandemonium Martin*.

No. 75. Landscape after Wilson. *Richardson.*—Labors under the same defect as No. 24, which we remarked above as being exaggerated in the tone of its coloring.

No. 76. Scene on the Susquehannah river. *J. C. Ward.*—Is not nearly so good as any of the other works of this artist, although it is still an able and highly creditable performance.

No. 77. The memorable escape of General Putnam, when surprised by the forces

clever; the masses of foliage superb. No one could mistake the artist, had it no name affixed to it; though it has not come down to us quite uninjured.

No. 109. Portrait of a Clergyman. *F. R. Spencer*.---Extremely like.

No. 110. Portrait of a Lady. *F. R. Spencer*.

No. 111. Portrait of a Gentleman. *J. Gaunt*.

No. 112. Portrait of a Gentleman. *F. R. Spencer*.---Mr. Spencer is certainly extremely happy in catching a likeness.

No. 113. Landscape and Cattle; moonlight. *Gainsborough*.---May be a copy, but certainly no original. Gainsborough never painted such cattle as these.

No. 114. A Dog. *G. W. Twiss*.---The dog is very much out of drawing.

No. 115. Portrait of a Gentleman. *G. W. Twiss*.---Possesses considerable merit.

No. 116. Boy asleep. *F. W. Phillips*.

No. 117. Portrait of an Artist. *J. W. Hope*.

No. 118. The Bird's Nest. *Giovanni Piazzi*.---Very much exaggerated, and altogether bad.

No. 119. Portrait of Mr. Jonathan Edwards, a copy from the original picture. *R. Peale*.---Cloudy and very inferior to most of Mr. Peal's works.

No. 120. Portrait of a Gentleman. *Hinckly*.

No. 121. Sampson Betrayed. *Rubens*.---Not a pleasing picture.

No. 122. Dublin Light-house. *Thos. Thompson*.---The grouping of this, like No. 48, is beautiful, and better painted than that. The shipping and craft are exquisitely natural, but alas! the sea is still wiry.

No. 124. The Opening of the Sixth Seal. *Mezzotinted from Danby's* celebrated picture on the Woolpack of Great We. We detest these

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No. 142 to 153. Specimens of engravings for the National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans.---We have spoken elsewhere of this admirably gotten up periodical, and have much pleasure in again testifying to its beauty. Were all the engravings equal to those by Mr. Durand, it would be the best work of its kind *anywhere*; as it is, it has few superiors. In conclusion, we have a few remarks to offer concerning the management of this exhibition in general. That it is highly honorable both to the conductors, and to our city, no person can for a moment hesitate to admit; we are of opinion however that it might be rendered yet more so, and simply by a little more difficulty, a little more *severity* perhaps, as regards the admission of pictures; there are doubtless many compositions, which would adorn any collection in the world, but there are also many which are applicable to no higher office than that of serving for tavern signs; and this should not be! The academy are doing no justice to themselves, and no real kindness to the artists, in admitting pictures to their exhibition, whose utter worthlessness is self-evident. We know that this error arises from the most amiable feelings, but still it is an error; and if any of the rising painters, whose juvenile *delinquencies* are now exposed to the public eye, should ever attain to eminence, they will bitterly lament the mistaken benevolence, which permitted them to exhibit, what better judgment would have made them conceal. We trust that, on future occasions, the venerable president will exert his powerful discrimination; and he may rest assured, that his motives will be hereafter fully appreciated by the very persons, whom present justice may call upon him to condemn.

(Concluded.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.---

In our last we intimated, that there were a few more pictures which it was our intention to notice in the present number. Our vast country has been frustrated, by our vast country, before we could can appreciate the examination. We shall vote his pencil to the examination. We shall picture which we noticed in our however well he may succeed in our sent line, he can never be more of opinion of the world than what, we are sure he, no less than we ourselves, would consider it a degradation for him to be called, an imitator of *Pandemonium Martin*.

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as we are apt to travel abroad, and also to import home, we cannot "lay the flattering unction to our souls," and remain contented with home acquisitions. *The Bard of Avon tells us that* "Home keeping youths have, ever, homely wits."

The study of landscape, though calculated to elevate the mind by the contemplation of the beauties of creation, is neither so sublime in itself, nor does it rank so high in art as historical painting. Unfortunately the former pervades in the studio of the American artist, and the latter is scarcely to be found. This again is more to be lamented than blamed. In a new country like ours, immense sums are not given for splendid gallery paintings, and the historical painter has no encouragement, except where such can find a real world, and must be able to dramatize its scenes in his mind, before he can sit down before the canvass of the historical subject. It is the perfection of his art, and he must expect to practise it, only where there are many in the community, that have the means and the leisure, as well as the will, to foster it.

Portrait painting, on the contrary, will always meet encouragement. Self-complacency, affection, gratitude, all the passions and feelings of the human mind, tend that way; and such being the case, it were to be wished that more of *mind* could be thrown into many a portrait we have lately seen, instead of an auctioneer's inventory of "Item, two blue eyes—Item, one acquirine nose, &c." causing the patron to exclaim:

"My substance is not here—For what you see, is but the smallest part, And least proportion of humanity." Rather let the artist make the mouth to speak, the eye to glance, the face instinct with life and animation. In this consists the beauty of his art, and to this end he should address himself with—

We trust to meet the artist, she reclines, again next year, and feel he will, be, on our part, with such man must woo and satisfaction.

TRAVELS OF THAT MAGNET STILL IN SEARCH OF ALL SOULS AND SENSES TO HER.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FISHES OF MASSACHUSETTS, embracing a practical essay on angling, by Jerome C. Smith, M. D. 8vo. pp. 399. Boston. Allen and Ticknor, 1833.—There are few things we confess, which more annoy us in the title-page of a book, not an accurate description of its contents; although well that were the most severe part of the criticism upon it. In the present instance, we conceive that the natural history, &c.,

and drops at length into the very depths of controversial divinity. Who that has been of the Hibernian Minstrel—who that has listened to the bewitching melody of his harp, would deem that he could voluntarily hang it upon the willow, to plunge himself into the quagmire of polemics? Yet such is the case, and now for the first time, we have literature of such a character presented in the garb of humor.

Consistently with our first determination we do not here offer any opinion as to the strength of the arguments used by the author. All that we are at liberty to observe on them is, that they appear to have been brought forward in earnest. The following is the dedication of the book, which will be sufficiently explanatory of its purpose; its scope we may describe more at large:—"To the people of Ireland, this defence of their ancient national faith, inscribed by their devoted servant, the editor of Capt. Rock's memoirs." We see therefore, that it is vindictory of the tenets of the Church of Rome, and its aim is to prove that these tenets may be traced entirely to the first bishop, St. Peter himself.

The "Irish Gentleman" is supposed to be a young man at college, who has hitherto professed those tenets rather because they were those of his family, and because the religion itself was persecuted, than from any strong or very sincere conviction of its truth; and has hitherto maintained his opinions as a point of honor, notwithstanding that he saw it was neither favorable to worldly advantage, nor highly respected in the most elevated society. Because he might be deemed a book of a selfish in abjuring it when under a necessity to profess the Catholicism, the author writes to protest against a piece of moral very wretched. It is of the same strain, which has been objected to in "old Isaak," and is out of place in the mouth of a man who impales a worm upon his hook, to enable him to destroy animals, for sport.—The pleasures of the morning, the soothing sounds, &c. &c. are all very well, but when he tells us that "the angler contemplates with wonder all the secrets of the insect tribe, he hears, he sees, he feels, that nothing is made in vain, he looks from nature up to nature's God,"—we say "fudge,"—he thinks only of his sport whilst engaged in it, and contemplates only his exploits when he has performed them.

THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S BOOK OF POLITENESS, and propriety of deportment, dedicated to the youth of both sexes, by Mad'e. Celnart. 12mo. pp. 214. Boston. Allen and Ticknor, 1833.—Whether the translator of this little manual has had the wholesome fear of another Mrs. Trol-

by St. Peter's Church, and Peter too, this much surpriseth me."

Hardly has he recovered from the shock, before he discovers that the doctrine of the real presence, the belief in tradition, the respect for relics, are all of origin quite as remote, as that of the office which has lately so startled him. These things perplex and distress him, and he is determined to seek further—but the further he goes the more he becomes entangled in the meshes of Romanism, and presently finds out that the primitive Christians had their weekly fasts, and had contrived to find out from scripture, that alms-deeds, and other good works, were beneficial to salvation.

In this manner the young man proceeds, at every step making a fresh discovery of the antiquity and consistency of the Romish Church, with the belief and ritual of the early Christians. He still, however, expects that he shall presently arrive at something, which will confirm him in his wished for faith—but he continues, as he advances, to fall in with fresh proofs that the religion he is about to reject, is that of the true Christian Church—that all its rites and ceremonies existed from the beginning, and that the only faults of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were, that the people of that period carried their devotions, and their regard for those ceremonies too far, and by such means gave a handle to its enemies.

Not yet baffled, although he has now fallen in with what he deems sufficient authorities for all the ritual of the Romish Church; and although he has consulted all the fathers down to the close of the fifth century, he pursues his studies with an ardor only increased by disappointment, and exhibits to us, at length, a dream or vision, in which the absurdities of the mul-exultat amazon."—*Camillo Procaccetti*.—*Æt.* ii. 648.

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taking up the character of a polemic, still casts

"a longing, lingering look behind" into the region of poetry where erst he shone, and breaks out into an occasional paraphrase or two, which "he found in a lady's album."

The arguments are intended to be conclusive, but so thick does he plant them, and so rapidly does he pursue them, that without either giving himself time, or his readers satisfaction on that head, he travels on from point to point, striking right and left, cutting and maiming with all the force he can collect, like a Malay *running a muck*.

The whole work is ingenious, and displays considerable research, but of the general effect we do not feel called upon to deliver our opinion. We subjoin one or two specimens of the poetry, both as being good in themselves, and as being something new, from a lyre to which all have listened with delight.

ST. BASIL TO A FALLEN VIRGIN.

Remember now that virgin choir
Who loved thee, lost one, as thou art,
Before the world's profane desire
Had warm'd thine eye and chill'd thy heart.

Recall their looks, so brightly calm,
Around the lighted shrine at even,
When, mingling in the vesper psalm,
Thy spirit seem'd to sigh for heav'n.

Remember, too, the tranquil sleep,
That o'er thy lonely pillow stole,
While thou hast pray'd that God would keep
From every harm thy virgin soul.

Where is it now—that innocent
And happy time—where is it gone?
Those light repasts, where young Content
And Temperance stood smiling on;

The maiden step, the seemingly dress,
In which thou went'st along, so meek;
Life and being, at a look, or less,
Our vast count' paleness of thy cheek;

can appreciate paleness too,
vote his pencil to the of brow,
fantastic combinations of hue
picture which we noticed at it now?

however well he may succeed in
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"Behold," thou say'st, "my gown is plain,
 My sandals are of texture rude;
 Is this like one whose heart is vain?
 Like one who dresses to be woo'd?"
 Deceive not thus, young maid, thy heart,
 For far more oft in simple gown
 Doth beauty play the tempter's part,
 Than in brocades of rich renown.
 And homeliest garb hath oft been found,
 When typed and moulded to the shape,
 To deal such shafts of mischief round
 As wisest men can scarce escape.

She sleeps among the pure and blest,
 But here, upon her tomb, I swear,
 That, while a spirit thrills this breast,
 Her worth shall be remember'd there.

My tongue shall never hope to charm,
 Unless it breathes Blesilla's name;
 My fancy ne'er shall shine so warm,
 As when it lights Blesilla's fame.

On her, where'er my pages fly,
 My pages still shall life confer,
 And every wise and brilliant eye
 That studies me, shall weep for her;

For her the widow's tears shall fall,
 In sympathy of wedded love;
 And her shall holy maidens call
 The brightest of their saints above.

Throughout all time, the priest, the sage,
 The cloister'd nun, the hermit hoary,
 Shall read, and reading bless the page
 That wafts Blesilla's name to glory.

There shines an all-pervading grace,
 A charm, diffused through every part
 Of perfect woman's form and face,
 That steals, like light, into man's heart.

Her look is to his eyes a beam
 Of loveliness that never sets;
 Her voice is to his ear a dream
 Of melody it ne'er forgets:

Alike in motion or repose,
 Awake or slumbering, sure to win,
 Her form, a vase transparent, shows
 The spirit's light enshrined within.

Nor charming only when she talks,
 Her very silence speaks and shines;
 Love gilds her pathway when she walks,
 And lights her couch when she reclines.

Let her in short, do what she will,
 'Tis something for which man must woo
 her;

So powerful is that magnet still
 Which draws all souls and senses to her.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FISHES OF MASSACHUSETTS, embracing a practical essay on angling, by Jerome C. Smith, M. D. 8vo. pp. 399. Boston. Allen and Ticknor, 1833.—There are few things we confess, which more annoy us in the department of literature, than to find the title-page of a book, not an accurate description of its contents; although well would it be, for many an author's fame, if that were the most severe part of the criticism upon it. In the present instance, we conceive that the natural history, &c.,

here mentioned, is so far from embracing the essay on angling, that they are actually in two distinct parts, either of which, might be published separately, and in fact have no relation to each other as a common work.

This weight off our conscience, we are enabled to go on in better humor, and assert that the first part of the work is "as pretty a piece of *Ichthyology*, as any in" The Union, and contains besides much useful information.

The author commences with a brief but very judicious consideration of the importance of the fisheries, and shows himself to be no contemptible economist, either political or social. He then attacks his subject scientifically by going into the subject of the general anatomy and physiology of fishes; after which he enters upon the detail of the various kinds which are found in the district included in his title-page. In his classification, he seems to approve Linnaeus and Cuvier, particularly the latter, whom he appears to hold in very high esteem. He has carefully examined good authority, to confirm his own opinions, and has given his descriptions in a spirited and we think a correct manner: frequently illustrating the work with wood cuts of fishes, very well executed. The whole forms an useful as well as entertaining account of the fishes of Massachusetts.

In the second part, we are to view Dr. Smith as a New England Isaak Walton. Though not quite so facetious nor so *gregarious* in his habits as the last named veteran of the angle, our author seems to be as deeply imbued with the love of the sport, and can occasionally launch out a quiet witticism in his progress. To the lover of angling we are persuaded that his remarks and instructions will prove acceptable.

And here we would close our own remarks, were it not that we feel called upon to protest against a piece of mawkish morality with which the book ends. It is of the same strain, which has been objected to in "old Isaak," and is out of place in the mouth or the book of a man who impales a worm upon his hook, to enable him to destroy animals, *for sport*.—The pleasures of the morning, the soothing sounds, &c. &c. are all very well, but when he tells us that "the angler contemplates with wonder all the secrets of the insect tribe, he hears, he sees, he feels, that nothing is made in vain, he looks from nature up to nature's God,"—we say "fudge,"—he thinks only of his sport whilst engaged in it, and contemplates only his exploits when he has performed them.

THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S BOOK OF POLITENESS, and propriety of deportment, dedicated to the youth of both sexes, by Mad'e. Celnart. 12mo. pp. 214. Boston. Allen and Ticknor, 1833.—Whether the translator of this little manual has had the wholesome fear of another Mrs. Trol-

lope, or be impressed with the notion that our fair countrywomen, aye, and countrymen too, would be the better for having their externals furnished up, we care not to guess; but be the cause what it may, we are glad to see so useful a work in the dress of our language; and so compact, whilst it is comprehensive, that it is within every one's reach, both in regard to price and size.

The book of politeness is decidedly French, but this will hardly cause a diminution of its value, when we recollect that France has for ages been considered the most polished country in the world, and "*l'usage du monde*" may be very fairly considered as synonymous with *l'usage de Paris*. Many of its precepts are also addressed to persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and relate to Roman Catholic customs and manners. So far they are particular, but we would be far from wishing them to be kept back; on the contrary, they give the work the air of a connected series, and do not detract from the general utility of the design.

The authoress begins by showing the *advantages* of good breeding, to society in general, by keeping all within due bounds, and generating a mutual desire to oblige as well as to be obliged, by imputing a charm to conversation and action through the mode in which either is conducted, and by adding respect to the whole circle by means of that polite address, which elevates both the speaker and the hearer above the ordinary level of the multitude.

She then proceeds to particulars, and points out the most approved deportment in the various relations between the several members of the community. Her instructions are contained under the following heads, and are delivered with a consciousness and perspicuity that greatly recommend them. Propriety of conduct, in religious duties, in domestic relations, in business, in social relations, of carriage of body, physical proprieties, moral observances in conversation, epistolary composition, propriety in relation to pleasures, duties of hospitality, proprieties under various circumstances, such as marriage, baptism, towards the sick, infirm, poor, unfortunate, and at funerals and mourning.

Many of the details of this little book may, at first view, appear trifling, but the whole constitutes that body of politeness so essential to the well-being of society.

The authoress has summed up the contents of her work in the principle or basis upon which we are to understand it has been built, and with which we heartily coincide.

She thus concludes:—"As the intellectual Madame Lambert has said, 'Politeness is the desire of pleasing those with whom we are obliged to live, and in a manner causing all around us to be satisfied with us; superiors, with our respect; equals, with our esteem, and inferiors, with our kindness.'"

We sincerely commend this little work

to the attention of the young, for whom it has been chiefly composed, though its precepts may be generally acted upon by all ages and classes, with advantage to the community. It is very neatly printed and altogether well got up.

THE SOURCES OF HEALTH AND DISEASE, in communities, or elementary views of *Hygiene*, illustrating its importance to legislators, &c. By Henry Belinaye, Esq. Surg. Ext. to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, 12mo. pp. 160. Boston. Allen and Ticknor, 1833.—Under the term "*Hygiene*" are classed all those points of medical economy which regard the purity of the air, the habits of the body, and even of the mind, the dress, the amusements, the food, the state of the streets, all in fact as the author of the above work himself states "that includes the *springs* of health, and the *sources* of disease in communities."—And these are points to which legislative assemblies, and public bodies, in populous cities, cannot too soon nor too strongly have their attention called. The American editor of the work, has judiciously pointed out peculiar advantages to ourselves in the consideration of this science,—such as, "the selection of healthy sites for cities," in which are included not only their position with respect to elevation, but also to the nature of the soil, the natural productions, the heat of the climate, the condition of the atmosphere.

The present is only the first part, of a subject which the author intends to expand. The principal subjects on which it treats in the volume before us, are as follows:—an introduction, in which he briefly enforces the advantages of the study!—The subervieny of man to physical influences,—the laws of propagation,—emanation, including friction, heat, elasticity, moisture, &c.—Effluvia, including that from decomposition, vegetation, dead bodies, &c.—and civilization, or the consequences to the general health arising from the state of society.

From the small number of pages of which the book consists, it is evident that Mr. Bellinaye has treated very briefly of these subjects, but he has deserved the character of a concise and terse writer, for he has contrived to throw a great fund of information into a small compass. There is likewise a liveliness in the style, and a number of instances illustrative of his doctrine, which give a cheerful air to the book and make it much more attractive, even to general readers, than such a title would lead them to expect.

For our part, we look earnestly for the continuation, being persuaded that here is a most important part both of medical science, and of political regulation, brought to the public notice, and that whether we consider ourselves merely as members or heads of families, or as connected with the well being of the state in which we reside, the subject of this book is deserving of most serious attention, and the author, of our hearty thanks.

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