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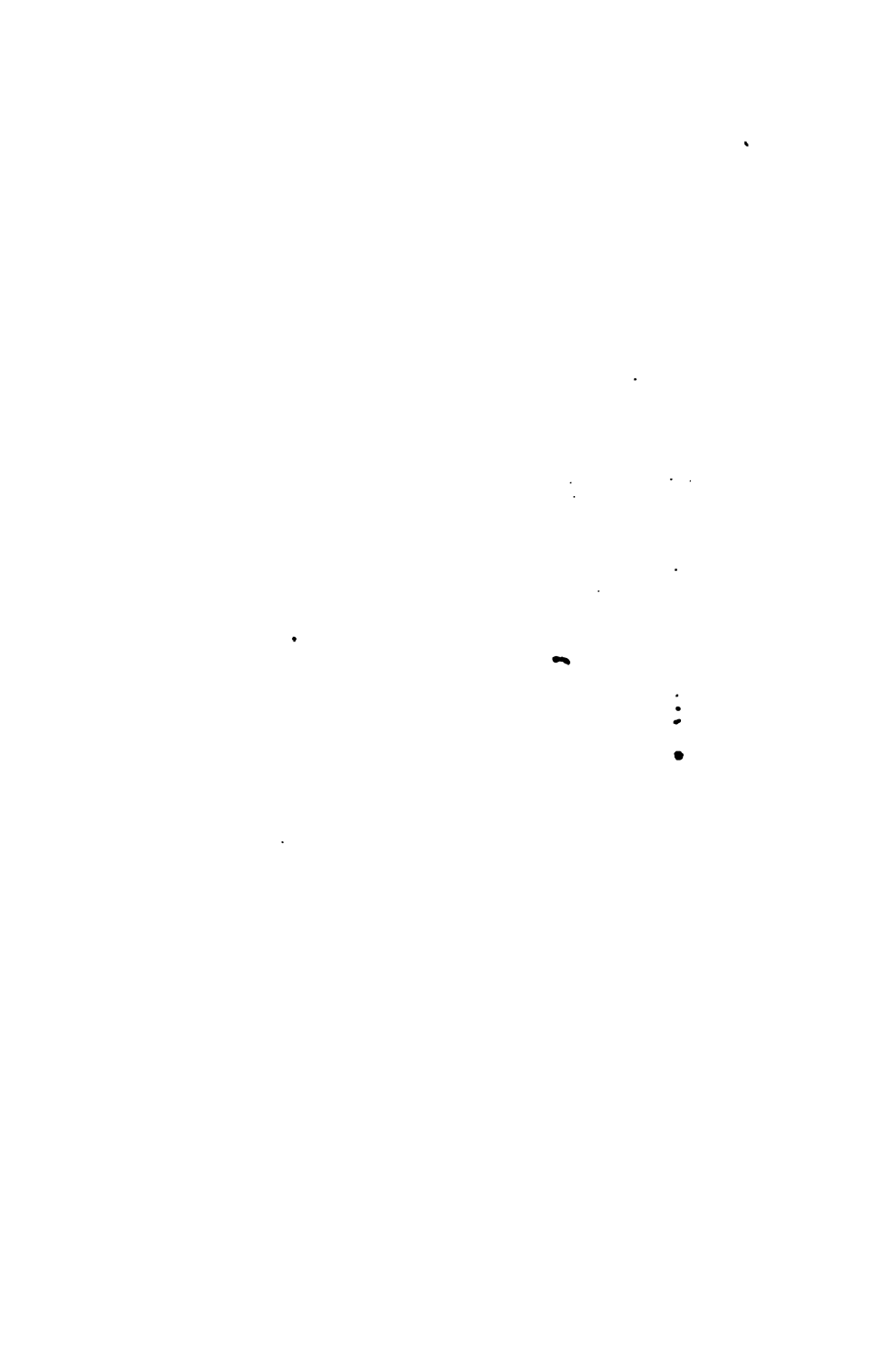






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THE
NEW-ORLEANS
BOOK.

EDITED BY
ROBERT GIBBES BARNWELL.

MORTALIA FACTA PERIBUNT:
NE DUM SERMONUM STET HOMOS, ET GRATIA VIVAX.

NEW-ORLEANS.

1851.

Wm. C. C.

Entered, according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1850,
By ROBERT GIBBES BARNWELL,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
WRIGHT & HASTY'S STEAM PRESS,
No. 3 Water Street.

ROBERT GIBBES BARNWELL

TO
THE LADIES OF NEW-ORLEANS,

This Volume is Respectfully

INSCRIBED,

BY THE EDITOR.

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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

PERHAPS some apology is due from the Editor for publishing this volume.

In a city like New-Orleans, where the great mass of the people are absorbed in business—some with the desire of becoming rich, and many by the stern necessity of earning their bread—it is not astonishing, though it is much to be regretted, that the cultivation of letters should have been so much neglected.

With regard to the legal profession to which we belong, it must be confessed that that latitude for the display of the graces of oratory which usually so greatly commend the writer and the speaker, can scarcely be expected in a commercial community where the Court is not an arena for rivalry in such matters, but the object of the advocate is to make a clear, logical statement of his case, and in the fewest and plainest words to conclude his argument—to gain his suit—and to pocket his fee.

As one of our contributors has devoted an article to the consideration of the system of laws which prevails in Louisiana, we will only remark that it may be safely asserted that there is none to be found which contains so many excellences with so few faults. Next to the Bible, which we humbly conceive to surpass all other books as the Sun exceeds the stars in glory, there is no work which is so justly entitled to the respect and veneration of mankind as the basis upon which the splendid fabric is reared—that body of written reason, so well known to scholars and jurists as the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, the reservoir from which flow the refreshing streams which have fertilized the soil of legal learning from the time of Justinian to the present era. Upon this has been engrafted the Spanish and French codes, the *Partidas* and the *Code Napoleon*, with the judicial decisions and notes of commentators, which may be considered as alluvial accretions which have been formed by the gradual progress of human affairs. Together with these are incorporated and blended the Common law of England and the statutes of the State in such admirable harmony, that nothing is wanting but time and experience which are necessary to the perfecting of all human institutions, to mature it into the most complete system of jurisprudence which the world has ever seen. And when we take into consideration the vast variety of conflicting interests, and the almost infinite number of languages (all we believe that are spoken between Kamschatka and Cape Horn), there is no portion of the civilized globe where substantial justice is adminis-

tered more speedily and faithfully than in the city of New-Orleans.

And yet, we are not a literary people. In the all-important matter of education, until recently we have been sadly deficient. The free school system which has met with such eminent success in various portions of the Union, has been adopted, and is now in a flourishing condition. But we feel ourselves compelled to say, that we are far from possessing those advantages that are enjoyed elsewhere. Strenuous exertions have been made at various times to arouse public attention to this matter, but we certainly have no grounds for boasting of having accomplished much—while so much remains to be done. It is said by many that the only valuable education is that which enables a man to make money—and as literature does not pay, it is an unprofitable waste of time. But we can never believe that Louisiana has discharged her duty until she has exemplified by her conduct her glorious motto, which is so pathetically emblazoned on her escutcheon—the Pelican offering up her life-blood for the nourishment of her offspring, with the words—“I DIE FOR THOSE WHOM I LOVE,”—until she has established a University for the education of her sons, whose genius, and spirit, and capability to attain to the highest degree of intellectual and moral improvement, present a claim too formidable to be resisted, except by a denial of their just and natural rights.

It is not sugar plantations, nor cotton bales, nor pork-barrels which constitute a State, (although these mate-

tained against us, and that we have most effectually refuted the charge which has been made to the grievous wounding of our honor and our sectional pride, to wit : That we are *the* veritable "outside barbarians," and that the 'Crescent city,' despite her *golden horns* (*cornu-copia!*) is nothing more or less than a kind of half-way house between civilization and California.

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THE
NEW-ORLEANS BOOK.

THE BATTURE CASE.

—
BY HON. EDWARD LIVINGSTON, IN ANSWER TO
THOMAS JEFFERSON.
—

“Ah! little knowest thou, who hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To pass long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with care,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone;
Unhappy wight! such hard fate doomed to try;
That fate God send unto mine enemy.”—SPENCER.

WHEN a public functionary abuses his power by an act which bears on the community, his conduct excites attention, provokes popular resent-

ment, and seldom fails to receive the punishment it merits. Should an individual be chosen for the victim, little sympathy is created for his sufferings, if the interest of all is supposed to be promoted by the ruin of one. The gloss of zeal for the public is therefore always spread over acts of oppression, and the people are sometimes made to consider that as a brilliant exertion of energy in their favor, which, when viewed in its true light, would be found a fatal blow to their rights.

In no government is this effect so easily produced as in a free republic—party spirit, inseparable from its existence, there aids the illusion, and a popular leader is allowed in many instances impunity, and sometimes rewarded with applause for acts that would make a tyrant tremble on his throne. This evil must exist in a degree; it is founded in the natural course of human passions—but in a wise and enlightened nation it will be restrained, and the consciousness that it must exist will make such a people more watchful to prevent its abuse. These reflections occur to one whose property, without trial or any of the forms of law, has been violently seized by the First Magistrate of the Union, who has hitherto vainly solicited an inquiry into his title, who has seen

the conduct of his oppressor excused or applauded, and who, in the book he is about to examine, finds an attempt openly to justify that conduct upon principles as dangerous as the act was illegal and unjust. This book relates to a case which has long been before the public, and purports to be the substance of instructions prepared by Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, for his counsel in a suit instituted by me against him. After a few years' earnest entreaty, I have at length obtained a statement of the reasons which induced him to take those violent and unconstitutional measures of which I have complained.

It would perhaps be deemed unreasonable to quarrel with Mr. Jefferson for the delay, when we reflect how necessary Mr. *Moreau's* Latin and Mr. *Thierry's* Greek, *Poydras'* elegant inventive and his own Anglo-Saxon researches, were to excuse an act, for which, at the time he committed it, he had no one plausible reason to alledge. Such an act is certainly easier to perform than to justify, and Mr. Jefferson has been right in taking four years to consider what excuse he should give to the world for his conduct, and still more so in laying under contribution all writings, all languages, all laws, and in calling to his

aid all the popular prejudices which his own conduct had excited against me. He wanted all this, and more, to make a decent defence. But it was rather awkward to press into his service facts which it is confessed he did not know at the time, and something worse than awkward to impose on the public by false translations and garbled testimony. But we must excuse the late President. "His wish had rather been for a false investigation of the merits at the Bar, that the public might learn in that way that their servants had done nothing but what the laws had authorized and required them to do"— "and *precluded* now from this mode of justification, he adopts that of publishing what was meant originally for the private eye of counsel." I give the words of the author here, lest in this extraordinary sentence I should be suspected of having misrepresented or misunderstood him. An individual holding a tract of land under one whose title has been acknowledged, and whose possession has been confirmed by a court of competent authority, is violently dispossessed by the orders of the President of the United States, without any of the forms of law and in violation of the most sacred provisions of the Constitution: the ruined sufferer seeks redress first by expostulation; he

offers to submit to the decision of indifferent men, and he is refused; he offers to abide by men chosen by the President, and he is refused; he offers in the simplicity of his heart to acquiesce in the opinion of the President himself, and he is refused. He is not even permitted to exhibit his proofs. Fearing the conviction they would produce, he is told that though the President could take, he cannot restore; that he can injure, but not redress; and that Congress alone are competent to grant him relief. To Congress then he applies: here the same baneful influence prevails. After two voyages of three thousand miles each; after two years of painful suspense and humiliating solicitation; after the attendance of three sessions; he finds that no means can be devised for his relief—that the friends of that man who “wishes for a full investigation of the merits at the bar” defeat every plan for bringing the case before a court—vote against every law providing for a trial, and effectually, as *they* think and *he* hopes, bar all access to any tribunal where the dreaded merits of the case could be shown. Harassed but not dispirited, the injured party, finding that no legislative aid can be expected to restore his property, at length applies for a compensation in damages;—he appeals to the laws of

his country, and is willing to abide by the decision of a jury, in a country where long residence, great wealth, the influence which had been created by office, and a coincidence of political opinion, gave every advantage to his opponent. Here then is an opportunity which a man, desirous of open investigation, will not neglect. The upright officer, who has been unjustly accused of oppression, will justify himself to his country, and cover his accuser with confusion. The vigilant guardian of the public rights will defend them before an enlightened tribunal, and expose the rapacity of the intruder. He who stands "conscious and erect" will rejoice in the investigation of his innocence—he will discard every form, and proudly dare his adversary to a discussion of the merits!

But the man I speak of does not do this—the man I speak of dare not do this. He feared the learned integrity of a court—he feared the honest independence of a jury. He entrenched himself in demurrers, sneaked behind a paltry plea to the jurisdiction, and now publishes to the world that he is *precluded* from this mode of justification, and that "his wish had been for a full investigation of the merits at the *bar*."

If such indeed were his wish, why was it not

gratified? and by whom was he *precluded* from this favorite mode of defence? He does not indeed hazard the direct assertion that it was the unsolicited act of the court. His plea to the jurisdiction, his demurrers—not to mention an attempt to stifle the suit in its birth by a rule to find security for costs—all these would too apparently falsify such an assertion. But though not stated in direct terms, is not the idea strongly conveyed? Was it not meant to be thus conveyed? When Mr. Jefferson says that the suit was dismissed on the question of jurisdiction, and that “his wish had rather been for a full investigation of the merits at the bar,” what are we to conclude? What, I repeat, did he intend we should conclude, but that the decision of the court was unsolicited, and contrary to his wish—and yet he, the gentleman who tells us this, had put in a plea to the jurisdiction; that is to say, prayed the court to *dismiss the case without an investigation of the merits*. He did more: fearing that the question might be decided against him, he put in a demurrer to the declaration—that is to say, he took an exception to its form, and prayed the court a second time, that on this account also the case might be dismissed without an investigation of the merits. He did not stop

here: a third battery was erected. He pleaded another plea, that he did the act complained of as President of the United States, and therefore he ought not to be made liable in his individual capacity; and a third time prayed the court that the case might be dismissed without an investigation of the merits. How Mr. Jefferson can reconcile these pleas with his wish to obtain a hearing on the merits, it is difficult to conceive. The coward who, on receiving a challenge, resorts to the interposition of a magistrate, might as well bluster about his desire fairly to face his adversary, and complain that he was precluded from giving him satisfaction. Yet this preclusion is stated by Mr. Jefferson as his reason for publishing the work which I am now about to examine. He had many advantages in the execution, and promised himself many more in the effects, of this production. The subject has been fully and ably discussed, but the publications on the adverse side were not in many hands. A considerable time had elapsed since the subject engaged the public attention. He had therefore only to arrange the arguments in his favor, to suppress or mutilate the conclusive answers which had been given to them, to collect all the quotations which had been issued in the discussion, to

give a new dress and the sanction of his name to the calumnies circulated against his opponent, and he could make a book that should astonish by the polyglot learning of its quotations, amaze by the profundity of its borrowed research, and delight kindred minds by the poignant elegance of its satire. Add to these the advantages of using hearsay testimony, *ex parte* testimony, interested testimony, his own testimony; of quoting authorities with an *et cetera* for those parts which bear against his positions; of omitting a word in the translation of a deed, and founding a long argument on the false reading thus created;—add the facility of gaining over to his party that large portion of mankind who find it much more convenient to be convinced by the reputation of the author than to examine his work; and, above all, the hope that disappointment and despondence might silence his opponent; and we shall have much better reasons for resorting to a publication of his “instructions to counsel,” than the alleged preclusion of a hearing at the bar. Whatever may have been the causes which produced this work, I rejoice exceedingly in the effect. My wish also had rather been for a full investigation of the merits at the bar, but an appeal to the public is preferred, and I shall not decline it.—

Causes of less importance have sometimes excited an interest not only in the countries where they originated, but abroad. The despotic King of Prussia could not oppress one of his subjects under the forms of law, without exciting the indignation of Europe. Lawyers of the greatest eminence took cognizance of the affair, and the force of public opinion, even in a military monarchy, obliged the Prince to do justice to the vassal. Shall I, then, fear a less beneficial effect, when I can show that the free citizen of a free country has been deprived of his property by its first magistrate, without even the forms of law? I do not fear it. However dull may be the discussion, however laborious the research, it will not deter those who have an interest in inquiring whether their "*servant* has done his duty," or has been guilty of unconstitutional violence. I invite readers of this description to follow me in the investigation I am about to make. So much misrepresentation has been used in the discussion, that it will be necessary to begin with a statement of facts, which shall be as brief as may be consistent with a development of material circumstances.

The Mississippi flows through a country evidently gained from the sea, for about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. On the western side,

alluvial country has a much greater extent. As in all lands formed wholly by the deposit of rivers which overflow, the ground is highest near the bank, and slopes in an inclined plane to the level of the waters which receive those of the river, terminating here at irregular distances in cypress swamps or *trembling prairies*.* This conformation of the soil is very evident and uniform on the Mississippi. The surface of the water, when it is not swelled by the rains and dissolving snows above, is at New-Orleans about nine feet below the natural bank. When swelled to its greatest height, it rises about five feet above the level of the bank, and would of course overflow the whole country, unless dykes, there called *levées*, were raised to confine it. These are about the average measures. There are places in which they vary, where the natural bank is not above five or six feet above the surface at low water, and where, of course, an embankment of nine feet and upwards is necessary to retain the water in its swell.

The Mississippi is a deep, rapid, meandering and turbid river. From these characteristics it results that, where it flows, as it generally does, through a

* Those marshes which have not acquired a sufficient consistency to produce trees, and shake to a considerable distance when trodden on, are, in Louisiana, called *prairies tremblantes*.

light soil, it makes frequent encroachments on the one bank; and wherever the water becomes stagnant behind a point, or at the edge of an eddy, leaves a deposit on the other. Should this deposit be made in the middle of the river, it forms a sandbank, and when it rises above the surface of the water at its natural height, an island. But if the deposit be made as it generally is, adjacent to the bank, it then becomes what is called in the country a *batture*, or alluvion. These *battures*, low at first, gradually rise, by successive deposits, above the surface of the water at its *natural* height; and when they are increased, so as not to leave more than five or six feet of water upon them at the time of the inundation—that is to say, when they attain the height, or nearly the height, of the natural bank, the proprietor of the land in front of which they are formed generally raises a new embankment or *levée*, so as to include the soil thus created, and protect it from the inundation. The land thus gained becomes incorporated with the original plantation, the old embankment is suffered to decay, and the road is generally removed, so as to continue along the course of the old *levée*. These *battures* are very common on the banks of the Mississippi, and, as the land is valuable, they are generally reclaimed in the manner I have stated.

The only lands in the lower part of the province which were capable of cultivation, lie immediately on the river and its branches, here called *bayous*; the grants therefore were located in an oblong form, extending generally from ten to twenty *arpents* in front, by forty in depth, except in particular situations, in which the nature of the soil induced the grantee to take a greater extent back. The road was parallel to the river, generally within the embankment, but sometimes upon it.

This land was acquired by the order of Jesuits in three different purchases—one in the year 1726, from Mr. De Bienville, Governor of the Province, another from the same person in 1728, and a third in 1743, from Mr. Breton.

In the year 1763, the order of Jesuits was abolished, and all its estates forfeited to the Crown. Although the province had been ceded by France to Spain, yet as the treaty was still secret and was not executed until six years afterwards, the edict of confiscation took place for the benefit of the Crown of France, and under it the estate of the Jesuits of New Orleans was seized. These thirty-two arpents forming a part of it, were divided into six lots, and sold at auction by the same usual description, *so many*

acres front. The part of this land adjoining the city was purchased by persons from whom it passed, by regular conveyance, to Bertrand Gravier, who cultivated it as a plantation. * * *

Having established to his own satisfaction that the United States were not bound by the proceedings in the suit which had been determined, the most natural course to be expected would be for the President to institute one to which they should be a party; but this was too much in the common line. Mr. Jefferson did not like playing at "*push-pin*," as he elegantly terms it; the forms of law were too slow to satisfy his eager desire to do justice. There had been a commotion among the people—there had been an open opposition to the execution of the laws; and he seems to have had a natural sympathy for those who were guilty of it. Profaning the sacred exertions of our own revolutionary patriots by an assimilation with his own agency in the paltry squabble, his imagination took fire at a striking similarity he discovered between the judgment in the case of the *batture* and the Massachusetts Port Bill, between the opening of my canal and the "*occlusion*" of the Boston harbor—he pants for the wreaths of Hancock, Adams and Otis—

and he bravely determines to hurl all the vengeance of the Government at the unprotected head of an humble individual, who had nothing for his defence but the feeble barriers of Constitution, Treaty and Laws.

THE BLIND BOY.

—
BY FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D.
—

It was a blessed summer day,
The floweret bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children that had hither stray'd.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot
A little girl and boy reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put
And then I saw the boy was blind!

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long,
Say, do you see him in his joy?
And is he pretty as his song?"

“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,
“I see the bird on yonder tree;”
The poor boy sighed and gently said—
“Sister, I wish that I could see.”

“The flowers, you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

“Yet I the fragrant flower can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made.

“So Sister, God is kind to me,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?”

“No! dearest Edward, these all see!
But wherefore ask a thing so odd?”
“Oh! Mary, he’s so good to me,
I thought I’d like to look at God.”

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild ;
His widowed mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt the warm tears on his face,
And said, " Oh, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

" And you'll come there, dear Mary, too,
And mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

EULOGY ON PRENTISS.

—
BY MON. HENRY A. BULLARD.
—

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS was a native of the State of Maine—the most northern part of the Union. Reasoning *a priori*, one would naturally suppose he would have possessed merely an understanding and judgment as solid and compact as the granite of her hills, and a temperament as cold as her climate. Who would have expected to find in a child of Maine, the fiery, inventive genius of an Arabian poet?—an imagination as fertile in original and fantastical creations, as the author of the *Thousand and One Nights*? Let us not imagine that nature is so partial in the distribution of her gifts. The flora of more Southern climes is more gorgeous and variegated, but occasionally there springs up in the cold North, a flower of as delicate a perfume as any within the tropics. The heavens in the equatorial regions are bright with the golden radiance, and the meteors shoot with greater effulgence through

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On that dear boy so meek and mild ;
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When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in Heaven.

EULOGY ON PRENTISS.

BY MON. HENRY A. BULLARD.

SERGEANT S. PRENTISS was a native of the State of Maine—the most northern part of the Union. Reasoning *a priori*, one would naturally suppose he would have possessed merely an understanding and judgment as solid and compact as the granite of her hills, and a temperament as cold as her climate. Who would have expected to find in a child of Maine, the fiery, inventive genius of an Arabian poet?—an imagination as fertile in original and fantastical creations, as the author of the *Thousand and One Nights*? Let us not imagine that nature is so partial in the distribution of her gifts. The flora of more Southern climes is more gorgeous and variegated, but occasionally there springs up in the cold North, a flower of as delicate a perfume as any within the tropics. The heavens in the equatorial regions are bright with the golden radiance, and the meteors shoot with greater effulgence through

the air—but over the snow-clad hills of the extreme North, flash from time to time the glories of the *Aurora Borealis*. Under the line are found more numerous volcanoes, constantly throwing up their ashes and their flames, but none of them excel in grandeur the Northern-Hecla, from whose deep caverns roll the melted lava down its ice-bound sides.

I think I can assert with confidence, that Prentiss possessed the most brilliant imagination of any man of this day. He had more of the talent of the Italian *improvisatore* than any man living, or who ever lived in this country. It is a great error to suppose that he was a mere declaimer. On the contrary there was found always at the bottom a solid basis of deep thought. He never preached without a text. Even on convivial occasions, when he gave full rein to his fancy, his oratory consisted of something more than merely gorgeous imagery, sparkling wit and brilliant periods. He sought to illustrate some great truth. He was not satisfied with stringing together a few smart sentences and common-place remarks, but that rich profusion of brilliant metaphors, which he threw out on such occasions, tended to illustrate some great, important principle, such was his remarkable gift of throwing an attractive

beauty over every subject upon which his imagination lighted that under his hand, a truism became a novelty.

As a lawyer, I can testify that Prentiss was diligent—even indefatigable in his researches. His arguments were always solid and thorough. It has, indeed, been sometimes objected that he pressed his arguments beyond conviction. He never drove a nail that he did not clinch it, and, sometimes, perhaps, by clinching it too tight, broke off the head. For it is, permit me to say, sometimes the fault of lawyers, of great intellectual vigor and fertility of imagination, that they push an argument so far as to produce the impression that their own convictions are not altogether sincere and satisfactory to themselves. But Prentiss possessed the peculiar faculty of rendering every subject which he treated attractive and interesting. When he attended the courts in the country, and it was given out that he was to speak, it was sure to attract a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. I remember a case in the Supreme Court in the Western District in which he was engaged. The court house was crowded, and a large number of ladies graced the room. It was a simple case of usury, which most of us would have argued by reference to a few adjudi-

cated cases and upon general principles. In the hands of Prentiss it became a prolific theme for the richest imagery and the most striking novel illustrations. Shylock became ten times more hideous and revolting in his picture of the modern usurer, while at the same time, he argued the legal questions involved with singular vigor and acuteness. Indeed, there was no subject so dry—no chasm so deep, but he could span it over with the rainbow of his imagination—a rainbow in which the most varied hues were beautifully commingled in one gorgeous arch of light.

The fame of such a man could not be narrowed down to the limits of a single State, or section of our country. It extended over the Union. It shone with splendor in the Halls of Congress, in other cities and States, and wherever he passed, he was called on to address the people upon the great topics of the day. I have been assured, that even in Faneuil Hall, whose walls re-echoed the first cry of Liberty and Independence—where the greatest orators of their day thundered forth their noblest efforts—where the impassioned eloquence of the elder, and the silvery tones of the younger Otis, had been uttered—where the Dexters, the Everetts, and Choate, and Webster and

others, had maintained their ascendancy over that cool, reflecting and intellectual people—even there, when Prentiss appeared and poured forth the torrent of his gorgeous elocution, his auditors sprang to their feet under the influence of his magic power.

I have heard most of the eminent men of the day, and can freely say that I have never heard any man who combined in so eminent a degree, the reasoning faculty with brilliancy of fancy, felicity of language, and copiousness of illustration. There are undoubtedly more learned men, more perfect scholars and rhetoricians—more skilled in polishing a sentence and taming a metaphor; but none from whom rolled forth, as it were spontaneously, such brilliant thought, and startling and novel figures. In this respect his speeches resembled the displays of the skillful pyrotechnist—his metaphors, thrown up like rockets in the evening sky, and bursting as they rose into a thousand dazzling points of every imaginable color.

Poor Prentiss! what can I say of the noble qualities of his heart? Who can describe the charms of his conversation in moments of relaxation and social intercourse? Old as I am, his society was one of my greatest pleasures. I be-

came a boy again. His conversation resembled the ever-varying clouds that cluster round the setting sun of a summer evening—their edges fringed with gold, and the noiseless and harmless flashes of lightning spreading, from time to time, over their dark bosoms. Who would have thought that I, whose career is ended—that I, whose sands are fast dropping away—that I, with my age and physical infirmities—I, whose children no longer require a father's solicitude, should have survived to pay this feeble tribute to his memory, while he, the young, the noble-hearted, the gifted—in the fullness of fame and usefulness—sinks into an early grave, and leaves behind him a youthful and pious wife, and four orphan children, to weep for his loss. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

It is the fate of great *improvisatori*, that though they exercise a powerful influence over their contemporaries, and their fame is brilliant and extended in their day, they leave behind them but few and faint memorials of their greatness and their genius. Such is eminently the case with Patrick Henry and Sargeant S. Prentiss. The effect of their eloquence lives mainly in the memory of those who enjoyed the rare happiness

of hearing them. Very little remains of all the powerful displays of Patrick Henry, except the meager sketch of a speech or two preserved by his biographer. How many brilliant effusions we have all heard from Prentiss, of which there is no permanent record, and which must pass away with the memories of those who listened to them. Permit me to allude to one occasion which many of you may remember, and which illustrates this remark. Some years ago a public meeting was called at Dr. Clapp's Church, with a view to raise a subscription to procure a statue of Franklin, to be executed by the great American artist, Hiram Powers. The occasion called forth all the eloquence and stores of erudition of Richard Henry Wilde, then fresh from the classic scenes of Italian art. It happened that Prentiss had just arrived in the city, without any knowledge of such a meeting. He was dragged into the church by some of his friends, and, to avoid observation, took his seat in a side aisle. As soon as Mr. Wilde had closed, there was a cry for Prentiss, Prentiss! He came forward, obviously surprised and embarrassed, but, warming with the theme as he advanced, proceeded to pour forth to an enchanted audience one of the most brilliant and re-

markable bursts of eloquence, which, I venture to assert, ever fell from any individual so suddenly and unexpectedly called on. A stranger would have supposed that he had done nothing during his life, but study the poets and the fine arts, and was familiar with the best models. He exhibited on that occasion an extraordinary familiarity with the poets and the arts, and no one would have supposed he had ever read a law book in his life. And yet, of that speech there remains not the slightest vestige. It could not, indeed, have been well reported. To have caught up its brilliant scintillations would have been as difficult as to sketch the meteors that shoot through the sky. Indeed, I may say that if all the great and brilliant thoughts that fell from Prentiss in popular and deliberative assemblies, in courts of justice, at convivial parties, and in his social intercourse, could have been faithfully reported by a stenographer, it would form a work truly Shakspearean. There would be found beautifully blended the broad humor and even ribaldry of Falstaff, the keen wit of Mercutio, the subtlety of Hamlet, and the overwhelming pathos of Lear.

But, alas! the wand of Prospero is broken.

We shall no more hear the eloquent tones of his voice, nor admire the specious miracles produced by the inspiration of his genius: for he possessed the only inspiration vouchsafed to man in these latter days. We shall no longer be permitted to laugh over his mirth-provoking wit, nor be melted by his touches of true feeling—nor admire those rich gems which he threw out with such profusion from the exhaustless stores of his imagination. Such is the destiny of earthly things—

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples—the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.”

SPIRIT OF EARTHQUAKE.

BY JOHN G. DUNN, ESQ.

'Twas the noon of a winter night, dreary and dark ;
The winds were bewailing the dead ;
In icy cold fetters the forest was stark,
And the torrent was chained in his bed.

High o'er the wild ravines, 'mid snow mantled pines,
A Brigand looked forth from his lair ;
But naught met his gaze, save the sky-cutting lines
Of the turreted crags in the air.

That day he had battled ! That day he had slain !
And the crimson was still on his hand ;
But afar he had left, on the desolate plain,
The bravest and best of his band.

He startled ! A sound echoed up from the gorge !
A voice like a spirit in wail !
Still nearer and hoarser thro' ravine and rock
It swept on the sorrowing gale !

The pines were alive with a sorrow of moans,
And the owl from his ragged home screamed ;
The night far beneath him was peopled with groans,
Like the depths of a horrible dream.

Huge clouds swept the mount with their billows of
black,
Enshrouding his lair in their night ;
And the wind kept howling through crevice and crack,
Like a spirit of murder and blight.

But these he had heard, and these he had seen,
And his steely soul heeded them not ;
But, oh ! that death-tone, with its wailings all keen—
A chill to his stern spirit brought.

Dark, wizard-like shapes, from the night vapors
scowled ;
Strange outlines whirled up the wild mass ;
Still louder the fearful winds gibbered and howled
New sorrows thro' cavern and pass ;

When up from the ravine an image all dread
Thro' vapor and midnight was borne ;
Deep thunder awoke at his horrible tread,
And his breath was a terror of storms !

A forest of pines was his diadem huge,
And a mantle of fume girt him round,
And he crumbled the crags in his iron-strong clutch,
As he came up the steep with a bound!

The Brigand stood pale in the tottering wood;
His spirit was swimming in fear;
And his pulse was all still in its curdle of blood,
As the Giant's voice fell on his ear.

"I've watched thee for years in thy bloody domain;
I've watched thee in murders all foul:
And I've gathered together the souls of thy slain,
From the gloom of their shadowy goal!"

So he stretched his huge arms through the
gathering clouds—
Wild vistas whirled off through the gloom—
And the murdered host came with their blood-
dripping shrouds,
In a horrible pomp from the tomb!

"I'm the Spirit of Earthquake," he screamed in his ire,
"And Hell's rocky doorway I keep!"
So he stamped the broad Earth till with thunder
and fire,
Her surface gaped horrid and deep.

And he heaved the huge Mount in his iron-knit grasp,
From his base in the tottering world,
And glacier and forest, with thunderous crash,
To the Earth's boiling centre were hurled.

The Brigand, high hurtled thro' tempest and shock,
Topped down to the regions of doom,
Whilst high o'er his corse rose a chaos of rocks,
And the slaughtered train melted in gloom.

THE JUDICIARY.

BY HON. FRANCOIS-XAVIER MARTIN, LL. D.

It is the duty of History to record the virtues and errors of conspicuous individuals. In free governments, precedents are to be dreaded from good and popular characters only. Men of a different cast can never obtain sufficient sanction for their measures, to make their acts an example for others. Hence the necessity of exposing the false grounds of the actions of the former, and pointing out the evil consequences to which they lead.

The history of every age and every country shows, that the higher man is placed in authority, the greater his necessity of bridling his passions, lest others should believe that anger and resentment have prompted measures which should have had no other motive but public utility—and that a temper which can bear no contradiction, and a wish spurning all control, are the charac-

teristics of a man in power. It teaches us how important it is he should not select for his advisers men who have enlisted themselves in the ranks of those who oppose the measures of government—men having private interests to subserve, private enemies to gratify, and private injuries to avenge; that he should abstain from acting personally in cases which present great latitude for the improper indulgence of his feelings, and leave to dispassionate tribunals the punishment of those who have wounded his pride by setting his authority at defiance; refraining to become the prosecutor and arbiter of his own grievances and to place himself in a situation in which, reason having but little control, he may do great injustice; and suspicion always, and censure often, attaches to his determination.

May the citizens of these States ever find, in the annals of their country, reasons to cherish and venerate that branch of government, without the protection of which it is in vain that the invader is repelled—the benign influence of which man feels before he enters the portals of life—which guards the rights of the unborn child—throws its broad shield over helpless infancy—the solicitude of which watches over man's interests

whenever disease or absence prevents his attention to them—to which the woodsman commits his humble roof and its inmates in the morning when, shouldering his axe, he whistles his way to the forest, assured it will guard them from injury and secure to him the produce of his labor—from which the poor and the rich are sure of equal justice—which neither the *ardor civium prava jubentium*, nor the *vultus instantis tyranni*, will prevent from coming to the relief of the oppressed—which secures the enjoyment of every domestic, social and political right, and does not abandon man after he has passed the gates of death—leaving him in the grave the consoling hope that the judiciary power of his country will cause him to hover awhile, like a beneficent shade, over the family he reared, directing the disposition of the funds his care accumulated for their support, and thus, by a sort of magic, allow him to continue to have a *will*, after he has ceased to have an existence.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER
ROSE.

—
BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
—

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if heaven wept such waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its state is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade.
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print of feet
Left upon Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
The tracks will vanish from the sand:
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none shall e'er lament for me.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE
JUDICIAL STATION.—
BY HON. CHARLES WATTS.
—

THE duties of a Judge are those of painful responsibility, even when supported by a consciousness of rendering great public service. It is his duty, as a minister of justice, to look to the God of justice for guidance, direction and assistance.— It has been well said, *Judicare est orare*, that to judge is to pray, for there ought to rest upon the mind a solemn religious sense of duty, in meting out justice among our fellow men. It is an awful and responsible duty, and those who most feel its responsibility, least aspire to court its labors. The station and office of a Judge of the Supreme Court, of a court of last resort, is, in any country, an honorable, an important, and a difficult station. It is emphatically and peculiarly so in Louisiana. The court is entrusted with a revision of the rights of parties, not only on all

branches of the law, but also as to questions of fact, and, in the complication and conflict of Spanish, French, English and American law, and by reason of the various legislative enactments, to modify and adapt them to our social and political institutions and feelings, much delicate responsibility and great extent of power have devolved on the Judiciary—and in that branch of the administration of the Government it was and is peculiarly necessary to have honorable, upright and inflexible men, in whose judgment, capacity, integrity, and power of discrimination, his fellow citizens should repose with implicit confidence. If the public do not repose with confidence in the integrity, ability, virtue and character of the judges, there will exist a restlessness—a vague apprehension of evil—an uncertainty and discontent, which poisons and embitters the enjoyment of life—more particularly with a people so sensible of, and justly valuing, their personal, political and social rights, as are the citizens of Republican America.

It is this confidence, and the consciousness of usefulness, and not the pecuniary compensation, which rewards the judge, and sustains him under his load of labor and responsibility. How im-

portant, then, is a just discharge of the duties of this high station!—how important that the persons who fill it should possess the public confidence! How transcendently honorable and praiseworthy must be the life and character of that man who, on closing a long career in such a station, receives the unanimous approbation, commendation and regret, of his fellow citizens, of all classes, ranks and parties, among a population composed of the descendants of the nations of France and Spain, and of emigrants from every portion of Europe, and from every state in the Union.

THE LOST "LOUISIANA."

BY THE "GREAT UNKNOWN."

AN Autumn eve was closing in its loveliness serene,
O'er the rich, voluptuous beauty of a sunny, Southern scene,
Where the soft, empurpled Heaven smiles so sweetly from above,
And the murmur of the waters is the very voice of Love.
When, like a gush of joyousness along a darkened dream,
Far through the shady orange grove the tiny wavelets gleam;
And their music-tone is blending as it thrills upon the ear,
With the carol of the evening bird so exquisite and clear.

Along the waving woodland—through the meadows far away,
The wanton winds were trilling forth a merry roundelay;
And bearing on the golden clouds from out the glowing West,
Far floating up an azure sea, like air-ships of the Blest;
It waved aloft the banner'd spray that wreathed the rushing stream,
Which dying Day emblazoned with a rich and ruddy beam,
And seemed to call an echo from the charmed and fragrant air,
As though sweet waves of melody were surging everywhere.

Oh! if the wing of Peace within this dim and troubled sphere
Could stay its rapid flight a while, it well might linger here,
When this dreamy hour comes o'er us, fraught with mystical repose,
And e'en the shades of Life will steal the colors of the rose;
It summons to the happy heart all visions that are glad,
And brings long hidden memories to bosoms that are sad;
Lights up the shrine of ruined hopes, and brightens, for a while,
Its dust and desolation with the shadow of a smile.

An hour when holy thought on dove-like pinion flies away,
To wander on the sunbeam where the golden gates of day
Are closing with the music of a universal prayer,
A mighty anthem rolling on, proclaiming, "God is there!"
Where a glory-penciled radiance, stealing softly thro' the gloom,
Seems writing on the Western sky, "There's bliss beyond the tomb;"
And, soaring upward, points us to a love that, truly given,
Is to the erring child of earth the sweetest boon of Heaven.

The "Father of the Waters," rolling on in pomp and pride,
Caressed the sleeping valleys nestled closely by his side,
And kissed the gem-like islands slumbering on his waveless breast
As it bore majestically on the riches of the West;—
Proudly swept the noble waters, where, at the close of day,
Encircled in his winding course, the "Crescent City" lay;
And as around her busy shores the shining billows played,
Her mighty heart was throbbing, deep and strong, and undismayed.

'Twas sweet to see the sunset glow and mantle o'er the stream
And the mimic billows quiver in its deep refulgent beam;
'Twas sweet to list the vesper song that melted o'er the wave,
As happy bosoms caroled forth the joy that Nature gave;
'Twas fair to view the city's spires as, towering in their pride,
Their lengthening shades lay mirrored on the river's silver side,
Where gallant barks were riding, and its bosom whitening o'er
With snowy wings, which Commerce wafts to many a distant shore.

A stately steamer floated there, and as the waters crept
Around her swelling side, it seemed her giant pulses slept,
As lulled to gentle slumber by the softened lullaby
Which evening winds were chanting through the arches of the sky;
Her thunder-voice was silent, and her eye of flame at rest;
The breath of fire lay smouldering in her iron-banded breast;
And we never should have thought her, as she slumbered on the
stream,

A dark deceitful daughter of the subtle fiend of steam!

Upon her form full many an eye was gazing tearfully;
Upon her deck full many a heart was beating fearfully:
And yet that pearly tear was but a dew-drop of regret,
Which faintly whispered, "Once to love is never to forget;"
And if some timid bosom, half distrusting love untried,
Was feign to linger round its own forsaken fireside,
'Twas but a moment—fled, as drops of night from out the blossom,
And Hope, the angel, woke and smiled on Sorrow's frozen bosom.

The hoary head and bending form, came mingled with the throng
Of bounding hearts, and sparkling eyes, and lips of joy and song;
The matron blessed her laughing child, who whiled away the hours,
And wove amid her sunny curls a wreath of autumn flowers;
And childhood's voice of melody was blended with the rush
Of busy care and passion, as the silver fountain's gush
Will murmur on so sweetly in some haunted solitude,
While the tempest's breath is crushing down the monarchs of the
wood.

Angelic infancy was there, and lovely was its smile;
So full of purity and truth—so free from shade of guile;
With its blue-veined temples hidden by its waving golden curls,
And its coral lips just parted o'er a few fresh, tiny pearls;
On its cheek a tinge of crimson, like the sunset over snow,
Which pales or deepens sweetly, as the dimples come and go.
Such the mother presses closely to her bosom, and a sigh
Of deep affection whispers, "'Tis too beautiful to die."

The smile of God shone over them—and heaven had never seemed
So near that mother's gaze of faith, as, while her infant dreamed,
A tear of bliss unspeakable lit up her earnest eye,
And, mid its silent eloquence, she sought the throne on high.
Her silvery tones fell o'er the heart, as through the twilight dim,
Echoes the pealing anthem of the glorious Seraphim;
And a meek and thankful tenderness, as holy as her vow,
Like starry light, was resting on her heaven-tinted brow.

The loving and beloved were there; and, standing side by side,
Gazing far into the sunset, were the lover and his bride;
Round their hearts a voiceless melody, a softly breathing psœan,
Seemed floating far away into the boundless empyrean,
And then to fall and melt again upon the dulcet tone,
Which gave their world of happiness a music of its own,—
Till tears began to tremble in her eye of liquid blue,
Like sleeping violets laden with the gems of early dew.

His voice was low, and soft, and deep, and like to that which swells,
So faint and yet so thrillingly from out the rose-lipped shells;
It murmured, while a shade of pride lay hidden in its tone:
"Yes, thou art mine—forever mine—my beautiful, my own!"
Then listened, lest its breath should break the sweet bewildering strain
Of maiden's love to passion's words low answering again;
'Twas only such as woman's heart in every age has given:
"With thee all things are happiness,—without thee, what is Heaven!"

The lonely wanderer was there, returned from distant lands,
As one who walks and yet who dreams, upon the deck he stands.
No pleasant greeting wakes him with a well remembered tone;
He gazed upon the gathered crowd, and sighed, "I'm all alone."
Yet to his soul a "still small voice" is breathing audibly;
It tells of wife and children in the hallowed sanctity
Of home; and oh! that music to the weary heart was blest;
"For there," he whispered faintly, "will the wanderer be at rest."

"Far in the Northern sky there floats a pure and snowy cloud,
Whose silvery vailings beautify the Heaven they seem to shroud;
Perhaps its graceful foldings hang above my distant home,
To bear its guardian angels on their kindly missions come;—
(Ha! now we move,) my wayward thought so far away had roved
It bore my heart before me to the presence of the loved.
I soon shall rest among them—weary, worn and tempest-tost,—
A crash!—a yell! a storm of blood! "Great God! the boat—we're
lost!"

A mingled cry of wrath and woe, of anguish keen and fell—
It seemed the wailings of the damned had burst the bonds of hell.
Like tongues of demons flashing, streamed the flaming mass on high,
And a last destructive crashing rent the arches of the sky;
Then hoarsely through the wreathing veil of blood and flame and
smoke,

The heavy tones of wild despair and dying horror broke;—
Soft woman's shriek, and manhood's groan, were blended in the roar,
As, gasping in the surge of death, they sank to rise no more.

Down, down upon the fallen rained a storm of blood and fire,
And withering o'er the dying came the steam-fiend's breath of ire;
Fierce desolation burned and flashed from out his soul of gloom,
As glares a demon's eye beneath the shadow of the tomb.
The darkened air grew heavy with its burden deep and dread,
Of quivering flesh, and gasping life, and wailing o'er the dead;
For darker than the battle when the work of Death is done,
Was the rage of strong destruction ere its victory was won.

With straining eye, and freezing veins, and lips all deadly pale,
The crash was heard, the shock was felt,—the best and bravest quail—
Then suddenly above the wreck a stillness deep and strange—
A silence which the soul might feel, yet never note the change,
Fell o'er it, and there sighed around no wailing of the breeze,
To linger on the bloody shore, or moan among the trees.
A lyre of life lay crushed beneath Azrael's iron will;
A mighty heart was broken, and its fever-pulse was still.

A sense of cold and mystic dread crept shuddering through the crowd,
As gazing on the mangled dead, the coffin, and the shroud,
The soul of sweet humanity in horror turned away—
Pale Pity veiled her drooping eye, her sick heart strove to pray;
For arms of might lay helpless there, and prone in blood and dust,
The haughty lip so lately wreathed with confidence and trust;
And Ruin, pale with horror at the wreck his wrath hath made,
In mercy gave the mangled mass the death for which it prayed.

Hushed was the gentle mother's prayer, and childhood's silver tone
Was silent all;—the soft blue eye was darkened where it shone;
A dying bosom pillowed it; and, far beneath the wave,
The loved and loving slumber in a cold and watery grave.
The blooming bride had yielded up her faint and fading breath,
With angel smile that seemed to say, "True love can conquer death."
Her lover clasped with bleeding arm the corpse of Beauty's child,
And met the grave which lurked beneath the flood so dark and wild.

The crescent moon with pallid face looked from the azure sky,
Where the wanderer who had run his race had laid him down to die.
All damp with blood the mass of hair upon his temples spread;—
No gentle-bosomed wife was there to raise his dying head;—
The mingled shades of life and death flit o'er his features fast;—
On one loved name his fading lip still lingered—'twas the last.
The spirit of the wandering man had passed away from earth—
For other home awaits him than the valley of his birth.

A widowed father seated on the vessel's shattered deck,
Listed not the madness 'round him, for his being was a wreck.
Beside him stood his daughter, like a lily in its shroud—
Or tiny star upon the verge of some dark thunder cloud.
She took his icy hand, and, "Father, come away," she said—
He heeded not her bird-like voice—his heart was with the dead.
'Twas breaking wildly with a grief—a woe that must be borne;
And his hopes had faded darkly in a night that knows no morn.

He laid a crushed and broken heart on Ruin's broken shrine,
And in a deep libation poured its life-drops forth as wine.
God help him in his agony; and may *her* spirit come,
To bless a solitary life and light a darkened home.
Draw nearer, gentle daughter, to a father's tender love,
And learn to look for mercy and protection from above:
Look back at last upon a path in spotless virtue trod,
And bless the faith that placed thy trust upon the "orphan's God."

The world will soon forget the knell that wails above the dead
The solemn spell will pass away upon its waters shed;
As when upon the turbid wave the autumn leaves are cast,
So down the rushing tide of Time 'twill mingle with the past.
This world is bright to those from whom ~~no~~ joy of life has fled—
But speaks in saddened tones to those who weep the early dead;
And oh! to some this vision brings a train of shadowy fears,
Which march in solemn measure o'er the waste of future years.

When memory flings her shadow pale across the silent stream
Of thought—at first a reverie, then deepening to a dream,
We hear a sweet familiar voice in every wind that sighs,
And feel the presence of the lost when twilight fades and dies.
We dream that when the stars have set, and morning blushes fair,
They sleep upon the tinted cloud like spirits of the air—
They wait our coming in a land whose blossoms never fade,
Where grief's sirocco never comes, nor sorrow casts its shade.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

—
BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. SCOTT, D. D.
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CHRISTIANITY does not make a man less brave as a soldier, nor less incorruptible and energetic as a statesman, nor less virtuous as a citizen, a patriot or a father. The Gospel elevates every noble sentiment and strengthens every virtuous principle, enlarges the human heart, and throws over all man's noble achievements the splendor of a higher and brighter glory than was ever known to the heathen. It is not incompatible with the religion of Christ to guide and mould the heart of him who votes at the polls or bleeds on the battle-field, or counsels in the Senate, or sits supreme at the helm of State. When the Christian sees God's blessings poured out upon his country, ought he not to argue, that God loves his country, because he thus blesses it, and to love it the more that God's blessings are be-

stowed upon it. We cannot understand any principles or sentiments, political or religious, that are not for our country, our whole country, under all circumstances and forever.

The history of Liberty—the history of the origin, rise, progress, conflicts, triumph and destiny of Liberty—the history of men and of nations struggling to be free—the history of men who have acquired their freedom—the history of those great movements in the world by which liberty has been established, diffused and perpetuated, is yet to be written. We have historians of the various eras and forms of religion and government—historians of Patriarchs, Kings, Senators, Military Leaders, Emperors, and of Patriotic Bands, who have lived, by an inspiration of the Almighty, for the onward movement of our race. We have historians of men and of mind, of letters and arts, of States and of Empires—but all that has yet been written, sung or spoken, is far short of the history of man's redemption from moral and spiritual tyranny and political slavery. All that the world has yet produced can only be considered, as the French would say, *Memoirs to serve for the History of Civil Liberty*. Our ardent hope is that, as this continent is to furnish the model,

so it will also furnish the painter—the subject and the writer of the great epic of mankind—not an epic of Troy, nor of Paradise Lost, but the supplement of the Holy Volume itself. Civil liberty fully developed will be the consummation of the dispensation of Jesus of Nazareth, and its history a fit sequel to the history of human redemption.

As our country has been happily signalized beyond any other in the great history of freedom, and as we live under institutions more favorable to its diffusion than any which the world has elsewhere known, it is not presumptuous in us to hope that we shall yet have a historian for our race, as far superior to all others as his subject may transcend all others.

An apostle has said, “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” Liberty, in the full and perfect sense of the term, belongs only to God. It is from and of the Creator of all things. Politically as well as spiritually, Liberty is a stream that flows from the ineffable God-head. It began its earthly flowings forth in Eden when man was created; and when man was expelled thence, it began to go forth to subdue the earth and till the universe of mind. And its mission is for

every clime and corner of the globe, and will be fulfilled only when the bow of universal freedom to all the nations of the earth shall be seen on the dark and retiring clouds of ignorance, idolatry and superstition.

By a glance at the history of Liberty in ages past, and at the prophecy of the ages to come, we see star after star arise, and constellation after constellation taking their place in the heavens, until the whole firmament becomes luminous. Shade melts into shade, and color blends with color, until the whole earth shall enjoy the full-orbed glory of the liberty of the sons of God. The principles of civil liberty are the principles of Eternal rectitude and truth; its progress is the progress of man in the recovery of the image and likeness of his Creator. The image and likeness of God, in which man was made, the Holy Scriptures inform us, consisted in *knowledge, righteousness and holiness*. Knowledge, justice, goodness and purity, constitute the basis and the elements of true liberty. Virtue is freedom such as God bestows. Vice is slavery such as the wicked one endures. God, Jehovah, is the only perfect liberty, as he is by excellence a spirit pure and holy. Satan is the most perfect representation of slavery known to

exist. As the elements of freedom are light, knowledge, truth, justice, goodness and holiness, so the elements of slavery are vice, ignorance, error and sin. As man progresses in the former, whether as an individual or in families, communities and States, so civil liberty progresses. As man becomes corrupt, ignorant and vicious, whether as an individual or in communities, so slavery, the bondage of the mind, the heart and soul, prevails. The more perfect our assimilation to the adorable Creator, the more perfect is our liberty. The progress of man in liberty may be upward and onward and upward forever. As two mathematical lines are said to approach each other, and yet never come together, so the progress of renovated man may ever and always be a continuous approximation towards the ineffable Jehovah.

The history of civil liberty being the history of man in his efforts to regain the image and likeness of God, the only wise, the only good, and the only free, is a subject worthy of our most thoughtful consideration. When man was made, and the Lord breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul, then and there and that moment was human liberty born! It is like the soul itself, an offspring of God; and the more perfectly a man subdues his passions, and frees

himself from ignorance, bigotry and vice, the more fully does he show forth his divine original.

Burke has happily said, "Men are free in the exact proportion that they are able to put chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good in preference to the flattery of knaves." As man fallen is but little less than "archangel ruined," so all the efforts of educators, of statesmen, philanthropists, and ministers of righteousness, should be to repair the ruins of the fall, and lift the sons of men from the slavery of those passions, earthly and of earth, that weave the winding sheet of souls and lay them in the arms of death.

God has a great design for this Continent, and for our generation. As the Jews of old—as the Apostles—as the Reformers—as our Fathers of 1776—so are we, as a race and as a nation, a peculiar people, and called to a high and glorious destiny. We cannot falter. We cannot go back. We are shut up to the necessity of attempting great things. We must pluck up courage—put our trust in God, and go forward. As God

works out his own sovereign will amongst men by *races*, let us with the lights of history, and the principles clearly evolved by Providence as to the use of human agencies, inquire what are the elements of the race that Providence might be supposed to select for so high a mission as that of the 19th century in behalf of mankind? Must it be a race mighty upon land and ocean? Must it be a people happy and free at home and respected abroad—combining the calmness of wisdom and the ethereal fire of impassioned purpose? Must it be a nation whose energy is alike unquelled amongst the “tumbling icebergs of the pole, and in the panting horizons of the tropics” —whose courage can stand unquailing before the fierce onslaught of charging steel, and amidst the iron hail of battle; and remain unmoved when the tide of success seems turning; and can bleed with gladness for principle and at duty’s call, and then irradiate the hour of victory with deeds of forbearance, of humanity and mercy, that make angels smile over the field of the slain? Must it be a nation whose minister of peace shall go before her conquering leaders, whose chaplets of victory are set in olive branches—and who, after her enemy’s every defeat, pauses and makes a renewed tender of reconciliation? Must it be a

nation whose soldiers, after having cut the enemy's troops to pieces with balls and bayonets, can step out of their ranks and take up the composing-stick, and pursue them in their retreat with the missiles (despatches) of the greatest civilizer of man—the printing press? Must it be a nation into whose armies a thousand sons of the type would voluntarily rush at their country's call—who shall fight and print as they go from city to city, and from battle-field to battle-field? Must it be a nation whose victories shall be succeeded by acts of humanity as unknown amongst ancient nations, as they are congenial to a generous and brave heart? Must it be a people of moral forethought who, while they are felling the forest, will erect their homes, and hard by the church, the temple of justice and the school-house, and thus bring out into the heart of the wilderness the sweet influences of law, education and religion? Must it be a people whose love for home, for country, and reverence for the supremacy of law, and regard for principle and duty, are equalled only by their spirit of adventure and enterprise, and by their regard for the rights and liberties of others, and surpassed only by the strength and purity of their hopes for the life to come? Must it be a people trained in

arts and arms—inured to hardships, familiar with the forms of danger, and accustomed to rely on themselves, and to govern themselves? Must it be a people of general intelligence, and a people whose civilization is based upon and formed out of a pure christianity that breathes universal toleration and world-wide sympathies for man? And are not these the endowments of America? Are not these the high attributes which the Almighty has impressed upon the Anglo-Saxon race? Is not their history, both in Europe and America, ample proof that such deeds are their praises?

Disciplined for centuries on the shores of the German Ocean and on the rock-bound coasts of Great Britain, this race planted some of its shoots in this land, and here a people has grown up to fulfill the great designs of Providence—having the wisdom of an old and the vigor of a new-born nation. Great Britain and America furnish the race and the institutions, with a few collateral streams that have flown in from time to time, for the achievement of Heaven's high behest to man. It was the will of God that Spain should discover, that Spain and France should colonize, but that the English language and Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions should govern this continent. Great Britain and

America are united as no two other countries ever were nor ever can be, and Providence has thus united them that they may be instruments of Christianizing and civilizing the world. We do not speak thus from vanity. The only reason why it is so, is to be found in the inscrutable ways and sovereign will of Heaven. It is our destiny. Our responsibilities are fearful. But there is no escape. Our *age*, our *race*, our *institutions* and the *characteristics* of our *country*, *physical*, *intellectual*, *moral* and *religious*, as well as the helplessness and the sufferings of our fellow-men, groaning in chains and under grievous wrongs, call us to a glorious destiny. We are hereditary free-men. We have never been in bondage to any man. The blood of the Celts, the Normans, the unconquered Saxons, before whom Cæsar and Charlemagne alike recoiled, mingle their heroic currents alike in our veins, along with that great barbaric stream which Rome herself could not withstand. These were our primeval sires. And after them in our line of succession came the Puritans, Covenanters, Non-Comformists and Huguenots. The founders of English liberty, and the men of the Continental Reformation from Popery and the men of '76—heritage, descent and destiny, alike glorious. A necessity is laid upon us

to live as freemen or not to live at all. Whoever else may forsake the sacred cause of liberty, we at least must live where freemen live, or fall where freemen perish.

A C O N T R A S T .

*Banks of the Nile, B. C. 1850.**Banks of the Mississippi, A. D. 1850.*

—

BY REV. N. G. NORTH.

—

Hail! all hail the art of Printing!—
 “ Art preservative of Arts!”
 Wond’rous pow’r!—that, without stinting,
 Knowledge to the mass imparts.
 Oh! how dark the dreary winter
 That o’erspread the human mind,
 When the world knew not a printer,
 When the blind but led the blind!

Ages dark! when wit Nilotic
 Wrote on tow’ring pyramid,
 Mighty deeds of men despotic—
 Men, whose very names are hid—
 Hid beneath the rolling volume
 That Oblivion hath hurl’d
 On temple, obelisk, or column,
 Decking, once, that Egypt world.

Time that mighty world hath sunder'd:—
O'er its wreck the sand-waves sweep;
And, where Theban thousands thunder'd,
Gates and walls lie cover'd deep.

Wit Nilotic! ah! how gladly
Would I read those mystic scrolls,
Bearing to me quaintly, sadly,
Transcript of those ancient souls!
Wond'rous pyramids! what fixtures!—
Fix'd to brave a thousand storms,—
Carv'd all o'er with speaking pictures,—
Bird, and beast, and human forms!

By such means, in Time's drear winter,
Strove the mind, with struggling wit,
Thus, for want of type and printer,
Down its thinkings to transmit.
Thus its joys or griefs pathetic
Spake in figures—beasts or men—
Signs symbolic or phonetic,
Mark'd with Nature's rudest pen.

Authors, thus their thoughts inditing,
Scratched their birds, and frogs, and fishes,
Ere they knew the art of writing,
To elaborate their wishes.

Cumb'rous task!—that way of etching—
Task with toil and trouble fraught!—
O'er a spacious surface, stretching
One poor, simple, common thought!

Hail the craftsman grapho-typic!
Hail the printing noon-tide ray!
Wintry darkness, hieroglyphic,
Yields to our effulgent day.
Mighty as the heaving ocean,
On the tide of knowledge rolls—
Onward, with a steady motion,
Swelling to the distant poles.

Soon the earth will teem with learning—
Lands benighted see the light.
Even now the scale is turning;
Ignorance is plum'd for flight.
Where the great Hoang meanders,
Wafting junks in crowded fleets—
Or the Yankt-se-Kiang wanders,
Skirted with her princely seats—
Where the classic Ganges, reddened
With the blood of victims slain,
Sweeps its thousand wretches, deaden'd
To the keenest sense of pain—

Where the Niger sinks its waters
In the boundless sea of sand,—
Region vast! whose sons and daughters
Know none but their native land—
These—all these—at last are spreading
Forth their hands for mental light.
Knowledge, in their midst, is shedding
Beams with dawning radiance bright.

Steam with all its mighty wonders,
Were too weak to cause that day;
'Tis the press, with its sharp thunders,
Clears the mental clouds away.

Speed the type, then; speed the presses,
Shedding knowledge far and wide,
Till the most obscure recesses
Feel the flowing of the tide.

THE OCEAN.

—
BY THE REV. THEODORE CLAPP, D. D.
—

THE Great Sea is a lovely and majestic emblem of the all-wise, all-perfect, all-beautiful and eternal One. The mighty deep mirrors his amazing, boundless perfections. Its wonderful extent, of which we can form no conception, but by traversing it for weeks in succession and perhaps months; its unexplored abysses, lower than plummet can sound, are, perhaps, the most striking revelations which our globe presents of infinitude and omnipotence. The continual motion and irresistible force of that mass of waters compel us to feel our entire insignificance and dependence. I cannot imagine how any one can gaze on this theatre of a Creator's manifestations, without a sublime sense of his presence and attributes.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible.”

The ocean does not, as some suppose, exhibit always to our view the same dull, unvaried and monotonous scene. Far from it. Its aspects are endlessly diversified. No genius of poet, painter or scholar can adequately delineate them. I remember, one morning on the Atlantic, that as far as my eye extended, there was an expanse which looked smooth, unruffled and shining like a surface of polished glass. “Not a breath of air disturbed the deep serene.” All was still—silent as the tomb. I fancied almost that I was in some strange world—some boundless solitude, where nothing was ever permitted to move. But, all at once, a change came over the scene. From the point where I was sitting on the deck, to the utmost verge of the horizon, the surface of the sea began to crisp or quiver. It was roughened as if fanned “by the invisible wings of elves and fairies on some maritime expedition.” This was followed by a slight, delicate, graceful undulation of the waters, of surpassing and ineffable beauty. If we beheld the ocean only in

this state, we should not suspect that it was an element made for this dark, stormy planet; but to kiss and lave with blessedness the beautiful shores of some sunny, emerald isle of "unfading flowers, eternal spring and cloudless skies."

But in a few moments all this loveliness disappeared. I was struck with a sublime, awful, mighty sound, louder than the roar of Niagara's cataract. The captain rushed from the cabin, exclaiming "a storm, a gale." In an instant the main was lashed into terrific fury. I thought of Virgil's sublime description of a tempest in the first *Æneid*, which I never understood before. On every side, white crested billows were seen rising up in the shape of pyramids, hills and mountains; alternated by corresponding depressions—eddying, maddened, boiling whirlpools of foam. For some reason or other, the waves all seemed rushing towards the vessel, as if determined to destroy us. But this appearance, as the captain informed me, was a mere ocular deception. To my inexperienced eye inevitable ruin seemed to be at hand. When a mountainous mass of waters fell upon the deck of the ship, it trembled in every plank and timber like a dry leaf in the wind. Sometimes her course was checked by the crush-

ing weight, so that for a moment she would seem to stand almost still. I was told that the force of a downward billow often breaks in pieces the bows of a vessel, and instantly consigns all on board to a watery grave. I certainly anticipated that such would be our doom in a short time. The wind continued to blow harder and harder. The night came on, terrible with blackness, thunder and lightning. The elements seemed all in commotion. We were shut up in the cabin for the night. I should never forget that day were I to live a thousand years. The morning beamed upon us like the face of woman, lighted up with love, intelligence, and refinement; the evening was like the same face changed into the dark lowering aspect of ungoverned scorn, hatred and revenge. Perhaps it is not possible to conceive of a more striking contrast than that presented by these two objects, either in nature or the walks of human society.

A clear, placid summer evening at sea is a scene resplendent with beauty. Allow me to set some of its features before your imagination. The last red hues of expiring day are fading in the twilight. Fancy yourself sitting on the deck in a sombre, melancholy frame of mind. You are

charmed with the evanescent loveliness of the setting sun, and say to yourself, thus transitory is all of earth which we admire so much. As the heavens seem to be sinking into utter night, a solitary star shines out. It is in the direction of your home. You think of those relatives and friends, whom you may never meet again in this world. In a few moments hundreds more make their appearance. Then comes the galaxy—the milky way—which the ancient poets called the high road—the pathway of the gods; having a boldness and brilliancy never seen on land. Of all this starry host, Hesperus, with her soft mild lustre, shines the brightest, and seems to rule. With what awful grandeur does a sight of the firmament strike the imagination, when beheld in a clear night at sea, filled with stars scattered in such infinite numbers, and in such splendid profusion. The ship runs so smoothly along that you are almost unconscious of motion. All her sails are set, resembling some snow-white beautiful bird, afloat in the heavens, on her airy pinions. How beautiful the outline of the vessel painted in bold relief against the sky! But a change comes over the prospect. The moon unveils her peerless light. The stars hide their

diminished heads. A silvered radiance sparkles over all the waters. Under its influence the sails appear as pure and white as if made of cambric. You witness the same phenomena which Homer described at the close of the eighth book of the Iliad three thousand years ago:

“As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies,” &c.

As you gaze your imagination is overpowered, and you are lost in a world of fancy and enchantment. Your bosom is filled with pure, gentle, and refined sentiments which recognize the infinite; which open to the inward eye glimpses of the calm, bright, unbroken peace of that happier and immortal state of being to which death will introduce us.

The rising and setting sun, at sea, in moderate weather, have a peculiar and attractive grandeur. “Yonder comes the powerful King of day.” At first, you see only a small portion of his disc, not more than a hair breadth above the ocean's bed. Bright rays, like long lines of gold, are sent out over the trembling waters, that seem rejoicing to

welcome the new born day. Soon the whole orb appears bathed in a living flood of variegated effulgence—brilliant in all the orange, azure and purple glories of the rainbow. Presently light fleecy clouds of elegant forms and of intense, refulgent hues collect around the sun. These are constantly changing their tints, from a deep yellow, then a straw color, then a willow green, and then finally, perhaps, the dark beautiful blue of autumn. Beneath all this glory, the boundless field of waters reflects, with inimitable delicacy, the splendor of the clouds and sky, leaving the impression that you are in some fairy regions, infinitely removed from the dull, common, prosaic realities of earth. The same wonders are often repeated at the close of day. Is it strange that the poor Indian when gazing upon the sublimities of the sun-set, should realize the presence of the great Spirit, and cherish the hope of an humbler heaven, “behind the cloud-topped hill,” where he will repose under the shade of the tree of life, and bathe in the waters of perennial bliss? O, the surpassing freshness and beauty of an early dawn at sea! Its glowing radiance, its crimson splendors, its rich, variegated drapery of light, elegant clouds present to the eye the most com-

plete assemblage of beautiful objects ever beheld by a votary of nature's charms. The varieties of ocean scenery afford numerous other themes of contemplation, fitted to yield the richest instruction and entertainment to the reflecting observer.

TO IRELAND.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

They are sitting by the way-side,
They wander in despair,
Where the green grass once was waving,
But find no verdure there.
They are sitting now the famish'd,
Upon that stricken'd ground,
But vainly do they gaze and seek,
No substance there is found.

Ah, God! what ails fair Erin?
That once sweet happy isle;
That a blight is on each lovely thing,
And death looks on the while.
From the valleys and the mountains,
There comes a wail of woe,
Those fields with grain once blooming,
No more with life shall glow.

Then damp wild weeds are gathered,
On those they strive to live,
The baby sucks the dew—'tis all
The mother has to give.
Bar up their cottage windows,
Shut too the shatter'd door,
How horrible they lie all dead,
Along the clay cold floor.

How horrible, there's nothing left,
No bed on which to lie,
When they with famish'd lip sink down,
In their wild agony.
No food the long and toilsome day,
No food when night draws near,
Beside the vacant hearth they sit,
In silence and in fear.

“ Food for the dying—food!”—that cry,
Goes out upon the air,
'Tis heard at midnight in their glens,
With agonizing prayer.
Food for the tender children, who
Stand shivering by the dead,
With their pale hands stretch'd out in vain,
For succor and for bread.

They are sitting by the way-side,
With hollow eyes, yet bright,
Where flow fair Erin's waters,
Unruffled in their sight.
What moves so calm yet proudly,
Across those waters wide?
A ship—it is Columbia's sail
Shines in that sparkling tide.

* * * * *

It is Columbia's flag which streams,
Columbia's stars that glittering gleams,
O'er Erin's emerald wave;
And seen all glorious from that land,
By forms who eager crowd the strand,
A beacon light to save.

With faltering steps they gather round,
Their tears fall on that blighted ground,
For food they kneel and pray—
Standard of hope float brightly there;
Emblem of joy 'mid sorrows tear;
And lit by mercy's ray.

Thus, thus from every mountain height,
Wave still in thy unconquer'd might,

 The freeman's dearest shield.

The warrior's pillow when he lies,
In dying trance and closing eyes,—

 Upon the battle field.

DUELING.

—
BY ETIENNE MAZUREAU, ESQ.
—

DOES reason justify it? We see two bipeds in human shape stationed opposite to each other, armed with swords, guns, or pistols. Yesterday they were at peace with each other, and with all the world. To-day a prejudice, as ridiculous as it is inhuman, has brought them into mortal conflict. They wish to take each other's lives! A single word of common sense would reconcile them; they are deaf to its voice—they must have *blood!*

Turn away your eyes, and fix them upon two dogs who are hungrily watching a bone which a butcher has cast before them. With bristled hair and flashing eyes and open mouth, they threaten to tear each other to pieces. At a signal given by the witnesses of the bipeds, as at the first instinctive movement of one or other of the dogs, the battle begins, and is only ended when the ground is stained with their blood.

Will you tell us whether it is the dog who is elevated to an equality with the man, or is it

the man who has degraded himself to a level with the dog ?

What does the duel prove ? Two men are suddenly engaged in a quarrel. Their passions are inflamed ; one insults the other by calling him a coward or a scoundrel. The man who has been insulted sends the other a challenge, which is accepted. They meet and fight, and the offender triumphs ! Does it result from this that the victim of a false point of honor is either a scoundrel or a coward ?

Two individuals are engaged in political discussion. One of them advances a true proposition, which wounds the other's feelings. It is followed by his giving him the lie. From this results a duel, in which the one who gave the lie kills his adversary. Does this prove that the man who was killed did not speak the truth ?

Is the duelist a patriot ? To the duelist, a few minutes of what is called courage suffices.—The true soldier, who is ready to give his life to his country, must have constant and unwavering fortitude. With a very few exceptions, the professional duelist is as bad a soldier as citizen.

Formerly the party who was insulted had the choice of weapons. Now-a-days a monster, steeped in blood, insults the man who has offended him,

or rather the man whom he imagines has insulted him, with the hope that he will demand satisfaction of him. He is fully prepared. On receiving the challenge, he answers that he is ready, and will be happy to send a bullet through the brains of his adversary.

Thus the offender, in insulting his enemy, whom he knows to be inferior in skill or physical force, virtually says to him, "Swallow this insult, or I will kill you; I have abused you, and I wish to take your life. I constitute myself the judge in settling this difference between us. I have condemned you, and I wish to be your executioner!"

Does the refusal of a challenge confer disgrace? Mirabeau and the Marquis du Chatelet were both members of the Constituent Assembly of France, and leaders of opposite parties. It happened that Mirabeau used some expressions in debate which the Marquis was pleased to consider as somewhat offensive, and sent him a challenge. Mirabeau replied to him in the following words:

Monsieur le Marquis,—

It would be very unfair for a man of sense like me to be killed by a fool like you.

I have the honor to be, with the
Highest consideration, &c.,

MIRABEAU.

THERE IS SORROW ALL AROUND
OUR PATH.—
BY MRS. W. W. WHITE.
—

THERE's sorrow all around our path ;
There's sorrow in the tone
Of the murmuring, melancholy winds
That mourn all night alone ;
There's sorrow in the whispering breeze,
There's sadness in the shade,
And Sunshine wakes no lightness
Where Death has darkness made !

The cooling splash of waterfalls—
The singing of the birds—
These make no joyous echoes
When we muse on parting words :
We view the brooks that gently glide
Unheeding o'er the lea,
And mournfully o'er us
Comes the thought—Eternity !

The clouds for me no beauty wear ;
They 're frail and fragile things—
Their glorious hues and gorgeous forms,
That Evening o'er them flings,
Speak of the darkness and the gloom
When Life's last day is o'er,
When I shall see the glorious sun,
And those I love, no more !

I've heard of music's bringing joy—
To me its tones are bare—
The memory of departed ones,
Sweet voices in the air ;
The tones, the words, which music wears,
From loved ones gently heard,
Come o'er me, and 'tis sad to hear
E'en music from a bird !

Oh ! may I hope to find a place .
'Mong bright and fairy wings ;
Where the pang of parting ne'er is felt,
And 'tis the spirit sings !—
Where flowers may bloom untouched by blight—
Where ne'er is heard a sigh,
And the *bliss of loving* is not lost
By knowing we must die !

THE LITERATURE OF SPAIN.

—
BY J. D. B. DE BOW, ESQ.
—

It is with emotions of melancholy we are accustomed to regard the decline of Spain, and her glories faded into dust, from the high rank in the politics of Europe accorded, at one time, to her by universal consent. The victim of arbitrary and despotic power—the theatre of court intrigues and revolutions—with a wealthy, dominant, but unscrupulous hierarchy fattening upon the substance of the land, and repressing and crushing out the vital energies of the people by a system of intolerance the most perfect, and a total suppression of all light and knowledge; broken up, by almost impassable physical divisions, into provinces distinct in character, institutions and customs; without commerce or manufactures; with agriculture degraded to the lowest condition, and the landed interests monopolized by princes and nobles of Church and State; industry denied its

accustomed motives, security and reward: such is Spain; and we naturally contrast her position with what it was when Charles V. had extended his dominions too widely for the sun ever to set upon them—or when, at a still earlier period, her monarch parceled out the world by treaty, and reserved to himself, of its empire and its treasures, by far the greater and the wealthier part. The admonition is a solemn one, which it becomes us all to heed in the day of our pride, our arrogance and our power!

To imagine that the literature of a nation will not be influenced and determined by its political and social condition, would be in violation of all the teachings of experience. The history of Spain, in every period, confirms the judgment; and we gather, with a fidelity and truthfulness which is never once at fault, from the earliest ballads of the country—the chronicles, the books of chivalry, *romancers* and drama—all the incidents and evidences of progress or decline of the Spanish people, through their romantic struggles, defeats and triumphs, from the earliest Moorish invasion to the present times.

We were in almost entire ignorance of the variety, richness and extent, of the literature of Spain, before the publication of the comprehensive work of

Mr. Ticknor. The world is indebted to this gentleman for one of the most elaborate and faithful exhibitions of the literary progress and decay of a nation, at all times attracting a romantic interest, which has appeared in any language; and the scholar will not know which to admire most, the elegance of its arrangement and classic beauty of style, or the profound and enthusiastic researches, conducted amidst the buried, obscure and almost forgotten, records of the remote past.

The work of TICKNOR, we need not say, is a credit to American literature, and, like those of PRESCOTT and IRVING, marks an epoch in its history. It has been the labor almost of a life—as the author tells us he began, as early as 1818, the collection of materials for it, in a visit to Spain, and has added to them ever since, until he has gathered the most magnificent collection of Spanish literary works to be found in America.

These volumes possess a degree of interest and attraction, not to be surpassed by any that have been published in the present century, and open upon us a world as novel as that which the genius of Columbus made bare to the adventurers of Castile and Aragon.

No country in Europe has passed through a greater number of changes and revolutions than Spain. Its earliest records run back in antiquity to the Iberians, a fierce and warlike people who overspread the peninsula, and whose descendants are supposed to be the Biscayans, from many peculiarities in their institutions and manners of the present day. This people were overpowered by the Celts, who were among the earliest of those hordes that poured down upon Europe from Asia; but at what period the event occurred is involved in obscurity. The contest was long and terrible; and, when the races, at last, were extinguished in each other, their names were preserved in the appropriate appellation, derived from the two, *Celtiberian*. The reputation of the country for the precious metals attracted, soon after, the Phenicians, from across the Mediterranean; and they planted colonies near the pillars of Hercules, near Cadiz, and on the banks of the Guadalquiver—adding greatly thereby to their own wealth, rank and consequence. The Carthagenians, who were of the same race, after the first Punic war, took entire possession of the country, which they at last yielded to the Scipios and the triumphant Roman armies in the year 201, B. C. Two whole centuries of bloodshed and crime elapsed,

before the Roman power was securely established in the peninsula.

The Romans introduced innumerable colonies into Spain, and with them all the civilization and refinement of Italy. On every hand was clearly recognized the influences of a power, which having shaken the thrones of all the world, began itself to exhibit the tokens of decay. Extraordinary privileges were accorded to this favorite province, which, in return, contributed more than any other to the resources and wealth of the capital. The Latin became almost the language of the country—corrupted, it is true, on the introduction of Christianity, by ignorant ecclesiastics. The first foreigners elevated to the consulship, or honored with a public triumph, was Balbus, from Cadiz; and the first that occupied the throne of the Cæsars, was Trajan, a native of Seville. Portius Latro, a Spaniard, opened, in the metropolis, a school for Roman rhetoric, and numbered, among his pupils, Octavius Cæsar, Mæcenas, Marcus Agrippa and Ovid. The two Senecas, Lucan, Martial, Columella, the able writer on agriculture, and, probably, Quintilian, were also natives of Spain.

The fifth century introduced a new and melancholy era in the history of southern Europe, and

witnessed every trace of civilization and progress swept away in wreck and ruin, by the barbarian hordes who, emerging from the northern fastnesses of Asia, from Tartary and from Germany, tumultuously passed the Rhine and possessed themselves, by easy conquest, of the gardens of the world.

In the character of her conquerors Spain was fortunate. The Goths had already occupied Italy, and become acquainted with its laws, manners and language. The Visigoths were converts to Christianity, and exhibited a remarkable disposition for law and order, as we perceive, in the criminal and civil code adopted by them, among the first measures of administration. Their language, being unwritten, remained barbarous and but slightly affiliated with the corrupted Latin which continued to maintain its rank. The union of the two languages, at last, went very far toward the production of the modern Spanish.

But Spain was destined to another great convulsion, whose influences extended over eight centuries, and are associated with nearly every thing that is chivalrous, romantic and glorious, in her early history. The followers of Mohammed had overrun Asia, Egypt, and all the north of

Africa. They descended upon Spain, and, in the battle of the Gaudalete, and in the three succeeding years, shattered to pieces the Gothic power, except in the north-west, where, under Pelayo, the Christians had taken refuge. From this point began those heroic but desperate struggles—in which were involved, on the one hand, all the associations of home, of nationality and religion; and, on the other, the pride, the power and splendor, of the Mohammedan empire—lasting through eight hundred years, and only brought to a close, after the fall of Granada witnessed the triumph of Christian power, and the banner of the Cross floating over the Alhambra, and over every wall and tower of the peninsula.

The Moorish power in Spain was marked by much that was glorious in civilization, in luxury and letters; and, amid the darkness and gloom which had settled upon Europe, shone forth with steady and almost dazzling brightness. Men of letters congregated there from all the world, attracted by its libraries, its schools and its scholars; and many of the regenerating influences which, long afterward, dissipated the night of the middle ages, may be traced to the intellectual empires of Cordova and Granada.

The Gothicized Latin of the Christians, coming now in intimate association with the Arabic, a more polished and refined one, adopted many of its forms, and borrowed copiously from its vocabulary. The change was gradual and continuous, and, about the middle of the twelfth century, the amalgamated elements had risen to the dignity of a written language, known, ever since, as the Castilian, or Spanish. From this period is traced the history of Spanish literature.

Here we recognize, according to Mr. Ticknor, the existence, in Spain, of a language, spreading gradually throughout the greater part of the country, different from the pure or the corrupted Latin, and still more different from the Arabic, yet obviously formed by a union of both, modified by the analogies and spirit of the Gothic constructions and dialects, and containing some remains of the vocabularies of the Spanish tribes, of the Iberians, the Celts and the Phenicians, who, at different periods, had occupied nearly or quite the whole of the peninsula. This language was called, originally, the *Romance*, because it was so much formed out of the language of the Romans; later it was called *Spanish*, and at last, more frequently, called *Castilian*, from that portion of the country whose political power grew

to be so predominant, as to give its dialect a preponderance over all others. The proportion of all these elements is estimated, by Sarmiento: six-tenths of Latin origin, one-tenth Greek and ecclesiastical, one-tenth northern, one-tenth Arabic, one-tenth East Indian, American, Gipsey, modern German, French and Italian.

Previously to this, however, there are many anonymous poems, the most celebrated of which is that of the Cid, consisting of about three thousand lines. The Cid was a popular hero of the chivalrous age of Spain, and the poem narates, with stirring, graphic, yet rude, power, the long series of glorious exploits, that marked his eventful and splendid military career. It is, besides, a faithful and simple picture of the manners, customs and institutions, of that romantic period.

The next known author in Castilian literature is Alfonso the Tenth, or, as he is distinguished in history, "Alfonso the wise." A poet and a philosopher, it was said of him, "he was more fit for letters than for the government of his subjects; he studied the heavens and watched the stars, but forgot the earth and lost his kingdom." To this monarch the world is indebted for that code which has had so wide an influ-

ence for its wisdom and equity, and which, at this day, constitutes almost the common law of Spain—the “*Partidas*.” This valuable work was undertaken in 1263 or 1265, and called *Las Siete Partidas*, or the “seven parts,” from the number of divisions it contained. It is distinguished in general for a peaceful and polished style, working upon the materials of the Decretals, the Digest and Code of Justinian, the *Fuero Juzgo*, a collection of Visigoth laws made by St. Ferdinand, the father of Alfonso, and other Spanish and foreign authorities. The *Partidas*, however, differs very much in nature and character from the Justinian and Napolean codes, and is rather a collection of legal, moral and religious treatises, systematically arranged. It abounds in discussions of various kinds, and presents, according to Mr. Ticknor, a digested result of the readings of a learned monarch and his coadjutors in the thirteenth century, on the relative duty of a king and his subjects, and on the entire legislation and police, ecclesiastical, civil and moral, to which, in their opinion, Spain should be subjected; the whole interspersed with discussions, sometimes more quaint than grave, etc., etc.

This code, though it was not for nearly a century recognized as of binding authority in

Spain, has ever afterward maintained the highest rank in that country and her colonies, and, since the annexation of Louisiana and Florida to the United States, has been consulted constantly and applied by our jurists.

Among the earliest monuments of Spanish literature, the "Ballads" occupy a distinguished place. The first lisplings of the muse seem to have taken this form, for which it is not difficult to account, considering the extraordinary character of the times. Those which have been preserved to us in the various collections, and which, no doubt, suffered mutilation in their long traditional passage, are very numerous, breathe a spirit of genuine poetic fervor, religion, patriotism and chivalry; and, being the product of a people more advanced in civilization and refinement, are considered greatly superior in literary excellence to the early Scotch and English ballads. They are purely *Castilian*, and expressive of the national sympathies and spirit in so high and perfect a degree, as to be sung by the muleteers of Spain of the present day precisely as they were heard by Don Quixote in his adventures to Toboso. Love, war, religion, chivalry and heroism, are their subjects; and, partaking

of the spirit of those glorious struggles for God, liberty and nationality, which for so many hundred years were displayed by the Christians of Spain, they burn with all the fires of a lofty and genuine inspiration. The authors and dates of most of these are unknown, and the collection, as embraced in the "*Romanceros Generales*," consists of above a thousand poems.

We conclude, however, unwillingly, with the simple and touchingly beautiful ballad, where an elder sister reproaches the younger, on noticing her first symptoms of love. It would seem that the tender inspiration differed little five hundred years ago and now, and its unmistakable signs are as recognizable in our day, in Laura, Mary, Sally or Betsy, as in simple "little Jane" in the ballad :

Her sister, Miguella,
Once chid little Jane,
And the words that she spoke
Gave a great deal of pain :

" You went yesterday playing,
A child, like the rest ;
And now you come out,
More than other girls, dressed.

- “ You take pleasure in sighs,
In sad music delight ;
With the dawning you rise,
Yet sit up half the night.
- “ When you take up your work,
You look vacant and stare,
And gaze on your sampler,
But miss the stitch there.
- “ You’re in love, people say—
Your actions all show it ;
New ways we shall have
When mother shall know it.
- “ She’ll nail up the windows
And lock up the door ;
Leave to frolic and dance
She will give us no more.
- “ Old aunt will be sent
To take us to mass,
And stop all our talk
With the girls as we pass.

“ And when we walk out,
She will bid our old shrew
Keep a faithful account
Of what our eyes do.

“ And mark who goes by,
If I peep through the blind,
And be sure to detect us
In looking behind.

“ Thus for your idle follies,
Must I suffer, too,
And though nothing I’ve done,
Be punished like you !”

“ O sister Miguella,
Your chiding pray spare ;
That I’ve troubles, you guess,
But not what they are.

“ Young Pedro it is,
Old Juan’s fair youth ;
But he’s gone to the wars,
And where is his truth ?

“ I loved him sincerely,
I loved all he said ;
But I fear he is fickle,
I fear he is fled !

“ He is gone of free choice,
Without summons or call,
And 'tis foolish to love him
Or like him at all.”

“ Nay, rather do thou
To God pray above,
Lest Pedro return,
And again you should love,”

Said Miguella, in jest,
As she answered poor Jane,
“ For when love has been bought
At cost of such pain,

“ What hope is there, sister,
Unless the soul part,
That the passion you cherish
Should yield up your heart ?

“ Your years will increase,
But so will your pains,
And this you may learn
From the proverb’s old strains :

“ ‘ If when but a child
Love’s power you own,
Pray what will you do
When you older are grown ? ’ ”

SONNET—TO ITALY.

[Translated from the Italian of Filieaja.]

“Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta.”—
BY DURANT DA PONTE, ESQ.
—

Italia! misery is thine unending,
For beauty's sweet though fatal gift hast thou!
Yes! thou art beautiful, yet on thy brow
Sorrow with loveliness is ever blending.
Oh! might thy beauty less divinely glow!
No longer clasp thee may a stranger's arms!
They love thee less who worship but thy charms;
Thy *sons* are thine in death, in joy or woe,
The frozen Alps pour on thy verdant plains
Their armed torrents like their rushing streams;
Though Gallic blood the Po's dark waters stains,
A foreign sword forever o'er thee gleams—
A foreign vampyre thy existence drains—
CONQUERED OR CONQUEROR, DOOMED TO SLAVERY'S
CHAINS.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

BY MRS. MYRA CLARKE GAINES.

THE fact of a lady addressing a large audience, in a highly respectable and enlightened community, is, it must be admitted, a novel and uncommon scene; and, to those who know me, it is scarcely necessary to say, that I am quite inexperienced in the art of public speaking. To some it may appear strange that a lady should come forward in public, and address a mixed audience, and give her sentiments on a subject in which it cannot be supposed she has had any experience. Some, if not many, of my own sex may fancy that I am rather transgressing the boundaries of strict *female reservedness*, and, that it is wrong for a lady to speak in a public assembly. Were I alone and unprotected, it would scarcely comport with that delicacy which a female ought always to cultivate and maintain; but when I do it in the presence of my liege lord, to whom I am accountable for all my actions—and when it

is on War, a subject in which he has all his life been interested and concerned, (and what wife can be blamed in taking a deep interest in the affairs of her husband?) I should think that, were a jury selected from this highly respectable audience, and composed of some of even the most fastidious of my own sex, to try me for the act in which I am now engaged, I am confident the verdict would come in—*acquitted*.

I am not ignorant of the truth, that woman's province is the domestic circle; or, in the words of the immortal Milton, "She is to study household good, and good works in her husband to promote." Her's is the calm pursuits and gentle enjoyments of life: man's, that of enterprise and action. Man is to fill a wide and busy theatre, on a contentious world, while *woman* is destined by her Maker to move in a more peaceful sphere.

The strifes and contentions of men, in whatever manner they break out, and from whatever source they may spring, are always subjects of regret, and causes of grief and sorrow. Men are sprung from one common parent: they derived their existence from the same Father: and being so nearly related, the bonds of friendship and the ties of union and agreement should be strengthened and firmly cemented in every possible way:

good-will should be, in fact, a universal principle. Under these circumstances it must be painful to every person of common humanity and feelings, to reflect on the depravity of man, as displayed in the quarrels and contests which have been so common in every age, and in every part of the world. Who can paint the horrors of war? What pen can describe the wretchedness and sufferings experienced by thousands who, to satisfy the ambition and revenge of a few, were its unhappy victims? Permit me to lay before you only a few floating recollections on the Horrors of War, from the page of history, and you will see what a sight a field of battle must be.

Think of fifty or one hundred thousand human beings on each side prepared for slaughter, and patiently, or ardently, awaiting the signal which hurries them on to carnage, not only without remorse, but even when the excitation of the bloody business has begun with ardor and enthusiasm, although the cause of the contest has been, in not a few instances, unknown to their leaders. It is recorded that one million of Jews were slain at the destruction of Jerusalem. The Jews of Antioch, we know, destroyed one hundred thousand of their countrymen, and Probus caused seven hundred thousand Gauls to be slain. In the sixth

century, thirty thousand inhabitants of Constantinople were put to death. Ten centuries after, seventy-five thousand Huguenots, and sixty-five thousand Christians, in Croatia, were massacred. In Batavia twelve thousand Chinese were destroyed by the natives. The Arabs slew forty thousand people at Constantinople in the middle of the last century. The French Revolution, it is calculated by a learned writer, cost the lives of *three millions* of people ; and many other such bloody transactions might be taken from the records of history. It is somewhere said that, during the last seven hundred years, there have been two hundred and sixty-six years of war between England and France, in which *twenty-six millions* of souls have been slain! Were it necessary, I could greatly extend the catalogue of thousands who, in ancient times, were carried off by that terrible scourge—*war*. Yes, this very generation has witnessed the destruction of millions of our race. It has seen half a million of combatants marshaled in battle array around the walls of a Leipsic: it has seen a Borodino strown with eighty thousand bodies of the slain: and a Muscovy overspread with the wreck of the mightiest host of modern days.

In the invasion of the Burman Empire by the

British army, *one-half* perished by sickness. The invasion of Russia by Napoleon furnishes another and more striking illustration.

Ten thousand horses, says Count Segur, perished on the march, and more especially in the encampments which followed. A large quantity of equipage remained abandoned on the sands, and great numbers of men subsequently gave way.— Their carcasses were lying encumbering the road. The army had advanced but a hundred leagues from the Niemen, and already it was completely prostrated. The officers who traveled post from France to join it, arrived dismayed. They could not conceive how a *victorious* army, without *fighting*, should leave behind it more wrecks than a *defeated* one. From these sufferings, physical and moral, from these privations, from these continual scenes of horror, sprang two dreadful epidemics, one of which was the typhus fever. Out of twenty-two thousand Bavarians, who had crossed the Oder, eleven thousand only reached the Duna, and yet they had never *been in action*. This military march cost the French one-fourth, and the allies one-half, their armies. If this is *victorious invasion*, what must be disastrous retreat? We will see, says Labaune, marching from Smolensko, a spectacle the most horrible that could

be seen. We saw soldiers stretched by dozens around the green branches which they had vainly attempted to kindle, and so numerous were their bodies, that they would have obstructed the road, had not the soldiers been often employed in throwing them into the ditches and ruts. Speaking of the passage of the Beresina, the same writer says, *Now* began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades; but a greater number was suffocated at the head of the bridge, and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. At length the Russians advanced in a mass. At the sight of the enemy, the artillery, the baggage wagons, the cavalry, and the foot soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon.—Thousands and thousands of victims, deprived of all hope, threw themselves into the Beresina, and were lost in its waves. I could point to sacked towns and cities, and show you the aged and infirm,

the delicate female and the tender infant, weltering in their blood. I could exhibit large territories laid waste, and their inhabitants perishing by famine and pestilence. Here we should behold the sick and the wounded, expiring for want of the proper care, and *there* others through privation and fatigue. In short, the task were almost endless, to designate the various means by which the unhappy victims of war are sent to an untimely grave. When nations are engaged in hostilities, we hear of the amount of their respective forces—we are informed of their numbers slain in battle; and without once thinking of any other loss, we are surprised to find that but a handful remain at the termination of a campaign. In what has been said, however, the mystery is partly revealed; and we find that war, in very deed, has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon or the sword, and we are no longer incredulous respecting the vast numbers slain. We can understand how it was that five millions perished in the ravages of Africa, on the Mediterranean; how that, out of seven hundred thousand Croises that, in the famed Crusades, sat down before the walls of Nice, forty thousand only encamped around Jerusalem: how that the possession of Nice, Edessa and Antioch, cost the lives of eight millions one hundred thousand people: how the Crusades drained Europe

of twenty millions of its inhabitants: how that, during the first fourteen years of the Mogul Empire, millions on millions of human beings were destroyed by Gengis Khan: how that Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, occasioned each the destruction of millions: and how that the whole number of inhabitants destroyed by war in all ages of the world amounts, according to the estimates of a most exact calculator, to the enormous sum of *seventy billions!* Where, where is the imagination able to conceive of such a sum!—and for the mind to grasp a million or two is a difficulty—but seventy billions of human beings cut off by war, how dreadful the thought! Who can calculate the horrors of war?—and here we might pause and ponder, and ask, Why this waste of human life? All these millions, these thousands of millions of rational beings, accountable at heaven's awful tribunal, have been precipitated prematurely into eternity. What an amount is seventy billions!—a sum greater, by far, than the present population of the whole earth. And yet how apt are we to feel unmoved—we who can weep, perhaps, over a well told tale of imaginary evil, written by some hungry, starving novel writer! Alas, have we plaudits for these awful realities! The sight of a murdered corpse petrifies us with horror and

amazement. We feel, in viewing it, as if the order of nature had been violated, and the eternal principles of right outraged; but we can read of a battle where thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands, strew the earth for miles around—where the dying and the dead are huddled together in mountain piles, and where the most heart-rending scenes of romance are more than a thousand times realized.

The next evil that presents itself for a moment's consideration, is the multiform and frightful suffering—the loathsome and horrible wretchedness realized in war—suffering and wretchedness, compared with which the common ills of life, and even the fabled ones of romance, dwindle into insignificance. Now of this suffering and wretchedness, which go so far towards constituting what is appalling and horrible in war, we are almost entirely ignorant. We hear, indeed, of the number wounded, but we think but little of their agonies, and deem their wounds of no consequence, so they do not prove mortal, and cause an ultimate diminution of forces. It does not occur to us, that the wounded sometimes lie on the field for many days, with their wounds undressed, among slaughtered heaps of their fellows, famishing with hunger, burning with thirst, chilled with the damps

of night, drenched with descending showers, scorched with the summer sun, stiffened with the winter's frost, suffocated with surrounding putrefaction, trodden under foot of men and horses, crushed by the wheels of cannon, torn by ravenous beasts and birds of prey. We hear of the sack of a city—but if the inhabitants are not absolutely massacred, we feel no further concern on their account. We hear of a retreat—and then we even find cause for gratulation, that the army is able to make one without falling into the hands of an enemy. But whether any perish by fatigue or privation while making it, or whether the sick or the wounded have been abandoned to the mercy of the enemy, without medicine, without nourishment, without care, is not entitled to a moment's consideration. Oh! the horrors of war are too great—too numerous—too painful—too heart-rending, for us to recount, and we will gladly leave this part of our subject, and take a little relief by glancing at another; but before doing so, permit me to relate an anecdote:

It is said that a lady, in conversation with the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of war, during the occupation of Paris by the Allies, asked the Duke, if the gaining of a great victory was not the most glorious thing in the world? The Duke's

answer was noble: "It is," said he, "Madame, *the greatest of all human calamities, except a defeat.*" It was a memorable saying, well worthy of this or any other age, and showed the Duke's heart was in the right place.

Peace should be the chief aim of a commercial, and indeed of every people. Nothing but self-defence can justify war: and the National Defence, of which you have just heard so much this evening, provides only against attack: it proposes not to be an aggressor; and whilst it prepares for war, its object by this preparation is, if possible, rather to prevent it, and all its accompanying horrors. Should a foreign foe see proper to attack our coasts, does not common prudence dictate to be prepared to act on the defensive?—and is it when the enemy is at our doors that we should awake to preparation? Hannibal's great maxim was, "*that people were nowhere vulnerable except at home.*"

Let us leave the dark picture, and glance for a moment at the advantages of peace to a country, and we will see how it flourishes in all its interests. It is then that the Governor of a country can behold with pleasure the happiness of his people. It is during peace that the statesman, with rapture, beholds the success of

his long studied plans and enterprises. It is then the man of independence lives comfortably and securely on the fortune he has honestly acquired. It is in peace that the mechanic with delight looks at the increase of wealth flowing into a country, and the farmer reaps with joy the benefits arising from his toil and industry. Even the very warrior himself, and the honest countryman, have both experienced the advantages of peace. And why should men love war, rather than peace? Is it because they are ambitious, revengeful and ignorant? Ah! many striking instances might be given of the frailty of human nature, and of the exercise of those malevolent passions which have given rise to the most cruel and bloody wars.— To recount them would be a painful task; and, without trespassing any longer on your time and patience, let me only hope that, should war ever come into our beloved country, we shall be prepared to act on the defensive, and then America expects *every man to do his duty*; and if we only bear in mind the valor and moral worth of a Washington, and try to imitate his virtues, we can never degenerate as a people. Praised be the God of Sabaoth, for having nerved our soldiers, during the revolutionary war, with invincible strength! and praised be His name for having

appointed us a system of government which secures political freedom and personal safety, and that we enjoy a system of religion which is as glorious in its tendency as it is divine in its origin. These are the invaluable privileges, whose united rays form the Sun of America's glory, around which all her other minor distinctions revolve as planets, borrowing the shadows of their radiance, and reflecting the beams of their effulgence. Who can look upon our free Constitution, and its effects, in a political point of view, but as the glory and the defence of our land! Americans, then, I conjure you, by your patriotism, by your regard to that unrivaled land which gave you birth, and by the remembrance of what our forefathers have done, to support our glorious institutions—to stand up for the defence of our country—to preserve the beauty of our excellent Constitution, and maintain the spirit of Christianity amongst us. We are, it cannot be denied, becoming a great commercial people, but let us not be satisfied with that species of greatness alone; rather let us increase farther and farther in moral greatness, the grand distinction of any people. It is our moral greatness which makes our laws so superior and excellent. Those are, indeed, a glory to an American, for they are made for the general good, and are

dictated by wisdom and experience. Let us hope that our moral greatness, and high sense of justice, will never leave us. America is now placed on the pinnacle of glory; she has arrived at the summit of happiness. She was once like a star which twinkled on the dark concave of heaven, and scarcely could be seen—but now a Sun, which shines with effulgence and splendor in the ethereal sky, and which dazzles the eyes of admiring beholders. Her military and naval greatness may leave her. Rome and Athens, we know, acquired glory which, at one time, outshone that of all the world. They had conquered many nations, but their power and their moral greatness at last declined; and the dawn of luxury hastened on the dissolution of these republics. Thus it may be one day with us: our commerce, even, may go to another nation; our glory, happiness and prosperity, may vanish “as the morning cloud or early dew;” but never, never, may our moral greatness leave us. It is the noblest, the brightest gem that glitters in her diadem, and may this always remain firm and immovable as the mountain rocks. O, America! thou land of my nativity, where shall I find a land so dear to my heart, and so delightful as thou art! Were I in heaven, and viewing this our lower world wheeling

brightly under my feet, thou to me wouldst shine brighter than all the rest of the earth, and thou still wilt continue to do so, whilst God is a wall of fire about thee, and Religion is in the midst of thee! May no scenes of blood ever distress and pollute our happy country. May war and discord never utter their clamors amongst us; and may the roar of the cannonade and the clash of arms never be heard; but may universal peace and happiness sway their sceptre over a smiling world.

LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!

—

BY MRS. ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

—

In the shifting scenes of life,
Filled with sorrow, toil, and strife,
May no shadow overcast,
Those through which my soul has past!
May no fabled Lethé pour
Its dark waves my memory o'er;
Hiding aught of pain or care,
God has traced in wisdom there!

On the tablets of my brain,
Ever let *the past* remain;
Wrong and suffering—deeply felt,
Still by Mercy's hand were dealt;
And the keenest pang I've known,
Came from the ALMIGHTY'S throne,
Some bless'd mission to fulfill,
Humble pride—or save from ill!

Good and evil—weal and woe—
From the same pure fountain flow,
Though their purposes may be,
Hidden from humanity!
Blessings visible, no more
Tell, than griefs which we endure,
Truths, which all things serve to prove
God is justice!—God is love!

This, our Faith divinely teaches,—
This, Experience ever preaches,—
This, the lesson Reason draws,
When on Time's swift course we pause;—
This, the firm conviction given,
Through communings oft with Heaven;
Bidding us when all is seen,
Ask—"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!"

THE MODEL JUDGE.

BY GUSTAVUS SCHMIDT, ESQ.

FEW names are to be met with in the judicial annals of any country, entitled to greater respect, than that of JOHN MARSHALL, the late venerable Chief Justice, of the United States; and there are few lives, which like his, present such an harmonious assemblage of the best and noblest qualities, which adorn public as well as private life.

A biography of this distinguished individual would be an important and instructive acquisition to our literature; and it is to be hoped, that among the many talented men of his native State, several of whom have had the very best opportunities of appreciating his worth, some one will be found, disposed to discharge this debt, which is due to his memory, and which is also due to Virginia and to the United States, as the heirs of his fame, and as participators of

Good and evil—weal and woe—
From the same pure fountain flow,
Though their purposes may be,
Hidden from humanity!
Blessings visible, no more
Tell, than griefs which we endure,
Truths, which all things serve to prove
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This, our Faith divinely teaches,—
This, Experience ever preaches,—
This, the lesson Reason draws,
When on Time's swift course we pause;—
This, the firm conviction given,
Through communings oft with Heaven;
Bidding us when all is seen,
Ask—"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!"

THE MODEL JUDGE.

BY GUSTAVUS SCHMIDT, ESQ.

FEW names are to be met with in the judicial annals of any country, entitled to greater respect, than that of JOHN MARSHALL, the late venerable Chief Justice, of the United States; and there are few lives, which like his, present such an harmonious assemblage of the best and noblest qualities, which adorn public as well as private life.

A biography of this distinguished individual would be an important and instructive acquisition to our literature; and it is to be hoped, that among the many talented men of his native State, several of whom have had the very best opportunities of appreciating his worth, some one will be found, disposed to discharge this debt, which is due to his memory, and which is also due to Virginia and to the United States, as the heirs of his fame, and as participators of

the lustre, which his talents and his virtues, have imparted to the land, which gave him birth.

That this task will some day be ably accomplished, we cannot for a moment doubt; and in the meantime we shall attempt to arrange such reminiscences of his life and character, as we have treasured up during a residence of about eight years in the City of Richmond, where we had frequent opportunities of seeing him both in public and private life.

John Marshall was a man, whom no one could approach, while in the discharge of his official duties without feeling respect, and whom no one ever knew intimately without being inspired with love and reverence for his character.

When we first saw Judge Marshall, he was in the zenith of his fame, and though advanced in years, in the full enjoyment of his physical as well as intellectual faculties. We had already acquired sufficient experience of the world to be aware, that reputation, like remote objects, often derives its enchantment from the distance, and that many an individual whose name has been trumpeted far and wide by renown, and whom our imagination has invested with the attributes of a demi-god, frequently dwindles into a very

ordinary mortal upon closer inspection; and yet we were not disappointed.

There was an expression of benevolence, dignity, and reflection in the appearance of Mr. Marshall, calculated to make a highly favorable impression on every one who saw him; but few persons would be apt to divine, at first glance, that under this calm and sedate exterior dwelt a mind, which for depth of thought, reach of comprehension, and power of analysing and of reducing the most complex questions to their simplest expression, had scarcely an equal. And indeed the great superiority of his mind consisted rather in the harmonious development of the perceptive and reflective faculties, than in any undue or remarkable preponderance of any one intellectual quality.

The extent of Mr. Marshall's legal attainments is sufficiently attested by his decisions, while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Union, among which there are many, which on account of the familiar acquaintance they display with the principles of international, public and common law, and the perspicuity and elegance of their style, as well as the convincing force of the reasoning, must be viewed as models of judicial eloquence. And yet he can hardly be regarded

as a learned lawyer, in the sense in which this word is often employed; as his acquaintance with the Roman jurisprudence, as well as with the laws of foreign countries, was not very extensive. He was, what is called a *common law lawyer*, in the best and noblest acceptation of the term. He was educated for the bar at a period, when Digests, abridgments and all the numerous facilities, which now smooth the path of the law student, were almost unknown, and when you often sought in vain in the Reporters, which usually wore the imposing form of folios, even for an index of the decisions, and when marginal notes of the points determined in a cause was a luxury not to be either looked for or expected. At this period, when the principles of the common law had to be studied in the blackletter pages of Coke upon Littleton, a work equally remarkable for quaintness of expression, profundity of research, and the absence of all method in the arrangement of its very valuable materials; when the rules of pleading had to be looked for in Chief Justice Saunders' Reports, while the doctrinal parts of a jurisprudence, based almost exclusively on precedents, had to be sought after in the Reports of Dyer, Plowden, Coke, Popham, Leonard, Yelverton, and others. It was then no

easy task to become an able lawyer, and it required no common share of industry and perseverance to amass sufficient knowledge of the law, to make even a decent appearance in the forum. At this time, when the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* were hardly deemed sufficient to make a respectable lawyer, he succeeded, in a comparatively short time, to master the elements of the common law, and to place himself at the head of the profession in Virginia, and on a level with a Randolph, a Pendleton and a Wythe, names which will forever remain illustrious in the legal profession. That this was not achieved without great labor will readily be believed; and it affords a convincing proof both of the energy of character, which he possessed, and of his aptitude for study and reflection; and there can be little doubt, that the habits of laborious application, which he acquired during this period, exercised a beneficial influence on his after life, and paved the way of his future greatness.

The study of the common law, with its numerous precedents, when pursued with the enthusiastic love of the science, which is requisite to attain distinction in it, is admirably adapted to make us acquainted with the diversity of facts to which the law has to be applied; to beget

readiness and acuteness in distinguishing between the principles of the law, and to train the mind for the practical exercise of the profession. The study of the abstract principles of jurisprudence seems, on superficial examination, to afford more certain results, and is certainly more flattering to our habitual indolence, and love of generalization. For there appears to be no necessity to study with attention a variety of adjudged cases in search of a principle common to all, when a knowledge of the principle itself may be acquired by reading a few lines of an elementary author. But those who reason thus seem to forget, that the 'principles of law are extremely numerous; that they are, in the course of the administration of justice, to be applied to an infinite variety of facts; and that it requires great attention and familiarity both with the facts and the law to determine the relative importance of the different rules of law applicable to a given series of facts, and much perspicacity and practice to select the governing principle for the decision of a cause. Now this familiarity is certainly more likely to be possessed by him who has acquired a knowledge of principles by a laborious analysis of a great number of cases actually decided, than by him who merely knows

the same principles from having studied **them** in the abstract. Besides the principles acquired by the analytical method are generally more firmly fixed in the mind, and more readily applied.

Perhaps the only real danger to be apprehended from the study of the law in the decisions of adjudged cases is, that on account of the multiplicity of adjudications, few minds possess sufficient comprehensiveness and vigor to grasp the general principles, and that lawyers educated in this school, are more apt to become what is called *case hunters*, than scientific jurists. It is unfortunately much more easy to rely on the authority of others in forming opinions, than to form them for ourselves after laborious investigation; and it is agreeable to the natural carelessness of most men rather to adopt current opinions, than to elaborate any of their own.

Judge Marshall's mind was of a very different order, and possessed a vigor and rapidity of analysis which was truly remarkable, and had the appearance of an intuitive and almost instinctive perception of the points on which depended the resolution of the most complicated questions. Intimately acquainted with the principles of the common law and indeed with the whole range of constitutional and public law, no

sophistry, or argument how ingeniously soever it might have been prepared, and no matter what array of authorities might be brought to its support, could mislead his judgment, or induce him to give his assent to a proposition, which was not intrinsically true. He had a rectitude of the heart as well as of the head, which enabled him to detect all fallacies of an argument, how skillfully soever they were concealed from the eye of an ordinary observer.

On the bench the Chief Justice was a model of what a Judge ought to be, and though we have seen many Judges, while in the discharge of their functions, both in this and other countries, we have never met with one, who approached so near the *beau ideal* of a perfect magistrate.

In ordinary life his conduct was affable and polite, and when entering the court room, which was usually before the appointed hour, for he was extremely punctual in the discharge of his duties, his conversation was cheerful, and evinced a remarkable freedom of mind, which in men of eminent attainments in any particular science, is almost an invariable criterion of superiority of intellect.

In his colloquies on such occasions with the

members of the bar, which were frequent, no attempt was ever made to claim superiority, either on account of his age or his great acquirements; neither was there any effort to acquire popularity; but his conduct was evidently dictated by a benevolent interest in the ordinary affairs of life, and a relish for social intercourse. The moment however he took his seat on the bench his character assumed a striking change. He still continued the same kind and benevolent being as before; but instead of the gay and cheerful expression which distinguished the features while engaged in social conversation, his brow assumed a thoughtfulness and an air of gravity and reflection, which invested his whole appearance with a certain indefinable dignity, which bore however not the slightest resemblance to sternness. The impression made on the beholder was that of a man engaged in some highly important and grave deliberation, which he apparently pursued with pleasure, but which at the same time seemed to absorb his whole attention, and required the full exercise of his faculties.

During the examination of the evidence, as well as on the argument of a cause, he was all attention, and listened to every thing that was said on both sides with a patience which was

truly extraordinary ; and we do not recollect in the course of the six years that we constantly attended the sessions of the Circuit Court of the United States, at Richmond, ever to have seen him indicate impatience even by a gesture. The remarks of Bishop Burnet with regard to Sir Mathew Hale, apply with equal force to Judge Marshall :—" Nothing was more admirable in him than his patience. He did not affect the reputation of quickness and despatch by a hasty and captious hearing of the counsel. He would bear with the meanest, and gave every man his full scope, thinking it much better to lose time than patience." We remember on some few occasions, at the close of an argument, to have heard him address a question to the Counsel with a view either to ascertain, whether there did not exist some legal adjudications in relation to the points for which he contended, or to be assured that he had correctly understood his propositions ; but always in a manner which convinced the person addressed, that his sole object was to obtain, and not to convey information. He always acted on the principle, that a Court of Justice was a sanctuary, where parties had a right to be heard ; that though the law had wisely interposed a special class of agents, called lawyers,

to protect the interests of suitors ; not only because they were presumed to be better acquainted with the science of the law, but also to prevent the tribunals from becoming the arena of disputes, which the passions and interests of the parties would not fail to make it, if they were permitted personally to defend their suits ; yet the advocates of a cause, represented their clients and were entitled to be heard ; not on account of any merit or privilege they possessed as lawyers, but because they acted in behalf of the citizens of the community, for whose benefit the administration of justice was created, and because the highest and the lowest member of society was entitled to equal favor in a Court of Justice.

Few Judges seem to have so maturely reflected on the duties of a Judge as Mr. Marshall, and few certainly carried into the practical administration of the laws so profound a respect for the rights of the citizen as he did. We doubt much, whether a single example can be adduced throughout his long judicial career, of a party or his counsel having complained, or of their having had just cause to complain of his not allowing them full latitude for the defence of a cause. Indeed so firmly was his love of justice seated, and so

desirous was he to decide correctly and after a full knowledge of all the facts and circumstances of a cause, that he listened with greater attention to the arguments of young lawyers, if possible, than to those that were more experienced. He did this, because he seemed to think that the more feebly a cause was defended the more it was necessary, that the experience of the judge should protect the rights of the suitor, who was not justly chargeable with the deficiencies of his advocate ; since his means might possibly not have enabled him to procure a more skillful one, or he may have thought, that since his defender had a license to practice the law he must possess sufficient skill for his protection.

He probably also believed, that clients are not always competent judges of the legal attainments of the members of the bar. Be this as it may, it is certain, that his love of justice ; his desire to adhere to the rules of law and to understand the nature of a cause in all its bearings, were equally conspicuous, and inspired a respect for his opinions which will hardly be believed, by those who have not witnessed the effects of it. This respect was carried so far that, we believe, for many years previous to his death, none of his decisions in the Circuit Court was ever appealed from, unless

he had himself advised the party cast to appeal. It is true that nearly in all important causes, he expressed a desire that his opinion might be submitted to the revision of the Supreme Court, and this advice was always given with a sincere desire, that it should be followed, although in most instances it was inoperative, on account of the settled conviction on the part of the suitors, that it would be nugatory.

But the confidence of the public in the correctness of the decisions of Judge Marshall arose not only from the causes to which we have already adverted ; but likewise from a firm belief not only of the soundness of his judgment ; but of his ability and great legal learning, of which he had on many occasions given the most satisfactory and conclusive proofs.

Many persons are still alive, who, acting either as jurors, or attracted by the trial of some important cause, have listened for days to the eloquent discourses of the eminent lawyers, who usually attended the Circuit Court, without being able to fix their opinions as to the decision which ought to be given in the cause ; but who, after hearing the charge of the judge or his opinion on the merits of the controversy, felt the

utmost astonishment at the apparent simplicity of the question in dispute, and wondered how they could have been so dull as not to perceive what now appeared so obvious.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Mr. Marshall's mind was his great facility in analysing the most complicated questions, and his talent for presenting them to his auditors in a manner at the same time perspicuous, elegant and striking. He usually began by laying down some general proposition, which could not be controverted, and then showed by deductions equally clear and logical its influence on the decision of the cause. His premises once admitted, the conclusions were irresistible; and even those, who were unwilling to yield their assent to the conclusions were unable to point out any error in the reasoning. The celebrated and eccentric John Randolph, is said to have declared in Congress on some occasion, that he was sure that Chief Justice Marshall had interpreted erroneously a certain question of constitutional law; but he defied any gentleman to point out in what the error consisted. This declaration, if it be true, as we have no doubt, proves the extraordinary force and cogency of his arguments, in which

even an open and skillful adversary could detect no flaw.

It is the happy privilege of master minds to subdue all difficulties, and to acquire at once, and by a vigorous effort of the will a knowledge, which men of less perfect organizations are often unable to attain by long and laborious study. Of this fact, Chief Justice Marshall was a most striking example; and which, we are sorry to add, had in some instances a pernicious influence, on many young men of promise, who were studying and afterwards practiced the law in Virginia. He had acquired early in life a reputation for talents and acquirements; which had uniformly increased in all the employments he had successively occupied. On the floor of the Legislature, and of Congress; in the cabinet, as well as when representing his country abroad; in every station, he was found not only perfectly qualified to fulfill the duties imposed on him; but able to shed lustre on the post he filled. His sociability and fondness for innocent recreations, which rendered him an agreeable and welcome companion in every circle, induced many persons to believe, that he devoted little or no time to study; and hence it became fashionable among

the young men, of Richmond and elsewhere to affect a contempt for study; and to rely exclusively, on what they were pleased to call, their native genius. That they completely misunderstood his character cannot be questioned. Endowed by nature with quick conception and uncommon energy, he engaged in every thing he undertook with an ardor which seemed to absorb his faculties for the moment; but as soon as he had accomplished his purpose, the reaction was in proportion to the previous tension of his mind; and he was never more cheerful, than when he had completed some laborious undertaking, and never more ready to engage anew in serious study, than when he had just abandoned some gay and festive conviviality.

This organization is not uncommon in men of great intellect, who seem to require constant occupation of some kind and derive relaxation, from what others would consider as fatiguing. Such minds are like the fertile soil of our Mississippi bottoms, which never stands in need of repose; but only requires a judicious rotation of crops to keep it forever productive.

Mr. Marshall notwithstanding his great ability was one of the most modest and unassuming men

that we have ever known. There is no doubt that he was perfectly conscious of his worth, for he had seen too much of the world, and had been too often brought in contact with men of acknowledged talents, not to be aware that he also was a man of merit; but the standard of perfection which he strove to attain was so elevated, that he never for a moment supposed that he had approached it near enough to feel the least emotion of pride. He had also a purer and a loftier motive for his conduct; a motive independent of all earthly considerations and which gave to the whole tenor of his life its harmony and grandeur. He had very early in life examined the evidences of the Christian religion, and the result was a firm conviction of the truth and authenticity of its doctrines, which ever after became the guide of his faith, and the rule which governed his conduct. But instead of inspiring him with the austerity, which so often characterizes the professors of religion, and which usually renders them so unamiable in the eyes of men of the world, his faith shed a benignant influence over every action of his life. He looked upon the world as the most glorious effort of Supreme power and beneficence; and on his fellow men as

the most wonderful production of creation, and he viewed their foibles, imperfections and errors with indulgence and charity, which he felt, were infinitely inferior to what, even the most perfect being would stand in need of, when required to render an account of his acts before the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

It is impossible to conceive, without having been an eye-witness, the respect and veneration felt for the Chief Justice in the City of Richmond, which was the place of his habitual residence for a great number of years. This respect, which was a spontaneous homage paid to his virtues and talents, exhibited itself frequently in the most affecting and flattering forms. Personally known to every man, woman and child, throughout the city, and usually mentioned by the familiar appellation of "*the old Chief*," his appearance in the streets, which occurred every day, was sure to excite attention. This attention was, however, never importunate or offensive; but mingled with the affectionate regard and reverence which the ancient patriarchs are said to have inspired. Passengers never failed to salute him with respect; noisy disputants ceased their clamors on his approach, and the very children stopped their

amusements to take a look at the venerable old man, who continued his road apparently unconscious that his presence was even heeded. The same, and even more marked attention was paid to him on the bench, not only by the bar, but by the public; and when he uttered any opinion, no matter on what subject, there was no necessity for commanding silence, which was the instantaneous result of an effort on his part to speak, and which was so complete, that a stranger, transported to the scene, might have imagined that his auditors had momentarily been deprived of speech as well as motion.

Having fulfilled throughout his long and useful life every duty both public and private, he departed for another and a better world, much too soon for the numerous and affectionate friends, which he left to mourn his departure. But the measure of his glory was full. Having nobly discharged every debt which any man could owe his friends, his family, and his country, he left a name imperishable in the annals of the land which gave him birth; and in whose service, he had constantly employed the lofty faculties with which he was endowed. We must believe, that the Supreme Being, having no longer any use

for his ministry on earth, released the imprisoned spirit, and as a reward for its toils permitted it to wing its flight to those bright and happy regions, for which it had long panted, and where alone it could expect to receive an adequate reward.

Among that brilliant galaxy of stars which adorns the legal firmament—the Cokes, the Hales, the Mansfields, and the Eldons, none will shine with a more resplendent, or purer, or more enduring lustre than that of the illustrious JOHN MARSHALL.

THE DEFORMED.

—
BY J. H. VAN DALSON, ESQ.
—

Beneath an aged oak, whose limbs old Time
Had coated with his green gray moss, a man
Was seated on the velvet sward. "What crime"—
As speaking to himself he so began—
"O Heaven, have I before thee done?" His heart,
Too big with wo, denied him further speech,
But to his deep gray eye hot tears did start,
And he drooped his head in anguish. In reach,
Beside the solitary stranger, lay
An open letter, traced by hand so fair—
Conceived by *her* whose smile to him was day;
And yet *her* words had launched him in despair.

A broken sigh
Stole from his wounded heart, and on the wing
Of a playful zephyr 'scaped to heaven.
'Twas mournful thus to see him mourn. The
spring—

The very fountain whence all joys are given
To man, seemed broken, while his swelling soul,
Convulsed with poignant grief, heaved up his breast
In wild spasmodic measure. To control
Such anguish, or to lull it into rest
Needs more than mortal power; for the heart
Dependent of each impress on the mind,
Cannot repose in calmness, but will start
And tremble, like an aspen in the wind,
At clouds of wo or sorrow. On his brow
Sat genius—not arrayed in conscious pride
And pow'r—but all subdued and drooping now,
As if o'erwhelm'd by the dark rolling tide
Of cureless misery within his breast.
'Twas not rejection of his proffered love
That robbed his bosom of its golden rest,
For pride would lift his fervent heart above
The sharp sting of passion unrequited;
The *cause* of that rejection was the blow
By which all his hopes and peace were blighted
In deep and unextinguishable wo.
He was DEFORMED; and yet within his breast
Had wayward nature fixed the purest spring
Of virtue and of love:—a sad bequest,
Whose gentlest impulse woos its sharpest sting.

Grown calm again, again he did essay
To breathe his sorrows on the quiet air
In language whose deep pathos did betray
The burning eloquence of love, in prayer.

He said :

“To thee, my mother, I this sorrow owe,
Ah, why, in nature's chaste divinity,
Should that sweet stream—a mother's fondness flow
Unchanging onward to infinity
Of all thought, space and time! Was't not thy love
That cultivated in this crooked breast
Each gentle impulse, parented by Jove
In thy propitious hour? Was I caressed
And made to drink sweet poison from the spring
Of mother's tenderness, that I might learn
To calmly bear the sharp exquisite sting
Of grim deformity—that I might yearn
For that eternal sleep, whose potent veil
The monster and the classic form conceals
In one dread cold oblivion; thy wail,
Dear mother, not thy gentle, kind appeals
To misplaced feeling in this blighted trunk,
Were fitter music for my childhood's ear!
Then, I had never climbed, nor ever sunk,
Nor ever loved, nor hoped, nor shed one tear;

But would have borne this mockery of form

Fixed in my mind, whereby to mould each thought
And action, and so triumph o'er the storm

Waked by that virtue thy pure fondness taught!

“ And thou, dear Amy!—yes, dear Amy, yet

Art first to wake me from my blissful dream
Of love. Yet why should I with vain regret

Look back at joy and thee? The golden stream
That bore me onward to the wished for goal

Has wrecked my bark upon the hidden rock—
DEFORMITY; it shone not in my soul;

My eyes, when inward turn'd, received no shock;
No mirror'd monster lay reposing there;

But all was calm and beautiful. My flow
Of love for thee was purer than the air

That chasteneth the rain-drops into snow;
’Twas born of virtue and esteem, and grew

To excellence too consummate for earth;
As flowers absorb their life-bestowing dew,

This love destroys the Eden of its birth.
Why didst thou cling unto that fatal strain

Of romance—whisper’d of another love?
Why urged thou me to wander o’er again

Those scenes of joy, that I might dearly prove
Thy gentleness of heart, and deeper drink

At Hope's unguarded fountain—that sweet stream
Beneath whose magic pow'r the senses sink
Into love's gentle, chaste, seraphic dream?
Ah! why"—He spoke no more. His glist'ning eye
With glowing resignation, turned on high
To those bright realms where all our sorrows die—
Where angel-spirits sail from star to star,
Like wing'd battalions 'gaged in sportive war.
He spoke no more! His spirit broke Earth's chain,
And back to Life Immortal sped again!

ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING
OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY S. S. PRENTISS, ESQ.

THIS is a day dear to the sons of New England, and ever held by them in sacred remembrance. On this day, from every quarter of the globe, they gather in spirit around the Rock of Plymouth, and hang upon the urn of their Pilgrim Fathers the garlands of filial gratitude and affection. We have assembled for the purpose of participating in this honorable duty; of performing this pious pilgrimage. To-day we will visit that memorable spot. We will gaze upon the place where a feeble band of persecuted exiles founded a mighty nation; and our hearts will exult with proud gratification as we remember that on that barren shore our ancestors planted not only empire but freedom. We will meditate upon their toils, their sufferings, and their virtues, and tomorrow return to our daily avocations with

minds refreshed and improved by the contemplation of their high principles and noble purposes.

The human mind cannot be contented with the present. It is ever journeying through the trodden regions of the past, or making adventurous excursions into the mysterious realms of the future. He who lives only in the present, is but a brute and has not attained the human dignity. Of the future but little is known; clouds and darkness rest upon it; we yearn to become acquainted with its hidden secrets; we stretch out our arms towards its shadowy inhabitants; we invoke our posterity, but they answer us not. We wander in its dim precincts till reason becomes confused and at last starts back in fear, like mariners who have entered an unknown ocean, of whose winds, tides, currents, and quicksands they are wholly ignorant. Then it is we turn for relief to the past, that mighty reservoir of men and things. There we have something tangible to which our sympathies can attach; upon which we can lean for support, from whence we can gather knowledge and learn wisdom. There we are introduced into Nature's vast laboratory and witness her elemental labors. We mark with interest the changes in continents and oceans by which she

has notched the centuries. But our attention is still more deeply aroused by the great moral events which have controlled the fortunes of those who have preceded us and still influence our own. With curious wonder we gaze down the long aisles of the past, upon the generations that are gone. We behold, as in a magic glass, men in form and feature like ourselves, actuated by the same motives, urged by the same passions, busily engaged in shaping out their own destinies and ours. We approach them and they refuse not our invocation. We hold converse with the wise philosophers, the sage legislators, and the divine poets. We enter the tent of the general and partake of his most secret counsels. We go forth with him to the battle-field and behold him place his glittering squadrons; then we listen with a pleasing fear to the trumpet and the drum, or the still more terrible music of the booming cannon and the clashing arms. But most of all, among the innumerable multitudes who peopled the past, we seek our own ancestors, drawn towards them by an irresistible sympathy. Indeed, they were our other selves. With reverent solicitude, we inquire into their character and actions, and as we find them worthy or unworthy, our hearts

swell with pride, or our cheeks glow with shame. We search with avidity for the most trivial circumstances in their history, and eagerly treasure up every memento of their fortunes. The instincts of our nature bind us indissolubly to them, and link our fates with theirs. Men cannot live without a past; it is as essential to them as the future. Into its vast confines we will journey to-day, and converse with our Pilgrim Fathers. We will speak to them and they will answer us.

Two centuries and a quarter ago, a little tempest-tost weather beaten bark, barely escaped from the jaws of the wild Atlantic, landed upon the bleakest shore of New-England. From her deck, disembarked a hundred and one care-worn exiles. To the casual observer no event could seem more insignificant. The contemptuous eye of the world scarcely deigned to notice it. Yet the famous vessel that bore Cæsar and his fortunes carried but an ignoble freight compared with that of the *Mayflower*. Her little band of pilgrims brought with them neither wealth nor power, but the principles of civil and religious freedom. They planted them for the first time in the Western Continent. They cherished, cultivated and improved them to a full and luxuriant maturity; and then

furnished them to their posterity as the only sure and permanent foundations for a free government. Upon those foundations rests the fabric of our great Republic ; upon those principles depends the career of human liberty. Little did the miserable pedant and bigot who then wielded the sceptre of Great Britain, imagine that from this feeble settlement of persecuted and despised Puritans in a century and a half, would arise a nation capable of coping with his own mighty Empire in arts and arms.

There were traits which distinguished the enterprise of the Pilgrims from all others, and are well worthy of continued remembrance. In founding their colony they sought neither wealth nor conquest, but only peace and freedom. They asked but for a region, where they could make their own laws, and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. From the moment they touched the shore, they labored with orderly systematic industry. They cultivated without a murmur, a poor and ungrateful soil, which even now yields a stubborn obedience to the dominion of the plough. They made no search for gold, nor tortured the miserable savages to wring from them the discovery of imaginary mines. Though landed

by a treacherous pilot upon a barren and inhospitable coast, they sought neither richer fields, nor a more congenial climate. Their honesty, industry, knowledge, and piety grew up together in happy union. There, in patriarchal simplicity and republican equality, the Pilgrim fathers and mothers passed their honorable days, leaving to their posterity the invaluable legacy of their principles and example.

On the 22nd of December, 1620, according to our present computation, their footsteps pressed the famous rock which has ever since remained sacred to their venerated memory. Poets, painters and orators have tasked their powers to do justice to this great scene. Indeed it is full of moral grandeur; nothing can be more beautiful, more pathetic and sublime. Behold the Pilgrims as they stood on that cold December day—stern men, gentle women and feeble children—all uniting in singing a hymn of cheerful thanksgiving to the good God who had conducted them safely across the mighty deep—and permitted them to land upon that sterile shore. See how their upturned faces glow with a pious confidence, which the sharp winter winds cannot chill, nor the gloomy forest shadows darken—

“ Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum
Nor the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the forest gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

There are some who find fault with the character of the Pilgrims—who love not the simplicity of their manners, nor the austerity of their lives. They were men and of course imperfect ; but the world may well be challenged to point out in the whole course of history, men of purer purpose or braver action—men who have exercised a more beneficial influence upon the destinies of the human race, or left behind them more enduring memorials of their existence. We gaze with profound veneration upon their awful shades ; we feel a noble pride in the country they colonized—in the institutions they founded—in the example they bequeathed. We exult in our birthplace and in our lineage.

Who would not rather be of the Pilgrim stock than claim descent from the proudest Norman that ever planted his robber brood in the halls of the Saxon, or the boldest Paladin that ever quaffed

wine at the table of Charlemagne? Well may we be proud of our native land and turn with fond affection to its rocky shores. The spirit of the Pilgrims still pervades it, and directs its fortunes. Behold the thousand temples that nestle in its happy valleys and crown its swelling hills. See how their glittering spires pierce the sky, and seem like so many celestial conductors, ready to avert the lightning of an angry heaven. The piety of the Pilgrim Patriarchs is not yet extinct, nor have the sons forgotten the God of their Fathers.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

—
BY J. W. STANTON, ESQ.
—

O, Lord of Life and Light, to Thee,
The *Pilgrim Fathers* bent the knee,
And we our joyful voices raise,
To our Almighty Maker's praise.

We come to consecrate this day
To LIBERTY, and honors pay,
To Puritan and Huguenot,
Whose deeds may never be forgot.

Our fathers braved the winter sea,
To found an empire for the free ;
They left a shore oppression trod,
And here sought peace to worship God.

Old Plymouth Rock! there let it stand,
The *Mecca* of our forest land,
And yearly may our hearts repair,
To cherish freedom's spirit there.

Forever, from that glorious urn,
May freedom's holy incense burn,
And unborn millions feed the fires,
Enkindled by our patriot sires.

The church and school-house side by side,
Our country's blessing and her pride,
While upward, Lord, they point to thee,
The Pilgrim's monument shall be.

Immortal honors earth proclaims,
For those great souls, who wrote their
names,
In virtue, on their country's page,
The light and glory of their age.

Let storied column rear its head
To chronicle the mighty dead,
And ever hallowed be the sod,
Where bowed the Pilgrim hearts to God.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

—
BY J. H. WHITAKER, ESQ.
—

NEITHER poet nor prose writer can describe with accuracy in the natural world, what is taken at second hand. Scenes and objects must have been noted by the eye of taste and close observation, before clear ideas of them can be conveyed in language. Without such personal examination, vain are the attempts of the narrative writer to describe accurately, graphically, or justly. He must approach his task also free from the influence of local and national prejudices; he must be a lover of his race and a lover of truth; his style must be free and graceful; striking or pleasing incidents which have occurred to him in the course of his travels may be related; customs and institutions discussed and occasional episodes, when they serve to illustrate the subject, do not detract from the unity of plan of such a composition.

The object of the writer of a book of travels is

or should be two-fold—first to interest and then to instruct his readers; to describe scenes vividly, and philosophize and moralize with the air and feelings of a friend, rather than the authority of a master. He is supposed to have himself visited the country which he undertakes to describe; has witnessed the operation of novel institutions and laws; has seen society under various aspects and has acquired new and perhaps important facts in the history of his race. He does not wish to withhold from the world the information which he has acquired in his wanderings, but is ready to impart it for the benefit and gratification of society. This is a just and liberal spirit, worthy of the scholar and philanthropist; and if he execute his task with skill he is entitled to thanks and praise exactly in proportion to the merits of his production.

Time, in its onward march will yet regenerate Mexico. The traveler who visits its lovely landscapes, after the lapse of years will probably have a very different tale to tell than the one we have been perusing. A long period must however pass away ere it present a spectacle like that of the free and enlightened Republic which we are happy to call our country—a country

which surpasses all the Republics which the world has ever seen, or imagination ever figured ; possessed of institutions well adapted to secure the welfare of a whole people, where towns and villages are continually springing up in the forest with the rapidity of fairy castles in the Arabian tales—where we have realized the beautiful land described in Holy Writ, where every man reposes beneath his own vine and fig-tree—where no superior is acknowledged, unless it be the superiority which great natural abilities, finished education or real worthiness of character bestow. Prodigal as Nature has been in her gifts to Mexico, she has not been less so to our country. Europe, too, may boast of her proud Architectural ruins, the glories of nations passed away—may point to her sculpture, her painting, and the immortal productions of her poets—to her beautiful rivers meandering through vine-clad valleys—to her mountain passes rich in heroic and classical associations ; but God, the Almighty Architect, speaks to us from our still loftier mountains—from the depths of our wider and hitherto untrodden forests—in the voice of waters of our sublime Niagara—and in the rushing torrents of our mighty rivers. In Mexico, Superstition, clad in her ancient and gor-

geous robes, still leads the multitude in fetters; while in our country, Religion, the child of reflection, in the guise of sweet simplicity, reposing amid the bowers of Nature, attracts to her beautiful retreats thousands and tens of thousands, who, thankful for the gifts of a bounteous Providence here, would taste the waters of life in an eternal world. In Mexico, knowledge, the noblest gift of God to man, shunning the cottage of the peasant, rests in the abodes of wealth, or is resorted to only by a favored few; in the United States she walks abroad free and unrestrained, everywhere a welcome guest, everywhere spreading her azure and various colored mantle over the eager crowds that throng around her. In Mexico, liberty is but a pampered and sickly plant, with leaves parched and withered, that may only be said to vegetate; while in the United States it may be compared to a noble tree, which spreads its branches widely, so that millions repose beneath its refreshing and invigorating shade.

AMPUDIA'S FLIGHT.

—
BY THE "GREAT UNKNOWN."
—

A General in his fighting gear
Came from the battle flying ;
Behind him in his fast career
He left the dead and dying.

"Quick, boatman!" eagerly he cried
Before he reached the water,
"Quick! row me to the other side,
And here's a *silver quarter*."

"And who be ye?" The boatman cried,
His eyes dilating larger!
"Ampudia!" the *brave* replied—
"And this my gallant charger!

"And if you do not lend your aid
To help me o'er this river,
Right speedily, I'm sore afraid
Old Zack will get my liver!

“ For fast behind, as fleet as wind
The shouting Yankees follow—
And should I stay to meet the fray
They’ll row me up *all hollow*.”

“ Alack! alack! Go back! go back!”
The boatman said in sorrow;
The brave replied with nostrils wide,
“ I will go back *to-morrow*.”

Then loud the cannon’s thunder grew,
And shrill the armor’s rattle,
As fierce, death-dealing bullets threw
Their ghosts amid the battle!

And still the *brave*, as if a grave
Was gaping wide below him,
All eager strove the man to move
Across the stream to row him.

While stood the two in interview,
The boatman taunting ever,
The battle’s tongue suspended hung
Between the jaws of terror!

And lo! there's silence in the air!
War pauses for a minute,
For strength to send his voice afar,
With victory breathing in it!

The shout went up—the opening sky
As if to finders riven,
Conveyed the news of victory,
To every star in heaven!

But where is he—the warrior *she*—
Brave Mexico's breeched daughter?
The first to quail, and then turn tail
Upon its field of slaughter!

While fierce *Arista* fiercely brought
His men their valor trying;
While brave *De Vega* bravely fought,—
Ampudia was flying.

Behold him on the river's marge—
The boatman's aid beseeching!
The boatman would not move his barge
For all his eager preaching.

But on him stern, from head to foot—
That boatman's eye was lowered!
He would not move his ferry boat—
To aid a flying coward.

The *hero* then, as drunk with fear
As man could be with brandy,
Dashed to the earth his bloodless spear
And plunged the Rio Grande!

The steed and *brave* beneath the wave
Did often sink and flounder;
While in his fears, the hero hears
The frequent eighteen pounder!

Each bubble seemed a cannon-ball,
Hot from its shooting cavern!
Fate! shield the hero from them all,
And let him reach the tavern!

But lo! the saddle girth gives way!
Alas! so many troubles!
The hero's eyes are filled with spray
And ever bursting bubbles!

A drowning man "at straws will catch,"
A hair to him's a cable!
This brave his horse's tail did catch
As quick as he was able!

The horse went bounding on with ease,
The *hero*,—he went puffing;
He frequent coughed,—but couldn't *sneeze*,
With all his *water-snuffing*!

The ferryman stood on the shore,
And laughed with hearty laughter,
The hero raved,—and stoutly swore
He'd be "revenged hereafter!"

With arm aloft and dripping skirt,—
He swore (it will alarm ye!)
Had he "had time to draw his shirt
He would have thrashed the army!"

Alas! alas! that glory's dream
Should end in such a ditty!
His saddle,—it went down the stream
And he went to the city.

THE COURT, A TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

—
BY RANDALL HUNT, ESQ.
—

EDUCATED under the wise and liberal institutions of a Republic of laws, I look upon the place in which I stand as a Temple of Justice—not as a theatre for a vain display of powers of disputation in personal rivalry. I regard this Court, not as a weak assembly of individuals, who can be easily operated upon and misled by the dictatorial spirit and arrogant airs of certain orators, who, forgetting that they are mere advocates, foolishly imagine themselves to be, and would make others believe them to be the true and only oracles of the law; but as an august tribunal, composed of men of good sense, firmness, integrity, and learning; who, uninfluenced by any passion or prejudice, examine the questions properly submitted to them, in a calm and patient spirit of investigation, and after a full and impartial consideration, decide upon them, agreeably to the principles of law and justice.

True liberty is a practical and substantial blessing. Its existence and its enjoyment depend upon principles which are equally important and should be equally dear to every man. These principles are founded in the laws, and are recognized, protected and enforced under every social condition and civilized form of government. They are the safeguards and guarantees of the most invaluable personal rights, of personal security, personal liberty and the right of private property. In the case now about to be submitted, the last only of these rights is assailed. But this does not diminish the magnitude or interest of the cause itself; for it would be vain to speak of any other right, if it be once authoritatively proclaimed, that the acquisitions of labor shall no longer stimulate, cheer, comfort, and enrich industry, but shall be the prize or rather the prey of unprincipled, reckless, and rapacious power. Such a proclamation would be a declaration of war against humanity and civilization—against those principles which the very savages hold sacred, as essential to the peace, safety, and harmony of society, and even to the support of individual existence.

The secure enjoyment of property, under the supremacy of the laws, while it incites to indus-

try and promotes enterprise in all the departments of labor, maintains and strengthens in the bosom of the citizen a sense of personal independence which is the foundation of human happiness, and enables him at once to discharge his obligations to his family, and to the community of which he is a member. This truth is so simple, so self-evident, that it is universally acknowledged and even forms a part of the most despotic code. Napoleon himself, in the zenith of his power and glory would not have dared to have laid violent and sacrilegious hands upon the property of the humblest subject of the empire. And what is the spectacle that is now presented? What could not be done under the despotism of a tyrant is audaciously attempted in this country of Republican equality. A rich, unscrupulous and greedy corporation has insolently appeared before this Court, and calls upon it to strip private individuals of their hard-earned property, the title to which is not only established and confirmed by every principle of justice and by the special provisions of our own code; but by the uniform opinion and practice of the whole community, and the solemn decisions of our highest Courts under the Spanish laws.

To such a call this Court will not fail to give the stern rebuke of insulted justice. The juris.

prudence of the State, so long settled, will remain under your action, as fixed and stable as the eternal principles of truth and equity, which form its basis, and the faith of the Court solemnly pledged in its judgments, will continue to be the surest guarantee for the secure enjoyment of property purchased upon it. No licentious or disorganizing doctrine will be suffered to disturb, or in any manner to effect the sacredness of a just title; and the poorest citizen, while he betakes himself to repose under his humble shed, will reflect with pleasure and confidence that the fruits of his honest labors, under the protection of the laws of his country, are beyond the reach of the most unprincipled rapacity, though backed by wealth and acting under the high sounding name of a CORPORATION.

THE CRICKET.

—
BY GEORGE W. CHRISTY, ESQ.
—

There lives a hermit in the hearth,
And ever,
Through the silence of the night,
Singeth he with great delight :
“ Oh ! never,
In your grief, forget the mirth
And rosy smiles of yesterday.”

Be the night of calm or storm,
For ever
Merrily he winds his horn,
From vesper-toll to ruddy morn :
“ Oh ! never,
In your grief, forget how warm
The rosy smiles of yesterday.”

There is a spirit linked with mine,
And ever,
Through the night of my despair,
It whispereth the gentle air :

“ Oh ! never
With each grief forget to twine
The rosy smiles of yesterday.”

The little hermit may depart,
And time efface from this poor heart
The image I have loved so long :

But ever
Will my trusting soul retain
The echo of that gentle strain,
The measure of that simple song :

“ Oh ! never,
In your grief, forget to pray
For the smiles of yesterday.”

PLAGIARISM EXTRAORDINARY.

—
BY DURANT DA PONTE, ESQ.
—

ALL our readers will doubtless have in their minds the beautiful verses of Lord Byron, commencing

“Adieu, adieu, my native shore,”

which occur in the first canto of “Childe Harold.” It will scarcely be credited that these stanzas, at least a part of them, are a plagiarism on a German author named Wolfgang, whose works in prose and poetry were published at Munich in 1794. The Augsburg Gazette, which makes the discovery, publishes the German and English verses side by side, in order to show their similarity, which is certainly very extraordinary, and leads to the suspicion that, although Byron denied any knowledge of German, he was sufficiently well acquainted with it to render a correct translation of German verses.

In order that our readers may judge for themselves, we will first give Byron’s stanzas, and

then Wolfgang's, with a prose translation, in order that the similarity may be distinctly seen. The first two verses of each will answer our purpose.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native land good night!

A few short hours, and he will rise
 To give the morrow birth,
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall
 Its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall
 My dog howls at the gate.

Leb wohl, leb wohl! mein mütterland
 Gehult ins Blau der Luft
 Der Nachtwind senft; vom Ufer rauscht
 Die Move schwebt, and ruft.
 Die sonne zieht nach Westen hin;
 Sie sinkt on ihrer Gracht;
 Wir folgen nach, und senden dir
 Geburtsland—gute nacht.

Nach wenig Stunden zeigt sie uns
Den Tag am Wellenrand,
Und Himmels glanz, und grüne See,
Nur nicht mein mutter land.
Die Hall ist ode, kalt der Herd,
Verlassen alles, und
Das Unkraut wächst am Gartenzaun,
Und trauernd heult mein Hund.

TRANSLATION.

Farewell, farewell, my native land fades into the blue sky.
The night wind sighs, it rushes on the shore; the sea gull
sweeps along and screams.

The sun draws down towards the West, it sinks into its couch,
we follow it, and send to thee, good night my native land.

In a few hours it will show us the day from out the waves,
and the Heaven's splendor, and the green sea, but not my coun-
try.

The hall is desolate, the hearth is cold, all is deserted, weeds
grow at the garden gate, and mournfully howls my dog.

Our readers will at once perceive the close
similarity in the language, and almost identity in
thought observable in these two productions.
There can scarcely be a doubt that Byron bor-
rowed the idea of his song from the German
poet.

"PLAGIARISM EXTRAORDINARY."

—
BY EDITORS OF THE 'CRESCENT.'
—

UNDER this head our friends of the Picayune have perpetrated a capital hoax, which, no doubt will have a wide spread celebrity, before the *date* of the information is examined. A German poem is given, purporting to be from the writings of *Wolfgang*, and the original of the beautiful verses of Lord Byron, commencing:

"Adieu, adieu, my native shore."

We must doubt the claims of Mynheer Von Wolfgang to the paternity of the lines in question; he flourished at too late a date to afford the noble bard an opportunity for making such a wholesale plagiarism. The *First of April* was the natal day of this Flying Dutchman—a period of time unpropitious for his advent as a writer, the ingenious sponsorship to the contrary notwithstanding.

WHEN MOST WE LOVE, THEN MOST
ARE WE ENSLAVED.

—
BY GEORGE W. LAMB, ESQ.
—

When most we love, then most are we enslaved!
When most we love, then least are we our own!
The warrior stern who dangers oft hath braved,
Is not so hard of heart and cruel grown,
As she who rules us by our jealous fears,
And turns our fixed intents by smiles or tears!

When most we love then most are we in pain!
When most we love then least we quiet know!
The fickle object of our hopes to gain,
Sweet rest and tranquil bosoms we forego!
Our pleasures hang upon a woman's smile,
And oft our hearts are torn by woman's wile!

Yet if we are but slaves, our bonds are light,
And though full strong are easy to be worn!
Our smarting wounds will not destroy us quite,
'Tis pleasing anguish and may long be borne!
Then bless the bonds that thus our souls enchain!
Welcome sweet slavery! hail delicious pain!

VIRTUE THE CORNER-STONE OF
REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS.

—
BY J. P. BENJAMIN, ESQ.
—

ONE of the most eminent philosophers of modern times, who had made the science of government his peculiar study, after investigating what were the principles essential to every mode of government known to man, had announced the great result that virtue was the very foundation, the corner-stone of republican governments: that by virtue alone could republican institutions flourish and maintain their strength; that in its absence they would wither and perish. Therefore it was that the enlightenment of the people by an extended system of moral education, their instruction in all those great elemental truths, which elevate the mind and purify the heart of man, which, in a word, render him capable of self-government, were objects of the most anxious solicitude of our ancestors—and the Father of his country, in that

farewell address which has become the manual of every American citizen, when bestowing the last counsels of a heart glowing with the purest and most fervent love of country that ever warmed a patriot's breast, urged upon his countrymen the vital necessity of providing for the education of the people, in language which cannot be too often repeated:—"It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Recreant indeed, should we prove, to the duty we owe to our country; unworthy indeed, should we be, of the glorious heritage of our fathers, if the counsels of Washington fell disregarded on our ears.

But, if that great man had so decided a conviction of the absolute necessity of diffusing intel-

ligence amongst the people, in his day, how unspeakably urgent has that necessity become in ours. In the first attempts then made to organize our institutions on republican principles, the most careful and guarded measures were adopted, in order to confine the powers of the government to the hands of those, whose virtue and intelligence best fitted them for the exercises of such exalted duties. The population of the country was sparse: the men then living had witnessed the revolution that secured our independence; its din was still ringing in their ears: they had purchased liberty with blood, and dearly did they cherish, and watchfully did they guard, the costly treasure: the noblest band of patriots that ever wielded sword or pen in freedom's holy cause, were still amongst them, shining lights, guiding by their example, and instructing by their counsels, to which eminent public services gave added weight. Now, alas! the latest survivor of that noble band has passed away! their light has ceased to shine on our path. The population that then scarce reached three millions, now numbers twenty: and the steady and irresistible march of public opinion, constantly operating in the infusion of a greater and still greater proportion of the popular element into our

institutions, has at length reached the point, beyond which it can no farther go; and, from the utmost limits of the frozen north, to the sunny clime of Louisiana; from the shores washed by the stormy Atlantic, to the extreme verge of the flowery prairies of the far west, there scarce breathes an American citizen who is not, in the fullest and broadest acceptation of the word, one of the rulers of his country. Imagination shrinks from the contemplation of the mighty power for weal or for woe possessed by these vast masses of men. If swayed by impulse, passion or prejudice to do wrong, no mind can conceive, no pen portray the scenes of misery and desolation that must ensue. But if elevated and purified by the beneficent influence of your free public education, if taught from infancy the lessons of patriotism and devotion to their country's good, if so instructed as to be able to appreciate and to spurn the counsels of those who in every age have been ready to flatter man's worst passions, and to pander to his most degraded appetites, for purposes of self-aggrandizement—if, in a word, trained in the school and imbued with the principles of our WASHINGTON, the most extravagant visions of fancy must fall short of picturing the vivid colors of

the future that is open before us. The page of history will furnish no parallel to our grandeur, and the great Republic of the Western World, extending the blessings of freedom in this hemisphere, and acting by its example in the other will reach the proudest pinnacle of power and of greatness to which human efforts can aspire. And for the attainment of this auspicious result, how simple, yet how mighty the engine which alone is required—a universal diffusion of intelligence amongst the people by a bounteous system of free public education.

It has been said by the enemies of popular government that its very theory is false: that it proceeds on the assumption, that the greater number ought to govern, and the records of history, and the common experience of mankind, are appealed to in support of the fact, that the intelligence and capacity required for government are confined to a small minority: that only a fraction of this minority are possessed of leisure or inclination for the study and reflection, which are indispensable for the mastery of the important questions on which the prosperity and happiness of a country must depend: and that these men best qualified to be the leaders and guides of

their countrymen in the administration of the government, have the smallest chances of success for the suffrages of the people, by reason of the secluded habits engendered by application to the very studies required to qualify them for the proper discharge of public duties. Those who are attached to free institutions can furnish but one reply to these arguments: the premises on which they rest must be destroyed; the foundation of fact must be swept away, and the majority, nay the whole mass of the people, must be furnished with that degree of instruction which is required for enabling them to appreciate the advantages which flow from a judicious selection of their public servants, and to distinguish and reward that true merit which is always unobtrusive. Nor is this an Utopian idea: if not easy of attainment, the object is at least practicable with the means that a kind Providence has supplied for us. The most sanguine advocates for public schools cannot, nor do they pretend that each scholar is to become a politician or a statesman any more than it would be practicable or desirable to make of each an astronomer or a chemist. But in the same manner as it would be useful to instruct all in the general outlines and striking facts of those

sciences, it will not be found difficult to give to the youth of America such instructions in the general outlines and main principles of our government as would enable them to discriminate between the artful demagogue or the shallow pretender, and the man whose true merit should inspire their confidence and respect. This alone would suffice for all purposes connected with the stability and prosperity of our country and its institutions, for not even the staunchest opponent of free government pretends that the mass of the people are swayed by improper motives, that their impulses are wrong, but only that their ignorance exposes them to be misled by the designing.

The same eminent philosopher to whom I have already alluded, Montesquieu, after establishing the principle that virtue is the main-spring of democracies, alludes to this very subject of the education of the people in free governments, and remarks that it is especially for the preservation of such governments that education is indispensable. He defines what he means by virtue in the people, and declares it to be the love of our country and its laws: that love of country which requires a constant preference of public interest to that of the individual, and which, to use

his own language, is peculiarly affected to republics. In them, says he, the government is confided to all the citizens: now government is like all other earthly things; to be preserved, it must be cherished: who ever heard of a king that did not love monarchy, or of a despot who detested absolute power: every thing then depends on establishing this love of country, and it is to this end that education in republics ought specially to be directed. If this distinguished writer be correct in these remarks, and who can gainsay them, how boundless the field for instruction and meditation which they afford. How is a love of country, that love of country on which our existence as a nation depends, to be preserved, cherished and made within us a living principle, guiding and directing our actions? Love of country is not a mere brute instinct, binding us by a blind and unreflecting attachment to the soil, to the earth and rocks and streams that surrounded us at our birth. It is the offspring of early associations, springing up at the period when the infant perceptions are first awakened by the Creator to the beautiful works of his power which surround us, sustained and cherished by the memory of all the warm affections that glow in

the morning of life. The reminiscences of our childish joys and cares, of the ties of family and of home, all rush back on the mind in maturer years with irresistible force, and cling to us even in our dying hour. England's noble bard never clothed a more beautiful thought in more poetic language than when he depicted the images that crowded into the memory of the Gladiator dying in the Arena of Rome—

“He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother.”

But although these feelings are natural to man in all climes and ages, how intensely are they felt, how deeply do they become rooted in the hearts of those who in addition to the early associations peculiar to each, are knit together in one common bond of brotherhood by the recollection of the great and noble deeds of those who have lived before them in the land: who can point to records of historic lore and show the names of their country and her sons inscribed upon the brightest pages in the annals of the past. What then are the means, by which to

kindle this love of country into a steady and enduring flame, chaste, pure and unquenchable as that which vestals for their Goddess guarded—your Free Public Schools. Let the young girl of America be instructed in the history of her country; let her be taught the story of the wives and mothers of the revolution; of their devoted attachment to their country in the hour of its darkest peril; of that proud spirit of resistance to its oppressors which no persecution could overcome; of that unfaltering courage which lifted them high above the weakness of their sex, and lent them strength to encourage and to cheer the fainting spirits of those who were doing battle in its cause: and when that girl shall become a matron, that love of country will have grown with her growth and become strengthened in her heart, and the first lessons that a mother's love will instill into the breast of the infant on her knee, will be devotion to that country of which her education shall have taught her to be justly proud.—Take the young boy of America and lead his mind back to the days of Washington. Teach him the story of the great man's life. Follow him from the moment when the youthful soldier first drew his sword in defence of his

country, and depict his conduct and his courage on the dark battle field where Braddock fell: let each successive scene of the desperate revolutionary struggle be made familiar to his mind: let him trace the wintry march by the blood stained path of a bare-footed soldiery winding their painful way over a frozen soil; teach him in imagination to share the triumphs of Trenton, of Princeton and of Yorktown: let him contemplate the Hero, the Patriot and the Sage, when the battle's strife was over and the victory secured, calmly surrendering to his country's rulers the rank and station with which they had invested him, withdrawing to the retirement of the home that he loved, and modestly seeking to escape the honors that a grateful people were to bestow. Teach him to appreciate the less brilliant but more useful and solid triumphs of the statesman: tell him how at the people's call, the man that was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," abandoned the calm seclusion that he cherished, again at an advanced age, to expose himself to the stormy ocean of public life; first, to give aid and counsel to his countrymen in devising a frame of government that should for ever secure their

liberties; and then, by his administration of that government, to furnish a model and guide for the Chief Magistrates that were to succeed him: and then lead him at length to the last sad scene, the closing hour of the career of the greatest man that earth has ever borne, to the death-bed of the purest patriot that ever periled life in his country's cause; and let him witness a mighty people bowed down with sorrow, and mourning the bereavement of their friend, their father: and as the story shall proceed, that boy's cheek shall glow and his eye shall kindle with a noble enthusiasm, his heart shall beat with quicker pulse, and in his inmost soul shall he vow undying devotion to that country which, above all riches, possesses that priceless treasure, the name, the fame, and the memory of WASHINGTON.

Nor is it here that the glorious results of your system of universal education for the people are to be arrested. The same wise Providence which has bestowed on the inhabitant of the New World, that restless activity and enterprise, which so peculiarly adapt him for extending man's physical domain over the boundless forests that still invite the axe of the pioneer, has also implanted in his breast, a mind, searching, inquisitive, and

acute : a mind that is yet destined to invade the domain of science, and to take possession of her proudest citadels. Hitherto, the absence of some basis of primary instruction, has caused that mind, in a great degree, to run riot, for want of proper direction to its energies ; but, its very excesses serve but to prove its native strength, as a noxious vegetation proves, by the rankness of its growth, the fertility of the soil when yet unsubdued by man. Let this basis be supplied, and instead of indulging in visionary schemes, or submitting to the influence of the wildest fanaticism ; instead of becoming the votary of a Mormon or a Miller, the freeman of America will seek other and nobler themes for the exercise of his intellect : other and purer fountains will furnish the living waters at which to slake his thirst for knowledge. The boundless field of the arts and sciences will be opened to his view. Emulation will lend strength and energy to each rival in the race for fame. Then shall we have achieved the peaceful conquest of our second, our moral independence. Then shall we cease morally as well as physically to be the tributaries of the old world. Then, in painting, other Wests and other Alstons will arise : then sculpture will boast

of other Greenoughs and Powers : then the name of Bowditch will not stand alone amongst the votaries of that science which has her home in the heavens : then other philosophers will take their place by the side of Franklin, and other divines will emulate the fame and follow in the footsteps of Channing.

THE WILD LILY AND THE PASSION
FLOWER.

—

BY THE ABBE ADRIAN ROUQUETTE.

—

Sweet flow'r of light,
The queen of solitude,
The image bright
Of grace-born maidenhood,

Thou risest tall,
Midst struggling weeds that droop:
Thy lieges all,
They humbly bow and stoop!

Dark-colored flow'r,
How solemn, awful, sad!—
I feel thy pow'r,
O king, in purple clad!

With head recline,
Thou art the emblem dear
Of woes divine;
The flow'r I most revere!

The lily white,
The purple passion-flow'r,
Mount Thabor bright,
The gloomy Olive-bow'r.

Such is our life:—
Alternate joys and woes,
Short peace, long strife,
Few friends, and many foes!

My friend, away
All wailings here below:
The ROYAL WAY
To realms above is wo!

LAMOTHE CADILLAC.

—
BY CHARLES GAYARRE, ESQ.
—

LAMOTHE CADILLAC was born on the banks of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony, in France. He was of an ancient family, which, for several centuries, had, by some fatality or other, been rapidly sliding down from the elevated position which it had occupied. When Lamothe Cadillac was ushered into life, the domains of his ancestors had, for many past generations, been reduced to a few acres of land. That small estate was dignified, however, with an old dilapidated edifice, which bore the name of *castle*, although, at a distance, to an unprejudiced eye, it presented some unlucky resemblance to a barn. A solitary tower dressed, as it were, in a gown of moss and ivy, raised its gray head to a height which might have been called respectable, and which appeared to offer special attraction to crows, swallows and bats. Much to the mortification of the present owner, it had been called by

the young wags of the neighborhood, "*Cadillac's Rookery*," and was currently known under that ungentle appellation. Cadillac had received a provincial and domestic education, and had, to his twenty-fifth year, moved in a very contracted sphere. Nay, it may be said that he had almost lived in solitude, for he had lost both his parents, when hardly eighteen summers had passed over his head, and he had since kept company with none but the old tutor to whom he was indebted for such classical attainments as he had acquired. His mind being as much curtailed in its proportions, as his patrimonial acres, his intellectual vision could not extend very far, and if Cadillac was not literally a dunce, it was well known that Cadillac's wits would never run away with him.

Whether it was owing to this accidental organization of his brain, or not, certain it is that one thing afforded the most intense delight to Cadillac:—it was, that no blood so refined as his own ran in the veins of any other human being, and that his person was the very incarnation of nobility. With such a conviction rooted in his heart, it is not astonishing that his tall, thin, and emaciated body should have stiffened itself into the most accurate observation of the

perpendicular. Indeed, it was exceedingly pleasant, and exhilarating to the lungs, to see Cadillac, on a Sunday morning, strutting along in full dress, on his way to church, through the meagre village attached to his hereditary domain. His bow to the mayor, and to the curate, was something rare, an exquisite burlesque of infinite majesty, thawing into infinite affability. His ponderous wig, the curls of which spread like a peacock's tail, seemed to be alive with conscious pride at the good luck it had of covering a head of such importance to the human race. His eyes, in whose favor nature had been pleased to deviate from the oval into the round shape, were possessed with a stare of astonishment, as if they meant to convey the expression that the spirit within was in a trance of stupefaction at the astounding fact that the being it animated did not produce a more startling effect upon the world. The physiognomy which I am endeavoring to depict, was rendered more remarkable by a stout, cocked up, snub nose, which looked as if it had hurried back, in a fright, from the lips, to squat in rather too close proximity to the eyes, and which, with its dilated nostrils, seemed always on the point of sneezing at something

thrusting itself between the wind and its nobility. His lips wore a mocking smile, as if sneering at the strange circumstance that a Cadillac should be reduced to be an obscure, penniless individual. But, if Cadillac had his weak points, it must also be told that he was not without his strong ones. Thus, he had a great deal of energy, bordering, it is true, upon obstinacy;—he was a rigidly moral and pious man,—and he was too proud not to be valiant.

With a mind so framed, was it to be wondered at that Cadillac deemed it a paramount duty to himself and to his Maker, not to allow his race to become extinct? Acting under a keen sense of that duty, and impressed with a belief that he might, by a rich alliance, restore his house to that ancient splendor which he considered as its birthright, but of which evil tongues said, that it was indeed so truly ancient, that it had long ceased to be recorded in the memory of man, he, one day, issued in state, and in his gayest apparel, from his feudal tower, and for miles around, paid formal visits to all the wealthy patricians of his neighborhood. He was everywhere received with that high-bred courtesy which those of that class extend to all, and particu-

larly to such as belong to their own order, but he was secretly voted a quiz. After a few months of ineffectual efforts, Cadillac returned to his pigeon hole, in the most disconsolate mood; and, after a year's repining, he was forced to content himself with the hand of a poor spinster, who dwelt in a neighboring town, where, like Cadillac, she lingered in all the pride of unsullied descent and hereditary poverty. Shortly after her marriage, the lady, who was a distant relation to the celebrated Duke of Lauzun, recommended herself and her husband to the patronage of that nobleman, who was then one of the brightest of that galaxy of stars that adorned the court of Louis the XIVth. Her letter was written in a quaint, fantastic style, and Lauzun, who received it on his way to the king's morning levee, showed it to the monarch, and was happy enough, by the drollery of his comments, to force a smile from those august lips. Availing himself of that smile, Lauzun, who was in one of his good fits, (for the kindness of his nature was rather problematical, and the result of accident rather than of disposition,) obtained for his poor connexion the appointment of captain to one of the companies of infantry, which had been ordered to Canada.

The reception of this favor with a congratulatory letter from Lauzun, added stilts to Cadillac's pomposity, and his few dependents and vassals became really astounded at the sublimity of his attitudes. On that occasion, the increased grandeur of his habitual carriage was but the translation of the magnificence of his cogitations. He had heard of the exploits of Cortez and Pizarro, and he came to the logical conclusion in his own mind, that Canada would be as glorious a field as Peru or Mexico, and that he would at least rival the achievements of the Spanish heroes. Fame and wealth were at last within his grasp, and the long eclipsed star of the Cadillacs would again blaze out with renewed lustre!

The dreams of Cadillac were soon put to flight by sad realities, when he landed in Canada, where hardships of every kind assailed him. The snows and blasts of Siberian winters, the heat of summers equal to those of Africa, endless marches and counter-marches after a wary and perfidious enemy, visible only when he could attack with tenfold chances in his favor, the sufferings of hunger and thirst which were among the ordinary privations of his every day life, the wants of civilization so keenly felt amidst all the destitution

of savage existence, days of bodily and mental labor, and nights of anxious vigil, hair-breadth escapes on water and on land, the ever-recurring danger of being tomahawked and scalped, the war-whoops and incessant attacks of the Indians, the honorable distinctions of wounds and of a broken constitution in the service of his country—these were the concomitants and the results of Cadillac's career in Canada during twenty years! All this Cadillac had supported with remarkable fortitude, although not without impatience, wondering all the time that something or other did not happen to make him what he thought nature and his birth intended and entitled him to be—a great man!

But twenty years had elapsed, and at their expiration, he found himself no better than a lieutenant-colonel. To increase his vexation, he had no other issue by his marriage than a daughter, now eighteen years of age, and thus he remained without the prospect of having an heir to continue his line, and to bear his noble name. The disappointment of his hopes in this respect, was the keenest of all his afflictions; he was approaching the trying climacteric of fifty-four, and he was as poor as when he departed from the

banks of the Garonne. A lieutenant-colonel he was, and would remain, in all probability. His superior officer seemed to be marvelously tenacious of his post and of life, and would neither die nor advance one step beyond his grade: bullets spared him, and ministers never thought of his promotion. Thus it was clear, from all appearances, that Cadillac was not in a position soon to become a marshal of France, and that Canada was not the land where he could acquire that wealth he was so ambitious of, to enshrine his old gray-headed tower, as a curious relic of the feudal power of his ancestry, within the splendid architecture of a new palace, and to revive the glories of his race. Hence he had imbibed the most intense contempt for the barren country where so much of his life had been spent in vain, and he would sneer at the appellation of *New France* given to Canada; he thought it was a disparagement to the beautiful and noble kingdom of which he boasted to be a native, and he frequently amused his brother officers with his indignation on this subject. "This world may revolve on its axis to all eternity," he would say, "and Canada will no more be made to resemble France, than a dwarf will ever

be the personification of a giant!" This was a favorite phrase with which he loved to close his complaints against the object of his abomination, whenever he was betrayed into an expression of his feelings; for of late, he had become silent and moody, and only talked, when he could not do otherwise. It was evident that his mind was wrapped up within itself, and absorbed in the solution of some problem, or the contemplation of a subject which taxed all its powers of thought. What could it be? But at last it was discovered that the object of Cadillac's abstracted cogitations, was the constant blasting of all his hopes, in spite of his mighty efforts to realize them. So strange did it appear to him, that he could come to no other conclusion than that, if he had not risen higher on the stage of life, it was necessarily because he was *spell bound*.

Cadillac, since his arrival in Canada, had kept up, with the great connexion he had acquired by his marriage, the Duke of Lauzun, a regular correspondence, in which, to the infinite glee of that nobleman, he used to enumerate his manifold mishaps. Now, acting under the impression that he was decidedly the victim of fate or witchcraft, he wrote to Lauzun a long letter, in which he

surpassed himself in his bombastic style, and out-heroding Herod, poured out on paper, in incoherent declamations, the vexed spirit which ailed him, and cut such antics in black and white, that Lauzun, on the perusal of this epistolary elegy, laughed himself into tears, and almost screamed with delight. It happened at that time, that the ministry was in search of a governor for Louisiana, and the mischievous Lauzun, who thought that the more he exalted Cadillac, the greater source of merriment he prepared for himself, had sufficient power to have him appointed to that office. This profligate nobleman never troubled his wits about what would become of Louisiana under such an administration. Provided he found out a fit theatre, and had it properly illuminated, to enjoy, at his ease, the buffooneries of a favorite actor, what cared he for the rest?

Before taking possession of his government, Cadillac went to France, to receive the instructions of the ministry, and to revisit his paternal domain. His return produced no slight sensation within a radius of forty miles round his so long deserted hearth. If the waggish boys who used to torment him with their pranks had grown into manhood, tradition had handed down so much of Cadillac's

peculiarities to their successors, that when he appeared before them, it was not as a stranger, but rather as an old acquaintance. Dressed in the fashion which prevailed at the time he left his native province, twenty years before, and which at present helped to set off with more striking effect the oddities of his body and mind, he was, as before, an object of peculiar attraction to the mischievous propensities of the juvenility of his neighborhood. One of them, still fresh from the university, where he had won academical honors, availed himself, in order to display the powers of his muse, of Cadillac's re-appearance at home, composed a ballad which he called, "*The Return of the Iroquois Chief*," and which was a parody of a celebrated one, well known as "*The Knight's Return from Palestine*." It met with great success, and was sung more than once under the Gothic windows of Cadillac's tower. But he listened to the sarcastic composition with a smile of ineffable contempt. "Let them laugh at my past misfortunes," he would say to himself, "the future will avenge my wrongs, and my enemies will be jaundiced with the bile of envy. I am now governor of Louisiana, of that favored land, of which so many wonders are related. This is no longer

the frozen climate of Canada, but a genial region, which, from its contiguity, must be akin to that of Mexico, where the hot rays of the sun make the earth teem with gold, diamonds, and rubies!" Working himself into a paroxysm of frenzied excitement, he struck passionately, with the palm of his hand, the wall of the room he was pacing to and fro, and exclaimed, "O venerable pile, which derision calls *Cadillac's Rookery*, I will yet make thee a tower of strength and glory! I will gild each of thy moss-coated stones, and thou shalt be a tabernacle for men to wonder at and to worship!" As he spoke, his eyes became suffused with tears, and there was so much feeling and pathos in his action, and in the expression of his aspirations, that, for the first time in his life, not only he momentarily ceased to be ridiculous, but, to one who had seen him then, would have appeared not destitute of a certain degree of dignity, and perhaps not unworthy of respectful sympathy. Such is the magic of deep sentiment!

When Cadillac landed on the bleak shore of Dauphine or Massacre Island, what he saw was very far from answering his expectations. From the altitude of flight to which his imagination had risen, it is easy to judge of the rapidity of its

precipitate descent. The shock received from its sudden fall was such as to produce a distraction of the mind, bordering on absolute madness. As soon as Cadillac recovered from the bewildered state of astonishment into which he had been thrown, he sent to the minister of the marine department a description of the country, of which I shall only give this short abstract: "The wealth of Dauphine Island," said he, "consists of a score of fig trees, three wild pear trees, and three apple trees of the same nature, a dwarfish plum-tree, three feet high, with seven bad looking plums, thirty plants of vine, with nine bunches of half-rotten and half-dried-up grapes, forty stands of French melons, and some pumpkins. This is the terrestrial paradise of which we had heard so much! Nothing but fables and lies!"

Cadillac came at last to the conclusion that he was in a sorry predicament. Sancho, when assailed with the cares of his insular government, never felt the tenth part of his embarrassment. So much so, that Cadillac deeply regretted that he could not be for ever asleep; because, when awake, he could not but be aware that he had spent all the funds he could command, and had no more left to consecrate to his favorite scheme.

The sad reality stared him in the face :—his purse was empty, and his Canadians were gone. But when he was asleep, his dreams beggared the wonders of the Arabian Nights. Then Queen Mab would drive, four in hand, her tiny cobweb carriage through his brain: some merry elf of her court would tickle his nose with a feather from a humming-bird's tail, and instantly Cadillac would see a thousand fairy miners, extracting from the bowels of the earth and heaping upon its surface enormous piles of gold and silver, having a fantastic resemblance to those Indian mounds which, in our days, make such strong appeals to our curiosity. Heated by those visions, Cadillac addressed himself to Duclos, the king's commissary, for more funds to prosecute his researches after the precious metals for which he thirsted. Duclos replied, that the treasury had been pumped dry. "Borrow," answered Cadillac. "I cannot," observed Duclos. "Well, then!" said the governor very pithily, "what is the use of your being a *financier*, if you cannot raise money by borrowing, and what is the use of my being a governor, if I have no funds to carry on the purposes of my government!"

THE SKELETON HAND.

—
BY JOHN G. DUNN, ESQ.
—

Rap, tap! rap, tap! at the door of the heart;
 Rap, tap, with a loud demand!
Oh, who is it raps at the door of the heart,
Crying, matter and spirit shall surely part,
The one to the dust, for dust thou art,
 The rest to the spirit land?
'Tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without,
With a bony arm and a knuckle stout,—
 'Tis I of the Skeleton Hand!

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—I have startled thee up
 From the midst of a misty dream!
Rap, tap! rap, tap!—I have startled thee up
When thy lips were fresh from the deadly cup
And thy curses grew louder at every sup,
 And thy orbs in a frenzy gleam'd!
For 'tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without,
With a bony arm and a knuckle stout—
 'Tis I of the Sickle Keen!

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—On the bony walls!

What, ho! Art ready within?

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—On the bony walls!—

Rap, tap! rap, tap! Still louder it falls!!

I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls—

Thou hast made them a den of sin!

Make ready! Make ready! 'Tis I without,

With a bony arm and knuckle stout—

'Tis I of the Skeleton Grin!

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—But a voice of prayer

Gushed forth from the sinful wight.

Rap, tap! rap, tap!—A voice of prayer

Went trembling upward, to spare—oh! spare

For another year—a year to prepare

For the regions of glory and light!—

A year to prepare for him without,

With the skeleton arm and the knuckle stout—

For him with the breath of blight.

Rap, tap—no more! The year is given—

A year of neglect and crime.

Rap, tap—no more! A year is given

To fight in the fields where the righteous have
striv'n

For their spotless robes and a home in heaven.

But alas ! how fleeting is time !
'Tis past—and again is heard without
The bony arm and the knuckle stout,
Like a wild and deathly chime !

Rap, tap ! rap, tap ! on the bony walls !
What, ho ! Art ready within ?
Rap, tap ! rap, tap ! on the bony walls—
Rap, tap ! rap, tap ! Like thunder it falls !!
I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls,
Thou monster of falsehood and sin !
In a tumult of horror the spirit went out
O'er Avernus, with him of the knuckle stout !
With him of the Skeleton Grin !!!

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

—
BY REV. J. TWICHELL.
—

It is one of the strangest facts in history, that in an age which God seems to have marked out for the development of the most elevating principles of government, and for the establishment of institutions of the highest order, for the intellectual and moral culture of man; in an era of the world marked by the most brilliant discoveries in art and science; and in a country which seems to have been set apart by the eternal mind as a theatre for the experiment how near man could attain to perfection, under all the advantages of the best form of government, pure religion, and science, and enjoying the most productive soil upon the face of the earth; it is one of the strangest facts of history that under such circumstances has existed the most gigantic evil which since the fall has cursed mankind! An evil which has strewn the land with its slain, which has peopled the grave with its dead, which has desolated the homes

and filled the hearts of our citizens with sorrow and anguish, and which has made the profoundest deep of Hell to move at the coming of thousands untimely sent to fill its dark abodes.

Since New-Orleans was first settled, while the most wonderful advances have been made in every department of science and art, and while religion with her charitable institutions has been blessing the earth and causing it to bloom and blossom as the garden of the Lord; a monster thirsting for human gore, and gorging his insatiate appetite by feeding on human woe and desolation, has been stalking over our fair land, and sweeping into his charnel-house not only the poor, wretched, and abandoned, but the strongest in intellect and the most brilliant in genius, invading alike the halls of science, the tribunal of justice, the halls of legislation, and the sacred precincts of God's holy temple. This is a monster more to be dreaded than the fabled Cerberus of old with his fifty snake heads; a monster whose horrid spawn breeds offsprings more numerous than those which spring up from dragon's teeth; it engenders every conceivable form of vice, crime, and outrage which can prey upon man's dearest interests. Cerberus, we are told, was charmed by the lyre of Orpheus,

and dragged forth by the strong arm of Hercules, but the song of the poet, the eloquence of the statesman and the strength of the warrior's arm have proved unequal to the task of conquering this monster—

Which nought

Resembles else the world hath seen ;
It hath a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glowing fire,
And all its mouths that wide and darkly
Gape, have each their poisoned fangs ;
And, like the scorpion, its many lashing tails
Are tipped with burning stings ; and
In its wreathing's infinite it grasps
The heart of man swollen, black, and
Quivering with torture most intense.

Arrayed against this fell destroyer, is now marshalled an army of three hundred thousand stalwart, true-hearted men. An army which comes from no fields of blood and carnage ; which has sacked no cities ; which has ravaged no country ; it consists not of a licentious and brutal soldiery ; it comes not to swell the retinue of some successful aspirant for political power, or to grace with pomp and pageantry the triumph of some proud hero returning from his conquests, covered with the glory won upon a hundred battle-fields.

It is an army of plain, honest, earnest fathers, husbands and brothers, who have seen their country ravaged by a foe which the bayonet and cannon ball cannot conquer; and who, like David of old, have armed themselves with mightier weapons than sword and spear, and shield, and come forth to do battle in the names of their wives and mothers and children; in the name of religion and virtue; in the name of the Lord of Hosts. Already the progress of this destroyer has been stayed, and many of the army which so successfully withstands him, are those rescued from his cruel folds. In every part of our Union exterminating and eternal war is waged; and the outposted-scouts and sentinels, have followed the drum-beat and planted the banners of Love, Fidelity and Purity, in the great stronghold of intemperance, the mighty Queen of the South. Here, in this city, is now presented the sublime spectacle of a little band of men, only fifteen hundred strong, who have undertaken here to withstand a plague which annually costs this city the lives of more than seven hundred of its peaceful citizens, and the sum of more than twelve millions of its hard-earned treasure.

The coffee-houses, cabarets, and tippling-houses

of New-Orleans, of which there are two thousand three hundred legalized; allowing each of those licensed to occupy a space of thirty feet, if they were placed side by side, would form a line of sixty-nine thousand feet, equal to more than thirteen miles in length. And, if counting owners, bar-tenders, and visitors, at the rate of ten for each place per day, the number who are daily marshaled under the flag of intemperance is twenty-three thousand men; and by the imagination, estimating the amount of idleness degradation, woe, poverty and crime which daily flow from this horrid encampment, am I not right in saying that an army of fifteen hundred men, bound together by a solemn obligation to overcome and conquer this enemy in this, his stronghold, is a spectacle upon which all the citizens of the United States look with deep and sublime expectation. If successful here in New-Orleans in this great battle with intemperance, this evil will be well nigh vanquished, and we may soon hope to see the fields which his footsteps have desolated bloom again, and the hearts withered by his breath, revive to enjoy the blessings of homes made happy by love, purity and fidelity.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to

the strong. Arrayed against the Sons of Temperance, are not only the thirty thousand in this city, who are actively engaged in selling or drinking, but many of the intelligent and even religious, who have no fellowship with them, if they do not look on Temperance with scorn and contempt, they treat it with an indifference which is still worse; all this opposition is to be overcome, all this prejudice is to be conquered; and all classes of society must be aroused to make an effort to arrest a flood which, like burning lava, is destroying lives, property and intellect, and whose flaming surges cross the pathway by which religion leads to Heaven. This can be accomplished only by the fair presentation of the principles and by the faithful performance of their duties by the Sons of Temperance. Thus, the cause itself, from the ranks of its enemies will raise up its defenders. From the ranks of editors, legislators, lawyers and divines, whose names and talents have already given such weight to the press, the bar, and the pulpit of New-Orleans, we shall call such men as will in their respective fields of intellectual glory, wield an influence for this cause as wide as their fame extends and as blessed as is the reign of intellectual religion and law. By the good, the principled, and the truly patriotic,

the objects of their order need but be known to be approved. The intellect justifies its organization and system ; the heart approves its benevolence and charity ; the soul rejoices in its means of elevation ; patriotism smiles upon its union and strength, and religion sheds its hallowed light upon its pathway. To the poor inebriate who has already fallen, it stretches forth the helpless hand and bids him fly to this city of refuge ; it offers a great rallying point for the exercise of many of our best energies ; *Love, Purity and Fidelity* are inscribed upon our banners, and every true Son of Temperance will carry them with him to every department of private, domestic and social life, as the emblazoning of his principles and the escutcheon of his honor. We make no offering to avarice, we build no altars to ambition ; our only end and aim is to do good to our race, and to redeem our country from the bondage of vice and secure to all the citizens of this great Republic, that moral and manly freedom which the temperate only know.

With this object and aim, this great brotherhood has been formed ; and all who are true to their religion, all who love their country and all who know the value of freedom will lend their

influence and offer their prayers for its final success.

Go on, then, Sons of Temperance ; keep, faithfully keep, your pledges ; pay your dues ; live temperate, moral and Christian lives. Let no stain soil the fair escutcheon of your honor. Let no pollution be mingled in that unruffled stream whose purity shall “ wash away the stains of black intemperance.” And I know that as I charge you to be faithful to your obligations, the heart of every true Son of Temperance will answer—
“ WE WILL, BEFORE GOD, WE WILL.”

E L E G Y

*On those who were killed by the Explosion of the
Louisiana.*

—
BY MRS. C. F. WINDLE.
—

TO THOUGHTS OF GRIEF THE STOUTEST HEART IS STIRRED,
FOR DEATH, IN AWFUL GUISE, HIS SHAFTS HATH CAST ;
AND OLD AND YOUNG, AT HIS REMORSELESS WORD,
UPON THE GLORIOUS EARTH HAVE LOOKED THEIR LAST.

NO BUSY AUGURY THEIR FATE FORETOLD,
AS EVENING'S SUN HIS WONTED BEAUTY SHED,
BEFORE DESCENDING IN ONE SEA OF GOLD
WHERE ELDEST TIME DISCERNED HIS AUTUMN BED.

THE HUM OF LIFE ITS CHEERIEST ACCENTS RAISED,
IN VOICES VARIED BY THE SCENES IT FILLED,
FROM WHERE DOMESTIC HALLS THE CITY GRACED,
TO SPOTS WHERE COMMERCE'S NOISY MURMURS THRILLED.

THE FACE OF NATURE'S ALL ACCUSTOMED HUES,
AND EARTH HER OLD FAMILIAR ASPECT WORE ;
NOR ANY PRESAGE THAT THE SEER MIGHT USE
BESPOKE OF PULSES SOON TO BEAT NO MORE.

A LOUD EXPLOSION RENDS THE BALMY AIR,
AND SHOCKS TOO LATE THE MINDS WITH SENSE OF DREAD
OF THOSE WHO YET REMAIN TO LINGER HERE,
AND MOURN THE FORTUNES OF THE FATED DEAD.

THAT BLAST HATH DEALT DESTRUCTION FAR AND WIDE,
AND COUNTLESS VICTIMS IN AN INSTANT HURLED,
ERE YET ARRIVES THE APPROACHING EVENTIDE,
BEYOND THE CONFINES OF THIS NETHER WORLD !

A MOMENT PAST, AND FULL OF LIFE THEY STOOD,
THEIR PULSES THROBBING HIGH WITH HOPE AS OURS—
AND OLD AND YOUNG, THE VICIOUS AND THE GOOD,
LIE STRICKEN AS THE SIMOOM SWEEPS THE FLOWERS.

THE SUN, WHICH AFTER SANK BEHIND THE WEST,
THEY HOPED LIKE US, TO OUTLIVE ITS SETTING THERE ;
NOR THOUGHT TO SLUMBER IN THEIR FINAL REST,
NO LONGER TENANTS OF A LIFE OF CARE.

PEACE TO THEIR ASHES ! 'TIS TO THEM AS WELL
IF TO ITS MOTHER EARTH IT SCATTERED FALL ;
OR IN EMBALMED COFFINS GO TO DWELL,
SINCE DUST, AT LAST, IS BUT THE DOOM OF ALL.

THE PLEASURE OF COMMUNING WITH
NATURE, AND THE MIGHTY DEAD.

—
BY HON. THEODORE MC CALEB, LL. D.
—

THERE is, in the long catalogue of moral obligations we are called upon to discharge, not one more important than that which requires us to aid in extending the empire of knowledge; and there is perhaps not one, which so bountifully remunerates in earthly happiness, the devoted champion, who engages his energies in its faithful performance. Whether we regard it as the means of increasing our own literary and scientific store, or of imparting its enjoyment to others, it is replete with that mental gratification, which the world can neither give nor take away. We have learned little indeed, if the extent of our acquisitions has not rendered us deeply sensible of the narrow limits, by which our learning is bounded; if, in our own estimation, we have advanced further than the elevation, which commands

the boundless prospect before and around us. But is there one of us, as he contemplates this boundless prospect, prepared to pause and sit down in despair? Are we not rather prompted by the recollection of pleasures, which past triumphs, however insignificant, afforded, to continue a journey presenting new scenes of delight, new objects of attraction, at every step of our progress. Is there one of us, who would for any earthly consideration, surrender the little he has acquired? Could we be tempted to close our eyes forever on that eternal light of science, which has already revealed to us so many of the recondite truths of nature; and which still charms us onward, to other and more glorious discoveries, on other and more glorious fields of observation. There is not a planet that blazes along its orbit; there is not a star that glitters in the firmament, from the luminous nublœ in the galaxy which spans the heavens, to the constellations of Orion and the Pleiades, that does not attract us upward—upward, to that glowing field, where nobler conquests still, await the march of astronomical science. Other and bolder telescopes, with lenses more powerful than any that *yet* hath aided the natural vision, must sweep these glowing tracks of space.

In the sciences of geology and mineralogy, the enthusiast will find in his rambles through our wide domain, objects upon which the appetite of curiosity may feast itself to satiety, from the sterile sands of the desert, to the inexhaustible alluvion of our own great valley—from the silica of the brook to the marble and granite of the everlasting hills—from mountains of iron to whole valleys filled with lumps of that precious metal, which is more than realizing to the Hercules of modern cupidity the ancient fable of the golden apples in the gardens of the Hesperides.

We witness with admiration the triumphs of chemistry, not only in promoting the many useful purposes to which it has, from time immemorial, been directed, but in the advancement of the great interests of commerce and agriculture.

Need I pause with you in the regions of electricity, in which the great American philosopher performed such bold exploits. He little dreamed perhaps, while he played with the lightning, disarmed it of its terrors, and reduced it to submission, that the subtle fluid would ere long become the more than winged messenger of nations,—the Ariel of the air, obedient to the magic wand of the Prospero of science, and prompt to perform his bidding.

We turn from the walks of science to the bowers of literary repose. We hold communion with the mighty intellects who have gone before us. Is there any earthly consideration that would induce us to abandon them forever? He who derives no enjoyment from such society, is devoid of every noble sympathy of our nature. It is surely a most inestimable privilege to be permitted to hold communion with their departed spirits, through the medium of their immortal productions. Happy is he, who can withdraw himself from a sordid, utilitarian world, and enjoy the companionship of Shakspeare and Milton. Happy is he, who can roam with Temple in the gardens of Sheen; or retire to the shades of Twickenham, and in the society of Pope and Bolingbroke, listen while they indulge in literary and philosophical speculations. Happy is he, who can become with Addison and Steele, a spectator of the virtues and follies of men, or join in the adventures of Hawkesworth, and the rambles of Johnson, and imbibe the noble precepts which breathe in their pure and elegant essays, so practically illustrative of the principles of the only philosophy, that can harmonize the intercourse of man with his fellow man, in every

variety of pursuit, and in all the relations of life. But, if the intellectual efforts of modern genius be necessary to our happiness, or to our progress in mental and moral excellence, let us never forget the source, from whence the real greatness and glory of that genius were derived. Let us never forget the master spirits of antiquity. Amid the arduous toils of professional life, we can find no recreation more congenial than a close and familiar communion with their olympic minds. Over the pages of the *Iliad*, we are still permitted to approach the presence, and hear the very tones of the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," who yet reigns monarch on Parnassus; who is still, in the language of one of his noblest disciples in the epic muse—the great Florentine who sung of hell,—

Quel signor del altissimo canto,
Che sovri gli altri, com' aquila, vola.

We can still wander with Thucydides and Plutarch, over the battle-fields of Greece, and contemplate the deeds of her statesmen and heroes. We can walk in imagination amid the ornamented temples of Athens in the palmy days of her glory, during the administration of Pericles.

We can gaze on the lofty form of the great minister as he rises on the bema to address that fierce democracy on the affairs of the State. We see him descend amid thunders of applause, and repair to the Parthenon or the Pæcile, where we may almost hear his criticisms on the magnificent works of sculpture from the chisel of his favorite Phidias, or the celebrated representation of the great battle of Marathon, from the pencil of Panænus. Over the pages of the *Anabasis*, we love to be transported to the groves of Scillus, and in the society of Xenophon, hear the elegant historian recount the incidents of the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, conducted under his own matchless generalship. We turn to the pages of the *Cyropædia*, and our admiration of the military hero is lost in love for the moralist, as we imbibe the ennobling principles imparted by his vivid delineation of the character of a wise and virtuous monarch. Over his *Memorabilia* of Socrates, we catch from a favorite disciple, the pure precepts of morality living as they fell from the mouth of that venerable and almost divine philosopher. We return to Athens, and join the crowd of Athenian youth assembled in the gardens of the Academy, to listen to a glowing

lecture from Plato,—or that throng of Peripatetics we see entering for a morning's walk with Aristotle or Theophrastus, the olive groves of the Lyceum. Over the orations of Demosthenes, we hear in imagination, not what we are usually compelled to tolerate, the “cheap extemporaneous rant of modern demagogues,” but what the Athenian democracy were accustomed to hear,—the most elaborate, the most nobly conceived and closely studied efforts of the human mind, which in the whole range of oratorical productions, have been transmitted for the admiration of mankind. We hear with the generous impulses of patriotism, the denunciations of the orator, bursting like the delegated wrath of heaven, against the monarch of Macedonia. We hear him on the famous occasion of the prosecution against Ctesiphon for his proposition to award the golden crown,—an occasion which assembled at Athens a multitude from all parts of Greece, and when the orator was called to encounter an adversary worthy of his own great fame. At the close of that celebrated debate,—and whether regarded as a strictly legal discussion, or as a magnificent specimen of forensic eloquence, it still stands unequalled,—we join in the

applause which follows the decision in favor of Demosthenes, but we also shed a tear on the announcement of the sentence, which sends his brilliant rival into exile.

But passing from Athens to Rome,—from the Areopagus and the assemblages of the people, to the Senate House and the Forum,—we still move amid scenes where the mind may ever wander with melancholy delight. From the society of Xenophon and Plato, Demosthenes and Æschines, we pass to that of Cicero and Cato and Brutus and Cæsar. Over the pages of Cicero and Sallust, we may even hear the memorable debate on the punishment to be inflicted on the associates of Cataline. We pause and enter the Senate House on the interesting occasion. Silanus has introduced his proposition for the immediate execution of the conspirators, and Cæsar is on the floor, delivering his elegant, elaborate and philosophical argument against capital punishment. The previously formed opinions of Senators are shaken by the ingenious and masterly effort of a man skilled in all the arts of an accomplished orator. Even Silanus himself, in a tone of apology, would modify his proposition, when we see the imposing form of the Consul—Cicero himself, rising

to respond. Behold the civic victor of many a well fought field! Listen to those tones so often heard in the Forum, in vindication of persecuted innocence; in the Senate House, in defence of suffering freedom;—and heard but a few days before, swelling in strains of burning indignation against these same conspirators, along the lofty dome of the Temple of Concord. His noble countenance beams with the fire of patriotism and with

That stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

He has encountered an adversary before whom, in the arts of eloquence, he alone could stand erect, and before whom, in another art and on another field, even *he* was destined to stand powerless, and contemplate in silence and sorrow the crumbling fabric of a once glorious republic.

Here his victory is complete. He sits down amid the applause of that venerable band of patriots, and the stern voice of Cato sustaining the opinion of Cicero, closes the debate. The Senate adjourns.—The conspirators pay with their lives the penalty of their crimes.—Rome is saved—The Consul is triumphant.—The City is illuminated

in honor of her deliverance ; we hear the shouts of the multitude, who follow the footsteps of their venerated Consul to his home. The wives and daughters of the citizens come forth on the lofty porticos, to attest by their smiles and their tears, their gratitude to their country's deliverer. We gaze on the placid brow of the god-like man, as with measured tread, in his robes of office, and surrounded with the simple insignia of authority, he moves in the midst of that rejoicing throng. We join that triumphal procession—we swell those notes of acclamation in honor of the noblest champion of Liberty, the world ever saw.

But let us visit him in his moments of release from the cares of state and the pursuits of the forum, in the peaceful shades of Tusculanum. Let us hear him talk with Atticus on letters and philosophy, or lament with Sulpicius over the waning glories of the Republic. Let us behold him again in his venerable age, when that Republic was no more, repairing to the Senate House, to plead, in the presence of the Dictator, the cause of the exiled Marcellus ; or, let us hear him while beset by the daggers of assassins, scourge as with a whip of scorpions the vices of the profligate Antony, and mark his

solemn tones while he gives utterance to those sentiments of patriotic devotion, which alone should "canonize his memory in the hearts of the champions of republican liberty;" "Quin etiam corpus libenter obtulerim, si repræsentari morte mea libertas civitatis potest: ut aliquando dolor populi Romani pariat quod jamdiu parturit. Mihi vero, patres conscripti, jam etiam optanda mors est, perfuncto rebus iis, quas adeptus sum, quasque gessi. DUO MODO HÆC OPTO: *unum*, UT MORIENS POPULUM ROMANUM LIBERUM RELINQUAM; HOC MIHI MAJUS A DIIS IMMORTALIBUS DARI NIHIL POTEST; *alterum*, UT ITA CUIQUE EVENIAT, UT DE REPUBLICA QUISQUE MEREATUR."

We throw a pall over the fallen republic. We enter the imperial palace in the golden era of Augustus. Our wanderings are no longer cheered by the light of republican liberty; but as lovers of learning, we have our meed of praise, even for an absolute monarch, if that monarch be a patron of letters. We pay our court to Augustus, to gaze on the brilliant literary constellation, that glitters around the imperial throne. We sympathize with him even in his predilections for the pleasures of the banquet, while he reclines between the sighs of Horace and the tears of

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Virgil; while he listens at one moment to an adulatory song from Ovid, or an elegy from Propertius or Tibullus, and at another an account of their travels from Diodorus Siculus and Strabo, to a chapter of his elegant history from Livy, or the Biography of a Greek or Roman general from Cornelius Nepos.

We follow with our imprecations the sanguinary Nero, for the death of the stern old Seneca. We honor the emperor Vespasian for his friendship to the elder Pliny, and we can almost pardon the cruelties of Domitian, when we remember the favors he bestowed on the accomplished Quinctilian. We vail our plumes like loyal courtiers, before the diadem of the virtuous Trajan, for his noble liberality to Plutarch. We linger in the imperial halls to gain an introduction to Tacitus and the younger Pliny, that we may gaze on the beautiful spectacle they present, of intellectual excellence, elevated and refined by the charms of a pure and devoted friendship. In the former we recognize the stern republicanism of the days of Cicero and Brutus; and while, for the elegant adulation bestowed by the latter upon the Emperor, we can find an apology in the kindness and confidence of his sovereign, we love

also to record our gratitude for the humanity and magnanimity he displayed while Proconsul of Pontus and Bythia, in rebuking the fell spirit of persecution against the early Christians, ere the benignant light of their holy and self-sacrificing faith had shone through the mists of Paganism on the throne of the Cæsars.

Even at a later and more barbarous period of imperial Rome, we can follow the triumphal car of the victorious Aurelian ; but not to gaze on the spoils of his Oriental conquests. In the long and magnificent procession that adorns his triumph, there moves in sad and solemn but collected dignity, and arrayed in all the attractions of Oriental loveliness, a captive female. She is manacled with a golden chain, and led by a slave before the glittering chariot of the imperial victor. We turn from the conqueror to the conquered. Amid the blaze of triumphant power, we are lost in the contemplation of the radiance which power cannot dim—the radiance of immortal mind. We gaze on the young, the beautiful Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra,—the learned and accomplished pupil of the celebrated Longinus.

But I leave you to indulge in your hours of

literary repose, these imaginary wanderings ; and if we have already lingered too long amid the ruins of Athens and of Rome, we can find an apology in the interest inspired by the important events which have recently been passing in the last mentioned home of ancient freedom. In the contemplation of those events, what American Republican does not pray for the restoration of her ancient glory ? Who of us, would not in the place of the Pontifical government, combining spiritual and temporal power, behold once more the Consular authority reposing on the popular will, and securing in its original efficiency, the popular freedom ? Who would not, in the place of the Vatican, with all its magnificence and grandeur, restore the Senate House in its ancient majesty and glory ? What lover of Republican liberty, as he dwells in imagination on the procession in honor of the civic triumph of a Consul, would not contemplate with melancholy emotions, the senseless pageant of the representative of spiritual and temporal authority, surrounded by the gaudy paraphernalia of office, moving over the very scenes once consecrated by the footsteps of Cicero, —to attract, not the gaze of enlightened freemen,

but the servile worshipers of the splendors of despotism.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
Her resurrection—all beside—decay.
Alas for earth ! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye, she bore, when Rome was free !

I speak nothing repugnant to the sentiments of a genuine Republican, whatever may be his religious faith, when I declare that I cannot contemplate an union of the powers which are still regarded as essential to Papal supremacy, without recurring to that gloomy period in the history of the world, when governments claimed the peculiar privilege of binding alike the human frame and the human mind ; when the tortures of the body were resorted to, to bend and fashion the faith of the immortal soul ; and when that soul aspiring to a closer communion with its God was subdued and fettered by manacles forged by the bloody artificers of cruelty, in

the workshops of Bigotry and Superstition. It is difficult to forget that dark epoch in the history of Italy, when her learned men "did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought;" when tyrannical restraints upon the liberty of the press and the liberty of thought "had damped the glory of Italian wits, and nothing was written for years but flattery and fustian;" when not a scholar could send forth a "single Enchiridion, without the Castle of St. Angelo of an imprimatur;" and when the bold champion of English liberty "found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."* I would ask for the land of Cicero and Brutus, a final deliverance from a government, which ever sanctioned either in theory or practice, such abominable outrages upon human rights, such horrible refinement upon human suffering. Let the representative of St. Peter enjoy all the rights which appertain to the sanctity of his position. Let him have the keys, and all other appendages of his holy office.

* Milton's *Areopagitica*.

Let him have the mitre,—but without the golden circles,—and all other emblems of spiritual and Apostolical dominion ; but let him surrender to his subjects all claims to sovereign political power ; and God grant that the day may shortly arrive when from the rising to the setting sun, there may be no fealty acknowledged to any earthly sovereignty, save the sovereignty of the people !

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

—
BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
—

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, YORICK of thy tribe
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy JACQUES complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

LOUISIANA AND HER LAWS.

BY HENRY J. LEVY, ESQ.

WE propose giving as briefly as possible an outline of the legal history of Louisiana. We would premise for the benefit of the uninitiated that there are two grand systems of law known to the civilized world. The one—the Common Law, composed of the Customary and Statutory law of England, is now the law of that country and twenty-eight of the States of this Union; the other, the *Corpus juris Civilis*, or Civil law, is now taught and obeyed not only in France, Germany, Holland and Scotland, but in the Islands of the Indian Ocean, and on the banks of the Mississippi and the St Lawrence. In this we see exemplified the great D'Aguesseau's remark, that "the grand destinies of Rome are not yet accomplished; she reigns throughout the world by her reason, after having ceased to reign by her authority." The Roman or Civil law is founded upon the royal constitutions of its first kings, on

the Twelve Tables, the statutes enacted by the Senate and the People, the Pretorial edicts, the opinions of learned lawyers and the Imperial Decrees. From these numerous sources was formed an immense reservoir of both useful and useless laws, a part of which were first codified by Theodosius, then the whole under Justinian in 529, by Tribonian and others. The body of law thus compiled and finished, consists of the Institutes, in four books—the Pandects in fifty—the Imperial Code in twelve books, and the Novels or New Constitutions.

It is the general belief that this old Roman law, modified and polished by the wisdom of French and Spanish enactments, is the existing system of jurisprudence in Louisiana. This opinion, though true in the main, needs some qualification. Our laws are a texture composed of the best materials, from both the English Common and the Roman Civil law. Other States and other nations have contented themselves with adopting, without change or modification, either the one or the other of these systems. Our plan is the interweaving of the two, the mingling of both as the colors mingle in the rainbow, and so imperceptibly, that like the verge of the horizon and sea, none but

the most experienced eyes can discern the distinctive line between them.

Each of the two grand systems has its imperfections, as well as virtues. The Civil law is defective in its public, the Common law in its private relations. There are but few writers acquainted with the relative merits of the Common and Civil law, that do not unhesitatingly declare that in all the relations between man and man, the Roman law is infinitely superior to the English law; while in all the public relations—in all that exists between government and man—between society as a whole and man as a part—in all that concerns the protection of the property and liberty of the individual, there has been in no country, nor does there any where exist, a system at all comparable to the Common law. Brown, speaking of Rome in his work on the Civil law, remarks that “it was the peculiar glory of the nation which subdued the world to furnish mankind with a code of laws, containing the most perfect system of justice and equity between man and man, that has ever been produced by human invention.” But, says Montesquieu—“Liberty was in the centre, and slavery in all its extremities,” and adds the writer first quoted from, “In the crim-

inal law, in that great palladium of liberty, the jury, we are immeasurably in advance of the Roman code ; and here, upon the whole, is the glory of the English system." Kent, too, after expressing his preference for many parts of the Civil law, concludes that "In every thing which concerns civil and political liberty, the Civil law cannot be compared to the free spirit of the English and American Common law." None were more aware of the relative merits and defects of the two systems than the American and French jurisconsults who found themselves in Louisiana on its adoption into the Union. The United States, by the act of 1804, left to the people of Louisiana the task of legislating for themselves, and gave them the power to make such changes in their system of laws as they might in their wisdom deem necessary. They found the Civil law with all its unwieldy incumbrances harnessed upon them. They felt that great and many difficulties would arise by engrafting new principles on the political system of the Union. They knew that by adopting the Civil law without amendment, they would be introducing into the Union a jingling and discordant element. To so model this system as to make it harmonize with the

laws of the federal government and neighboring States, was a difficult task. But the legal minds of that day were strong, nor were they bound to or prejudiced in favor of or against any system. They took a view of the work before them, from a more elevated point than that selected by the strictly common or civil lawyer. Hence, they produced from the more abundant material before them, a code of laws that will vie with the most perfect system the world has yet produced. Almost the very first act made by these legislators, enacted in 1805, declared that all crimes, offences and misdemeanors, should be taken, intended, and construed according to, and in conformity with the *Common law of England*; then followed in 1812, the framing and adoption of the State Constitution, which was almost in every respect similar to those adopted by the neighboring States, most of whose principles were borrowed from the Common law of England. Here then in our fundamental and legislative enactments, in all the public relations we recognized and adopted the Common law, and, as may be inferred, almost every thing relating to the private relations which had already been engrafted on the country, was suffered to remain. It is true that some excres-

cences were pruned, some redundancies and remnants of the old Roman tyranny in the domestic relations were lopped off, but the whole system worked the better, and gave more satisfaction on account of these changes.

It will thus be seen by the Bar of other states that though we consider ourselves governed by the Civil law, there is much in common between themselves and us, and that our laws approximate nearer to the common law than is generally imagined. Nor is this all. No one that has at all studied the gradual formation of our system, can have failed to observe the leaning of our Supreme Court for years past towards the Common law. This is not only perceptible but the common remark of our Bar. After all, the form of proceedings in our courts is the distinctive boundary between our law and that of our neighbors. We have often heard common law lawyers express their sympathy for those Romans who lived before the age of Justinian, because, though the people were possessed of certain rights, they could not of themselves obtain them, because of the mystery and mummerly of the proceedings with which no ordinary individual could become acquainted. They never for a moment

reflect, that among themselves the same odious objection exists, and that their people are as much in need of an interpreter as were the old Romans with whom they so much sympathize. Our system is not open to this objection. Our pleadings almost equal in simplicity those of the old Saxons in their Witenagemote, where the parties simply related to the Court the tale of their grievances without adorning or varnishing, without technicality or equivocation. In this great distinctive feature, then, we flatter ourselves, we are in advance of both our neighbors and the federal government, but, at the same time, we think we can perceive in our neighbors an inclination to simplify their judicial proceedings as we have done.

Besides this there is more of the old Roman law in the very foundation of the English jurisprudence than the common law advocate is willing to admit. There can be no doubt that the Roman law was early introduced into Britain while that country was in possession of the Romans. Chancellor Kent thinks the civil law was administered there by the illustrious Papinian, aided by Paulus and Ulpian. The elegant Selden is of the same opinion, as is also Crabbe. It must then have

existed in Britain a long time, and laws—particularly such as the Roman laws—thus early introduced and thus long existing, must leave an impress, not easily obliterated, on the manners and customs of a people. Crabbe acknowledges many remnants of the Civil law still existing in England. Again no three men more aided in the formation of the Common law, than did Bracton, Britton and Fleta—their opinions were law, their dicta command.

Now these great jurisconsults all lived and wrote after the XIIth century, and it must be remembered that it was in 1135, at Amalphi, that the Roman Pandects were discovered, which have greatly influenced those writers. Brown, in his work on the civil law, declares unhesitatingly that those authors shine in the borrowed plumes of the Roman writers. And besides this, we all know that ever since the time of Stephen, all matters within the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical and Chancery courts, and over all matters military and maritime, the civil law has always obtained. Kent says “it now exerts a very considerable influence upon our municipal law, and particularly on those of it which are of equity and admiralty jurisdiction, or fall within the cognizance of the

surrogate's or consistorial courts." The fact, then, that within the sacred precincts of the Common law many seeds of the Civil are found; that while the tendencies of the common law are silently leaning towards us, we are in our decisions and laws inclining towards it, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that ere long, perfected by the hands of able judges and jurists, one system of laws—not Roman—not English, but AMERICAN will extend and panoply itself—like the blue arch of Heaven, over the whole American continent.

We have, we fear, too long indulged in a general view of the philosophy of our law, we will now descend into the subject proper of this article and briefly touch upon the history of our law.

As is well known the Mississippi river was discovered as early as 1541, by Hernando de Soto. He had been sent by Charles the Vth of Spain, to conquer Florida, which having done, and being tempted by extravagant tales of the wealth, he extended his travels far into the interior of Arkansas.

The French, in 1673, having become permanently settled in Canada, made many excursions to the wilds of the west. Among others was one

headed by a priest, known as Father Marquette, and a companion named Joliet. Hearing, during their excursion, of a mighty river called *Meschacebe* (Father of Waters) by the Indians, they determined to visit it before ending their journey. Engaging four Indian guides, they with some difficulty reached the *Meschacebe* on the 7th July, 1673.

In 1678, Robert Chevalier de Lasalle offered his services to the Governor of Canada, promising to explore the Mississippi to its mouth, on condition that he should be provided with the proper and necessary means. Obtaining the assistance of Colbert and of the Prince of Conti, he succeeded in acquiring the needed means from Louis XIV. He reached the Mississippi in 1682, and for his protection founded the now flourishing city of St. Louis. He explored this mighty river to its mouth, and in accordance with the then custom, claimed, in the name of France, by right of discovery, the whole of the vast valley through which the river flowed. He took possession of it with the usual formalities, and named it, in honor of his king—LOUISIANA.

In 1684, La Salle made an attempt to colonize Louisiana, but, landing at the Bay of St. Ber-

nard, through the mismanagement of the naval commander he failed, and with his failure lost his life. During his stay at St. Bernard—near Matagorda—he took formal possession of the country in the name of France. Through this act France always claimed that Louisiana extended as far as the Rio Grande. La Salle was killed in 1687. His death was a romantic one, but our space will not admit of a description. From this time to 1797 Louisiana was forgotten, but France in this year having concluded the peace of Ryswick directed her serious attention to the subject of its colonization. D'Iberville was sent to renew the explorations commenced by La Salle. He left his brothers Sauville and Bienville with a small company at the Balize, and returned to France. After succeeding in establishing a small settlement in Louisiana, he died at Havana in 1706.

France having become again involved in war, and not being able to devote proper attention to this new colony, sold in 1712 the entire country to Antoine de Crozat, for the term of sixteen years. The government only retained the prerogative of sovereignty. Crozat failed in his enterprise, and after ruining himself and his friends, surrendered in 1717 all his rights and privileges.

Crozat was immediately followed by the Mississippi Company. They obtained from the French government a charter to continue for twenty-five years, granting them every possible power, leaving to the French the mere title of sovereign power. Louisiana was then a part of the Diocese of Quebec.

In 1718, Bienville feeling the need of a metropolis, selected the site now covered by NEW-ORLEANS.

In 1722 Louisiana was divided into nine cantons:—New-Orleans, Biloxi, Mobile, Alabama, Natchez, Nachitoches, Yazoo, Arkansas, and Illinois. Most of these cantons were named from the respective Indian tribes that inhabited them. During the time the Mississippi Company held this territory many bloody battles were fought between these Indians and the whites, which resulted in the almost complete subjugation of the former.

The Mississippi Company having sustained great loss, concluded in 1732 to abandon their enterprise, and accordingly relinquished to the King the charter he had given them.

On the third of November, 1762, France concluded with Spain a secret treaty, by which "the former ceded to the latter, the part of the province of Louisiana which lies on the western

side of the Mississippi, with the city of New-Orleans and the island on which it stands." Antonio de Ulloa was appointed by Charles III. in 1766 to take possession, in the name of Spain, of the country; but the people resisted, and Ulloa was compelled to return to Spain. In 1769 Captain-General O'Reilly arrived from Spain with a large force and took possession of the country without resistance.

Under the dominion of France, the administration consisted of a Governor, an Intendant, a Commissary, and a Comptroller. In 1719, a Superior Council had been created composed of two Lord-Lieutenants, four Counselors, an Attorney-General, and a Recorder—several Judges had likewise been appointed. The Governor was *ex-officio* President of the Council. This organization was set aside by O'Reilly, who established in the King's royal name a City Council, or as it was termed, a Cabildo, for the administration of justice and preservation of order in the city, aided by six perpetual Regidors, all conformably to the 2nd law of the *Recopilacion de las Indias*, among whom were distributed the offices of Alferoz Royal, Alcalde, Mayor provincial, Alguazil Mayor, Depository General and receiver of *penas de camara*, or fines

for the use of the General Treasury. O'Reilly's proclamation which contained a synopsis of the Spanish law (to be found in Schmidt's Journal of August, 1841), was made because the "limited knowledge which the King's new subjects possess of the Spanish laws, might render a strict observance of them difficult, and as every abuse is contrary to the intention of his Majesty, it is thought needful and necessary to form an abstract or regulation drawn from the said laws, which may serve for instruction and elementary formulary in the administration of justice, and in the economical government of the city, until a more general knowledge of the Spanish language may enable every one, by the perusal aforesaid, to extend his information to every point thereof." This therefore was only temporary law, and soon fulfilling its purpose ceased to exist. But a more important question arises: Did O'Reilly's proclamation repeal the old French laws and customs? By the 15th Article of the Mississippi Company's charter, it is said that the "Judges established in the aforesaid places shall be held to judge according to the Laws and Ordinances of the kingdom (of France); and to conform themselves to the Provosty and Viscounty of Paris."

This provision is also found in Crozat's charter, and is in fact the foundation of the Civil Law of Louisiana, and of this the customs of Paris are the basis.* Now whether these fundamental laws have been repealed by the proclamation of O'Reilly is a question yet disputed and of much interest. Mr. Jefferson seems to have thought the French laws but partially repealed, while Judge Martin in his History inclines to the contrary opinion. Happily, as Judge Martin observes in his History, the Spanish laws and those of France proceed from the same origin, and from the similarity, the transition from Spanish to French was scarcely felt by the inhabitants, and the existence or non-existence of the old French law is now of not the least *practical* importance. The Spaniards governed Louisiana from 1769 till its return

* See SCHMIDT'S 'Law Journal.' For more valuable information upon this and kindred subjects, we would refer the reader to his forthcoming work, which will be published in a handsome octavo volume of at least five hundred pages, and will contain besides the *Civil Law of Spain*, and the *Colonial Law* of that country, the *Laws of Mexico* so far as they affect *Texas* and the *Extensive Territories* lately ceded to the United States. It will also comprise the *Land Laws of Mexico*, both while a Colony of Spain and after its independence. From the Digester's well known habits of laborious and accurate research, we have no doubt but that it will greatly enhance his reputation both as an author and jurist.—Ed.

to France on the 30th November, 1803. France held it but twenty days and made no change in the Spanish laws. The people of Louisiana, under the Spanish regime, were governed by the *Fuero Viego*, *Fuero Juzco*, *Partidas*, *Recopilaciones*, *Leyes de las Indias*, *Autos Accordados* and *Royal Schedules*. To explain these, Spanish commentators were consulted, and the *Corpus Juris Civilis* and its commentators were resorted to, and to eke out any deficiency the lawyers who came from France or Hispaniola, read Pothier, D'Aguesseau, Dumoulin, &c. *El Fuero Juzco* was a compilation of the rules and regulations made for Spain by its national councils and Gothic Kings as early as A. D. 693. It was the first Code made by the Spanish nation; it consisted of twelve volumes and was originally published in Latin. It was translated into Spanish in the 13th century by order of Ferdinand III. *El Fuero Viego* was published in the year 992. It is divided into five books, and contains the ancient customs and usages of the Spanish nation.

The *Partidas* "is the most perfect system of Spanish laws, and may be advantageously compared with any Code published in the most enlightened ages of the world." They are in imi-

tation of the Roman Pandects, and may be considered a digest of the laws of Spain. It was projected by Ferdinand III., who died before finishing it. In 1256, Alphonso the Wise nominated four Spanish jurisconsults, to whom he committed the execution of the intended work. This they accomplished in seven years. These laws, the result of their labor, they divided into seven parts, and from them *Siete Partidas*, the work takes its name. Much of our present system of Practice is taken from the *Partidas*.

The *Recopilacion* of Castile was published in the year 1567, under the authority and supervision of Philip II. From that time to 1777 many new editions of this work were produced.

The *Autos Accordados* were edicts and orders in Council sanctioned and published by virtue of a royal decree. It consists of but one volume. The scattered laws made for the Spanish colonies at different periods, were digested by Philip IV. in the same form as the *Recopilacion* of Castile, and called in 1661 the *Recopilacion de las Indias*.*

“The return of Louisiana under the dominion of France, and its transfer to the United States,

* See Preface to the American edition of *Partidas*.

did not for a moment weaken the Spanish laws in that province." The French, during the continuation of their power of twenty days, made no change, and the Government of the United States left the task of legislation to the people of Louisiana themselves, giving to them the right to make whatever changes they might deem necessary in the existing system of their laws. The United States became in possession of Louisiana in December, 1803. In March, 1804, an act was passed dividing the country into two territories—Orleans and Louisiana. In March, 1805, another act was passed providing for the government of Louisiana and Orleans. The present Louisiana was then the *Orleans Territory*. The Supreme Court of said territory was composed of three Judges, *one* of whom was a quorum. It was vested with original and appellate jurisdiction in civil *and criminal causes*. The criminal laws of Spain were repealed, and penal statutes adopted, the definitions and intendments of which were left to the common law of England. The first territorial legislature met in 1806, and one of its acts was the appointing of Messrs. Brown and Lislet, two members of the bar, a committee to prepare a *Digest* of the laws then in

existence in the territory. Instead of complying with their orders and digesting the laws in existence, these gentlemen made a *code* based principally on the *Code Napoleon*. This was adopted by the Legislature, and is now known as the "old Civil Code of 1808." This code did not repeal former laws; "the old Civil Code only repealed such parts of the Civil Law as were contrary to or incompatible with it." It did not contain many and important provisions of the Spanish law nor any rules of judicial proceedings. It was therefore decided that the Spanish laws were to be considered as untouched when the digest or civil code did not reach them. The Legislature, therefore, in 1819 ordered the publication of such parts of the *Partidas* as were still in force.

As our old and new codes are based on the Code Napoleon, it will not be improper to here briefly notice that work. The difficulties arising from the various and complicated customs of France, attracted the attention of early Kings of France to the necessity of written laws. St. Louis, Philip Le Bel and John, had all vainly sought to effect this object. Charles VII. approached nearest success. A commencement being

made, the customs were ultimately reduced to writing between the reigns of Louis XII. and Henry IV. In the course of the 16th century this work was improved and elaborated through the exertions of Dumoulin, Chopin, Bacquet, Pithou, and others. Domat, in the 17th and Pothier in the 18th century, reduced the whole system to comparative beauty. To Lamoignon and D'Aguesseau, as also to Louis XV. and XVI. we are indebted for those Ordinances which have at once been the pride of France and the resort of all nations. Montesquieu fanned the flame that was purifying the legal atmosphere of France. After the revolution, as soon as tranquillity was restored, the French nation betook itself to the thorough reformation of its laws, the result—the CODE NAPOLEON—has proved the wisdom of its compilers and insured the happiness of the people.

The commissioners appointed to compile the Code consisted of Franchet, Portalis, De Premeneau, and Malleville. Thirty-six laws which constituted the Civil Code actually in force, having been decreed, a law promulgated the 31st March, 1804, declared the union of all the civil laws under the title of the "Civil Code of the French." This

title was changed in 1807, and again in 1816, but is now generally known as the Code Napoleon. The code has been several times changed since its promulgation, and the decisions of the Court of Cassation reported by Dalloz and Sirey, as well as those of the sovereign courts, have interpreted, applied, extended and fixed its principles. Much assistance too is derived by the student by reference to treatises and commentaries on the subject, such as those of Duranton, Trop-Long, &c. This code is the basis of the jurisprudence of Germany, Italy, Poland, Switzerland, and Belgium.*

In 1811 Congress raised the Territory of Orleans to the dignity of a State, and restored to it the name of Louisiana. In 1812 the Constitution was framed, and in 1813 the Supreme Court was formed consisting of three Judges, Hall, Mathews, and Derbigny. It had appellate jurisdiction only, and but in civil cases where the amount in dispute exceeded three hundred dollars.

The "Old Code" requiring amendment, a committee consisting of Messrs. Livingston, Derbigny, and Lislet were appointed to revise it. The

* For most of these particulars we are again indebted to Schmidt's Journal.

“ Old Code ” revised and remodeled, called the “ Civil Code of Louisiana,” went into operation in 1825. Its last article repeals all former laws, for which it provided, and an act of 1828 abolished the Roman, French, and Spanish laws previously in existence, and also “ *all* the articles contained in the old Civil Code, and all the provisions of the same which are not reprinted in the new civil code, except chapter 3d, title 10th.” The decision reported in Martin’s Report, N. S. vol. 6, p. 90, excepting other parts of the Old Code is of course annulled by this subsequent act of the Legislature; but the Supreme Court has decided that the Legislature in abolishing the French and Spanish laws, previously in existence, “ did not intend to abrogate those principles of law which had been established or settled by the decisions of courts of justice.”

In 1840 the number of the Judges of the Supreme Court was increased to five.

The Code of Practice was enacted on the 12th April, 1824, and adopted 2nd September, 1825. It repeals all former rules of practice, and also those parts of the Civil Code that conflict with it.

In 1845 our present Constitution was adopted, changing materially the basis of our laws and causing a nearer approximation to the principles

of the Common law. Though our people, from the love of novelty, and on account of some real defects, are already seeking a change; it can hardly be denied that with all its faults it is one of the best Constitutions to be found in the Union. It changed and greatly simplified the judiciary system, creating in place of the old numerous courts but three degrees of jurisdiction—the inferior courts, or Justices of the Peace, the District Courts, and the appellate or Supreme Court,* consisting of one Chief Justice and three *puisne* Judges.

We have thus as we promised, briefly touched upon the most important points in the legal history of Louisiana. It will be found that we have mostly adopted the Civil law. With regard to its merits, in concluding, we cannot better express ourselves than by using the elegant language of Chancellor Kent. “The whole body of the Civil law will excite never-failing curiosity, and receive the homage of scholars, as a singular monument of wisdom. It fills such a large space in the eye of

* The Court at present consists of the Hon. GEORGE EUSTIS, LL D., Chief Justice, a native of Massachusetts; the Hon. PIERRE A. ROST, a native of France; the Hon. THOMAS SLIDELL, a native of New York, and the Hon. ISAAC T. PRESTON, a native of Virginia, associate Justices.

human reason ; it regulates so many interests of man as a social, civilized being ; it embodies, so much thought, reflection, experience, and labor ; it leads us so far into the recesses of antiquity ; and it has stood so long ' against the waves and weathers of time,' that it is impossible while engaged in the contemplation of the system, not to be struck with some portion of the awe and veneration which are felt in the midst of the solitudes of a majestic ruin."

SONNET.

—
BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.
—

NOT when the warm sun darts his beams around—
Drinking the dews from off the thirsting flower,
Not in his noontide glory, when the ground,
Robbed of its freshness owns his mighty power,
Do I love most the woodland's tangled way;
Or spacious lawns, or waters dancing bright,
In the wild sparkle of his golden ray,
Which bursts through clouds that would obscure
his light ;
But when that fierce, proud, fiery glow hath past—
When lengthened shadows fall on earth's dim
breast ;
And through the trees that wave their arms on
high—
Unceasing moans the hollow evening blast,
Then do I seek those dark lone woods—there lie,
And watch the day-god sinking to his rest.

THE TRUE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM C. MICOU, ESQ.

THE object of education is not to make the mind a store-house of facts and theories, or to furnish precedents fitting every contingency of life. Its aim is higher and more important—to train, and exercise, and discipline and mould the mind itself—to unfold its latent energies—to prepare it for the business and collisions of life—to make it conscious of its own power, and to give courage and confidence when difficulties arise. The studies of the schools are valued, not for themselves, but for their effects. The lessons and rules to which the pupil devotes his weary hours, and even the classic beauties of Virgil and Homer, fade from the memories, on which they are, for a time vividly impressed. Like shadows of the night, they appear and depart, but their coming is not without its lasting use. The mind unconsciously retains the impression they have made.

The power of reasoning—the habit of correct and logical deduction—the art of proving the unknown, by the union of familiar truths, remain after the rules of mathematics and geometry have faded from the memory. Without referring to the rules of syntax, or the models of the learned, their lasting impression appears, in the capacity for ready, prompt, and polished expression of the thoughts. The skillful fencer seldom needs the precise rules of his art, but the bodily activity, quickness of eye and rapidity of action, acquired in his practice, add a hundred fold to his physical energies. The exercises of the schools, even when forgotten, are not lost, but only incorporated into the character of the pupil. The ladder of education may be thrown down by one who has carefully ascended its rounds, or it may be resorted to only for recreation and the renewal of pleasant memories; but the elevation gained by its assistance, belongs to the mind itself.

But in impressing upon the attention of youth, this the true aim of his labors, he must not be permitted to depreciate the value of memory. On the contrary, it is one of the highest and most valuable of our faculties. It is the link between

what we have done and thought, and what we will do and think. It is the point of union between the past and the future. It is the storehouse in which not only lessons, but results are treasured. It should be freely and laboriously trained, but not alone. Imagination and judgment should preside at its exercises, and assist and direct them. The ideas intrusted to its keeping, should not be laid by, without being first embalmed in reflection. It will then be, not the mere mirror of the thoughts of others, physically reflecting images, of whose beauty it is unconscious, but the intelligent recipient of ideas, scanned, compared, and ready for actual use.

The thought which we have attempted to develop, is forcibly and happily expressed by Montesquieu—the most profound of French philosophers. **THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION IS TO TEACH THE PUPIL HOW TO THINK.** The theory is here concentrated to a word—and other minds in examining or enforcing it, can only explain the details without enlarging the result. It is unnecessary to speak of action, because action is but the consequence of thought. It is but the effect of the cause. It follows like the report, upon the flash of lightning—or rather like the flash itself, it reveals to

the eye, the powerful presence of a more secret and subtle agent.

Education being intended to discipline the mind and develop its energies—it should of course receive a practical direction. The character should be formed for the theatre in which it is to be exerted—the pupil should be prepared to act his part in the sphere to which he will probably belong. Parents are apt to think their duty fulfilled, by giving to their children indiscriminately the best advantages of education, which their means afford; the motto is—to aim high for all, and if the child falls short, the parent protects himself from blame.

This course is nevertheless ill judged. If all be educated for the highest rank—all will suppose themselves entitled to the highest station. The flattery of parents and teachers having conferred upon youth the distinction of genius, he springs into the arena of life with buoyant feelings, and doubts not that opposition will disappear before his superiority. But he encounters the rivalry of opposing interest, of adverse circumstances, and of conventional usages—to the eye gilded and yielding, but to the touch as stern and unbending as the laws of nature. Superior merit and established position meet him, where he expected only

inferiority and submission. Ignorance, cunning and experience, by turns foil or defeat his skill.

Disappointment succeeds. Fame is too coy a goddess to be so lightly won, and wealth and position cannot be obtained without years of labor. How vain then the expectation, that the youth will step at once into the place of mature manhood—how unkind to excite hopes, only to be bitterly disappointed. Deceived in his first and dearest aspirations, the youth droops into nothingness, and has not the capacity to see, nor the courage to seize the place to which he is really entitled. The crushed spirit magnifies its own incompetency and shrinking from the struggle sinks into insignificance. Hope, the mistress of youth—the friend of manhood, and the child of age, like other gifts of a kind Providence, must be temperately enjoyed. The bow must not be too tightly drawn or the cord will break. Youthful aspirations too highly excited, then suddenly checked, turn to misery, and the chrystal goblet of our hopes quaffed too soon—leaves nothing but despair.

To provide for general education, is but the performance of a public duty. In our country especially, where it has pleased the people to be

their own governors, the government being identical with the people, more appropriately assumes a parental care and regard for youth. The diversity of our population in feeling, religion, and language, increases the necessity of general instruction. Public Schools and Libraries, Lyceums and Colleges, should spread abroad through all the land, so that although the fathers may have been born in other and distant climes, the children shall be all true Americans.

In the moral training of youth, the first principle to be inculcated is a *sacred regard for truth*. Truth is indeed the mother of virtue, and vice can scarce exist without duplicity. Truth will keep its worshipers unsoiled, amid the contamination of surrounding falsehood, and while unbroken, will serve as a talisman to guard them from harm. Beware then of the first breath of falsehood. It stains the bright escutcheon of your honor, and if often repeated, will sully and destroy it forever.

Of religious education, it scarce becomes me to speak. In all ages, a class of men, whose holy lives form an example of the precepts they inculcate, have been set apart to teach mankind the mysteries of religion. If I may be permit-

ted to touch but the threshold of the temple, from this sacred altar, to refer to one of the sacred truths, here so eloquently promulged, I would say that it is the imperious duty of the teacher, to turn the infant mind to the overpowering attributes of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator.

On minor points, creeds may differ and sects contend. On this they all agree. To this, the harmony of nature tends—to this the sublimity of the created universe, affords but the key. The enlightened and gifted mind, looks through surrounding existence, roams from sun to sun, through illimitable space and with the mental eye counts their number, until numbers are numberless; and then the thought comes home, that all these worlds and their circling spheres, compose but a point in space; that the smallest speck on the confines of the visible horizon, shuts out from the eye, space more extensive, worlds more numerous and wonders more wonderful than have yet been contemplated. From this sublime conception of the physical creation, the mind recurs to its own existence, and in its magic power to survey and appreciate all these miracles—to leap as it were, from the earth to the clouds, to seize the hair of the fiery comet and roam with it, into the

unfathomable abyss—it discovers something more admirable still. Though not infinite, it feels almost able to grasp infinity. The thought that nothing less than the infinite can excel its attributes, leads at once to that Omnipotence, which has created the universe and itself.

Most sublime and ennobling of thoughts! The intellect can reach no higher pinnacle than a faint appreciation of a Providence that guides the spheres in their circles, while it directs and governs the impulses of the mind which contemplates them. This elevating conception, the basis of all religion and all virtue, youth should never be permitted to forget. It should abide with them and guide their steps—like the visible sign of the Omnipotent in the desert—their cloud by day and their fire by night.

Another important task of the teacher, is to prepare the youth for the duties of the citizen. It is difficult to select a single idea, as prominent in this connection,—but, if a choice must be made—we would say the pupil should be educated *not* to be a scrambler for office. He should be taught that patriotism consists in devotion to the interests of the country and not to his own. **INCULCATE THE LESSON OF SELF-DEPENDENCE.** Teach youth to look to their industry for support—to

skill in their respective arts, and proficiency in their chosen professions. Teach them that a life spent in office-seeking is a servitude, unworthy of freemen and more degrading than subsistence by the labor of their hands. Proficiency and success in their own business, will not disqualify them from attention to that of the public. If the peculiar talent of conducting the affairs of the country exists, it will be discovered, and be assured it will not be the less valued, from being discovered by others. In time of your country's danger—when bold hearts and strong arms are needed for the fiery strife—then without waiting for solicitation, you may rush to the field. But if it shall be your fortune to do your country good service—look not for other reward than an honored name—the richest inheritance of the patriot to his children.

THE HELL CONTROVERSY.

—
BY VIDOCQ.
—

“ Who shall decide, when parsons disagree,”
If there be Hell for an eternity,
Or other place of short duration, where
The souls of sinners for Heaven must prepare ?
How can one know who cannot Hebrew speak—
Translate the Syriac, Chaldee, or the Greek ?
How find the truth when learned parsons tell,
“ That there’s a valley which we call a Hell ”—
“ That Hell in fact, is mental grief and woe
For wicked deeds committed here below ? ”
When either side is urgéd with such skill
It leads to doubts, and doubts lead further still ;
For the unlearned will surely pause and say—
“ Tis clear to me they prove it either way.”
Grant Hell be short, or never ending pain,
What is’t to man—what profit or what gain ?
If we believe God made it as He should,
We’ll take it as it is and know it good ;

For all His works, by every soul confessed,
Are made in wisdom, and made for the best.
And why should He reveal His every plan
And all His wise intentions show to man ;
Whether this Hell shall everlasting be—
Shall last an hour, or an eternity ?
And why suppose that certain rules must guide
The hand that could the foaming deep divide ?
If He doth please, He surely hath the power
To damn for ever, or but for an hour.
And can the preachers show, or will they plead
That this is not the way he *does* proceed ?
If they *cannot*, their wrangling let them cease
Or teach but what they prove, or hold their peace.
Nor waste their time in mere surmise and doubt
Concerning things that they know nought about ;
For there is want of knowledge and of light
When each can prove the other is not right.
One learned man by every one confessed,
Declares that *all* shall finally be blessed,
While one as learned, whose head with lore is cram-
med,
Declares that *some* shall certainly be damned—
Be damned for ever—world without an end—
In burning flames shall countless ages spend.
The first by way of proof, doth here maintain,

“ That evil deeds bring retributive pain,
As cause precedes effect,” and argues well :
“ That it is *true* the Bible mentions *Hell* ;
That an effect doth follow every cause
Is true—for it is one of Nature’s Laws ;
And plain that guilt must rack an erring mind
For here the cause and the effect we find.”
And this plain way of reasoning is the true,
Nor learning needs the Scriptures to construe,
But leads the mind so easily along,
The wayfarer, though fool, cannot go wrong.
If Gospel truths require such mighty lore
How can plain men their mysteries explore ?
How learn the truth, or entertain a hope
To know what’s literal, and what’s a trope ?
Upon their preachers they cannot depend
For any light, who strive but to defend
The dogmas they themselves do entertain,
Which if they prove at all are proved in vain.
For when the learned dispute about a word,
A Hebrew adjective, how shall the herd
Of common men the truth select and weigh ?
This don’t instruct, but leads the mind astray.
Then, since ’tis clear to men of every clime
That retribution ever follows crime—
For that is shown by nature’s settled laws—
That woe is the effect where guilt’s the cause ;

Why, let them cease their theologic war
Which proves but what the people knew before,
Who (by the way) will surely here observe,
That dogmas can no useful purpose serve,
When all the evidence to prove them true
Is had and held but by the learned few.
Then let us take these idioms so abstruse
And form our faith upon their common use ;
And if the Bible does declare, forsooth,
Hell never ends—WE KNOW IT SPEAKS THE TRUTH ;
And 'tis absurd the meaning to distort
Of Hebrew words which mean just what they ought ;
For if they be so hard to comprehend
Why were they writ—what object or what end
Can they now serve—what use can be to those
For whom the ancient Prophets did compose ?
Then let the parsons cease their useless strife
And turn their eyes to the affairs of life.
If they instruct and elevate the mind
They will more benefit the human kind ;
If they will strive to purify the heart,
They will perform the faithful preacher's part.

THE TWO AMERICAN RIDDLES.

BY B. M. NORMAN, ESQ.

THE great problems of the origin of the American races, and of American civilization, though volumes have been written upon them, are yet unsolved. Whether, according to the inquisitive and sagacious Humboldt, we ought to regard it as lying "without the limits prescribed to history, and even beyond the range of philosophical investigation," or whether we may look upon it as still open to the examination of those who are curious in ancient lore, must be determined rather by the ultimate result of our discoveries, and of the speculations based upon them, than upon the exaggerated notions of the difficulty of the question, which the first confused revelations of the traveled enquirer may seem to suggest.

I am by no means convinced in my own mind, that this question is one which cannot now be reached, or which must be looked upon as every

year receding farther and farther from our grasp. The antiquities of the old world, buried for so many ages in midnight oblivion, had remained through a long course of centuries, the standing enigma of Time. With the help even of some imperfect records from the archives of ancient history, and the aid of what seemed to be a fair line of tradition, the origin and purpose of many of them, and the hidden meaning of their hieroglyphical embellishments, had continued to be an inexplicable mystery quite down to our own times. Much learned investigation, from acute observers, and profound reasoners, had been expended upon them, without arriving at any satisfactory result. And yet, after all, the nineteenth century has expounded the riddle. The lapse of ages, instead of scattering beyond recovery the dim, uncertain twilight that hung about these august monuments of the solemn Past, has miraculously preserved it, as it were embalmed by a magic spiritual photography, to be concentrated into a halo of glory around the brow of Champollion. May it not be so with the now mysterious relics of the ancient races of America?

It may be remarked, and I think the remark cannot fail to commend itself to the good sense

of every reflecting mind, that no description, however perfect, or however faithfully and ably illustrated by the art of the engraver, can convey any adequate idea of the character of these ruins, or furnish, to one who has not seen them with his own eyes, the basis of a rational argument upon their origin. Were it possible to transport them entire to our own fields, and reconstruct them there, in all their primitive grandeur and beauty, it would not help us to solve the mystery—it would not convey to us any just notion of what they have been, or what they are. To be realized and understood, they must be studied where they are, amid the oppressive solitude of their ancient sites, surrounded with the luxuriant vegetation and picturesque scenery of their native clime, the clear transparent heaven of the tropics above them, and their own unwritten, unborrowed associations lingering dimly about them.

There are two errors, lying at the two extremes of the broad area of philosophical inquiry, into which men are liable to fall, in undertaking the discussion of questions of this nature. The one leads to hasty conclusions upon imperfect, ill-digested premises ; the other shrinks from all con-

clusions, however well supported, and labors only to deepen the shadows of mystery, which hang about its subject. One forms a shallow theory of his own, suggested by the first object he meets with on entering the field—or, perhaps borrows that of some equally superficial observer who had gone before him, or even of some cloistered speculator, who has never ventured beyond the four walls of his own narrow study—and, clinging to it with the tenacity of a parental instinct to its first born impression, sees nothing, hears nothing, conceives nothing, however palpable and necessary, that will not illustrate and aggrandize his one idea. The most convincing proofs are lost upon him. Demonstration assails him in vain. He started with his conclusion in his hand, and it is no marvel if he comes back as ignorant as he went, having added nothing to his argument, but the courage to push it somewhat more boldly than before.

Another enters the field, thoroughly convinced that it is impossible to come to any conclusion at all. He fears to see any thing decisive, lest it should compel him to favor an opinion. He dreads an object that suggests a definite idea, lest it should draw him per-force to support some

tangible theory. He stumbles blindfold over palpable facts, and clearly defined analogy, and converses only with shadows. His philosophy consists in leaning to whatever embarrasses a conclusion, and following only those contradictory lights, which perplex the judgment, and prevent it from arriving at a precise and positive inference.

Unsafe as it is to trust to the guidance of a mere theorist, there is little satisfaction in attempting to follow the timid lead of the universal doubter. Is it not possible to find a medium course?—to proceed with philosophic prudence and caution, taking due heed to all our steps, and yet to look facts and analogies boldly in the face, listen fearlessly to all their suggestions, collate, compare, and digest every hint and intimation they put forth, and venture, without exposing ourselves to the uncharitable imputation of dogmatism, to form and express a definite opinion? If any thing would deter *me* from so bold a step, it would be the formidable array of eminent names in the list of the doubters. When so many of the wisest have given it up as hopeless, it requires no less courage than skill to assume to be an *Œdipus*. But, having already, on a former occasion, been driven to a positive

inference from the narrow premises afforded by the question, and being answerable therefor at the bar of public criticism, I have less at stake than I should otherwise have, upon the opinion which I have now to offer.

I am free to acknowledge then, that the impressions formed by my first "rambles" among the ruined cities of Yucatan, have been fully confirmed by what I have now been permitted to see in Mexico. I am compelled, in view of all the facts and analogies which they present, to assign those ruins, and the people who constructed them, to a very remote antiquity. They are the works of a people who have long since passed away, and not of the races, or the progenitors of the races, who inhabited the country, at the epoch of the discovery.

To this conclusion I am led, or rather driven, by a variety of considerations, which I will endeavor to state, with as much brevity and conciseness as the nature of the case will admit.

The first consideration to which I shall allude, in support of the opinion above expressed, is the absence of all tradition respecting the origin of these buildings, and the people by whom they were erected. Among all the Indian tribes in all

Central America, it is not known that there is a solitary tradition, that can throw a gleam of light over the obscurity that hangs about this question. The inference would seem to be natural and irresistible, that the listless, unintellectual, unambitious race of men, who for centuries have lingered about these ruins, not only without knowing, but without caring to know, who built them, cannot be the descendants, nor in any way related to the descendants, of the builders. Tradition is one of the natural and necessary elements of the primitive stages of society. Its foundations are laid deep in the social nature of man. And it is only because it is supplanted by other and more perfect means of transmission, as civilization advances, that it is not, always and everywhere, the only channel of communication with the past, the only link between the living and the dead. In all ages, among all nations, where written records have been wanting, tradition has supplied the blank, and, generation after generation, the story of the past has been transmitted from father to son, and celebrated in the song of the wandering bard, till, at length, history has seized the shadowy phantom, and given it a place and a name on her enduring scroll. This

is the fountain head of all ancient history. True, it is often so blended with the fabulous inventions of poetry, that it is not always easy to sift out the truth from the fiction. Still, it is relied upon in the absence of records: while the very fable itself is made subservient to truth, by shadowing forth, in impressive imagery and graceful drapery, her real form and lineaments. What else than fable is the early history of Rome!

Now, if these ruins of America are of comparatively modern date, if, as some have undertaken to show, they were constructed and occupied by the not very remote ancestors of the Indian races who now dwell among them, in a state of abject poverty and servitude, is it reasonable, is it conceivable, that there should not be found a man among them acquainted with their ancient story, claiming affinity with their builders, and rehearsing in song, or fable,

The marvels of the olden time?

With these splendid and solemn reminiscences always before their eyes, with all the hallowed and affecting associations that ever linger about the ancient homes of a cultivated people,—the tem-

ples of its worship, the palaces of its kings and nobles, the sepulchres of its founders and fathers, always present and constantly renewed to their minds, is it possible they could, in three brief centuries, forget the tale, and lose every clue to their own so gloriously illustrated history. I cannot admit it. I cannot conceive of it.

The attempt to lay aside, or narrow down, this argument from tradition, or the absence of it, in order to arrive at an easy explanation of the mystery of these ruined cities, appears to me to be unphilosophical in another point of view. If I understand aright the character and history of the people who once flourished here, this is just the region, and they are just the people, where this kind of evidence would exist and abound. The Aztecs were a highly imaginative and poetical people. The picture writing, which prevailed among them, and in which they had attained so high a degree of perfection, was precisely the material on which to build traditionary lore, and cultivate a taste for it among the common people. It was the poetry of hieroglyphics—a national literature of tropes and figures. It selected a few prominent comprehensive images, as the representatives of great events. Strongly drawn

and highly colored, these would impress themselves powerfully on the minds and memories of the people, and be associated with all that was dear to their hearts. Their personal histories, their family distinctions, their national pride, would all be involved in them, and all have a part in securing their faithful preservation and transmission. Inexhaustible fountains of national song and poetical fable, they would be recited in their public assemblies, and handed down from generation to generation. They would be to America what the Homeric poems were to Greece, and many long ages would not obliterate or destroy them.

It has been argued, by way of anticipating such views as these, that the unexampled severities and oppressions of the Spanish conquerors, broke the spirit of these once proud nations, and so trampled them in the dust, as to annihilate those sentiments and affections, which form the basis of national pride and traditionary lore. It is a violent assumption, unsupported by any parallel in history, ancient or modern. Remove them from their ancient inheritance, transplant them to other climes, surround them with other scenes, amalgamate them with other people, and they may, in process of time, forget their origin and their

name. But, in the midst of their father's sepulchres, with their temples, their pyramids, their palaces, all around them,

Their native soil beneath their feet,
Their native skies above them,—

it is inconceivable, impossible.

At this point I shall probably be interrupted, by the inquisitive reader, with the question, whether I am not overturning my own position, by insisting that the ancient Aztecs, and their works, must necessarily live in tradition, while I allow that the Mexican Indians retain no memory of their ancestors. I conceive not. The ruins to which I refer, are not those of the Mexican and Tezucan cities, which were sacked by the Spaniards, almost demolished, and then rebuilt in a comparatively modern style of architecture. Of those we need no native tradition. The Spanish histories have told us all that we can know of them.

But even of these, as the Spaniards found them, we have no certain evidence that the people who then occupied them, were the *sole* builders. We have both tradition and history to justify us in asserting that they were not. Another race had preceded them, and filled the country

with their works of genius and art. The Toltecs, whose advent into the territory of Anahuac, is placed as far back as the seventh century of the Christian era, were not inferior to the Aztecs in refinement, and the knowledge of the mechanic arts. To them the Aztec paintings accord the credit of most of the science which prevailed among themselves, and acknowledged them as the fountain head of their civilization. The capital of their empire was at Tula, north of the Mexican valley, and the remains of extensive buildings were to be seen there at the time of the conquest. To the same people were ascribed the ruins of other noble edifices, found in various places throughout the country, so vast and magnificent, that, with some writers, "the name, *Toltec*, has passed into a synonyme for *architect*." Following in their footsteps, and acknowledging them as their teachers, it would not be strange if the Aztecs, should in some instances, have occupied the buildings *they* left behind, and employed the remnant that still remained in the country, in erecting others.

But, without insisting upon this conjecture, it is clear that there were other and earlier builders than the Aztecs. The Toltecs passed away, as a nation, a full century, according to the legend, before the

arrival of Aztecs. Their works filled the country. Accounts of them abounded in the Tezcucan tablets. They were celebrated by the Aztec painters. They were still magnificent and wonderful in ruins, when the Spaniards arrived. And yet, among the present race of Indians in Mexico, there is no tradition respecting them, no knowledge of their origin, no interest whatever in their history.

From these premises, we have a choice of two conclusions. Either the ruined buildings and cities of Anahuac are not the work of the comparatively modern race of Aztecs, or the present Indians are not the descendants of that race. That the former conclusion is true, I think there cannot be a doubt. The latter *may* be true, also, to a great extent. That refined and haughty people may have wasted entirely away under the grinding yoke of their new task-masters, and the indolent, inefficient slaves, that remain as their nominal representatives, may be only the degenerate posterity of inferior tribes, the vassals of the Mexican crown.

Another consideration which strongly favors the view I have taken, with respect to the antiquity of these ruins, is the character of the ruins themselves, and the condition in which they are found. That they do not all belong to one race,

nor to one age, it seems to me no careful or candid observer can deny. They are of different constructions, and different styles of architecture. They are widely different in their finish and adornments. And they are in every stage of decay, from a habitable and tolerably comfortable dwelling, to a confused mass of undistinguishable ruins. In all these particulars, as well as in the gigantic forests which have grown up in the walls and on the terraces of some of them, and the deep deposit of vegetable mould which has accumulated upon others, they are clearly seen to belong to different and distant ages, and consequently to be the work of many different artists. That some of them were the work of the Toltecs, is well substantiated, as we have already seen. What portion of the great area of ruins to assign to them, I know not. But if, as one of the most cautious and judicious historians supposes, they were the architects of Mitla, Palenque and Copan, thus fixing the date of those magnificent cities several centuries anterior to the rise of the Aztec dynasty, they could not have been the *first* of the American builders. *Their* works are still in a comparatively good state of preservation, and may remain, for ages to come, the dumb yet eloquent monuments of their great-

ness; while others, not only in their immediate vicinity, but in different parts of the country, are crumbled, decayed, scattered, and buried, as if long ages had passed over them, before the foundations of the former were laid. There is every thing in the style and appearance of the ruins to favor this conclusion, and to confirm the opinion, that some of them are farther removed in their origin from the Toltecs, than the Toltecs are from us. Some of those described in the preceding chapters of this work, are manifestly many ages older than those of Chi-chen, Uxmal and others in Yucatan, which I visited on a former occasion.

Having extended these remarks somewhat farther than I intended, perhaps I ought to apologize to the reader for asking his attention, a few moments, to another problem growing out of this subject, which has given rise to more discussion, and been attended with less satisfaction in its results, than any other. I refer to the origin of the ancient American races. From what quarter of the globe did they come? And how did they get here?

The last question I shall not touch at all. It will answer itself, as soon as the other is settled.

And, if that cannot be settled at all—if we are utterly foiled in our efforts to ascertain whence they came—it will be of little avail to inquire for the how.

The learned author of "The Vestiges of Creation," and other equally profound speculators of the Monboddo school, would probably find an easy way to unravel the enigma, on their sceptical theory of the progressive generation of man. But regarding the Mosaic history as worthy not only of a general belief, but of a literal interpretation, I cannot dispose of the question in that summary way. I would rather meet it with all its seemingly irreconcilable difficulties about it, or not meet it at all, than favor the subtle atheism of these baptized canting Voltaires, and relinquish my early and cherished faith, that man is the immediate offspring of God, the peculiar workmanship of his Divine hand. There is nothing soothing to my pride of reason, nothing grateful to my affections, nothing elevating to my faith, in the idea that man is but an improved species of monkey, a civilized orang-outang, with his tail worn off, or driven in.

H O P E O N .

—

BY THEODORE A. GOULD, ESQ.

—

Hope on ! how oft the darkest night,
 Precedes the fairest day !
Oh guard thy soul from sorrow's blight—
Clouds may obscure the day-god's light,
Yet shines it still as clear and bright,
 When they have passed away.

Hope on ! though disappointment's wings
 Above thy path should soar ;
Though slander drive her rank'ling stings,
Though malice all her venom brings—
Though festering darts detraction flings—
 Still must the storm pass o'er.

If slave to poverty thou art,
 Bear bravely with thy lot :
Though keen her galling chains may smart,
Strive still to rend their links apart ;

Hope on! for the desponding heart,
God surely loveth not.

Hope on! Hope on! though drear and dark,
Thy future may appear;
The sailor, in his storm-toss'd bark,
Still guides the helm, and hopes to mark,
Amid the gloom some beacon spark,
His dangerous way to cheer.

Though wealth take wings, or friends forsake,
Be not by grief opprest:—
Stern Winter binds with ice the lake—
But genial Spring its bands shall break;
Hope on! a firmer purpose take,
And leave to God the rest.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE FAMINE-
STRICKEN IRISH.

—
BY S. S. PRENTISS, ESQ.
—

It is no ordinary cause which has brought together this vast assemblage on the present occasion. We have met, not to prepare ourselves for political contests, nor to celebrate the achievements of those gallant men who have planted our victorious standards in the heart of an enemy's country. We have assembled not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West, but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread.

There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the

world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase: the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland in the sad woes of the present, forgets for a moment the gloomy history of the past. We have assembled to express our sincere sympathy for the sufferings of our brethren, and to unite in efforts for their alleviation. This is one of those cases in which we may, without impiety, assume, as it were, the function of Providence. Who knows but what one of the very objects of this great calamity is to test the benevolence and worthiness of us upon whom unlimited abundance has been showered. In the name, then, of common humanity, I invoke your aid in behalf of starving Ireland.

Oh ! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, that men should die of starvation ! In these days, when improvement in agriculture and the mechanical arts have quadrupled the productiveness of labor ; when it is manifest that the earth produces every year more than sufficient to clothe and feed all her thronging millions ; it is a shame and a disgrace, that the word starvation has not long since become obsolete, or only retained to explain the dim legends of a barbarous age. You who have never been beyond the precincts of our own favored country ; you, more especially, who have always lived in this great valley of the Mississippi—the cornucopia of the world—who see each day poured into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine ; of the terror which strikes men's souls when they cry in vain for bread. When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage as he delivers his stern mandate.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little reckes the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict ; for if he had friends how could he die of hunger ? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him ; for his foe, vampire like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists. Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison ; he cuts off all supplies ; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter. Alas ! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare ? Day by day the blood recedes ; the flesh deserts ; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence ; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and it may be, dies blaspheming !

Who will hesitate to give his mite, to avert such awful results? Surely not the citizens of New-Orleans, ever famed for deeds of benevolence and charity. Freely have your hearts and purses opened, heretofore, to the call of suffering humanity. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk; more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him. Let us then load ships with this glorious munition, and in the name of our common humanity, wage war against this despot Famine. Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it back again we may recollect the promise, that it shall return to us after many days.

If benevolence be not a sufficient incentive to action, we should be generous from common decency; for out of this famine we are adding millions to our fortunes. Every article of food, of which we have a superabundance, has been doubled in value, by the very distress we are now called upon to alleviate. We cannot do less in common honesty, than to divide among the starving poor of Ireland a portion of the gains

we are making out of their misfortunes. Give then, generously and freely. Recollect that in so doing you are exercising one of the most god-like qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and I know you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

“Is not strained,
It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blessed,
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

It is now midnight in Ireland. In a wretched hovel a miserable, half-starved mother presses to her shriveled breast a sleeping infant, whose little care-worn face shows that the coward famine spares not age or sex. But lo! as the mother gazes anxiously upon it and listens to its little moaning, the *baby smiles!* The good angel is

whispering in its ear that at this very moment, far across the wide sea, kind hearts and generous hands are preparing to chase away haggard hunger from old Ireland, and that ships are already speeding rapidly to her shores; laden with the food which shall restore life to the parent and renew the exhausted fountain of its own young existence.

TO RHODA.

[Translated from the Swedish.]

—

BY GUSTAVUS SCHMIDT, ESQ.

—

I fly to thee, when clouds of evening, sailing,
Haste in their glory to thy Western home ;
I fly to thee, when with the twilight failing
Sinks Hesperus to rest in Ocean's foam.

I fly to thee, when Flattery, caressing,
Pours its unheeded praises in my ear ;
I fly to thee, and crave thy healing blessing,
When racked with pain I sit and languish here.

I fly to thee, when each harmonious sound
In nature soothes the fever of my breast ;
I fly to thee, when Fancy's wing hath found
No pleasant spot whereon my foot may rest.

I fly to thee, when Time moves sad and slow,
 Dragging the heavy length of sorrow's chain;
Or, when my anxious, fluttering heart beats low,
 With thee I hush my fears—my peace regain.

I fly to thee, when Night's close sable shroud
 Enfolds the day, and leaves the fancy free
To tinge with rainbow-hues that fleecy cloud
 On which, in dreams, I float away to thee.

SAILORS ARE HUMAN BEINGS.

—

BY REV. EDMUND NEVILLE, D. D.

—

I. You may perhaps think it strange that I should observe in the first place, with respect to sailors, that they are *human beings*.

But the neglect which they have met with from their fellow creatures seems to make that observation necessary. Obligated from the nature of their calling to be wanderers on the face of the earth, and to spend a large proportion of their lives on the solitary deep—never staying long in one place, and separated from landmen by the uncongeniality existing between their pursuits and habits, they have been forgotten—being out of sight, they have been out of mind. A few years ago you could scarcely find in the catalogue of Christian charities one of them devoted to seamen's interests, and even now those interests are only beginning to attract attention. I observe, therefore, that they are human beings, of the

same flesh and blood as ourselves, and on that ground alone entitled to our sympathies. It is a spurious benevolence that limits its regards to peculiar objects. Connected by the link of a common brotherhood, we should feel for all who are comprehended in the fraternal chain. The orphan, the widow, the aged, the sick, the blind, the poor and the ignorant should not be allowed to *engross* our sympathies. It is not only the necessities of this or of that class of men that should awaken our compassion, but the necessities of all. The benevolence of God, which, as being perfect, should regulate the benevolence of his creatures, is expansive. It shines like the sun upon the good and upon the evil; it descends like the rain upon the just and upon the unjust. And redeeming love is equally comprehensive—"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,"—not sinners of any particular class but sinners of all classes; and as every sinner in distress excites his compassion, so every fellow creature in distress should excite ours. Sailors are human beings.

II. I observe again that they are *Immortal beings*.

This gives them their highest claim to our

compassion. To clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to console the miserable and to relieve the indigent, are charitable objects, but they are not the most exalted objects of human charity ; and for this reason, they are not the most important. The highest object of charity is that which has absorbed the solitudes of Heaven ; which has excited in the bosom of every angel and archangel about the throne the deepest interest ; which has awakened the sympathies of the Son of God to such a pitch as to make him willing to die for its relief. The soul is the highest object of charity. What comparison is there between the worth of the soul and that of the body ? The soul with its vast powers, and the body, with its feeble capacities ; the soul, with its endless existence, and the body, with its brief duration ; the soul, with its untold destinies, and the body, with its paltry interests. The salvation of a single soul would be a higher act of benevolence than to abolish all the physical suffering and to dispel all the mental darkness that exists in the world ; because the salvation of that soul would secure its happiness, not only for the brief space allotted to us in this life, but forever and ever. And the noblest Christian chari-

ties of the day are founded upon this principle. The societies for furnishing every nation under heaven with the word of God in its own tongue, the societies for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, the societies for sending missionary heralds into heathen lands—they are all founded upon the principle that the value of the soul gives it a claim upon our sympathies, and exertions, and prayers, far exceeding that of any other charitable object whatever. And if so, whence this neglect of those who go down to the sea in ships? Is one soul more valuable than another, that we charter vessels to send preachers and Bibles into distant countries, whilst we make no effort for the conversion of those by whom they are navigated? Are the souls of Hottentots and Caffres of more esteem than the souls of seamen? The truth is, that the benevolence of many is too much regulated by fancy and too little by principle. The conversion of cannibals and barbarians, who celebrate their detestable orgies before hideous idols, is an enterprise so fraught with romance and heroism, so full of sentiment and adventure, that in comparison, the claim of seamen appears to be an insipid subject. But fancy is no fit umpire in this

cause. The principle is the thing by which we should be governed, and that teaches us that a soul ready to perish, whether it be the soul of the barbarian or the Greek, the Jew or the Gentile, the bond or the free, is equally precious. With the strangest inconsistency, men have associated for the prevention of cruelty to animals, whilst the souls of seamen were allowed to perish. They have forgotten altogether that seamen have souls, and leaving those souls to die, they have busied themselves in relieving the sufferings of the horse and the dog. I am far from insinuating any thing to the disparagement of other charities. Benevolence, as has been already observed, cannot be too extensive. We only complain that it has not been extensive enough, that whilst it has groaned over the degradation of the Idolater, and has even condescended to weep over the sufferings of the brute, it has scarcely so much as cast its eye upon the distress of the seaman. Are his numbers then so small as to have caused the oversight? On the contrary, there are two millions of sailors in the world—there are one hundred and fifty thousand in your own land. Are numbers like these so insignificant as to escape notice or deserve neglect? *Deserve*

neglect! I recall that expression. If there were but one soul in danger of perdition, if, excepting one soul, the entire population of the globe were converted to Christ—it would be an achievement worthy of the ambition of all the rest—it would be a deed honorable to their benevolence—it would be an exploit that would cover them with glory and make heaven ring with the songs and acclamations of angels to snatch that one soul from destruction. Sailors are immortal beings.

III. But I observe again that they are unfortunate beings.

Unfortunate in this, the neglect that they have experienced.

When you see them reeling in the streets or carousing on shore, when you listen to their boisterous mirth, their obscene songs and their profane language, do not ascribe these proofs of profligacy and thoughtlessness to their being naturally worse than other men. Ascribe them to their being more neglected than other men—to the little care that has been taken for the promotion of their happiness, the improvement of their minds, the culture of their affections, and the formation of their habits. Ascribe them to their being thrown early in life, upon a cold, unfeeling

and selfish world, which has been too much occupied in the prosecution of its own interests, to think of theirs. Ascribe them to their being prematurely divorced from the beloved inmates, the quiet pleasures, the sacred duties, the holy influences of home. It is to these that we are all of us, more or less, indebted for the development of our intellectual character, the culture of our feelings, and the possession of our religious principles. If we have escaped from ignorance and vice, and from their accompanying degradation and wretchedness, it has been owing to the watchful superintendence that we experienced in youth. But the sailor, often abandoning his home whilst yet a child, is often abandoned, even in childhood, to immoral influences. He hears what? a mother's prayers? a mother's counsels? a father's admonitions? a father's warnings? No. He hears sacred things ridiculed, religion laughed at, vice applauded, and the name of God blasphemed. He hears it from stem to stern, in the steerage and in the fore-castle, and too often on the quarter-deck. Instead of seeing the highest principles and best feelings of our nature exemplified in those who are his shipmates and constant associates, he too often has nothing before his eyes but the example of

hardened and profligate and abandoned men. There is enough of vice on shore, but there you can get out of the hearing and away from the influence of what is evil. You can choose your comrades from the good and virtuous; but cooped up within the narrow confines of a ship the sailor must be a willing or an unwilling witness of all its scenes and be content with, perhaps, the worst companions. Let me ask you, then, is it wonderful that he should be intemperate, prodigal, dissolute and profane? No pains have been taken until lately to make him otherwise. On shore you have schools for the ignorant, libraries for the young, lyceums for the apprentice, institutes for the mechanic. You have lectures on science, lectures on religion, religious teachers, religious services and public opinion. All contribute to protect the morals, to enlighten the minds and to form the principles of men on shore.

You have not only societies to prevent vice, but to reform the vicious—to reclaim the inebriate, and to bring back the wanderer into the paths of virtue—but, until lately, no attempt has been made either to instruct or reform the sailor. He has been left to sink deeper and deeper into the slough of profligacy, the subject of every body's

abuse, but of nobody's compassion—reviled by all, aided by none. And this cruel indifference has made him reckless. Not respected by others, he has lost respect for himself—treated as a proscribed person, an outcast, he has abandoned himself to what he considers his fate, and losing all sense of shame, has wrought iniquity with greediness.

I repeat, therefore, that sailors are unfortunate beings. They have been like ships foundering at sea, many a sail in sight, without any of them having humanity enough to lend assistance—like drowning mariners for whom nobody would take the trouble to lower a boat? What do I see? A vessel in distress—without aid her loss is certain, and the crew accordingly yield to despair. Such has been the effect of the indifference of the public to seamen's interests—it has made them desperate. But see—help arrives and the scene changes—the crew work with animation and hope—their prospects brighten—their damages are repaired and soon they are in a condition to move onward. And this has been the effect of such societies as that I advocate—their effect has been to encourage sailors to labor in the work of their own salvation. Were you to read their reports, you would find that sailors appreciate and second

the exertions that are made in their behalf—that wherever churches are built for them they will attend, that wherever ministers will visit them they will listen—that they receive tracts and other religious books with joy, and that they look upon the holy Scriptures as a more valuable guide than the compass by which they steer or than the chart by which they sail,—and there has been a corresponding result. He who accompanies the employment of his appointed means, with his promised blessing, has already crowned the efforts of these societies with astonishing success. Many from the abundance of the sea, have been converted unto God, and as a necessary consequence, reclaimed from vice. It is a sacred truth, that the readiest way of amending man's temporal condition, is by exalting his spiritual. Religion is followed by a train of attendant blessings—a glorious procession—she is clothed in white, the emblem of purity—a single flower, the well-known symbol of innocence and loveliness, adorns her hair, and as she advances, she extends her inviting hand to all. Temperance follows, she bears a goblet of pure water, clear as crystal and sparkling as the gem, her eye is radiant with life, her cheek blooming with health—her form active and her step buoyant. Charity follows leaning upon the arm of

Virtue—her figure concealed by an ample vail, and her eyes cast upon the ground. Domestic happiness follows. She is represented by a lovely woman, giving one hand to her husband and leading her child by the other. Industry and Abundance bring up the train—the one looks cheerful and contented, the other merry and joyous. She has golden wheat ears around her brow, and a girle of green about her waist. Fruits and flowers are in her right hand, “and in her left hand riches and honor.”*

* We are requested to state that a building has been erected in New-Orleans called ‘St. Peter’s chapel for Seamen,’ and a lot of ground by the side of it has been purchased whereon it is proposed to erect a ‘*Sailor’s Home* ;’ but means are required for this purpose, and the benevolent reader is informed that the author of this Sermon now in charge of the parish of Christ Church, New-Orleans, will thankfully receive any contributions towards this object which may be forwarded to his address.—Ed.

FALSE VOWS.

—
BY DURANT DA PONTE, ESQ.
—

YEARS have gone by since first I felt
The power that in thy glances dwelt,
 And knew love's sweet emotion ;
The fire that in my bosom burned,
In thine, I fondly thought returned
 With true and deep devotion.

But time has shown how vain the thought,
And with its rapid flight has brought
 But grief, and pain and sighing ;
Yet from my heart I cannot tear
Thy form, that still is pictured there
 In colors all undying.

How true was I, how false wert thou,
'Tis I alone can answer now ;
 The parting word is spoken.

Ah ! was it not enough to know
That one fond heart for thee could glow ?
The heart that thou hast broken !

Those visions of my early years
Have fled, and brought me nought but tears,
And passion unrequited ;
The sunshine of my life is past,
Despair's dark clouds are gathering fast
Upon my soul benighted.

The sun that lights tomorrow's skies,
Upon a broken vow shall rise,
Upon a heart forsaken :
Though brightly on the world he gleams,
Within my soul his glowing beams
No spark of hope awaken.

Yet memory still shall bring thy form
With all its radiant beauty warm,
When every joy has perished,
When friends have gone, and pleasures fled,
When all my hopes on earth are dead,
E'en then it shall be cherished.

ANTHONY CROZAT.

BY CHARLES GAYARRE, ESQ.

ANTHONY CROZAT was one of those men who dignify commerce, and recall to memory those princely merchants, of whom Genoa, Venice, and Florence boasted of yore. Born a peasant's son, on the estate of one of the great patricians of France, he was, when a boy, remarked for the acuteness of his intellect; and having the good fortune of being the foster brother of the only son of his feudal lord, he was sent to school by his noble patron, received the first rudiments of education, and at fifteen was placed, as clerk, in a commercial house. There, by the protection of the nobleman, who never ceased to evince the liveliest interest in his fate, and particularly by the natural ascendancy of his strong genius, he rose, in the course of twenty years, to be a partner of his old employer, married his daughter, and shortly after that auspicious event, found him-

self, on the death of his father-in-law, one of the richest merchants in Europe. He still continued to be favored by circumstances, and having had the good fortune of loaning large sums of money to the government in cases of emergency, he was rewarded for his services by his being ennobled and created Marquis du Chatel.

So far, Crozat had known but the sunny side of life ; but for every man the hour for trial must strike, sooner or later, on the clock of fate, and the length or intenseness of the felicity that one has enjoyed, is generally counterbalanced by a proportionate infliction of calamity. Happy is he, perhaps, whom adversity meets on the threshold of existence, and accompanies through part of his career. Then, the nerves of youth may resist the shock, and be even improved by the struggle. The mind and body, disciplined by the severe trial through which they have passed, have time to substitute gains for losses in the account book of life. At any rate, when the tribute of tears and sufferings is early paid, the debtor may hope for a clear and bright meridian ; and when the sun of his destiny sinks down in the west, he has some right to expect, if some clouds should gather round the setting orb, that it will only be to

gladden the sight by the gorgeousness of their colors. But if smiling fortune, after having rocked her favorite in his cradle, gives him her uninterrupted attendance until his manhood is past, she is very apt to desert him on the first cold approach of old age, when he is most in need of her support; for, the stern decree that man is born to suffer, must be accomplished before the portals of another life are open; and then, woe to the gray-headed victim, who, after long days of luxurious ease, finds himself suddenly abandoned, a martyr in the arena of judgment, to the fangs and jaws of the wild beasts of an unfeeling and scoffing world! Woe to him, if his Christian faith is not bound to his heart by adamant chains, to subdue physical pain, to arm his soul with divine fortitude, and grace his last moments with sweet dignity and calm resignation!

Crozat was doomed to make this sad experiment. The first shaft aimed at him fell on his wife, whom he lost, ten years after the birth of his only child, a daughter, now the sole hope of his house. Intense was his sorrow, and never to be assuaged, for no common companion his wife had been. Looking up to him with affectionate reverence as one, whom the laws both divine and

human, had appointed as her guide, she had lived rather in him than in herself. She had been absorbed into her husband, and the business of her whole life had been to study and to anticipate his wishes and wants. Endowed with all the graces of her sex, and with a cultivated intellect chastened by modesty, which hardly left any thing to be desired for its perfection, she rendered sweeter the part of ministering angel which she had assumed, to bless him in this world. With feminine art, she had incorporated herself with his organization, and gliding into the very essence of his soul, she had become the originating spring of all his thoughts and sentiments. It was beautiful to see, how, entwining herself round his conceptions, his volition and actions, she had made herself a component part of his individuality, so that she really was flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. Is it to be wondered at, that when she died, he felt that the luminary which lighted up his path had been extinguished, and that a wheel had suddenly stopped within himself? From that fatal event, there never was a day when the recollections of the past did not fill his soul with anguish.

Crozat's only consolation was his daughter. The

never ceasing anxiety with which he watched over her, until she grew into womanhood, would beggar all description ; and even then she remained a frail flower, which, to be kept alive, required to be fanned by the gentlest zephyrs, and to be softly watered from that spring which gushes from the deep well of the heart, at the touch of true affection. She was exquisitely beautiful, but there was this peculiarity in her beauty, that although her person presented that voluptuous symmetry, that rich fullness of form, and that delicate roundness of outline which artists admire, yet soul predominated in her so much over matter, that she looked rather like a spirit of the air, than an incarnation of mortality. She produced the effect of an unnatural apparition : forgetting the fascinations of the flesh, one would gaze at her as something not of this world, and feel for her such love as angels may inspire. She appeared to be clothed in terrestrial substance, merely because it was necessary to that earthly existence which she wore as a garment not intended for her, and which had been put on only by mistake. She was out of place : there was something in her organization, which disqualified her for the companionship of the sons of

Eve : she looked as if she had strayed from a holier sphere. Those who knew her were impressed with an undefinable feeling that she was a temporary loan made to earth by heaven, and that the slightest disappointment of the heart in her nether career, would send her instantly to a fitter and more congenial abode. Alas ! there are beings invested with such exquisite sensibility that the vile clay which enters into their composition, and which may be intended as a protecting texture, without which human life would be intolerable for the spirit within, imbibing too much of the ethereal essence to which it is allied, ceases to be a shield against the ills we are heirs to, in this valley of miseries. It is a mark set upon them ! It is a pledge that the wounded soul, writhing under repeated inflictions, will wear out its frail tenement, and soon escape from its ordeal. Such was the threatened fate of Andrea, the daughter of Crozat. And he knew it, the poor father ! he knew it and he trembled ! and he lived in perpetual fear ! and he would clasp his hands, and in such agonies as the paternal heart only knows, kneeling down, humbling himself in the dust, he would pour out prayers (oh, how eloquent !) that the Almighty, in his infinite mercy, would spare his child !

Crozat had sedulously kept up the closest relations with his noble friend and patron, to whom there had also been born but one heir, a son, the sole pillar of a ducal house, connected with all the imperial and royal dynasties of Europe. A short time after his wife's death, Crozat had the misfortune to follow to the grave the duke, his foster brother ; and his daughter Andrea, who was known to lack at home the tender nursing of a mother, had been tendered the splendid hospitality of the dowager duchess, where she had grown up in a sort of sisterly intimacy with the young duke. There she had conceived, unknowingly to herself at first, the most intense passion for her youthful companion, which, when it revealed itself to her dismayed heart, was kept carefully locked up in its inmost recesses. Poor maiden ! The *longum bibere amorem* was fatally realized with her, and she could not tear herself from the allurements of the banquet upon which she daily feasted her affections. Unknown her secret, she lived in fancied security, and for a while, enjoyed as pure a happiness as may be attained to—the happiness of dreams !

One day, a rumor arose that a matrimonial alliance was in the way of preparation for that lineal

descendant of a princely race, for the young duke, who was the concealed idol of her heart. There are emotions which it would be too much for human endurance to hide from a sympathetic eye, much less from parental penetration, and on that day the terrible truth burst upon Crozat, and stunned him with an unexpected blow. It was a hurricane of woes sweeping through his heart: he felt as if he and his child were in a tornado, out of which to save her was impossible. Too well he knew his Andrea, and too well he knew that she would not survive the withering of her hopes, wild as they were! "Time!" exclaimed he, as he paced his room with hurried steps, holding communion with himself, "Time, that worker of great things, must be gained! But how?" - A sudden thought flashed through his brain! Thank God, he clutched the remedy! Was it not currently reported and believed that the betrothed of the duke loved one, of equally noble birth, but whose proffered hand had been rejected by an ambitious father, merely because fortune, with her golden gifts, did not back his pretensions? That was enough! And Crozat, on that very day, had sought and found the despairing lover. "Sir!" said he to the astonished youth, "in the

civil wars which desolated France during the minority of Louis the XIVth, and which ruined your family, several millions were extorted from your father by one, who then had the power. Here they are—it is a restitution—ask no name—I am a mere agent and bound to secrecy.” The strange tale was taken as true, and in a short time the betrothed of the young duke was led to the hymenial altar by a more successful rival.

Crozat had been a traitor and a liar!—a traitor to his friend and benefactor’s son! But he was a father!—and he saw his daughter’s tomb already wide open and gaping for the expected prey! And was she not to be rescued at any cost? And was he to stand with folded arms, and to remain passive, while, in his sight, despair slowly chiseled the cold sepulchral marble destined for his child? No!—he saved her, and did not stop to inquire whether the means he employed were legitimate. Now, he saw her smile again, and resume, as it were, that current of life which was fast ebbing away!—and he was happy! And had he not a sufficient excuse to plead at that seat of judgment which every man has within his breast, when the shrill voice of con-

science rose against him in accusation, and said, "Thou hast done wrong! to save thyself, or thine, thou hast been recreant to thy trust—thou hast injured thy neighbor, and acted dishonorably? Crozat, however, was not the man to lay a flattering unction to his soul. There was in him no false logic of a corrupt mind to argue successfully against the plain voice of truth: his were not the ears of the wicked, deaf to the admonitions of our inward monitor. However gently conscience might have spoken her disapprobation, he heard it, and stood self-condemned.

He went to his patron's widow, to the duchess, and told her *all*—and prostrating himself at her feet, awaited her sentence. She raised him gently from his humble posture, and self-collected, soaring as it were above human passions, while she riveted upon him the steadfast look of her calm, blue eyes, thus she spoke with Juno-like dignity, and with a sweet, musical voice, but seeming as cold to the afflicted father, in spite of its bland intonations, as the northern wind: "Crozat, this is a strange and a moving tale. You stand forgiven, for you have acted as nature would prompt most men to do, and even if your error had been more grievous, your manly candor and frank confession would redeem the guilt. Therefore, let

it pass ; let your conscience be relieved from further pangs on this subject. My esteem and friendship stand the same for you as before. What grieves me to the heart, is the deplorable situation of your Andrea, who is mine also, and whom I love like a daughter, although she cannot be permitted to assume such a relation to me in the eye of the world. She is young, and it shall be our special care, by gentle means, to cure her by degrees of the wild passion which has possessed her soul, poor child. As this, our first conversation on this painful topic, shall be the last, I wish to express my sentiments to you with sufficient fullness, that I may be clearly understood. I wish you to know that my heart is not inflated with vulgar pride. I do not think that my blood is different from yours in its composition, and is noble solely because I descend from a particular breed, and that yours is vile, because the accidental circumstance of birth has placed you among the plebeians and what we call the base and the low-born. A peasant's son, if he be virtuous and great in soul and in mind, is more in my estimation than a king's, if an idiot or a wicked man. Thus far, I suppose we understand each other. There is but one valua-

ble nobility—that in which hereditary rank is founded on a long succession of glorious deeds. Such is the case with our house. It has been an historical one, trunk and branches, for much more than twelve centuries. Kings, emperors claim a kindred blood with ours. Our name is indissolubly bound with the history of Europe and Asia, and the annals of the kingdom of France, in particular, may be said to be the records of our house. We have long ceased to count the famous knights, the high constables, the marshals, generals, and other great men who have sprung from our fruitful race. This is what I call nobility. To this present day, none of that race has ever contracted an alliance which was not of an illustrious and historical character. It is a principle, nay more, Crozat, it is a religion with us, and it is too late for us to turn apostates. It is to that creed, which we have cherished from time immemorial, that we are indebted for what we are. If once untrue to ourselves, there is an instinctive presentiment which tells us that we shall be blasted with the curse of heaven. Right or wrong, it is a principle, I say; and there is such mysterious vitality and power in a principle, be it what it may, that if strictly and

systematically adhered to for ages, it will work wonders. Therefore the traditions of our house must stand unbroken for ever, coëval with its existence, and remain imperishable pyramids of our faith in our own worth.

“ I know that your daughter, whom I have raised in my lap, and whose transcendent qualities I appreciate as they deserve, would be the best of wives, and bless my son with earthly bliss. But, Crozat, those of my race are not born to be happy, but to be great. This is the condition of their existence. They do not marry for themselves, but for the glorification of their house. It is a sacred mission, and it must be fulfilled. Every animated thing in the creation, must follow the bent of its nature. The wooing dove may be satisfied with the security of its lot in the verdant foliage of the forest, but the eagle must speed to the sun, even if he be consumed by its rays. Such being the fate of our race, a hard one in many respects, you see, my dear Crozat—and I say so with deep regret at the consequences which you anticipate, not however without a hope that they may be averted—you must clearly see that an alliance between our families is an impossibility. It would be fatal to

your daughter, who would be scorched by ascending, Phæton-like, into a sphere not calculated for her; and it would also be fatal to my son, who would be disgraced for his being recreant to his ancestors and to his posterity. You deserve infinite credit for having risen to the summit where you now stand. You have been ennobled, and you are one of the greatest merchants of the age, but you are not yet a Medici! You have not forced your way, like that family, into the ranks of the potentates of the earth. If, indeed—but why talk of such idle dreams? Adieu, Crozat, be comforted—be of good cheer. Things may not be as bad as you think for your daughter. Her present attachment not being encouraged, she may in time form another one. Farewell, my friend, put your faith in God: he is the best healer of the wounds of the heart!”

Crozat bowed low to the duchess, whose extended hand he kissed reverentially, and he withdrew from the chilling frigidity of her august presence. Crouching under the weight of his misfortune, and under the consciousness of the invincible and immortal pride he had to deal with, he tottered to his solitary room, and sinking into a large gothic chair, buried his feverish head

into his convulsive hands. Hot tears trickled through the contracted fingers, and he sobbed and groaned aloud, when he recalled, one by one, all the words of the duchess, as they slowly fell from her lips, burning his soul, searing his brains, filtering through his heart like distilled drops of liquid fire. Suddenly he started up with fierce energy; his face was lighted with dauntless resolution: he ground his teeth, clinched his fist, as if for a struggle, and shook it in defiance of some invisible adversary, while he moved on with expanded chest and with a frame dilating into the majesty of some imaginary command. "O Daughter," he exclaimed, "thou shalt be saved, and if necessary, I will accomplish impossibilities. Did not the proud duchess say that if I were a Medici! . . . the ruler of provinces!—if I had an historical name? she did! and I know that she would keep her word. Well then! ye powers of heaven or hell, that helped the Medici, I bow to ye, and call ye to my aid, by the only incantation which I know, the strong magic of an energetic mind. I invoke your assistance, be the sacrifice on my part whatever it may:—I will sign any bond ye please—I will set my all on the cast of a die—and gamble against fate. My daughter is the stake, and death to

her and to me the forfeit!" This was a sinful ebullition of passion—the only excuse the paroxysm of a delirious mind. But still it was impious, and his protecting angel averted his face and flew upward. Alas! poor Crozat!

Hence the origin of that charter, by which Louisiana was ceded, as it were, to Crozat. He flattered himself with the hope that, if successful in his gigantic enterprise, a few years might ripen the privileges he had obtained into the concession of a principality, which he would form in the New World, a principality which, as a great feudatory vassal, he would hold in subjection to the crown of France. Then he would say to the proud duchess, "I am a Medici. My name outweighs many a haughty one in the scales of history:—my nobility rests not only on title, but on noble deeds. These were your words—I hold you to them—redeem your pledge—one of your blood cannot be false—I claim your son—I give him a princess for his bride, and domains ten times broader than France, or any kingdom in Europe, for her dowry!"

So hoped the heart of the father—so schemed the head of the great merchant! What man ever had stronger motives to fire his genius? What

ambition more sacred and more deserving of reward than his? And yet none, save one, guessed at the motives which actuated him! He was taxed with being insatiable of wealth: people wondered at his gigantic avidity. Some there were, who shrugged their shoulders, and said that he was tempting fate, that it was time for him to be satisfied with what he had, without exposing his present wonderful acquisitions for the uncertainty of a greater fortune. Such are the blind judgments of the world! Crozat was blamed for being too ambitious, and envy railed at the inordinate avidity of the rash adventurer, when pity ought to have wept over the miseries of the broken-hearted father. On the dizzy eminence whither he had ascended, Crozat, when he looked round for sympathy, was met by the basilisk stare of a jealous, cold-blooded world, who stood by, calculating his chances of success, and grinning in anticipation at the wished-for failure of his defeated schemes. At such a sight, his heart sank within his breast, and elevating his hands, clasped in prayer, "Angels and ministers of grace," he said, "ye know that it is no ambitious cravings, but the racked feelings of a father, that urge me to the undertaking upon which I call down your blessings.

Be ye my friends and protectors in heaven, for Crozat has none on this earth."

Against his adverse fate, Crozat had struggled for five years, but his efforts had been gradually slackening in proportion with the declining health of his daughter. The cause of his gigantic enterprise had not escaped her penetration, and she had even extorted from him a full confession on the subject. In the first two years of her father's *quasi* sovereignty over Louisiana, she had participated in the excitement of the paternal breast, and had been buoyed up by hope. But although her father tried, with the utmost care, to conceal from her the ill success of his operations, she soon discovered enough to sink her down to a degree of despair, sufficient to undermine in her, slowly but surely, the frail foundations of life ; and when Crozat, losing all courage, abandoned to the tossing waves of adversity, the ship in which he had embarked the fortune of his house, his daughter could hardly be called a being of this world. On the very day that he had resigned the charter, on which reposed such ambitious hopes, and had come back, broken-hearted, to his desolate home, he was imprinting a kiss on his daughter's pale forehead, and pressing her attenuated hands

within his convulsive ones, when her soul suddenly disengaged itself from her body, carrying away the last paternal embrace to the foot of the Almighty's throne.

Crozat laid her gently back on the pillow, from which she had half risen, smoothed her clothes, joined her fingers as it were in prayer, and sleeked her hair with the palm of his hands, behaving apparently with the greatest composure. Not a sound of complaint, not a shriek of anguish was heard from him : his breast did not become convulsed with sobs ; not a muscle moved in his face. He looked as if he had been changed into a statue of stone : his rigid limbs seemed to move automaton-like ; his eyeballs became fixed in their sockets, and his eyelids lost their powers of contraction. Calmly, but with an unearthly voice, he gave all the necessary orders for the funeral of his daughter, and even went into the examination of the most minute details of these melancholy preparations. Those who saw him, said that he looked like a dead man, performing with unconscious regularity all the functions of life. It was so appalling, that his servants and the few attending friends, who had remained attached to his falling fortune, receded with involuntary shudder from his approach, and from the touch of his

hand, it was so icy cold ! At last, the gloomy procession reached the solemn place of repose. The poor father had followed it on foot, with his hand resting on his daughter's coffin, as if afraid that what remained of the being he had loved so ardently, might flee away from him. When the tomb was sealed, he waved away the crowd. They dared not disobey, when such grief spoke, and Crozat remained alone. For a while, he stood staring, as in a trance, at his daughter's tomb : then, a slight twitch of the muscles of the face, and a convulsive quiver of the lips might have been seen. Sensibility had returned ! He sunk on his knees, and from those eyes, so long dry, there descended, as from a thunder-cloud, a big heavy drop, on the cold sepulchral marble. It was but one solitary tear, the condensed essence of such grief as the human body cannot bear ; and as this pearly fragment of [the dew of mortal agony fell down on the daughter's sepulchre, the soul of the father took its flight to heaven. Crozat was no more !

T O M A R Y .

—
BY THEODORE A. GOULD, ESQ.
—

BRIGHT as the crimson blush of summer rose,
That smiles in beauty from its parent tree,
Wooing the passing zephyr as it goes
Laden with fragrance o'er the spicy lea,
Are the rich tints on Mary's cheeks that glow,
Expressing in their melting hues
The pure warm heart below.

Rich as the wild note that the red-breast flings
At early morn upon the perfumed breeze,
When every lingering echo sweetly rings
In blended cadence with the whispering trees,
Are Mary's flute-like tones, that seem to start
A thrill of rapture strange and wild
In every list'ner's heart.

Clear as the gem that gleams in regal crown,
Is the soft lustre of her love-lit eye ;
And like the snow-flake that comes flickering down
Undimmed and stainless, from its native sky,
Is the bright soul, in truth and beauty drest,
That claims its loveliest, blest abode,
In Mary's gentle breast.

HUMBUGIANA.

—
BY DR. D. M'CAULEY.
—

ARISTOTLE, one of the greatest intelligences that ever appeared in the world, asserted that *incredulity* is the foundation of all wisdom. Had the good old gentleman, whose philosophy maintained such an unlimited sway over the human mind for centuries, lived in the age in which we live, there is little doubt but his opinion would undergo a change, and he might probably declare it to be more in accordance with the experience and temper of mankind to say, that *credulity* is the foundation of all folly. To investigate the gradual development of rational belief would be, to the philosophic mind, a useful and an interesting employment, and the investigation would disclose to us much of the duplicity, deception, fanaticism, and bigotry of our species. We would find error borrowing something of truth, in order to make her pass off more readily; we would

discover the subtlety of arch-deceivers, and impostors, grafting their greatest errors on some well-known palpable truth, and we might learn from the investigation, that all men entertain and are influenced by opinions to a much greater extent than persons unacquainted with self-examination are aware, and we might perceive the necessity of rigidly examining every opinion or sentiment, before it is adopted as a principle from which any conclusion is to be drawn.

We all know how prone the mind is to believe that for which it most anxiously wishes. As Prince Henry, believing his father dead, took the crown from his pillow, the king in reproach said to him :

“Thy *wish* was, Harry, father to that thought.”

Our judgments are often perverted by our affections and passions. Of whatever nature the passion may be, it prevents us from seeing clearly the object by which it is excited. If we love, we cannot see the faults, and if we hate, we cannot see the beauties of the object contemplated. If we hope, or earnestly desire a thing, we easily believe that it will be enjoyed ; but if we fear, we magnify difficulties that are real,

and actively employ our imagination in conjuring up such as are chimerical. But it is not our object to trace the causes which might be assigned for the constant disposition of mankind toward credulity. They are many and contradictory. The object is to turn the attention to the fact, that, in this enlightened age, men too readily believe without evidence or examination, and are almost as easily gulled as were our ancestors in the days of Joanna Southcote. If any thing peculiarly marks the present age, it is the prevalence of imposture, and the very great readiness with which men and women, and sensible ones too, allow themselves to be beguiled by the assumptions of ignorance, and the tricks of quackery. There is scarcely a single province of human speculation or action which the disciple of charlatanism does not occupy, in which the meretricious is not put for that which is genuine, and in which falsehood does not ape the garb, the language, and the actions of truth. To point out and expose completely every deception that exists is almost impossible. It would be a task not easily executed. Number the leaves of the forest—count the grains of sand on the desert if you can; and then attempt to number the im-

positions that have been practiced upon the credulous and the simple in every age.

We will only speak of our subject in relation to MEDICINE. Medicine is, or ought to be a science.

For the Medical profession we have the highest possible respect. No class of men are more important benefactors of mankind. Nowhere have been found more illustrious instances of knowledge, talent, devotedness, and philanthropy. Not the less, however, has that honorable profession been infested by quackery and humbug. Nor has this been confined to that despicable class of quacks, who, without knowledge or experience, or a single qualification for the healing art, foist their odious drugs upon a credulous public, and live by the miseries and gullibility of mankind. Such thin-skinned monsters of "the ooze and the mire" are impervious to every weapon, and insensible to all shame.

What, then, is a QUACK? A quack is one who sells a pretended nostrum, the preparation of which is kept secret, but the term may be applied to every practitioner who, by pompous pretences, mean insinuations, and indirect promises, endeavors to obtain that confidence which neither

success nor experience entitles him to. There is no disease of dreaded name for which the quack cannot furnish a cure. Asthma and consumption are disarmed of their terrors ; gout is now but a harmless bugbear ; and if any suffer or die of cancer, it must be the fault of their own obstinancy or incredulity. The diseases of children, with such savans, need give little concern ; there are anodynes which allay the pain of teething ; there are worm lozenges which no reptile can resist, and there are cosmetics which infallibly cure and beautify the skin. Laborious investigation of the causes of disease is unnecessary ; the quack doctor does not wait to see his patient, who has only to send a letter describing his case, with the *usual fee*, of course, and the remedy will find its way to the most distant corner in the Union. Even this trouble may often be dispensed with ; a patient has merely to consider for himself whether his skin or his stomach is in fault, and pills, and cordials, and balsams of unerring efficacy are to be found in every village and town ready to his hand.

In imitation of a good old-fashioned plan, we will inquire into the etymology of the word. The word *Humbug* is not found in our common dic-

tionaries, and like the word hoax, and a few others that have crept into daily use, their meanings are well understood without the aid of a lexicographer.

The word in question comes from a celebrated professor of the healing art, a German, of the name of Hombog, who made a considerable figure some years ago in diffusing his manifestoes through the medium of the newspapers. In order to show the estimation in which Doctor Hombog was held, a few of the shortest of the certificates addressed to the illustrious perfecter of his system may be given. They are as follows, and the cures are really remarkable:

DEAR DOCTOR,

I was stone blind for sixteen years, and tried every medicine in vain, until I purchased a bottle of your invaluable mixture, and by merely looking at it was restored to sight immediately.

Your grateful friend,

JAMES STOW.

MY DEAR VON HOMBOG,

Some ten years since I was so unfortunate as to catch the *mania a potu*, along with another dreadful disease. I was sent to the hospital, but received no benefit from the prescriptions of the

doctors, and was sent home. My wife heard of your invaluable medicine, and by her shouting six times in my ears "*Von Hombog's Mixture*," I was cured.

Yours ever,

MUNCHAUSEN.

MY DEAREST DOCTOR,

For twenty years I was deaf as a door-post. Nothing gave me relief. Bought a bottle of your medicine. Smelt the cork, and was as sound as a trout.

Reverentially Yours,

SALLY STRETCHER.

DEAREST DOCTOR,

I was blown up by the explosion of a powder mill, a short time ago; when, happening to remember that I had some of your mixture about the house, I took but one drink, and came down light as a feather.

JAMES AIRY.

These are but a few of the seven hundred and ninety-one thousand certificates which have already been filed, yet they will give some faint idea of the universal usefulness of the mixture for all diseases which afflict the human family. We make no remarks upon the certificates; the style is good, and if true that the mixture did so much, there is no doubt but the sales would be large.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

—
BY MRS. ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.
—

MOVE gently, gently,—GALATEA lives!

Again hath Genius waked to life the stone!
Art, with creative touch, here Beauty gives,
And matchless Grace and Purity are shown!
Mark the *expression* on her brow and cheek,
And start not, if those parted lips should speak!

Gently, aye, gently, in her presence move,

A sacred thing is sorrow such as her's!
For, though her Christian faith its depth reprove,
Its hushed emotion every feature stirs.
The swelling nostril, and the lip's slight curl,
Betray thy struggles, hapless, captive girl!

Thy faultless figure in its perfect grace,

Charms but a moment as we lift our eyes
Up to the holier beauty of thy face,
Where the sad history of thy young life lies;

Engraven on each lineament serene
Is what thou *art*—what *once* thy fate has been!

Beloved—how deeply, let thy beauty tell!

Woed—as fair maids are ever woed and won!
Torn from thy early Home, where loved ones dwell,
And placed in chains—for men to gaze upon!
Deep is thy Grief, young girl! but strength is given
To bear its burthen by thy trust in heaven!

Yes! strength is given by that faith divine,
To thy proud spirit, to sustain its wo,
And through thy lovely features still to shine,
Vailing their beauty in its own mild glow;
While every shade seems so instinct with life,
We deem thee living—like Pygmalion's wife.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

BY M. M. COHEN, ESQ.

GRATITUDE to God is the memory of the heart. The cold must catch its glowing precepts from an universe rife with grace, and redolent with fragrance ; from birds of varied plumage, vocal with the melody of thanksgiving, and roses exhaling odor in grateful compensation for the dews that cherish, and the warmth that vivifies. The ingrate stands rebuked by the sun that burns incense daily, and sentinel stars in their nightly vigils. Do not the magnificent testimonials of God's sublime energies, the immeasurable monuments of his stupendous power, the giant manifestations of his illimitable goodness, cry louder than Moslem priests from their minarets, *to prayer ! to prayer !* Then the placid lake, reflecting on its waveless bosom the mellow landscape, the dim-lit evening sky, the leaf scarce stirred by the dying breeze, the meek and unsuspecting lamb reposing on the peaceful

borders, the innocent and confiding dove drooping its tired pinion between the still earth and the silent Heaven—breathe they not all the soothing of gentle purity? Do they not all testify to the divine goodness delighting to impart life, and happiness and joy?

The ocean and its tiniest shells alike remind us of Him who created Leviathan, and yet “who doth the ravens feed—yea, providently caters for the sparrow;” of Him for whose might nothing is too vast, for whose observance nothing is too minute, for whose comprehension an universe is not too varied! Around the tents of Boaz and the beautiful Ruth, if the infant larks were seen essaying their new fledged wings, a whole people went out to harvest on the faith, and under the guidance, of this herald of Heaven. Homer and Hesiod represent the Muses as warbling hymns around the throne of Jupiter, and Athens erected an altar “TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.” The word *kosmos* which the Greeks employed to express the universe, also signifies beauty and praise; and the Latin word *mundus*, means not only the world, but also that which is decent and delicate. Yes, nature and science are both alike full of omniscience. Inquire of the chemist, he will tell you of

the mysterious affinities and repulsions of the material world, and the metallic body that burns in contact with ice! The ornithologist will paint the procellaria, forenoting tempests to the mariner; and the redbreast that predicts fair weather to the husbandman. The botanist will point to the prescient anagallis shutting its petals at the approaching shower, and the cactus grandiflora, that blooms only at night, as if formed merely to instruct virtue in adversity.

Consider, too, the adaptation of the objects which environ us to the senses wherewith we perceive them. Thus the murmurs of the nodding forest lull the spirit to repose; they might have been made to grate harshly on the ear and rouse the soul to tumult. The herbage that sends up its meek tribute of humility, instead of breathing out delicate perfume, could have been caused to thrust forth only the rank and earthy taint of grossness in decay. The matin bird that carols forth its sportive lay at the rosy gates of morn, might have been formed to screech jarring discord. But God is merciful in that which he hath withheld as in that imparted. By a finer organization, the eye, that now contemplates Heaven, would then have merely the microscopic power of inspecting atoms. The sense that now conveys to us the healthful

flavor of the new mown hay, would then become aggrieved by the most exquisite aroma.

Let us appreciate also the constancy in the plans of Omniscience. Astronomy finds, in the celestial sphere, everduring ordinations, and agriculture sees reflected back on earth the same immutable legislation. And experience, without this invariableness in God's purposes, whence would it have derived its birth, and how have deduced its now made out analogies, whither traced up its at present demonstrable conclusions? Who knows not that spring, at her stated period, will bring her offspring of blossoms? Who does not confidently anticipate that the coming summer will bear on her wing the luxuriant fruitage of the last, and autumn in her predestined day, yield her mellow tribute. Yes, thanks to the Omnipotent! his intentions are unalterable. He has made a covenant of mercy and placed his rainbow in the sky as its unfailing token. It is the pictorial attestation that this great league stands inviolably. Who can behold that prismatic arch, and fear that a second deluge will ever overwhelm this comely planet, and convert into one vast solitude, a peopled world! But man is sometimes insensible, and will not heed—ungrateful, and will not remember, the

warning voice of God wafted on the breeze, and His handwriting luminous in the sunbeam. Then a sterner manifestation may be needed to rouse the ungrateful, and He makes His ordination heard dreadfully in the thunder, and seen glaringly in the lightning, and revealed in the howling of the wind and the awful heaving of the waters! Yet if, amid such recurrences, a sense of danger steals over the mind, though a sad memento—it is furnished, as the emblematic coffin at the Egyptian banquets, in providential kindness, teaching a salutary lesson of dependence and protection.

THE WIZARD OF THE CATHEDRAL.

—
BY GEORGE W. CHRISTY, ESQ.
—

WHEN the Vesper bell doth toll,
Calling on the weary soul,
 To tell a prayer ;
And the dim old arches ring,
As the full voiced choir do sing,
 A solemn air ;
Up and down, as in a spell,
Treads that ancient sentinel,
Day and night, and night and day,
Ever seemeth he a prey,
 To black despair.

Wan in feature, bent in form,
Through the sunshine, through the storm,
Round that ancient building going,
Upward glances often throwing,
Never weary,—in a spell,
Treads that aged sentinel.

People say that he is crazed :
Strangers passing, seem amazed,
 As they ask :
Where he lives, and what his name,
Where he goes, and whence he came.
 Idle task ;
Whence he came, or whither goes,
None may tell, for no one knows,
Tis a simple tale to tell
Why he plays the sentinel.

Dreaming ever in his mind,
That by searching he will find,
 A treasure ;
Lost to him long years before,
Near that old cathedral door ;
 That the measure,
Of his joys, will come again,
If the treasure he regain !

Wan in feature, bent in form,
Through the sunshine and the storm,
 For that treasure,
Looks he here, and looks he there,
Round the building everywhere ;

That the measure
Of his joys, may come again,
To relieve his fevered brain.

Sentinel, thy vigils keep,
Round that ancient building still ;
Near its sacred threshold sleep,
There await thy master's will.
'Tis the treasure of thy *soul*,
Which thy dreaming fancy sees ;
List ! again that Vesper toll,
Enter, crawling on thy knees.
Ashes cast upon thy head
Bending meekly to the ground :
Now arise ! thy dream hath fled,
Lo ! the treasure lost, is found !

THE RELATIVE CONDITION OF MAN IN
ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

—
BY HON. HENRY A. BULLARD.
—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—When, in my anxiety to contribute my mite to the usefulness of the People's Lyceum, I consented to be inscribed among those who should address you in the course of the season, I was fearful that pressing engagements of a public nature, and occasional illness, might compel me to come forward with very inadequate preparation, and to throw myself on your indulgence. My anxiety was greatly increased after I had selected the theme which had been announced to you, "The relative condition of Man in ancient and modern times." The subject, upon reflection, appeared to me so vast—so entirely beyond the limited range of my studies—so much more worthy of a profound treatise swelling into volumes than an ephemeral address

to a mixed audience, and condensed into a single hour—that my misgivings became serious. I stated them freely to my friend, Mr. COHEN, our worthy President. A suggestion of his put me somewhat at my ease. “Oh, (said he) you must have something in your portfolio, which will be new to us, however old and familiar to yourself.” Upon this hint I acted. I had often reflected, how the present condition of Man, considered as a social, a moral, an intellectual being, would strike one of the ancient Philosophers and Statesmen who had flourished during the best period of antiquity, if he could now visit the earth—what comparison he would be likely to draw between civilized European Man, as he should find him, and the same or a kindred race which existed in his time.

While I was immersed in these reflections I became possessed, I need not now say how, of a singular production of very recent date, by an ancient Orator and Philosopher of antiquity, no less a man than MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO. It is a collection, or new series of letters written by him during the present century, and were within a few years addressed to his old friend and correspondent, TITUS POMPONIUS ATTICUS. I spent

a part of my vacation in decyphering them, and with the help of the best dictionaries, and of my son recently from the University, we succeeded in making a free translation, more properly perhaps a paraphrase, of a part of them. They have remained in my portfolio ever since. The idea of bringing them to light on this occasion, and of making the reading of some of them, accompanied by such occasional remarks as might occur to me as I go along, constitute my address, I owe to the fortunate suggestion of Mr. Cohen. You will find these letters quite unequal; some of them rather light and familiar, if not frivolous, hardly worthy of a great Orator of consular dignity—and others of a more grave character. In the latter I have endeavored, as much as I dared, to prune the truly Ciceronian exuberance of style of the original; but still you will perceive occasional marks of the known vanity of the great master of Roman eloquence—“for in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

I proceed to offer you the first letter, which will explain the occasion and purpose of this mysterious correspondence. If I should ever publish my translation of the whole series of epistles, I shall not fail to disclose the singular manner in which I became possessed of the originals.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO to TITUS POMPONIUS
ATTICUS.*Letter First.*

ROME, MARCH, 184-.

We little supposed, my dear Atticus, when we met in the Elysian fields, and in company with the illustrious men of our times, indulged in our favorite speculations of philosophy, undisturbed by human cares, that we should ever become weary of such divine pursuits; but there is in the human mind, that insatiable curiosity, that longing after something new, that it often became a question among us what might be the present condition, after the lapse of so many ages, of that people to which we once belonged; what advances might have been made within that period upon Earth; what harvest may have been gathered from that seed which was sowed in our times, and whether *Man*, considered individually or as a member of the State, may have improved his condition.

It was with a view of gratifying this curiosity, and of communicating to you and our associates the result of my observations, that I was selected and permitted to visit again our favored Italy,

the scenes of the earlier part of 'our existence, and to extend my researches into other countries. I have now been a few days in Rome, if that indeed can be called the boasted Eternal City, of which but little remains of what composed it in our day but the *seven Hills* and the *Yellow Tiber*, and surrounded with a belt of desolation. I found myself at dawn in a street which I was sure must be, from my recollection of those ancient monuments, the way which once led to the Capitol. The first person I accosted with an inquiry—" *Where is the Forum ?* " shook his head, indicating that he did not understand the purport of the question. He uttered but a few words, and although some of them appeared from their sound to bear some analogy to the language of our times, it was plain a new dialect had sprung up, and that the language of Cicero was no longer spoken, perhaps not even understood, where his greatest triumphs had been achieved.

As the day advanced, crowds of idle people gathered around and gazed at me, as if for the first time the bare head and neck, the tunic, the toga and the sandal had been exhibited in my person in the streets of Rome. They were a motley crowd, dressed in every variety of costume

except Roman, with hats or caps, coats and pantaloons, of which I shall give you a more minute description hereafter. "Is this Rome?" said I; to this I received what I understood to be an affirmative answer, from which I infer the name is not changed.

To avoid this impertinent curiosity I made my way to a clothing store, determined to adopt at once the costume of the age. I found no difficulty in making my wants known, for money yet speaks all languages. Here I threw off my Roman attire. I first put on a kind of tunic made of fine linen, with long sleeves and a collar fastened around the throat, which the moderns call a 'shirt,' a thing unknown in our day, but exceedingly agreeable to the touch, producing a cooling sensation like a perpetual bath. The next article of dress which I procured was 'stockings,' a covering for the feet, in one entire piece to fit the feet; they are either of silk, wool, or a kind of vegetable wool called cotton. They next fitted me to a pair of 'pantaloons;' these pantaloons are the dress of the legs, attached round the waist, coming down to the ancles; it was an awkward job to get into them the first time; they are kept from falling down by straps passed

over the shoulders, called 'suspenders.' The next article of dress was the 'vest,' made to cover the chest only; and over all this a 'coat,' which has two sleeves, a long tail, and made to button round the body. They next tied round my neck a black silk handkerchief fastened by a knot in front, called a 'cravat,' the use of which I am ignorant of. Next they encased my feet in a pair of 'boots,' reaching nearly to my knees. The whole work of transfiguration was completed by putting on a hat, and I was then requested to examine myself in a mirror made of glass, which reflected my whole person. This costume varies in materials with the season of the year; and over the whole is sometimes thrown, in cold weather, a 'cloak,' resembling in some measure, the Roman toga, except that it is wholly open in front, and is fastened to the throat by a clasp. For cleanliness and comfort I think the shirt and stockings a great improvement on our ancient costume; as for the rest I think it altogether too cumbersome and complex. I was next told that a 'watch' was an indispensable article of dress—and what do you suppose a watch is? I will endeavor to explain it. You know, in our day, we had but two methods of measuring time, sun-dials and the hour-glass. The

watch is an ingenious mechanism so contrived that two or more hands upon its face indicate the hour both by day and by night; it is composed of a complex combination of diminutive chains, wheels and springs, requiring to be wound up with a key, and is carried about the person, enclosed in a case of gold or silver, or other material. I next repaired, no longer annoyed by public curiosity, (yet thinking myself most worthy to be stared at) to an eating house, called a 'Restaurant;' and here I confess it became very awkward to eat, sitting bolt-upright instead of reclining, and to carry everything, except bread, to my mouth with a spoon or fork, in imitation of those around me. I tasted a variety of dishes, some of which I recognized, notwithstanding the disguise of modern cookery; and the wine I found inferior to the ancient *Falernian*. The truth is, I ate and drank what I saw others eat and drink, not knowing the name of a single dish. The repast was crowned by a small cup of black liquid which I afterwards learnt was the infusion of an Arabian berry called 'coffee;' it must be from *Arabia Felix*; it produced a delightful soothing, and yet stimulating effect, unlike the fiery excitement of wine. It would be a great addition, I think, to our supplies of ambrosia and nectar,

and I shall endeavor to smuggle in a large supply of it on my return. It is, I learn, the favorite beverage of the Philosophers and Scholars of the present age. VALE.

Remarks by the Translator.

We learn from this letter some curious facts—such, for example, as the very imperfect measures of time of the ancients; their hour-glass was not filled with sand, as the same kind of instrument is at present, but with water, which passed drop by drop from one bulb to the other. The time allowed to Orators was sometimes limited and measured out to them by this instrument; hence the expression attributed to the Prætor, when the lawyer wandered from the question, (as we sometimes do even now-a-days) “Mr. Advocate, you are losing your water.”

Then again the habit of reclining at table, which appears to us very inconvenient, not to say unnatural. The custom was, however, not universal, and I believe the Greeks in early times sat at table as we do, but afterwards, at a more luxurious period, reclined on couches.

It would appear also, that although they had glass in the age of Cicero, they did not understand the art of coating plates of it with a preparation of quicksilver, so as to form a mirror; but they used the polished surface of different metals for that purpose.

M. TULLIUS CICERO to T. POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

Letter Second.

ROME, APRIL, 184—.

Before I proceed further, my dear Atticus, I must

explain to you the means and manner by which I carry on this communication. You see the material on which I write. It is called 'paper,' a word derived, I suppose, from the ancient papyrus, but of very different material. I will explain to you how it is made. I have already spoken to you of the garment worn next to the skin, called a 'shirt,' which with some modifications is common for both sexes, and of 'stockings,' composed sometimes of linen, and sometimes of vegetable wool called cotton. These garments, and others of the same materials, when no longer fit for use are ground up in water and formed into a pulp, which is then spread out on a kind of sieve, or upon rollers, where it is dried; it is then pressed after being properly sized, and then cut into sheets for use, such as you see it. And with what instrument do you think I form the letters? The stilus is no longer known, and the calamus no longer used for the purpose of writing; the instrument now employed is nothing more nor less than a quill plucked from the wing of a goose, trimmed and split at the point, so that the same bird, which, according to our early traditions, saved the capitol during the first invasion of the Gauls, now furnishes almost universally the instrument for the communication of thought.

Since my first letter I have made immense progress. There is so strong an analogy between the language spoken in our day and that of the present age in Rome, that I have not found it difficult to find out the sense, though they use an immense number of little words commonly called articles, which resemble more the Greek than the Latin in that respect. With a little attention I found it easy to comprehend the dialect of the age as for a mother to understand the prattle of her infant.

And here, my dear Atticus, in what language shall I convey to you an idea of that wonderful invention by which the productions of the human mind, the treasures of thought, have been infinitely multiplied, and rendered cheap beyond all calculation. It is the art of PRINTING. Scribes are no longer employed in the tedious process of copying and multiplying manuscripts, but metallic letters are moulded and so arranged together as to stamp upon paper, page after page, the language of the author, and thousands of copies are struck off without taking apart the types. They are then bound into volumes, instead of being rolled together. I stepped into a stall a few days since in which those books are sold, and what

was my delight and surprise to find, beautifully copied by this new art, all the works of Marcus Tullius Cicero. I inquired the price, and ascertained that it was less than it had cost me to procure in our day, for the use of a friend, a fair copy of the single treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*, and yet the whole work embraced upwards of twenty large volumes.

I inquired of the bookseller about the work, but he could tell me nothing about it, more than it was all the writings of one Cicero, now extant, except a fragment of the treatise *De Republica* lately discovered by one Mayo. A fragment of my Republic! Think of that!

Such has been the effect of this extraordinary art, that whereas the writings of the learned of our day and those who preceded us were limited to a very few, and they only the opulent; and learning was confined in a narrow circle, and the fortune of Lucullus himself would have been inadequate to purchase copies of all the productions of genius from the age of Homer to that of Cicero; yet now by means of this divine art, they are multiplied in such an infinite degree that they are universally diffused, and are in the hands of people in ordinary circumstances.

I cannot express to you, my dear Pomponius,

with what delight I looked over again in this new and beautiful form, those great models of ancient Eloquence and Poetry with which you are so familiar, and which have so often formed the subject of our colloquies. Many of them are entire, and their silent influence is yet felt wherever the arts of civilization are known; they form universally the basis of all liberal studies. Nor have I confined my attention to the writings of our predecessors or contemporaries. I have become acquainted with the productions of a Poet who flourished shortly after *our* exit from the scene, during that period which followed, as I learn, the cessation of the civil wars, and settled down into the tranquil despotism of Octavius Cæsar. I mean Publius, Virgilius, Maro, whose lofty Epic, celebrating the foundation of the Roman State, is second only to that of Homer, who, in his Georgics, recommended by every thing that is graceful and beautiful in poesy, the practical pursuits of agriculture, and whose Eclogues, equaling the pastoral beauties of Theocritus, I remember to have read, and to have predicted, while the author was yet a youth, his future eminence and renown.

M. TULLIUS CICERO to T. POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

Letter Third.

I have visited, my Pomponius, the sublime temples dedicated to the religion of the age.— Nothing can be conceived more grand than these edifices, nothing more sublime and imposing than the gorgeous ceremonial of their public worship. There is no longer such a thing as the sacrifice of animals to conciliate the gods. As to the religion itself I say nothing at present, except that while it lends its sanction to the principles of a pure morality, it has realized the dream of our philosophers—the unity of God. The Polytheism of our age and of those which preceded it was, you know, the religion of the people and the poets. We saw in the multiplicity of deities nothing more than the symbols and impersonations of the various attributes of *One*.— Farewell.

Post Scriptum.—I shall return to this topic hereafter. It is too vast, mysterious and interesting, and has too great an influence on the condition of man to be comprehended without much study and reflection.

Remarks by the Translator.

The Author appears to have complied with the promise contained in the Postscript to this last letter, for there is in the collection an epistle which I have not ventured to translate, because it contains opinions hastily adopted, and which no translation could render palatable to such an audience as I have the honor to address. He indulges in very severe remarks upon the spirit of persecution and intolerance which at some periods prevailed in the Christian world. He dwells with apparent complacency upon the sanguinary religious wars of modern times, and the innumerable victims of Inquisitorial power; and appears to have adopted the sneering reproach, that the religion of the age, as he is pleased to call it, while it inculcates peace on earth and good will to man, seems to indulge in a spirit of rancor, and that the almost innumerable sects into which the Christian world is split up appear to hate each other the more, in proportion as their opinions approximate to each other. He seems to have forgotten that intolerance is the very nature of man; that in all ages it has existed to a greater or less extent; that there is nothing about which men are so jealous as their religious opinions. He forgets that the most august and the most enlightened tribunal of antiquity, the Athenian Areopagus, condemned to drink the hemlock the best and purest, the wisest, the most inoffensive, of the ancient philosophers, for an alleged attempt to innovate upon the popular religion—even Socrates whose philosophy has been not inaptly called an anticipated Christianity. He forgets, or rather appears never to have learned, that the first persecution of the Christians was by the Romans themselves.

M. TULLIUS CICERO to T. POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

Letter Fourth.

I ought not to forget, my Pomponius, an amusing incident which led to a most astounding discovery relative to the habits of these modern ages. I had noticed different persons have in their mouths a small yellowish tube, ignited at one end, from which they drew into their mouths, and then puffed out, streams of smoke, the tube gradually consuming at the end, being converted into white ashes. I was utterly at a loss to comprehend what this could mean. I thought it could not be an essential nutriment, because many, and especially females, were not addicted to the habit. I had observed others to take from a small box, between the thumb and fore-finger, a small portion of black or brown powder, which they applied occasionally to the nose, and drew it up into the cavity of the nostrils with apparent delight. Others again I saw take from their pockets or a small box a black substance, of which they cut or bit off a small piece which they hold in their mouths without swallowing, and occasionally spitting out the juice. So general was this

practice that I was at first ashamed to make any inquiry, lest I should expose my ignorance of a thing so common. I ventured at last, however, to question an acquaintance on the subject, and to my astonishment discovered the identity of these three substances. It appears that about three centuries past a broad leaved plant was brought from a newly discovered region; the leaf, when properly dried and prepared, is either rolled up in the shape of a small tube to be smoked, or pulverized for the nose, or pressed into a solid mass to be masticated. I was not satisfied with this information, but supposing there must be something aromatic and grateful to the senses in this substance, I determined to follow the fashion and try the experiment. I began with the powder, but the first pinch produced an alarming fit of sneezing. Supposing that to result from some peculiar idiosyncrasy, and that the moderns are not much addicted to sneezing, (especially as those around me either laughed immoderately, or cried out "God bless you,") I determined not to persevere in the use of it in that form. I next tried the smoking process. At first I found nothing pungent or aromatic in the fumes; but in a few moments the earth began to reel, and I became

deadly sick at the stomach—a species of intoxication. This satisfied me that my system would not bear the use of the favorite weed ; and yet I was told it produced the same effects upon almost all persons at first, but ceases at last to do so; and the habit of using it becomes inveterate, and so to speak, a new sense, acquired. So extensive and almost universal is the use of this plant, which is called ‘tobacco,’ that armies cannot be kept in the field without it, the soldier would break forth into mutiny sooner for the want of it than for any other privation. The cultivation of it has become an extensive and lucrative branch of agriculture, and more is sold annually than of some articles of indispensable necessity to the nutriment of man.

Remarks.

These habits may appear very foolish and useless, perhaps to some, pernicious ; but if I were addicted to either, I should tell the author (if I had an opportunity) that he would do well to mind his own business. It is singular he makes no remarks upon another habit which grows out of that of chewing and smoking—I mean *spitting* ! He probably keeps that in reserve until his visit to our country.

M. TULLIUS CICERO to T. POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

Letter Fifth.

A considerable period has elapsed since my last epistle, but I have not been altogether idle. I have been observing the condition of the masses of mankind, and comparing it with that which existed in our time; and, first, in reference to government, by which popular rights are regulated and secured. The science of government was always with me, you are aware, a favorite subject of study and speculation. I am free to confess that the moderns, wherever popular government exists at all, have made great improvements.—These improvements will be found to consist, I think, mainly of two: first—a more perfect system of popular representation, by which the turbulence and disorders resulting from the assemblies of the people themselves, for the purpose of an immediate exercise of sovereign powers, other than elections, are avoided; and next, the entire separation of the three powers—Legislative, Judicial and Executive, and the subdivision of the Legislature into two branches, each exercising, to a certain extent, the Tribunitial power over the action of the other. The first body of function-

aries establishes or enacts the Rule or Article of Law—the second decides upon its interpretation and its application to particular cases as they arise between man and man. The last executes it, or enforces its sanction. They all emanate directly or indirectly from the people, in whom the sovereignty essentially resides. There can be no security for man's rights when the powers of Government are blended together, whether in the hands of a single despot or in the great mass of the people. In our Republic, you know how entirely defective was its organization in all these particulars—the sources of the laws were quite multifarious : some emanating from the Senate alone, as the *Senatūs Consulta*—some from the lowest order of the People, as the *Plebiscita*—others from the authority of the Prætor by his edict, called the *jus honorarium*—and the opinions of certain jurisconsults, who had a right to declare the law, they were the *responsa prudentum*. The Senate did not represent the people, and was not elected by it ; and at one period the power of the tribunes over the people was unlimited. Judicial functions were dangerously blended with the others, and often exercised by the people themselves in their tumultuous assemblies.

Jurisprudence, or that system of rules which regulate the rights of individuals in society, and their relations with each other, is so intimately connected with the forms of government, that I may as well say a word upon it in this connexion. Notwithstanding the greater complexity of the relations growing out of the prodigious extension of commerce and navigation, and the new contracts or forms of contracts which have been the consequence, yet it is remarkable that the basis, upon which the whole system reposes, is our Roman law, which has survived the Forum itself. Its principles are so just and so universal, that they are found applicable to contracts and relations unknown to us; their spirit has diffused itself into all the institutions at least of southern Europe, and the writings of our great masters during the best days of the Republic, are still quoted as carrying with them the indisputable authority of written reason, inculcating and enforcing as they do the three great precepts of the Law—to live honestly, to injure no one, and to render to each and every man his due. Farewell.

Remarks by the Translator.

It would seem that the Representative system, in the sense which we understand it, was unknown to the ancients, and there existed no well regulated popular Government. Popular opinion has, at the present day, a more commanding influence in some of the limited monarchies of modern times than in many of the boasted Republics of antiquity.

M. TULLIUS CICERO TO T. POMONIUS ATTICUS.

Letter Sixth.

I speak with some diffidence, my dear Pomponius, of the progress which man has made in philosophy and science since our age, because the subject is too vast; and to run out any thing like a parallel between the two epochs, in reference to the advancement of science, would require too minute a knowledge of both. I must confine my remarks to the most prominent particulars, and remarkable discoveries and improvements.

We must distinguish between the exact sciences, which rest upon certain mathematical truths, or axioms, and natural philosophy, or physics. I do not now speak of moral science.

While the original truths of mathematics and geometry remain firmly established, and the most rigorous deductions have led to amazing results, and the astronomy of Thales, who five centuries before our time, calculated accurately the solar eclipses, divided the year in three hundred and sixty-five days, ascertained and discovered the solstices and the equinoxes and divided the heavens into five zones, remains unshaken as the foundation on which the science of modern astronomy still rests, (although the progress has been incalculable); but the theory of the ancients as to the system of the luminaries, and the motions of the heavenly bodies, has been exploded, and the conjectural philosophy of Aristotle has been dethroned. The great progress which has been made in the science of astronomy, may be attributed partly to the invention of the telescope, and partly to the discovery, by experiment, of the true law of universal gravitation, and the complete demonstration of its truth. That law is, instead of what was supposed by Aristotle, that every body in nature, whether great or small, tends towards every other with a force which is *directly* as the quantity of matter, and *inversely* as the square of the distance. It is in fact, a mutual attraction of

bodies to each other. This is found to be the grand principle which governs all the motions of the heavenly bodies. The distances of these bodies from each other, and from the earth and from the sun, as well as their weight, and their periodical revolutions, have been accurately determined.

This is in my mind the most sublime triumph of human genius. What a distance separates the mere star-gazer on the Chaldean plains, from the astronomers of this age. Such a result is attributable to the combination of the severe and unerring demonstrations of mathematical truth, with the improved system of philosophizing adopted by the moderns, which leaves nothing to mere theory and conjecture, but subjects every thing to the test of experiment, and long and patient observation. Led on by such a system, what Titan strides the human mind has made, invading, as it were, the dominion of Omniscience, and tearing away the veil which concealed for so many ages the mysterious laws of nature. Well might a modern poet exclaim, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"

THE BACHELOR AND THE BLUE DEVILS.

BY HENRY H. STRAWBRIDGE, ESQ.

THE Bachelor sat in his elbow chair,
For an easy chair loved he,
Knitting his brows with a gloomy air,
His fingers clenched in his tangled hair,
Like one oppressed with sorrow and care,
Though his age was not thirty-three.

Cold was the night ; a pelting rain
Rattled and beat on the window pane ;
Ever anon the fitful gale,
Eddying, wandering to and fro,
Moaned sad and wild with a voice of wail
Like a spirit in mortal woe ;
Yet soft at whiles as the air that sings
All faint and sweet through the wind-harp's
strings,
Exhaling thence, like the scent that clings
Round a bed where roses grow,

Or blooms, half seen
Through its leaflets green,
The violet meek and low.

Glum, grim, and gloomy the Bachelor sat,
He had pulled on his slippers and pulled off
his hat,

And, close at his elbow, contented and fat,
Dozed, purring a little,
Just like a tea-kettle,

And waving her long tail, his favorite cat,
Rather wondering that

Her master should be discontented and gloomy
With so pleasant a fire, and all things snug and
roomy,

And *what* in the deuce his reflections were at.

He, within the glimmering fire
Sinking now, now flaming higher,

Gazing, saw, by Fancy traced,
Temple, dome, and towering spire,

Ruined walls with ivy graced,

Rocks and crags 'mid scenes Elysian,

Toppling turrets, halls defaced,

Ships on hills grotesquely placed,

All confused with odd precision.

As he gazed, a sudden gleam

Changed the spirit of his dream ;
 Varying scenes before him ope,
 As in a kaleidoscope,
 Changing to the vision.
 Darker thoughts came thronging o'er him—
 Down crumbled the whole—
 With a crumbling coal,
 Pandemonium's self yawned before him ;
 And out, with a leap, at his eyes very level
 Stood, glaring and grinning, a horrid *Blue Devil!*

Horns he had, and a tail—'tis true !
 As true as my own veracious tale—
 With a barbed point, quite sharp and new,
 And an elbow joint like a farmer's flail ;
 His hair curled short and was grizzled of hue,
 But stretched behind to a pig-tail queue
 Long as himself,
 And this five inch elf
 Was darkly, deeply, dolefully blue.
 His body was covered with short blue hair,
 Unpleasantly singed from his late warm lair,
 With an odor, *quant. suff.*,
 Of some sulphurous stuff,
 For he came, you know, from—I'll not say where.
 His goat-like legs had a coat of scale,

No fish
Could wish
For a firmer mail.
Hoofs, 'tis clear
"Cela va sans dire,"

But his duck-foot hands were decidedly queer ;
They ended in claws with poisonous stings,
And his arms were fringed with bat-like wings,
And his crook-fanged mouth reached from ear
to ear.

All this, and more, our Bachelor saw
With a horrible sense of desponding awe,
And noted, besides, in this imp of iniquity
A diagonal squint of astounding obliquity
Like that of "the eye of the law."

He whistled once, he whistled twice,
A whistle loud and shrill,
And fifty like him in a trice
Came skipping o'er the sill.
He whistled twice, he whistled thrice,
In echo sharper still,
And round him came, few, large as mice,
Five hundred imps of ill.
No arabesque, quaint, picturesque,
With demon portraits grim,

E'er pictured shapes half so grotesque
Of frame, and face, and limb.
The whole of these were oddities,
Caricatures thrice heightened,
At which the bravest heart might freeze,
The manliest cheek be whitened ;
Our Bachelor now felt ill at ease,
Though not exactly frightened.
For their antics and pranks, their shapes and
stature, all
Somehow seemed to him perfectly natural,
Yet devils of hell
In forms more fell
Ne'er peopled St. Antony's haunted cell.

They fluttered around and o'er him,
— The foul and demon brood,—
And, mocking, aped before him
His melancholy mood.
And ever still, on restless wings,
To tortured brain, to eye and ear
They pictured dark imaginings
Of gloom and sorrow, doubt and fear.

Quizzically,
Physically,

Every imp was formed, I said ;
As with cholic
Diabolic—
Crooked and cramped, from foot to head.
My blushing Muse must the truth declare,
(Although at the thought she swoons),
How devil a devil among them there
Wore a shirt or pantaloons ;
And never, I ween, was Proteus seen,
In the ancient heathen day,
To shift and change into forms so strange,
So varied and wild as they.
Kelpies of water, devils of fire,
Gnomes of earth and sylphs of air,
None of them forms you would greatly admire
Were all commingling there ;
Into each other now melting and fading,
Now falling apart
By some curious art,
Metamorphosed to things that would make you
all start
Like figures in Phantasmagoria's shading.
Thus shapes
Like apes,
As they glowered in view,
To a skeleton changed or a Kangaroo—
Few than ram's horns straighter,

Many shewed
 Like bat or toad,
 Terrapin or alligator ;
 Others changed to griffin, dragon,
 Figures fit to ride a hag on,
 Others too, held
 Their way propelled
 On regular wheels, like a wagon ;
 There were rascals there with ricketty legs,
 And queer shaped bodies like barrels or kegs,
 Or demijohn, bottle, or flagon.
Rum spirits these were most certainly. Some
 With bodies resembling a bagpipe or drum,
 Played on each other or played on themselves
 Like the Devil or Paganini's fiddle,
 Dull airs *penseroso*, the rascally elves :
 Each seemed an embodied conundrum or riddle.
 But all, whatever their shape to view
 Were unmistakably, oddly blue,
 From a Prussian tint to a light pale hue ;
 And all, with a fun that did not seem to *him* funny,
 Discordantly cracked this detestable symphony,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Sadly his head the Bachelor bowed,
 His eyes grew wild and he moaned aloud,

For his spirits were thoroughly damped and cowed.
 "I knew it," he said, "I knew it, I knew
 The words of these devils were devilish true;
 'This world is but a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given,
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
 And all looks blue, by Heaven!'
 I'll take their advice,
 And pistol or dagger me;
 As to means I'm not nice;
 Why should death stagger me?
 It *must* come at last—the thing's done in a trice."

Nooses and gibbet,
 And pistols, *ad libit-*
Um,—instantly brought by each fibbertygibbet,
 Presto! hung dangling
 As though they were angling,
 And fish, not a man, were to suffer the strangling,
 Stabbing, or mangling.
 Winks and grimaces
 Distorted their faces,
 And grins diabolic of fun and delight,
 As ever the case will be,
 When some foolish fellow, from life and light

Takes a leap in the dark of death's cold night,
 Making a foolish *felo de se*.
 An awful pause !
 Eyes, wings, and claws
 Outstretched expecting,
 While he, selecting
 The means and *modus operandi*
 Most handy,
 Desperately determined on the trial,
 With hand grown flaccid,
 Violently snatched a vial
 Marked " PRUSSIC ACID."

Sudden a strain of music stole
 On his startled ear, so mild and sweet,
 It seemed like the songs which a parted soul
 From the Angel choirs might greet,
 When freed from the chains of earth's control
 It floats upborne to its heavenly goal
 The bliss of the just to meet.
 And a flash of light, like the flame that springs
 From seraphim's rainbow-tinted wings,
 Illumined the darksome room,
 Till even the fiendish elfin there
 Appeared, in its radiant lustre, fair,
 Such glory had lit the gloom !

And a lovely form, in her robes of light,
 Stood by his side, like an angel bright
 —One glance, and the Elves were gone,
As the spectral shadows and shapes of night
 At the burst of morning's dawn.

Know ye the form by Canova called
From the shapeless rock where it lay enthralled,
Aerial Hebe,—holding high
 To assembled gods her nectar bowl—
A form that breathes of her native sky,
Of lightsome step and of kindling eye
 That glows with the inward fires of soul?
Oh! such was her form, her face, her air,
But lovelier far, oh! far more fair
The spirit who stood by the Bachelor's chair,
And with soothing accents, soft and low,
 Breathed peace and calm
 Like a healing balm
On the heart that ached with deadly woe
 —He hath dared to raise
 His glance, and gaze
As one might gaze on the sunbeam's glow,
 Joy! joy! 'twas the Spirit whom years and
 days,
 He had worshiped long, he had worshiped
 low,

As the Guebre worships the sacred blaze
 Beaming midst Ararat's peaks of snow !
 His heart's best dream, most pure and warm,
 That ne'er had he met in an earthly form.
Well may ye deem that the Bachelor knelt
At his bright Spirit's feet,—that he spoke as he felt.
—She murmured an answer soft, I ween,
 But whether 'twas Yes, or whether 'twas No,
 Or something betwixt and between,
He never could tell, for she vanished in smoke,—
 The Bachelor woke,
 The Blues were no joke,
But his Belle was no more than a dream, I trow,
 And never again was seen.

THE POET'S LAMENT.

—
BY HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE.
—

As evening's dews to sun-parched Summer flowers,
So to young burning breasts has verse been
given,
To soothe and cool the flush of feverish hours,
Even with the tears exhaled from earth to
Heaven.

But when life's ebbing pulse wanes faint and slow,
And coming Winter clouds the short'ning day,
No dews the Night, no tears the eyes bestow,
No words the soul to mourn its own decay.

But frosts instead, the waste of years deform,
And on our head falls fast untimely snow,
Or worse—we prove volcanic passions' storm,
Whose earthquake calmness mocks the fires
below.

These have no voice—yet might their ruins speak
 The past and present eloquently well—
 But, fiendlike, on themselves their rage they wreak,
 Although they dare not wake the silent spell.

For such, alas! all Poetry is past,
 Not even in History their thoughts survive,
 Like crowded cities into lava cast
 Oblivion-doomed, embalmed, while still alive.

Above the stifled heart a nation's grave,
 Years, centuries, millenniums, even might pass,
 And o'er their barren dust no laurels wave—
 Forth from their ashes springs no blade of grass.

Ores, in the darkest caverns of the earth,
 Pearls, in the sea's unfathomed depths may
 shine—
 Gems in the mountain's living rock have birth—
 But never Poetry in souls like mine.

THE END.

al.







