THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE

VOLUME IX.
Poe's Room, No. 13, is back of the second arch to the left of the letter-box. The room at the extreme right of the picture (in the other building) is also claimed to be Poe's room.
THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY
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PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Volume IX.
LITERARY CRITICISM—Volume II.

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EARLY CRITICISM.


[Southern Literary Messenger, May, 1836.]

Some three months since we had occasion to express our high admiration of Lieutenant Slidell's American in England. The work now before us presents to the eye of the critical reader many if not all of those peculiarities which distinguished its predecessor. We find the same force and freedom. We recognize the same artist-like way of depicting persons, scenery, or manners, by a succession of minute and well-managed details. We perceive also the same terseness and originality of expression. Still we must be pardoned for saying that many of the same niaiseries are also apparent, and most especially an abundance of very bad grammar and a superabundance of gross errors in syntactical arrangement.

With the Dedication Letter prefixed to Spain Revisited, we have no patience whatever. It does great credit to the kind and gentlemanly feelings of Lieutenant Slidell, but it forms no inconsiderable drawback upon our previously entertained opinions of his good taste. We can at no time, and under no circumstances, see either meaning or delicacy in parading the sacred relations of personal friendship before the unscrupulous
eyes of the public. And even when these things are well done and briefly done, we do believe them to be in the estimation of all persons of nice feelings a nuisance and an abomination. But it very rarely happens that the closest scrutiny can discover in the least offensive of these dedications any thing better than extravagance, affectation or incongruity. We are not sure that it would be impossible, in the present instance, to designate gross examples of all three. What connection has the name of Lieutenant Upshur with the present Spanish Adventures of Lieutenant Slidell? None. Then why insist upon a connection which the world cannot perceive? The Dedicatory letter, in the present instance, is either a bond fide epistle actually addressed before publication to Lieutenant Upshur, intended strictly as a memorial of friendship, and published because no good reasons could be found for the non-publication—or its plentiful professions are all hollowness and falsity, and it was never meant to be any thing more than a very customary public compliment.

Our first supposition is negatived by the stiff and highly constrained character of the style, totally distinct from the usual, and we will suppose the less carefully arranged composition of the author. What man in his senses ever wrote as follows, from the simple impulses of gratitude or friendship?

"In times past, a dedication, paid for by a great literary patron, furnished the author at once with the means of parading his own servility, and ascribing to his idol virtues which had no real existence. Though this custom be condemned by the better taste of the age in which we live, friendship may yet claim the privilege of eulogizing virtues which really exist; if so, I might
here draw the portrait of a rare combination of them; I might describe a courage, a benevolence, a love of justice coupled with an honest indignation at whatever outrages it, a devotion to others and forgetfulness of self, such as are not often found blended in one character, were I not deterred by the consideration that when I should have completed my task, the eulogy, which would seem feeble to those who knew the original, might be condemned as extravagant by those who do not."

Can there be any thing more palpably artificial than all this? The writer commences by informing his bosom friend that whereas in times past men were given up to fulsome flattery in their dedications, not scrupling to endow their patrons with virtues they never possessed, he, the Lieutenant, intends to be especially delicate and original in his own peculiar method of applying the panegyrical plaster, and to confine himself to qualities which have a real existence. Now this is the very sentiment, if sentiment it may be called, with which all the toad-eaters since the flood have introduced their dedicatory letters. What immediately follows is in the same vein, and is worthy of the ingenious Don Puffando himself. All the good qualities in the world are first enumerated — Lieutenant Upshur is then informed, by the most approved rules of circumbendibus, that he possesses them, one and each, in the highest degree, but that his friend the author of "Spain Revisited" is too much of a man of tact to tell him any thing about it.

If on the other hand it is admitted that the whole epistle is a mere matter of form, and intended simply as a public compliment to a personal friend, we feel, at once, a degree of righteous indignation at the pro-
fanation to so hollow a purpose, of the most sacred epithets and phrases of friendship — a degree, too, of serious doubt whether the gentleman panegyrized will receive as a compliment, or rather resent as an insult, the being taxed to his teeth, and in the face of the whole community, with nothing less than all the possible accomplishments and graces, together with the entire stock of cardinal and other virtues.

Spain Revisited, although we cannot think it at all equal to the American in England for picturesque and vigorous description (which we suppose to be the forte of Lieutenant Slidell) yet greatly surpasses in this respect most of the books of modern travels with which we now usually meet. A moderate interest is sustained throughout — aided no doubt by our feelings of indignation at the tyranny which would debar so accomplished a traveller as our countryman from visiting at his leisure and in full security a region so well worth visiting as Spain. It appears that Ferdinand on the 20th. August, 1832, taking it into his head that the Lieutenant’s former work “A Year in Spain” (“esta indigesta produccion está llena de falsedades y de groceras calumnias contra el Rey N. S. y su augusta familia”), thought proper to issue a royal order in which the book called un año en España was doomed to seizure wherever it might be found, and the clever author himself, under the appellation of the Signor Ridell, to a dismissal from the nearest frontier in the event of his anticipated return to the country. Notwithstanding this order, the Lieutenant, as he himself informs us, did not hesitate to undertake the journey, knowing that, subsequently to the edict in question, the whole machinery of the government had undergone a change, having passed into liberal hands. But although
the danger of actual arrest on the above-mentioned grounds was thus rendered comparatively trivial, there were many other serious difficulties to be apprehended. In the Basque Provinces and in Navarre the civil war was at its height. The diligences, as a necessary consequence, had ceased to run; and the insurgents rendered the means of progressing through the country exceedingly precarious, by their endeavors to cut off all communications through which the government would be informed of their manoeuvres. The post-horses had been seized by the Carlist cavalry to supply their deficiencies, "and only a few mules remained at some of the post-houses between Bayonne and Vitoria."

The following sketch of an ass-market at Tordesillas seems to embody in a small compass specimens of nearly all the excellences as well as nearly all the faults of the author.

"By far the most curious part of the fair, was the ass-market, held by a gay fraternity of gipsies. There were about a dozen of these for the most part of middle stature, beautifully formed, with very regular features of an Asiatic cast, and having a copper tinge; their hands were very small, as of a race long unaccustomed to severe toil, with quantities of silver rings strung on the fingers. They had very white and regular teeth, and their black eyes were uncommonly large, round-orbed, projecting, and expressive; habitually languid and melancholy in moments of listlessness, they kindled into wonderful brightness when engaged in commending their asses, or in bartering with a purchaser. Their jet-black hair hung in long curls down their back, and they were nearly all dressed in velvet, as Andalusian majos, with quantities of buttons made from pesetas and half pesetas covering their jackets and breeches, as many as
three or four hanging frequently from the same eyelet-
hole. Some of them wore the Andalusian leggin and
shoe of brown leather, others the footless stocking and
sandal of Valencia; in general their dress, which had
nothing in common with the country they were then in,
seemed calculated to unite ease of movement and freedom
from embarrassment to jauntiness of effect. All of them
had a profusion of trinkets and amulets, intended to
testify their devotion to that religion which, according
to the popular belief, they were suspected of doubting,
and one of them displayed his excessive zeal in wearing
conspicuously from his neck a silver case, twice the
size of a dollar, containing a picture of the Virgin Mary
holding the infant Saviour in her arms.

"Four or five females accompanied this party, and
came and went from the square and back, with baskets
and other trifles, as if engaged at their separate branch
of trade. They had beautiful oval faces, with fine
eyes and teeth, and rich olive complexions. Their
costume was different from any other I had seen in
Spain, its greatest peculiarity consisting in a coarse
outer petticoat, which was drawn over the head at
pleasure instead of the mantilla, and which reminded
me of the manta of Peru, concealing, as it did, the
whole of the face, except only a single eye.

"I asked a dozen people where these strange beings
were from, not liking to speer the question at them-
selves; but not one could tell me, and all seemed to
treat the question as no less difficult of solution than
one which might concern the origin of the wind. One
person, indeed, barely hinted the possibility of their
being from Zamora, where one of the faubourgs has a
colony of these vermin, for so they are esteemed. He
added, moreover, that a late law required that every gipsy
in Spain should have a fixed domicile, but that they still managed, in the face of it, to gratify their hereditary taste for an unsettled and wandering life. He spoke of them as a pack of gay rogues and petty robbers, yet did not seem to hold them in any particular horror. The asses which they were selling they had probably collected in the pueblos with a view to this fair, trading from place to place as they journeyed, and not a few they had perhaps kidnapped and coaxed away, taking care, by shaving and other embellishments, to modify and render them unknown.

"I was greatly amused in observing the ingenious mode in which they kept their beasts together in the midst of such a crowd and so much confusion, or separated them for the purpose of making a sale. They were strung at the side of the parapet wall, overlooking the river, with their heads towards it and pressing against, as if anxious to push it over, but in reality out of sedulousness to avoid the frequent showers of blows which were distributed from time to time, without motive or warning, on their unoffending hinder parts, and withdraw them as far as possible from the direction whence they were inflicted.

"As they were very much crowded together, there was quite scuffling work for an ass to get in when brought back from an unsuccessful effort to trade, or when newly bought, for these fellows, in the true spirit of barter, were equally ready to buy or sell. The gipsy's staff, distributing blows on the rumps of two adjoining beasts, would throw open a slight aperture, into which the nose of the intruding ass would be made to enter, when a plentiful encouragement of blows would force him in, like a wedge into a riven tree. The mode of extracting an ass was equally ingenious,
and, if any thing, more singular; continually pressing their heads against the wall with all their energy, it would have required immense strength, with the chance of pulling off the tail if it were not a strong one, to drag them forcibly out; a gipsy, taking the tail of the required animal in one hand, would stretch his staff forward so as to tap him on the nose, and, thus encouraged, gently draw him out.

"The ingenuity of these gipsies in getting up a bargain, trusting to be able to turn it to their own account, was marvellous. Mingling among the farmers, and engaging them in conversation on indifferent subjects, they would at length bring them back to the favorite theme of asses, and eventually persuade them to take a look at theirs. 'Here is one,' measuring the height of an individual with his staff, 'which will just suit you;—what will you give for him? Come, you shall have him for half his worth, for one hundred reals—only five dollars for an ass like this,' looking at him with the admiration of a connoisseur in the presence of the Apollo; 'truly, an animal of much merit and the greatest promise—de mucho merito y encarecimiento—he has the shoulders and breast of an ox; let me show you the richness of his paces,' said the gipsy, his whole figure and attitude partaking of his earnestness, and his eye dilating and glowing with excitement. He had brought the unwary and bewildered countryman, like a charmed bird, to the same point as the eloquent shopkeeper does his doubting customer when he craves permission to take down his wares, and does not wait to be denied. Vaulting to the back of the animal, he flourished his staff about its head, and rode it up and down furiously, to the terror of the by-standers' toes, pricking it on the spine with his iron-pointed staff to
make it frisky, and pronouncing the while, in the midst of frantic gesticulations an eloquent eulogium on its performances and character, giving it credit, among other things for sobriety, moderation, long suffering, and the most unasslike qualification of chastity. To add to the picturesque oddity of the scene, an old monk stood hard by, an interested spectator of some chaffering between a young woman and a seller of charms and trinkets stationed beneath an awning, and no accessory was wanting to render the quaint little picture complete."

In our notice of the American in England, we found much fault with the style—that is to say, with the mere English of Lieutenant Slidell. We are not sure whether the volumes now before us were written previously or subsequently to that very excellent work—but certain it is that they are much less abundant than it, in simple errors of grammar and ambiguities of construction. We must be pardoned, however, for thinking that even now the English of our traveller is more obviously defective than is becoming in any well educated American—more especially in any well educated American who is an aspirant for the honors of authorship. To quote individual sentences in support of an assertion of this nature, might bear with it an air of injustice—since there are few of the best writers of any language in whose works single faulty passages may not readily be discovered. We will therefore take the liberty of commenting in detail upon the English of an entire page of Spain Revisited—

"Carts, and wagons, caravans of mules, and files of humbler asses came pouring, by various roads, into the great vomitory by which we were entering, laden with the various commodities, the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life, brought from foreign countries or from
remote provinces, to sustain the unnatural existence of a capital which is so remote from all its resources, and which produces scarce anything that it consumes.”

This sentence, although it would not be too long, if properly managed, is too long as it stands. The ear repeatedly seeks, and expects the conclusion, and is repeatedly disappointed. It expects the close at the word “entering” — and at the word “life” — at the word “provinces” — and at the word “resources.” Each additional portion of the sentence after each of the words just designated by inverted commas, has the air of an after-thought engrafted upon the original idea. The use of the word “vomitory” in the present instance is injudicious. Strictly speaking, a road which serves as a vomitory, or means of egress, for a population, serves also as a means of ingress. A good writer, however, will consider not only whether, in all strictness, his words will admit of the meaning he attaches to them, but whether in their implied, their original, or other collateral meanings, they may not be at variance with some of his sentence. When we hear of “a vomitory by which we were entering,” not all the rigor of the most exact construction will reconcile us to the phrase — since we are accustomed to connect with the word vomitory, notions precisely the reverse of those allied to the subsequent word “entering.” Between the participle “laden” and the nouns to which it refers (carts, wagons, caravans and asses) two other nouns and one pronoun are suffered to intervene — a grammatical arrangement which when admitted in any degree, never fails to introduce more or less obscurity in every sentence where it is so admitted. Strict syntactical order would require (the pronoun “we” being followed immediately by “laden”) that — not the
asses — but Lieutenant Slidell and his companions should be laden with the various commodities.

"And now, too, we began to see horsemen jauntily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, and worked spatterdashes, reining fiery Andalusian coursers, each having the Moorish carbine hung at hand beside him."

Were horsemen, in this instance, a generic term — that is, did the word allude to horsemen generally, the use of the "slouched hat" and "embroidered jacket" in the singular, would be justifiable — but it is not so in the speaking of individual horsemen, where the plural is required. The participle "reining" properly refers to "spatter-dashes," although of course intended to agree with "horsemen." The word "each," also meant to refer to the "horsemen," belongs, strictly speaking, to the "coursers." The whole, if constructed by the rigid rules of grammar, would imply that the horsemen were dressed in spatter-dashes — which spatter-dashes reined the coursers — and which coursers had each a carbine.

"Perhaps these were farmers of the better order; but they had not the air of men accustomed to labor; they were rather, perhaps, Andalusian horse-dealers, or, maybe, robbers, of those who so greatly abound about the capital, who for the moment, had laid aside their professional character."

This is an exceedingly awkward sentence. The word "maybe" is, we think, objectionable. The repetition of the relative "who" in the phrases "who so greatly abound" and "who for the moment had laid aside," is the less to be justified, as each "who" has a different antecedent — the one referring to "those" (the robbers, generally, who abound about the capital) and the other to the sus-
pected "robbers" then present. But the whole is exceedingly ambiguous, and leaves a doubt of the author's true meaning. For, the words "Andalusian horse-dealers, or, maybe, robbers of those who abound about the capital," may either imply that the men in question were some of a class of robbers who abounded, &c., or that they were men who robbed (that is, robbers of) the Andalusian horse-dealers who abounded, &c., or that they were either Andalusian horse-dealers, or robbers of those who abound about the capital — i. e. of the inhabitants of the suburbs. Whether the last "who" has reference to the robbers or to those who abound, it is impossible to learn from any thing in the sentence itself — which taken altogether, is unworthy of the merest tyro in the rules of composition.

"At the inn of the Holy Ghost, was drawn up a highly gilded carriage, hung very low, and drawn by five gaily decorated mules, while two Andalusians sat on the large wooden platform, planted, without the intervention of springs, upon the fore-wheels, which served for a coach-box."

This sentence is intelligible enough, but still badly constructed. There is by far too great an interval between the antecedent "platform" and its relative "which," and upon a cursory perusal any reader would be led to suppose (what indeed the whole actually implies) that the coach-box in question consisted not of the platform, but actually of the fore-wheels of the carriage. Altogether, it may safely be asserted, that an entire page containing as many grammatical errors and inaccuracies of arrangement as the one we have just examined, will with difficulty be discovered in any English or American writer of even moderate reputation. These things, how-
ever, can hardly be considered as more than inadvertences, and will be avoided by Lieutenant Slidell as soon as he shall feel convinced (through his own experience or through the suggestions of his friends) how absolutely necessary to final success in any undertaking is a scrupulous attention to even the merest minutiae of the task.


[Southern Literary Messenger, May, 1836.]

We have read Mr. Paulding's Life of Washington with a degree of interest seldom excited in us by the perusal of any book whatever. We are convinced by a deliberate examination of the design, manner, and rich material of the work, that, as it grows in age, it will grow in the estimation of our countrymen, and, finally, will not fail to take a deeper hold upon the public mind, and upon the public affections, than any work upon the same subject, or of a similar nature, which has been yet written — or, possibly, which may be written hereafter. Indeed, we cannot perceive the necessity of anything farther upon the great theme of Washington. Mr. Paulding has completely and most beautifully filled the vacuum which the works of Marshall and Sparks have left open. He has painted the boy, the man, the husband, and the Christian. He has introduced us to the private affections, aspirations, and charities of that hero whose affections of all affections were the most serene, whose aspirations the most god-like, and whose charities the most gentle and
pure. He has taken us abroad with the patriot-farmer in his rambles about his homestead. He has seated us in his study and shown us the warrior-Christian in unobtrusive communion with his God. He has done all this too, and more, in a simple and quiet manner, in a manner peculiarly his own, and which mainly because it is his own, cannot fail to be exceedingly effective. Yet it is very possible that the public may, for many years to come, overlook the rare merits of a work whose want of arrogant assumption is so little in keeping with the usages of the day, and whose striking simplicity and naïveté of manner give, to a cursory examination, so little evidence of the labor of composition. We have no fears, however, for the future. Such books as these before us, go down to posterity like rich wines with a certainty of being more valued as they go. They force themselves with the gradual but rapidly accumulating power of strong wedges into the hearts and understandings of a community.

From the preface we learn, that shortly after the conclusion of the late war, Mr. Paulding resided for several years in the city of Washington, and that his situation bringing him into familiar intercourse with "many respectable and some distinguished persons" who had been associated with the Father of his Country, the idea was then first conceived of writing a Life of that great man which should more directly appeal to the popular feeling of the land, than any one previously attempted. With this intent, he lost no opportunity of acquiring information, from all authentic sources within his reach, of the private life, habits and peculiarities of his subject. We learn too that the work thus early proposed was never banished from the mind of the author. The original intention, however, was
subsequently modified, with a view of adapting the book to the use of schools, and "generally to that class of readers who have neither the means of purchasing, nor the leisure to read a larger and more expensive publication." Much of the information concerning the domestic life of Washington was derived immediately from his cotemporaries, and from the "present most estimable lady who is now in possession of Mount Vernon." In detailing the events of the Revolution, the author has principally consulted the public and private letters of Washington.

The rich abundance of those delightful anecdotes and memorials of the private man which render a book of this nature invaluable — an abundance which has hardly more delighted than astonished us — is the prevailing feature of Mr. Paulding's Washington. We proceed, without apology, to copy for the benefit of our readers such as most immediately present themselves.

On page 106, vol. i., we find the following interesting particulars:

The following account of his last illness is copied, we are told, from a memorandum in the handwriting of Tobias Lear, his private secretary and confidential friend, who attended him from first to last.

We proceed with some farther extracts of a like kind taken at random from the book.

In regard to the style of Mr. Paulding's Washington, it would scarcely be doing it justice to speak of it merely as well adapted to its subject, and to its imme-
diate design. Perhaps a vigorous examination would detect an occasional want of euphony, and some inaccuracies of syntactical arrangement. But nothing could be more out of place than any such examination in respect to a book whose forcible, rich, vivid, and comprehensive English, might advantageously be held up, as a model for the young writers of the land. There is no better literary manner than the manner of Mr. Paulding. Certainly no American, and possibly no living writer of England, has more of those numerous peculiarities which go to the formation of a happy style. It is questionable, we think, whether any writer of any country combines as many of these peculiarities with as much of that essential negative virtue, the absence of affectation. We repeat, as our confident opinion, that it would be difficult, even with great care and labor, to improve upon the general manner of the volumes now before us, and that they contain many long individual passages of a force and beauty not to be surpassed by the finest passages of the finest writers in any time or country. It is this striking character in the Washington of Mr. Paulding — striking and peculiar indeed at a season when we are so culpably inattentive to all matters of this nature, as to mistake for style the fine airs at second hand of the silliest romancers — it is this character we say, which should insure the fulfilment the writer's principal design, in the immediate introduction of his book into every respectable academy in the land.
PARIS AND THE PARISIANS IN 1835. BY FRANCES TROLLOPE, AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS," "THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA," &c. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, May, 1836.]

We have no patience with that atra-bilious set of hyper-patriots, who find fault with Mrs. Trollope's book of flumflummary about the good people of the Union. We can neither tolerate nor comprehend them. The work appeared to us (we speak in all candor, and in sober earnest) an unusually well-written performance, in which, upon a basis of downright and positive truth, was erected, after the fashion of a porcelain pagoda, a very brilliant, although a very brittle fabric of mingled banter, philosophy, and spleen. Her mere political opinions are, we suppose, of very little consequence to any person other than Mrs. Trollope; and being especially sure that they are of no consequence to ourselves we shall have nothing farther to do with them. We do not hesitate to say, however, that she ridiculed our innumerable moral, physical, and social absurdities with equal impartiality, true humor and discrimination, and that the old joke about her Domestic Manners of the Americans being nothing more than the Manners of the American Domestics, is like most other very good jokes, excessively untrue.

That our national soreness of feeling prevented us, in the case of her work on America, from appreciating the real merits of the book, will be rendered evident by the high praise we find no difficulty in bestowing

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upon her *Paris and the Parisians* — a production, in whatever light we regard it, precisely similar to the one with which we were so irreparably offended. It has every characteristic of the *Domestic Manners of the Americans* — from the spirit of which work, if it differs at all, the difference lies in the inferior quantity of the fine wit she has thought proper to throw away upon our Parisian friends.

The volume now issued by the Harpers, is a large octavo of 410 pages, and is embellished with eleven most admirable copperplate engravings, exclusive of the frontispiece. These designs are drawn by A. Hervieu, and engraved by S. H. Gimber. We will give a brief account of them all, as the most effectual method of imparting to our readers (those who have not seen the work and for whom this notice is especially intended) a just conception of the work itself.

Plate 1 is the "Louvre." A picture gallery is seen crowded with a motley assemblage of all classes, in every description of French costume. The occasion is an exhibition of living artists, as the world chooses to call the exhibition of their works. Poussin, (consequently) Raphael, Titian, Correggio and Rubens, are hidden beneath the efforts of more modern pencils. In the habiliments of the company who lounge through the gallery, the result of newly acquired rights is ludicrously visible. One of the most remarkable of these, says our authoress, is the privilege enjoyed by the rabble of presenting themselves dirty instead of clean before the eyes of the magnates. Accordingly, the plate shows, among a variety of pretty *toques, caucboises, chaussures*, and other more imperial equipments, a sprinkling of round-eared caps, awkward *casquettes*, filthy *blouses*, and dingy and ragged jackets.
PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

Plate 2 is "Morning at the Tuileries." It represents that portion of the garden of "trim alleys" which lies in front of the group of Peus and Aria. In the distance are seen various figures. In the foreground we descry three singular-looking personages, who may be best described in the words of Mrs. Trollope herself.

Plate 3 is "Propatria" — and represents two uniformed soldiers in a guard-room of the National Guard.

Plate 4 is entitled "Ce soir, à la Porte St. Martin — J'y serai," and is full of humor. Two conspirator-like republicans stand in the gardens of the Luxembourg, with short staffs, conical hats, dark bushy eye-brows, fierce mustaches, and countenances full of fate. The hand of one is clasped in the hand of the other with a vice-like impressiveness and energy, while the taller, looking furtively around him, lays his hand upon the shoulder of his associate, and is whispering some most momentous intelligence in his ear. This plate is explained thus in the words of Mrs. T.

Plate 5 is the "Tuileries Gardens on Sunday," in which the prominent and characteristic group is a "cbére maman" in half toilet, and seated beneath a tree reading, or attempting to read, while her children, attended by their bonne, are frolicking about her knees.

Plate 6 is "Porte St. Martin," and commemorative of one of the thousand and one little émeutes which have now become too much a matter of course at Paris to excite very serious attention, and which are frequently (so we are assured by Mrs. Trollope) quieted by no more effective artillery than that of a slight shower of rain. The prominent figures in the plate, are two
gentlemen of the National Guard, who are vehemently struggling to secure a desperate and mustached republican, equipped cap à pie à la Robespierre, and whose countenance is indicative of deadly resolve, while a little urchin in a striped jacket, not having before his eyes the horrors of an arrestation, and being probably body squire to the republican, shoulders manfully a banner somewhat larger than himself, and, standing upon tiptoe, amuses himself with bellowing Vive la République!

Plate 7 is a "Soirée," in which the peculiarities of Parisian sociability are humorously sketched. All the countenances are especially French. The prominent group is that of two little awkward-looking specimens of imperial noblesse who are making love upon a chaise-longue. The opinions of Mrs. Trollope are quite orthodox in the matter of hereditary grace. Some of her good things upon this topic we must be allowed to quote, for the sake of their point, without being responsible for their philosophy.

Plate 8 is "Le roi citoyen." He is represented as a well-looking, portly, middle-aged man, of somewhat dignified appearance. His dress differs from that of any common citizen only by a small tri-colored cockade in the hat, and he walks quite at his leisure with one hand clenching a rough-looking stick, and the other thrust in his breeches-pocket. A republican, habituated in full Robespierrian costume, is advancing towards him with a very deliberate air, and eyeing him nonchalantly through a lorgnon.

Plate 9 is entitled "Prêtres de la Jeune France." The flowing curls, the simple round hat, the pantaloons, &c. give them the appearance of a race of men as unlike as possible to their stiff and primitive prede-
cessors. They look flourishing, and well pleased with themselves and the world about them: but little of mortification or abstinence can be traced on their countenances; and if they do fast for some portion of every week, they may certainly say with Father Philip that "what they take prospers with them marvellously."

Plate 10 is the "Boulevard des Italiens" with a view of Tortoni's. The main group is "a very pretty woman and a very pretty man," who are seated on two chairs close together and flirting much to their own satisfaction, as well as to the utter amazement and admiration of a young urchin of a Savoyard, or professor of the "gaie science," who, forgetting the use of his mandoline, gazes with open mouth and eyes at the enamored pair. To the right is seen an exquisite of the first water promenading with an air of ineffable grace, and deliberately occupied in combing his luxuriant tresses.

Plate 11 is called "V'là les restes de notre révolution de Juillet!" and like all the other engravings in the volume is admirable in its design, and especially in its expression. In the background are seen the monuments erected at the Marché des Innocens over some revolutionary heroes, who fell here and were buried near the fountain, on the 29th July 1830. A mechanic leans against a railing and is haranguing with great energy a young girl and a little boy, who listen to him with profound attention. His theme is evidently the treatment of the prisoners at the Luxembourg. We cannot too highly praise the exquisite piquancy of the whole of these designs.

In conclusion, we recommend Paris and the Parisians to all lovers of fine writing, and vivacious humor. It is impossible not to be highly amused with the book
— and there is by no means any necessity for giving a second thought to the political philosophies of Madame Trollope.

NOTICES OF THE WAR OF 1812. BY JOHN ARMSTRONG. NEW YORK: GEORGE DEARBORN.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

These "Notices," by the former Secretary of War, are a valuable addition to our history, and to our historical literature — embracing a variety of details which should not have been so long kept from the cognizance of the public. We are grieved, however, to see, even in the opening passages of the work, a piquancy and freedom of expression, in regard to the unhappy sources of animosity between America and the parent land, which can neither to-day nor hereafter answer any possible good end, and may prove an individual grain in a future mountain of mischief. At page 12, for example.

"Still her abuse of power did not stop here: it was not enough that she thus outraged her rights on the ocean; the bosoms of our bays, the mouths of our rivers, and even the wharves of our harbors, were made the theatres of the most flagitious abuse; and as if determined to leave no cause of provocation untried, the personal rights of our seamen were invaded: and men, owing her no allegiance, nor having any connection with her policy or arms, were forcibly seized, dragged on board her ships of war and made to fight her battles, under the scourge of tyrants and slaves,
with whom submission, whether right or wrong, forms the whole duty of man."

We object, particularly here to the use of the verb forms in the present tense.

Mr. Armstrong's publication will extend to two volumes—the second following as soon as possible. What we have now is mostly confined to the operations on the frontier. The subjects of main interest are the opposition to the War—Hull's Expedition—Loss of Michiliminackinac—Surrender of Detroit—Militia operations in the West—Harrison's Autumnal and Winter Campaigns—the Partial Armistice—the attack on Queenstown, by Van Rensselaer—the invasion of Canada, by Smith—the campaign against the British advanced posts on Lake Champlain, by Dearborn—Chauncey and Dearborn's Expedition—the reduction of York and Fort George—the affair of Sackett's Harbor—the first and second investments of Fort Meigs—and the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie. The Appendix embraces a mass of official and other matter, which will prove of great service to the future historian. What follows has with us a deep interest, and we know many who will understand its origin and character.
UPS AND DOWNS IN THE LIFE OF A DISTRESSED GENTLEMAN. BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SKETCHES, SUCH AS THEY ARE." NEW YORK: LEAVITT, LORD & CO.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

This book is a public imposition. It is a duodecimo volume, of the usual novel size, bound in the customary muslin cover with a gilt stamp on the book, and containing 225 pages of letter press. Its price in the bookstores, is, we believe, a dollar. Although we are in the habit of reading with great deliberation, not unfrequently perusing individual passages more than two or three times, we were occupied little better than one hour in getting through with the whole of the "Ups and Downs." A full page of the book—that is, a page in which there are no breaks in the matter occasioned by paragraphs, or otherwise, embraces precisely 150 words—an average page about 130. A full page of this our Magazine, will be found to contain 1544 words—an average page about 1600, owing to the occasional notes in a smaller type than that generally used. It follows that nearly thirteen pages of such a volume as the "Ups and Downs" are required to make one of our own, and that in about fourteen pages such as we are writing, (if we consider the sixteen blank half-pages at the beginning of each chapter in the "Ups and Downs," with the four pages of index) the whole of the one dollar duodecimo we are now called upon to review, might be laid conveniently before the public—in other words, that we could print nearly six of them in one of our ordinary
numbers, (that for March for instance) the price of which is little more than forty cents. We give the amount of six such volumes then for forty cents — of one of them for very little more than a sixpence bit. And as its price is a dollar, it is clear either that the matter of which the said "Ups and Downs" is composed, is sixteen times as good in quality as our own matter, and that of such Magazines in general, or that, the author of the "Ups and Downs" supposes it so to be, or that the author of the "Ups and Downs" is unreasonable in his exactions upon the public, and is presuming very largely upon their excessive patience, gullibility, and good nature. We will take the liberty of analyzing the narrative, with a view of letting our readers see for themselves whether the author (or publisher) is quite right in estimating it at sixteen times the value of the ordinary run of compositions.

The volume commences with a Dedication "To all Doating Parents." We then have four pages occupied with a content table, under the appellation of a "Bill of Lading." This is well thought of. The future man of letters might, without some assistance of this nature, meet with no little trouble in searching for any particular chapter through so dense a mass of matter as the "Ups and Downs." The "Introduction" fills four pages more, and in spite of the unjustifiable use of the word "predicated," whose meaning is obviously misunderstood, is by much the best portion of the work — so much so, indeed, that we fancy it written by some kind, good natured friend of the author.

We now come to Chapter I, which proves to be Introduction the Second, and extends over seven pages farther. This is called "A Disquisition on Circles,"
in which we are informed that "the motion produced by the centripetal and centrifugal forces, seems to be that of nature" — that "It is very true that the periphery of the circles traversed by some objects is greater than that of others" — that "cast a stone into a lake or a mill-pond, and it will produce a succession of motions, circle following circle in order, and extending the radius until they disappear in the distance" — that "Time wings its flight in circles, and every year rolls round within itself" — that "the sun turns round upon his own axis, and the moon changes monthly" — that "the other celestial bodies all wheel their courses in circles around the common centre" — that "the moons of Jupiter revolve around him in circles, and he carries them along with him in his periodical circuit around the sun" — that "Saturn always moves within his rings" — that "a ship on the ocean though apparently bounding over a plain of waters, rides in fact upon the circumference of a circle around the arch of the earth's diameter" — that "the lunar circle betokens a tempest" — that "those German principalities which are represented in the Diet are denominated circles" — that "modern writers on pneumatics affirm every breeze that blows to be a whirlwind."

But now commences the "Ups and Downs" in good earnest. The hero of the narrative is Mr. Wheelwright, and the author begs leave to assure the reader that Mr. W. is no fictitious personage, that "with the single abatement that names are changed, and places not precisely designated, every essential incident that he has recorded actually occurred, much as he has related it, to a person who, if not now living, certainly was once, and most of them under his own observation."

Chapter II, treats of the birth and parentage of the
hero. Mr. Daniel Wheelwright originally came from New Jersey, but resides at the opening of the story, in the beautiful valley of the Mohawk "on the banks of the river, and in a town alike celebrated for the taste of its people in architecture, and distinguished as a seat of learning." He was early instructed by his father in the "elementary principles of his trade," which was coachmaking. "He was also taught in some branches of household carpentry work, which proved of no disadvantage to him in the end." "Full of good nature he was always popular with the boys," and we are told "was never so industrious as when manufacturing to their order little writing desks, fancy boxes, and other trifling articles not beyond the scope of his mechanical ingenuity." We are also assured that the young gentleman was excessively fond of oysters.

In Chapter III, Daniel Wheelwright "grows up a tall and stately youth." His mother "discovers a genius in him requiring only means and opportunity to wing an eagle-flight." "An arrangement therefore is effected" by which our hero is sent to school to a "man whom the mother had previously known in New Jersey, and whose occupation was that of teaching young ideas how to shoot—not grouse and woodcock—but to shoot forth into scions of learning." This is a new and excellent joke—but by no means so good as the one immediately following, where we are told that "notwithstanding the natural indolence of his character, our hero knew that he must know something before he could enter college, and that in case of a failure, he must again cultivate more acquaintance with the felloes of the shop than with the fellows of the university." He is sent to college, however, having "read Cornelius Nepos and three books of the
Æneid, thumbed over the Greek Grammar, and gone through the Gospel of St. John."

Chapter IV, commences with two quotations from Shakspeare. Our hero is herein elected a member of the Philo-Peithologicaethian Institute, commences his debates with a "Mr. President, I am in favor of the negative of that are question," is "read off" at the close of every quarter, "advances one grade higher" in his classic course every year, and when about to take his degree, is "announced for a poem" in the process verbal of the commencement, and (one of the professors, if we comprehend, being called Nott) distinguishes himself by the following satirical verses—

The warrior fights, and dies for fame—
The empty glories of a name;—
But we who linger round this spot,
The warrior's guerdon covet Nott.

Nott for the miser's glittering heap
Within these walls is bartered sleep;
The humble scholar's quiet lot
With dreams of wealth is troubled Nott.

While poring o'er the midnight lamp,
In rooms too cold, and sometimes damp,
O man, who land and cash hast got,
Thy life of ease we envy Nott.

Our troubles here are light and few;—
An empty purse when bills fall due,
A locker without e'er a shot,—
Hard recitations, or a Knot.
A DISTRESSED GENTLEMAN.

Ty problem, which we can't untie—
Our only shirt hung out to dry,—
A chum who never pays his scot,—
Such ills as these we value Nott.

O, cherished * * * * ! learning's home,
Where'er the fates may bid us roam,
Though friends and kindred we forgot,
Be sure we shall forget thee Nott.

For years of peaceful, calm content,
To science and hard study lent,
Though others thy good name may blot,
'T were wondrous if we loved thee Nott.

For this happy effort he is admitted ad gradum in artibus, and thus closes chapter the fourth.

Chapter V, is also headed with two sentences from Shakspeare. The parents of Mr. W. are now inclined to make him a clergyman, being "not only conscientious people, but sincerely religious, and really desirous of doing good." This project is dismissed, however, upon our hero's giving no evidence of piety, and Daniel is "entered in the office of an eminent medical gentleman, in one of the most beautiful cities which adorn the banks of the majestic Hudson." Our author cannot be prevailed upon to state the precise place—but gives us another excellent joke by way of indemnification. "Although," says he, "like Byron I have no fear of being taken for the hero of my own tale, yet were I to bring matters too near their homes, but too many of the real characters of my narrative might be identified. Suffice it, then, to say of the location—Ilium fuit." Daniel now becomes Dr. Wheelwright, reads the first chapter of Cheselden's Anatomy, visits
New York, attends the lectures of Hosack and Post, "presses into his goblet the grapes of wisdom clustering around the tongue of Mitchill, and acquires the principles of surgery from the lips, and the skilful use of the knife from the untrembling hand, of Mott."

At the close of his second year our hero, having completed only half of Cheselden's article on Osteology, relinquishes the study of medicine in despair, and turns merchant — purchasing "the odds and ends of a fashionable fancy and jobbing concern in Albany." He is gullled however, by a confidential clerk, one John Smith, his store takes fire and burns down, and both himself and father, who indorsed for him, are ruined.

Mr. Wheelwright now retrieves his fortune by the accidental possession of a claim against government, taken by way of payment for a bad debt. But going to Washington to receive his money, he is inveigled into a lottery speculation — that is to say, he spends the whole amount of his claim in lottery tickets — the manager fails — and our adventurer is again undone. This lottery adventure ends with the excellent joke that in regard to our hero there "were five outs to one in, viz. out of money, and out of clothes; out at the heels, and out at the toes; out of credit and in debt!" Mr. Wheelwright now returns to New York, and is thrown into prison by Messieurs Roe and Doe. In this emergency he sends for his friend the narrator, who, of course, relieves his distresses, and opens the doors of his jail.

Chapter IX, and indeed every ensuing chapter, commences with two sentences from Shakspeare. Mr. Wheelwright now becomes agent for a steamboat company on Lake George — but fortune still frowns, and
the steamboat takes fire, and is burnt up, on the eve of her first trip, thus again ruining our hero.

"What a moment!" exclaims the author, "and what a spectacle for a lover of the 'sublime and beautiful!" Could Burke have visited such a scene of mingled magnificence, and grandeur and terror, what a vivid illustration would he not have added to his inimitable treatise on that subject! The fire raged with amazing fury and power — stimulated to madness, as it were, by the pitch and tar and dried timbers, and other combustible materials used in the construction of the boat. The night birds screamed in terror, and the beasts of prey fled in wild affright into the deep and visible darkness beyond. This is truly a gloomy place for a lone person to stand in of a dark night — particularly if he has a touch of superstition. There have been fierce conflicts on this spot — sieges and battles and fearful massacres. Here hath mailed Mars sat on his altar, up to his ears in blood, smiling grimly at the music of echoing cannons, the shrill trump, and all the rude din of arms, until like the waters of Egypt, the lake became red as the crimson flowers that blossom upon its margin!" At the word margin is the following explanatory note. "Lobelia Cardinalis, commonly called the Indian Eye bright. It is a beautiful blossom, and is frequently met with in this region. The writer has seen large clusters of it blooming upon the margin of the 'Bloody Pond' in this neighborhood — so called from the circumstances of the slain being thrown into this pond, after the defeat of Baron Dieskau, by Sir William Johnson. The ancients would have constructed a beautiful legend from this incident, and sanctified the sanguinary flower."

In Chapter X, Mr. Wheelwright marries an heiress
— a rich widow worth thirty thousand pounds sterling in prospectu — in *Chapter XI*, sets up a *Philomathian Institute*, the whole of the chapter being occupied with his advertisement — in *Chapter XII*, his wife affronts the scholars, by “swearing by the powers she would be a forth clearing them out — the spalpeens! — that’s what she would, honies!” The school is broken up in consequence, and Mrs. Wheelwright herself turns out to be nothing more than “one of the unmarried wives of the lamented Captain Scarlett,” the legal representative being in secure possession of the thirty thousand pounds sterling in prospectu.

In *Chapter XIII*, Mr. Wheelwright is again in distress, and applies, of course, to the humane author of the “*Ups and Downs,*” who gives him, we are assured, “an overcoat, and a little basket of provisions.” In *Chapter XIV*, the author continues his benevolence — gives a crow, *(cock-a-doodle-doo!)* and concludes with “there is no more charitable people than those of New York!” which means when translated into good English — “there never was a more charitable man than the wise and learned author of the ‘*Ups and Downs.*’”

*Chapter XV*, is in a somewhat better vein, and embraces some tolerable incidents in relation to the pawnbrokers’ shops of New York. We give an extract — believing it to be one of the best passages in the book.

*Chapter XVI*, is entitled the “end of this eventful history.” Mr. Wheelwright is rescued from the hands of the watch by the author of the “*Ups and Downs*” — turns his wife, very justly, out of doors — and finally returns to his parental occupation of coach-making.

We have given the entire pith and marrow of the
book. The term flat, is the only general expression which would apply to it. It is written, we believe, by Col. Stone of the New York Commercial Advertiser, and should have been printed among the quack advertisements in a space corner of his paper.


[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

If we are to consider opinions of the press, when in perfect accordance throughout so wide a realm as the United States, as a fair criterion by which to estimate the opinions of the people, then it must be admitted that Mr. Colton's late work, "Four Years in Great Britain," was received, in the author's native land at least, with universal approbation. We heard not a dissenting voice. The candor, especially—the good sense, the gentlemanly feeling, and the accurate and acute observation of the traveller, were the daily themes of high, and, we have no doubt, of well merited panegyric. Nor in any private circle, we believe, were the great merits of the work disputed. The book now before us, which bears the running title of "Reasons for Episcopacy," is, it cannot be denied, a sufficiently well-written performance, in which is evident a degree of lucid arrangement, and simple perspicuous reason, not to be discovered, as a prevailing feature, in the volumes to which we have alluded.

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EARLY CRITICISM.

The candor of the "*Four Years in Great Britain,*" is more particularly manifest in the "*Reasons for Episcopacy.*" What a lesson in dignified frankness, to say nothing of common sense, may the following passage afford to many a dunder-headed politician!

But the truth is that Mr. Colton has been misunderstood. To be sure, he has frequently treated of the evils attending the existence and operation of the church establishment in England—the union of Church and State. He manifested deep sympathy for those who suffered under the oppression of this establishment, and even allowed himself to be carried so far (in some early communications on the subject which appeared in the columns of a New York weekly paper,) as to animadvert in unbecoming terms upon a class of British clergymen, whose exemplary conduct deserved a more lenient treatment, but whose zeal for the Church of England blinded them to a sense of justice towards Dissenters, and induced them to oppose that just degree of reform which would have proved effectual in remedying the great causes of complaint. He contended, however, if we are not greatly in error, that total reform, to be safe, must be slow—that a separation at a single blow, could not be effected without great hazard to the public interest, and great derangement of private society.

It is even possible (and Mr. Colton himself admits the possibility) that, mingled up with these animadversions of which we speak, might have been some censures upon the Church itself. This was nothing more than natural in an honest and indignant man—an American too, who beheld the vices of the British Church Establishment. But it appears to us quite evident, that the strictures of the author (when consid-
erected as a whole and in their general bearing,) have reference to the character — not of the Church — but of the Church of England. Let us turn for an exemplification of what we say, to his chapter on "The Church of England," in the "Four Years in Great Britain." This chapter consists principally of a collection of facts, tending to show the evils of a conjoined Church and State, and intended especially for the perusal of Americans. It is great injustice to confound what we find here, with an attack upon Episcopacy. Yet it seems to us, that this chapter has been repeatedly so misunderstood, by a set of people who are determined to understand every thing in their own particular fashion. "That Episcopacy," says Mr. Colton, in vindicating himself from the charge adduced, "is the established Church of England is an accident. Presbyterianism is the established religion of Scotland and of some parts of the north of Europe. So was it of England under the Protectorate of Cromwell. No matter what had been the form of the established religion of Great Britain, in the same circumstances the results must have been substantially the same. It is not Episcopacy that has induced these evils, but the vicious and impracticable plan of uniting Church and State for the benefit of society."

While in England Mr. Colton wrote and published a book on the subject of Revivals, and declared himself their advocate. In the fifth chapter of his present work he opposes them, and in the Preface alludes to his so doing, maintaining that these religious excitement are materially changed in their character. He speaks also of a chapter in a former work, entitled "The Americans, by an American in England" — a chapter devoted to the removal of aspersions cast in
England upon the developments of religion in America. For some such defence it appears that he was called upon by friends. The effort itself was, as Mr. C. assures us, of the nature of an apology — neither attempting to recommend or establish any thing — and he thus excuses himself for apparent inconsistency in now declaring an opinion against the expediency of the practices which were scandalized.

The Episcopacy of Mr. Colton will be read with pleasure and profit by all classes of the Christian community who admire perspicuity, liberality, frankness, and unprejudiced inquiry. It is not our purpose to speak of the general accuracy of his data, or the soundness of his deductions. In style the work appears to us excessively faulty — even uncouth.


[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

We know nothing farther about Peregrine Prolinx than that he is the very clever author of a book entitled "Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs," and that he is a gentleman upon the wrong side of forty. The first fact we are enabled easily to perceive from the peculiarity of an exceedingly witty-pedantic style characterizing, in a manner not to be mistaken, both the Virginia and the Pennsylvania Letters — the second appears from the first stanza of a rhyming dedication (much better than eulogistic) to John Guillemand, Esquire, Fellow of the Royal Society, London —
I send my friend a little token
Three thousand miles across the sea,
Of kindness, forty years unbroken
And cherished still for him by me.

However these matters may be, it is very certain that Peregrine Prolinx is a misnomer, that his book is a very excellent thing, and that the Preface is not the worst part of it.

Our traveller, before setting out on his peregrinations, indulges us, in Letter 1, with a very well executed outline sketch, or scratch, of Philadelphia, not troubling himself much about either his keeping or his fillings in. We cannot do better than just copy the whole of his picture.

Having taken passage for himself and a friend in the Pioneer line, at 8 A.M., for Hallidaysburg, Mr. Prolinx dates his second letter from Lancaster. This epistle is full of fun, bustle, and all good things—gives a lively picture of the horrors of early rising and half-eaten breakfasts—of a cruise in an omnibus, about the city of Brotherly Love, in search of the due quota of passengers—of the dépôt in Broad Street—of an unilocular car with its baggage and passengers—of an old woman in a red cloak and an old gentleman in a red nose—of a tall, good looking Englishman who was at the trouble of falling asleep—and of an infantile little American gentleman, who had no trouble whatever about fulfilling all his little occasions. Some account, too, is given of the ride to the foot of the inclined plane on the western bank of the Schuylkill, of the viaduct by which the plane is approached, the view from the viaduct, of the country between Phila-
Philadelphia and Lancaster, of the Columbia rail road, of Lancaster city, and of Mrs. Hubley's very respectable hotel.

*Letter III* is dated from Duncan's Island. Mr. Prolix left Lancaster at 5 A.M. in a rail road car, drawn by two horses tandem, arrived at Columbia in an hour and a half, and stopped at Mr. Donley's Red Lion Hotel, where he "breakfasted and dined, and found the house very comfortable and well kept."

Our author does not think that the state affords the public as good a commodity of travelling as the public ought to have for the money paid. Each passenger car, he says, pays for locomotive power two cents per mile, for each passenger — for toll two cents a mile for itself, and one cent per mile for each passenger — burthen cars paying half these rates. There is some mistake here or — we are mistaken. The estimated cost of working an engine, including interest and repairs, is sixteen dollars per day — and the daily sum earned is twenty eight dollars — the state clearing twelve dollars per day on each locomotive. Empty cars pay the same toll and power-hire as full ones, which, as Mr. Prolix observes, is unreasonable.

At 4 P.M. our peregrinator went on board a boat to ascend the canal which follows the eastern bank of the Susquehanna. His description of the genus "canal boat," species "Pioneer Line," is effective, and will interest our readers.

At an hour past midnight Mr. Prolix arrived at Harrisburg, where the boat stops for half an hour to let out and take in passengers. It was pitch dark, however, and nothing was visible from the boat. We
miss, therefore, a description of the town, which is cavalierly snubbed by the tourist for containing no more than forty-five hundred inhabitants. He goes to sleep, and awaking at five in the morning, finds himself opposite to Duncan's Island. He lands, and takes up his quarters at the hotel of Mrs. Duncan. Unlike the hotels previously described, which were all "elegant, respectable and neat," this one is merely "neat, elegant and respectable."

Letter IV is dated from Hallidaysburg. Leaving Duncan's Island at 6, the traveller embarked in the canal packet Delaware, Captain Williams, following the bank of Duncan's Island in a north-western course for about a mile, and then crossing the Juniata over "a substantial aqueduct built of timber and roofed in." In the course of the day he passed Millerstown, Mexico and Mifflin, arriving at Lewistown before sunset, a distance of about forty miles. Lewistown contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants, some of whom, says Mr. Prolix, make excellent beer. Waynesburg and Hamiltonville were past during the night, and Huntingdon at 7 in the morning. In the course of the day Petersburg, Alexandria and Williamsburg made their appearance, and at 3 P.M. a shower of rain. At half past 6, "the packet glided into the basin at Hallidaysburg." Here terminates that portion of the Pennsylvania canal which lies east of the Alleghany mountains. Goods destined for the west are taken from the boats and placed in burthen cars, to make their passage over the mountains by means of the Alleghany portage rail road. Mr. Prolix here put up at Moore's hotel, which was not only very "neat, elegant," &c. but contained at least one vacant room, six feet wide by fourteen long, with a double bed, two chairs, and
a wash-stand, "whose cleanliness was as great as its littleness."

Letter V is headed Bedford Springs, August 7, 1835. At half past 8 on the 6th, "after a good and abundant breakfast," Mr. P. left Hallidaysburg in a coach and four for these Springs. The distance is thirty-four miles—direction nearly south. In six hours he arrived at Buckstown, a little village consisting of two taverns, a blacksmith's shop, and two or three dwellings. Here our traveller put up at a tavern, whose sign displayed the name of P. Amich—probably, quoth Mr. P., a corruption of Peregrini Amicus. Leaving this establishment at 3 P.M. he proceeded eleven miles to the village of Bedford—thence two miles farther to the Springs, of which we have a very pretty description. "The benches," says Mr. Prolix, "and wooden columns of the pavilion have suffered much from the ruthless ambition of that numerous class of aspirants after immortality who endeavor to cut their way to the temple of fame with their penknives, and inflict the ambitious initials of their illustrious names on every piece of stuff they meet. As a goose delights in its gosling, so does one of these wits in his whittling."

Letters VI and VII are a continuation of the description of the Springs. From letter VII we extract, for the benefit of our invalid readers, an analysis by Doctor William Church of Pittsburg, of a quart of the water from the particular springs ycleped Anderson's.

To which must be added 18½ cubic inches of carbonic acid gas.

"These waters," says our author, "have acquired so great a reputation that immense quantities are sent
away daily in barrels to perform long and expensive journeys by land to go and cure those who cannot come to them. The price of a barrel filled, and ready booted and spurred for its journey, is three dollars — and that is enough to last a regular and prudent toper four months."

*Letter VIII* is dated "*Somerset August 14.*" At 10 in the morning of this day, our traveller left the Springs in a hack, to join the mail coach at Bedford on its way to Somerset. "In an hour," says Mr. P. "we were snugly ensconced in one of Mr. Reeside's well-appointed coaches, and rumbling over the stone turnpike on our way to the great west. The road for eleven miles is, we are told, not very hilly. Afterwards the country rises gradually from plateau to plateau, for a distance of fourteen miles, when you reach the summit of the Alleghany. Here is a large stone tavern, where the coach takes fresh horses. The country is now nearly level — but for the next six miles descends by alternate declivities and levels into "the broad valley which lies between the summits of the Alleghany Mountain and Laurel Hill," the distance between which is about twenty miles. In this valley stands Somerset, which Mr. P. reached at half past 7 P.M. "having been eight hours and a half in travelling thirty-eight miles from Bedford."

*Letter IX* is dated "*Pittsburg, August 16.*" At half past 3 A.M. on the 15th, the tourist took the coach from the east bound to the City of Furnaces — at 7 passed the summit of Laurel Hill — at 8 arrived at Jones' Mills, about one-third down the western declivity of the mountain, and breakfasted — at one reached Mount Pleasant, having passed through two mountain villages, Donegal and Madison — thence
twenty miles to Stewartsville—thence thirteen farther to

Pittsburgium, longae finis chartaeque viaque,

in spite of the manifold temptations offered to keen appetites by the luxuries of Chalfant's at Turtle Creek, which, quoth Mr. Prolix, "is a very good house." His opinions of Pittsburg, as of every thing else, are entitled to much weight, and in the present instance we give them entire.

Letter X is dated "Johnstown, August 20." Mr. Prolix left Pittsburg on the 18th, at nine in the evening, in the canal packet Cincinnati, Captain Fitzgerald. In a few minutes after moving, the packet entered the aqueduct which carries the canal over to the western bank of the Alleghany, "along which it runs in a north eastern direction for thirty miles." At five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, our tourist passed the village of Freeport, "which stands on the western bank of the Alleghany, below the mouth of the Kiskeminitas, the course of which the canal now pursues in a south eastern direction."

At eight A. M. Mr. P. passed Leechburg, at twelve Saltsburg—and at two P.M. an aqueduct leading through the mountains and cutting off a circuit of four miles. At 3 A. M. on the 20th, Johnstown is reached, "the eastern end of the trans-Alleghanian canal, and the western beginning of the Portage rail road."

Letter XI gives a vivid picture of the Portage rail road. This also we will be pardoned for copying.

Letter XII is dated from Lancaster and is occupied with the return home of the adventurous Mr. Prolix,
whose book we heartily recommend to all lovers of the
utile et dulce.

Flora and Thalia; or Gems of Flowers and
Poetry: being an Alphabetical Arrangement
of Flowers, with Appropriate Poetical Illus-
trations, embellished with Colored Plates.
By a Lady. To which is added a Botanical
Description of the various parts of a Flower,
and the Dial of Flowers. Philadelphia:
Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

This is a very pretty and very convenient volume,
on a subject which, since the world began, has never
failed to excite curiosity and sympathy in all who have
a proper sense of the beautiful. It contains 240 pages,
and 24 finely colored engravings, which give a vivid
idea of the original plants. These engravings are the
Meadow Anemone — the Harebell — the Christmas
Rose — the Dablia — the Evening Primrose — the
Fox-Glove — the Heliotrope — the Purple Iris — the
Jasmine — the King Cup — the Lavender — the Meze-
reon — the Narcissus — the Orchis — the Clove Pink
— the Quince — the Provence Rose — the Solomon’s
Seal — the Tobacco — the Bear Berry — the Violet
Pansy — the Wall Flower — the Yellow Water-Flag,
and the Zedoary. The bulk of the volume is occupied
with poetical illustrations exceedingly well selected. We
do not believe there is a single poem in the book which
may not be considered above mediocrity — many are
exquisite. The Botanical description of the various
parts of a flower, is well conceived — brief, properly arranged, and sufficiently comprehensive. The Dial of Flowers, will be especially admired by all our fair readers. The following extract from page 227, will give an idea of the nature of this Dial — the manner of composing which, is embraced entire, in the form of a Table, on page 229.

These properties of flowers, and the opening and shutting of many at particular times of the day, led to the idea of planting them in such a manner as to indicate the succession of the hours, and to make them supply the place of a watch or clock. Those who are disposed to try the experiment, may easily compose such a dial by consulting the following Table, comprehending the hours between three in the morning and eight in the evening. It is, of course, impossible to insure the accurate going of such a dial, because the temperature, the dryness, and the dampness of the air have a considerable influence on the opening and shutting of flowers.

We copy from the Flora and Thalia the following anonymous lines.

Alas! on thy forsaken stem
   My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
   And make the story mine!
So on my joyless winter hour
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower,
   With smile as soft as thine.

Like thee the vision came and went,
   Like thee it bloomed and fell;
In momentary pity sent,
WATKINS TOTTLE.

Of fairy climes to tell:
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That naught the lingering heart could say,
But hail, and fare thee well!

WATKINS TOTTLE, AND OTHER SKETCHES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE, AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE. BY BOZ. PHILADELPHIA: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

This book is a re-publication from the English original, and many of its sketches are with us old and highly esteemed acquaintances. In regard to their author we know nothing more than that he is a far more pungent, more witty, and better disciplined writer of sly articles, than nine-tenths of the Magazine writers in Great Britain—which is saying much, it must be allowed, when we consider the great variety of genuine talent, and earnest application brought to bear upon the periodical literature of the mother country.

The very first passage in the volume before us, will convince any of our friends who are knowing in the requisites of "a good thing," that we are doing our friend Boz no more than the simplest species of justice. Hearken to what he says of Matrimony and of Mr. Watkins Tottle.

It is not every one who can put "a good thing" properly together, although, perhaps, when thus properly put together, every tenth person you meet with may be capable of both conceiving and appreciating it.
We cannot bring ourselves to believe that less actual ability is required in the composition of a really good "brief article," than in a fashionable novel of the usual dimensions. The novel certainly requires what is denominated a sustained effort—but this is a matter of mere perseverance, and has but a collateral relation to talent. On the other hand—unity of effect, a quality not easily appreciated or indeed comprehended by an ordinary mind, and a desideratum difficult of attainment even by those who can conceive it—is indispensable in the "brief article," and not so in the common novel. The latter, if admired at all, is admired for its detached passages, without reference to the work as a whole—or without reference to any general design—which, if it even exist in some measure, will be found to have occupied but little of the writer's attention, and cannot, from the length of the narrative, be taken in at one view, by the reader.

has been so fortunate as to have perused any one of these pieces, will be fully aware of how great a fund of racy entertainment is included in the Bill of Fare we have given. There are here some as well conceived and well written papers as can be found in any other collection of the kind—many of them we would especially recommend, as a study, to those who turn their attention to Magazine writing—a department in which, generally, the English as far excel us as Hyperion a Satyr.

The Black Veil, in the present series, is distinct in character from all the rest—an act of stirring tragedy, and evincing lofty powers in the writer. Broad humor is, however, the prevailing feature of the volumes. The Dancing Academy is a vivid sketch of Cockney low life, which may probably be considered as somewhat too outré by those who have no experience in the matter. Watkins Tottle is excellent. We should like very much to copy the whole of the article entitled Pawnbroker's Shop, with a view of contrasting its matter and manner with the insipidity of the passage we have just quoted on the same subject from the "Ups and Downs" of Col. Stone, and by way of illustrating our remarks on the Unity of effect—but this would, perhaps, be giving too much of a good thing. It will be seen by those who peruse both these articles, that in that of the American, two or three anecdotes are told which have merely a relation—a very shadowy relation, to pawn-brokering—in short, they are barely elicited by this theme, have no necessary dependence upon it, and might be introduced equally well in connection with any one of a million other subjects. In the sketch of the Englishman we have no anecdotes at all—the Pawnbroker's Shop engages and enchains our
attention—we are enveloped in its atmosphere of wretchedness and extortion—we pause at every sentence, not to dwell upon the sentence, but to obtain a fuller view of the gradually perfecting picture—which is never at any moment any other matter than the Pawnbroker's Shop. To the illustration of this one end all the groupings and fillings in of the painting are rendered subservient—and when our eyes are taken from the canvass, we remember the personages of the sketch not at all as independent existences, but as essentials of the one subject we have witnessed—as a part and portion of the Pawnbroker's Shop. So perfect, and never-to-be-forgotten a picture cannot be brought about by any such trumpery exertion, or still more trumpery talent, as we find employed in the ineffective daubing of Colonel Stone. The scratchings of a schoolboy with a slate pencil on a slate might as well be compared to the groupings of Buonarotti.

We conclude by strongly recommending the Sketches of Boz to the attention of American readers, and by copying the whole of his article on Gin Shops.

Maury's Navigation.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

This volume, from an officer of our Navy, and a Virginian, strongly commends itself to notice. The works at present used by our navy and general marine, though in many respects not devoid of merit, have always struck us as faulty in two particulars. They
aim at comprising a great multiplicity of details, many of which relate to matters only remotely bearing upon the main objects of the treatise—and they are deficient in that clearness of arrangement, without which, the numerous facts and formulae composing the body of such works are little else than a mass of confusion. The extraction of the really useful rules and principles from the multifarious matters with which they are thus encumbered, is a task for which seamen are little likely to have either time or inclination, and it is therefore not surprising that our highly intelligent navy exhibits so many instances of imperfect knowledge upon points which are elementary and fundamental in the science of navigation.

We think that Mr. Maury has, to a considerable degree, avoided the errors referred to; and while his work comprises a sufficient and even copious statement of the rules and facts important to be known in the direction of a ship, he has succeeded, by a judicious arrangement of particulars and by clearly wrought numerical examples, in presenting them in a disem-barrassed and very intelligible form. With great propriety he has rejected many statements and rules which in the progress of nautical science have fallen into disuse, and in his selection of methods of computation, has, in general, kept in view those modern improvements in this branch of practical mathematics in which simplicity and accuracy are most happily combined. Much attention to numerical correctness seems to pervade the work. Its style is concise without being obscure. The diagrams are selected with taste, and the engraving and typography, especially that of the tables, are worthy of the highest praise.

Such, we think, are the merits of the work before
us — merits which, it must be admitted, are of the first importance in a book designed for a practical manual. To attain them required the exercise of a discriminating judgment, guided by a thorough acquaintance with all the points in nautical science which are of interest to seamen.

There are particulars in the work which we think objectionable, but they are of minor importance, and would probably be regarded as scarcely deserving criticism.

The spirit of literary improvement has been awakened among the officers of our gallant navy. We are pleased to see that science also is gaining votaries from its ranks. Hitherto how little have they improved the golden opportunities of knowledge which their distant voyages held forth, and how little have they enjoyed the rich banquet which nature spreads for them in every clime they visit! But the time is coming when, imbued with a taste for science and a spirit of research, they will become ardent explorers of the regions in which they sojourn. Freighted with the knowledge which observation only can impart, and enriched with collections of objects precious to the student of nature, their return after the perils of a distant voyage will then be doubly joyful. The enthusiast in science will anxiously await their coming, and add his cordial welcome to the warm greetings of relatives and friends.
LETTERS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. NEW YORK: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1836.]

We feel even a deeper interest in this book than in the late Table-Talk. But with us (we are not ashamed to confess it) the most trivial memorial of Coleridge is a treasure of inestimable price. He was indeed a "myriad-minded man," and ah, how little understood, and how pitifully vilified! How merely nominal was the difference (and this too in his own land) between what he himself calls the "broad, pre-determined abuse" of the Edinburgh Review, and the cold and brief compliments with the warm regrets of the Quarterly. If there be any one thing more than another which stirs within us a deep spirit of indignation and disgust, it is that damnation of saint praise which so many of the Narcissi of critical literature have had the infinite presumption to breathe against the majesty of Coleridge—of Coleridge—the man to whose gigantic mind the proudest intellects of Europe found it impossible not to succumb. And as no man was more richly-gifted with all the elements of mental renown, so none was more fully worthy of the love and veneration of every truly good man. Even through the exertion of his great powers he sought no immediate worldly advantages. To use his own words, he not only sacrificed all present prospects of wealth and advancement, but, in his inmost soul, stood aloof from temporary reputation. In the volume now before us, we behold the heart, as in his own works we have beheld the mind,
of the man. And surely nothing can be more elevating, nothing more cheering than this contemplation, to one who has faith in the possible virtue, and pride in the possible dignity of mankind. The book is written, we believe, by one of the poet's most intimate friends—one too in whom we recognize a familiarity with the thoughts, and sympathy with the feelings of his subject. It consists of letters, conversations, and fragmentary recollections, interspersed with comment by the compiler, and dedicated to "Elizabeth and Robin, the Fairy Prattler, and still Meek Boy of the Letters." The letters are by far the most valuable part of the compilation—although all is truly so. A portion of one of them we copy as affording a picture, never surpassed, of great mental power conscious of its greatness, and tranquilly submitting to the indignities of the world.

It has always been a matter of wonder to us that the Biographia Literaria here mentioned in the foot note has never been republished in America. It is, perhaps, the most deeply interesting of the prose writings of Coleridge, and affords a clearer view into his mental constitution than any other of his works. Why cannot some of our publishers undertake it? They would be rendering an important service to the cause of psychological science in America, by introducing a work of great scope and power in itself, and well calculated to do away with the generally received impression here entertained of the mysticism of the writer.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

This work will form an aera in the reading annals of the more contemplative portions of Americans while its peculiar merits will be overlooked by the multitude. The broad and solid basis of its superstructure — the scrupulous accuracy of its data — the disdain of mere logic in its deductions — the generalizing, calm, comprehensive — in a word, the German character of its philosophy, will insure it an enthusiastic welcome among all the nobler spirits of our land. What though its general tenor be opposed at least apparently to many of our long-cherished opinions and deeply-rooted prejudices? Shall we less welcome the truth, or glory in its advancement because of its laying bare our own individual errors? But the England of Von Raumer will be sadly and wickedly misconceived if it be really conceived as militating against a Republicanism bere, which it opposes with absolute justice, in Great
Britain, and Prussia. It will be sadly misconceived if it be regarded as embracing one single sentence with which the most bigoted lover of abstract Democracy can have occasion to find fault. At the same time we cannot help believing that it will, in some measure, be effectual in diverting the minds of our countrymen, and of all who read it, from that perpetual and unhealthy excitement about the forms and machinery of governmental action which have within the last century so absorbed their attention as to exclude in a strange degree all care of the proper results of good government — the happiness of a people — improvement in the condition of mankind — practicable under a thousand forms — and without which all forms are valueless and shadowy phantoms. It will serve also as an auxiliary in convincing mankind that the origin of the principal social evils of any given land is not to be found (except in a much less degree than we usually suppose) either in republicanism or monarchy or any especial method of government — that we must look for the source of our greatest defects in a variety of causes totally distinct from any such action — in a love of gain, for example, whose direct tendency to social evil was vividly shown in an essay on American Social Elevation lately published in the "Messenger." In a word, let this book of Von Raumer's be read with attention, as a study, and as a whole. If this thing be done — which is but too seldom done (here at least) in regard to works of a like character and cast — and we will answer for the result — as far as that result depends upon the deliberate and unprejudiced declaration of any well-educated man. We agree cordially with the opinion expressed by Mrs. Austin in her Preface to this American imprint. The book is
the most valuable addition to our stock of knowledge about England and her institutions which America has ever received or which, in the ordinary course of things she is likely to receive.

Of Professor Von Raumer it is almost unnecessary for us to speak — yet a few words may not be amiss. He is a man of unquestionable and lofty integrity — the most highly esteemed living historian — second to none, living or dead, in all the high essentials of the historiographer — profoundly versed in moral and political science — and withal, a lover, and a connoisseur of art, and fully aware of its vast importance in actuating mankind, individually, and nationally. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, and Councillor of the Court Theatre in which he labors to keep up the moral influence of that establishment as a school of art. He has constantly opposed absolutism in every form — especially the absolutism of exclusive political creeds. "If," says the Conversations Lexicon, "the much talked of juste milieu consists in endless tacking between two opposite principles, Raumer belongs rather to one of the extremes than to that. But if the expression is taken to denote that free and neutral ground on which a man, resting upon the basis of justice, and untrammelled by party views, combats for truth proved by experience, careless whether his blows fall to the right or the left — then Raumer unquestionably belongs to the juste milieu." He has written the History of the Hohenstaufen and their Time — a history richer than the richest romance — a work On the Prussian Municipal System — a work On the Historical Development of the Notions of Law and Government — Letters from Paris in 1830, a series of papers printed precisely as they were written to his
family, and evincing a spirit of foresight nearly amounting to prophecy — so accurately were his predictions fulfilled — *Letters from Paris in Illustration of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* — a *History of Europe from the End of the Fifteenth Century*, in six volumes, of which one is yet to be published — a *History of the Downfall of Poland* — in which although employed and paid by his government he did not hesitate to accuse that government of injustice — *Six Dialogues on War and Commerce* — *The British System of Taxation* — *The Orations of Aeschines and Demosthenes for the Crown* — *CCI Emendationes ad Tabulas Genealogicas Arabum et Turcorum* — *Manual of Remarkable Passages from the Latin Historians of the Middle Ages* — *Journey to Venice* — *Lectures on Ancient History* — and some other works of which we have no account. The present *Letters* are printed just as the author wrote them from day to day. We are even assured that some mistakes have been suffered to stand with a view of showing how first impressions were gradually modified.

Mrs. Austin, the translator, however, has taken some liberties in the way of omission, which cannot easily be justified. Some animadversions on her friend Bentham are stricken out without sufficient reason for so doing. We learn this as well by her own acknowledgment as by ominous breaks in particular passages concerning the great Utilitarian. The latter portion of the book is translated by H. E. Lloyd.

The plan of Von Raumer’s work embraces, as may well be supposed, a great variety of themes — the political topics of the day and of all time — the present state and future prospects of England — comparative views of that country, France, and Prussia — descriptions of
scenery about London, localities, architecture, &c. —

social condition of the people — society in high life —

and frequent disquisitions on the state of art and musi-
cal science. We will proceed, without observing any
precise order, to speak of some portions which particu-
larly interested us. The book, however, to be properly
appreciated, should be read and thoroughly studied.

It appears that although Raumer was received with
the greatest kindness by nearly all the leading men of
all parties in Great Britain, he was treated with neglect
if not with rudeness by Lord Brougham, who remained
obstinately deaf to all overtures at an introduction. It
does not appear from the course and tenor of these
Letters that the harshness with which the traveller so
frequently speaks of his Lordship, had its origin in this
rude treatment. It is more probable that the rude
treatment had its source in the knowledge on the part
of Lord Brougham, that Raumer could expose many
of his falsities in relation to municipal law and some
other matters concerning Prussia. His Lordship’s
Report on the State of Education is especially the theme
of frequent censure.

Our author’s letter on the Finances of Great Britain
will be read with surprise and doubt by many, but with
respect by all. He commences with an analysis of
finance in general, and with a brief survey of many
financial distresses which are as old as history itself.
His remarks on the absence of all finance in the middle
ages will arrest attention. In these days men had no
money, and yet did more than in modern times —
they effected every thing, and we can effect nothing
without the circulation of the “golden blood.” Every
individual in those days, garnered, says Raumer, with-
out the medium of money, what he wanted; and the whole was entirely kept together by ideas. It is only since Machiavelli—since the power of the middle ages was lost in the feudal and ecclesiastical systems, that we have had to seek a new public law, and a science of Finance. In regard to England, our author runs through all the most important epochs of its monetied concerns, and shows effectually that she has no reason to tremble at present. He alludes to what is called the enormous burden of her taxes, and of her debt—whose interest is more than 30,000,000l. per annum—far more than half of its revenue, and more than four years' revenue of the whole Prussian monarchy! He admits, for the sake of argument, that England must sink under this intolerable pressure, and become bankrupt—but the public debt and its interest, he says, would then at once be annihilated. To the assertion that this remedy is worse than the disease, and would produce a degree of distress much exceeding what is now complained of, he replies, that such an assertion is a direct acknowledgment that the expenditure of the enormous interest above-mentioned is salutary. He proceeds with the affirmation that all the public debts being the property of individuals, there are cases in which this private property cannot remain inviolate without sacrificing the whole—and in this way, a reduction or annihilation of the debt must take place. He refers, for illustration, to the Redemption Bonds of Vienna, and to Solon's Seisachtheia, and says, there can be no reason for doubting that England would as well survive such abrupt annihilation of her national debt as many other states have done—among whom are Athens, Rome, France, and Austria. He remarks, that Englishmen may as well rejoice that the country
has such immense capital, as lament that it is burthened with so many debts — for every debt is there a capital. If these debts were of so little value that the price of stock indicated the loss, instead of the profit, — if the interest could only be paid by other loans — if the debts were due to fund-holders out of the country, England would be in a desperate condition in the event of bankruptcy. But, he observes, if all the national debt were abolished, there would, in fact, as regarded the whole national wealth, be no change whatever. The stockholders would lose, of course, a revenue of 30,000,000l.; but, on the other hand, taxes might be abolished to the same amount. Individuals would be ruined — the nation not at all. He shows clearly, however, by statements officially certified by Sir Robert Peel, that England has very little need of apprehending a national bankruptcy — and that since 1816, she has reduced the principal of her debt by no less than $616,000,000. Certainly no state in Europe can boast of a similar progress.

Von Raumer presents a vivid picture of the miseries of Ireland.

Our author speaks of the dissolution of the Union as of a measure which would and should naturally be opposed by any person who has never seen Ireland, and who considers the case merely in a general and theoretical point of view — but allows that he can easily conceive how well-disposed persons may rely on this alternative as the most efficient remedy. He does not, however, approve of the demand — although he goes even farther than O'Connell. His propositions are nearly as follows: First, that provisions should be equally made for the schools and churches of the Protestants
and Catholics, out of the church property already existing or to be created. Secondly, that the tithes should be abolished—that is, as a mode of taxation—not the tax itself. It is observed, that to deprive the church of its due, and to make a present of it, without any reason, to the landlord, would not only be an act of injustice, but would operate to the prejudice of the poor tenants, since the clergyman has not so many means to restrain the cattle as the temporal landlord, and generally is less willing to employ them. Thirdly, that poor laws should be introduced, taking care to avoid their abuses. This idea is in opposition to that of O'Connell, who dreads the misapplication of the laws as in England.

Von Raumer acknowledges the difficulty of introducing them, but insists upon the necessity. The difficulty proceeds from the want of a wealthy middling class in the country—the true basis of all finance. To obviate this want, he insists—Fourthly, upon a law respecting absentee. He denies the injustice of such law, and rejects as false that notion of private property which would impose on the land owner no duties, while it gives him unconditional rights. He does not, however, propose compelling the absentee to return home, but to pay more to the poor-tax than those who are present. "Is this impossible?" he asks—"have not the Catholics borne for centuries higher taxes than the Protestants? This was possible, without reason; and therefore the other would be very possible, with good reason." He suggests—Fifthly, the complete abolition of the systems of tenants at will, and the conversion of all these tenants at will into proprietors. "On reading this," he says, "the Tories will throw my book into the fire, and even the Whigs will be
mute with astonishment. The whole battery of pillage, jacobinism, and dissolution of civil society, is discharged at me; but it will not touch me—not even the assertion that I would, like St. Crispin, steal leather in order to make shoes for the poor. Even the Radicals ask with astonishment, how I would work this miracle. There is a Sybilline book, a patent and yet hidden mystery, how this is to be effected; and there is a magician who has accomplished it—the Prussian Municipal Law, and King Frederick William III of Prussia.'" Granting that his proposal should be rejected unless both parties are gainers, our author proceeds to show that both parties will be so. That those who are raised to the class of land-owners would gain, is evident. That the present proprietors would gain, he asserts, is proved from the fact, that in the long run, the tenant-at-will is able to produce and to pay less than he who has a long lease, the latter less than the hereditary farmer, and the hereditary farmer less than the proprietor. The subject is discussed very fully and clearly in another letter on English Agriculture.

Professor Von Raumer makes a proper distinction between the nature and consequences of English agitation, and the agitation of many continental countries. In these latter we find anticipative and preventive policies—especially in France. When a movement breaks out under a government employing this system, it is because the preventive means are exhausted, and thus everything rushes at once into disorder and irretrievable confusion. A similar movement, however, in England, (and the remark will apply equally to the United States, although Von Raumer does not so apply it,) is suffered to gather strength and flourish until the overt act, and
the citizen who dwells under the influence of the preventive system, would of course, in observing us, expect the same irretrievable confusion to ensue with us as with him. If our own government, or that of England, should attempt to interfere before the overt act, the administration would meet with no support. But when the movement has grown to an open violation of the laws, the case is different indeed. "In short," says our author, "what is regarded abroad as the beginning of a revolution, is, in reality, the crisis, and is, in a very different sense than in France le commencement de la fin.

Much of our traveller's time, while in Great Britain was passed in close intimacy with her statesmen. Of Russell, Spring Rice, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell, he speaks in terms of evident respect. From many passages in which he mentions the latter, we select the following.

At page 391, Von Raumer alludes to some notices of his historical works in the British Quarterlies. He complains of injustice done him in a review of his "Letters from Paris in 1830." The reviewer states that our traveller did not court society, and that he professes to have seen and become acquainted only with what strikes the eyes of every observer in the streets, tavern, and theatre. This is denied by Von Raumer, who declares his chief associates to have been "wealthy merchants and distinguished literati, old and new peers, members of the Chamber of Deputies, the most celebrated diplomatists, and three of the present ministers of Louis Philippe."

The remarks of our author upon Art, (in the extensive German signification of the word) are worthy of
all attention and bespeak an elevated, acute, and comprehensive understanding of its properties and capabilities. Many pages of the work before us are devoted to comments upon the Architecture, the Painting, the Stage, and especially the Music of England, and these pages will prove deeply interesting to a majority of readers. At page 143 he thus speaks of Mrs. Sloman.

Our traveller is in raptures with Windsor, and censures the tasteless folly of Buckingham house. Of the Italian opera in England he speaks briefly and contemptuously—nor does the national music find any degree of favor in his eyes. His criticisms on sculpture and painting are forcible and very beautiful. In some observations on the attic bas-reliefs, and the works from the Parthenon and Phigalia, to be found in the British Museum, he takes occasion to collate the higher efforts of Grecian art with the rudeness of Roman feeling, and the still more striking rudeness of the German and Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His remarks here are too forcible and too fresh to be omitted.

We had noted many other passages for comment and extract—(especially a lively Philippic against Utilitarianism on pages 398, 399, an account of Bentham's penitentiary, and other matters) but we perceive that we are already infringing upon our limits. This book about England will and must be read, and will as certainly be relished, by a numerous class, although not by a majority, of our fellow-citizens. The author, we rejoice to hear, has engaged to translate into his own language the Washington Papers of Mr. Sparks. We will only add that Professor Von
Raumer has the honor of being called by the English organ of the High Church and Ultra Tory Party, "a vagrant blackguard unfit for the company of a decent servant's hall."

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. SECOND EDITION. HARTFORD: PUBLISHED BY WM. WATSON.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

We have to apologize for not sooner calling the attention of our readers to these excellent Letters of Mrs. Sigourney — which only to-day we have had an opportunity of reading with sufficient care to form an opinion of their merits. Our delay, however, is a matter of the less importance, when we consider the universal notice and approbation of the public at large. In this approbation we cordially agree. The book is, in every respect, worthy of Mrs. Sigourney — and it would be difficult to say more.

The Letters (embraced in a duodecimo of two hundred and twelve pages,) are twelve in number. Their subjects are, Improvement of Time — Domestic Employments — Health and Dress — Manners and Accomplishments — Books — Friendship — Cheerfulness — Conversation — Benevolence — Self-Government — Utility — and Motives to Perseverance. Little has been said on any one of these subjects more forcibly or more beautifully than now by Mrs. Sigourney — and collectively, as a code of morals and manner for the gentler sex, we have seen nothing whatever which we would
more confidently place in the hands of any young female friend, than this unassuming little volume, so redolent of the pious, the graceful, the lofty, and the poetical mind from which it issues.

The prose of Mrs. Sigourney should not be compared, in its higher qualities, with her poetry—but appears to us essentially superior in its minutiae. It would be difficult to find fault with the construction of more than a very few passages in the Letters—and the general correctness and vigor of the whole would render any such fault-finding a matter of hyper-criticism. We are not prepared to say whether this correctness be the result of labor or not—there are certainly no traces of labor. The most remarkable feature of the volume is its unusually extensive circle of illustration, in the way of brief anecdote, and multiplied reference to authorities—illustration which, while apparently no more than sufficient for the present purpose of the writer, gives evidence, to any critical eye, of a far wider general erudition than that possessed by any of our female writers, and which we were not at all prepared to meet with in one, only known hitherto as the inspired poetess of Natural and Moral Beauty.

Would our limits permit us we would gladly copy entire some one of the Letters. As it is, we must be contented with a brief extract (on the subject of Memory,) evincing powers of rigid thought in the writer. Few subjects are more entirely misapprehended than that of the faculty of Memory. For a multiplicity of errors on this head Leibnitz and Locke are responsible. That the faculty is neither primitive nor independent is susceptible of direct proof. That it exists in conjunction with each primitive faculty, and inseparable from it, is a fact which might be readily

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ascertained even without the direct assistance of Phrenology. The remarks of Mrs. Sigourney apply, only collaterally, to what we say, but will be appreciated by the metaphysical student.

We heartily recommend these *Letters* (which the name of their author will more especially recommend,) to the attention of our female acquaintances. They may be procured, in Richmond, at the bookstore of Messrs. Yale and Wyatt.

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THE DOCTOR, &c. NEW YORK: REPUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

The Doctor has excited great attention in America as well as in England, and has given rise to every variety of conjecture and opinion, not only concerning the author's individuality, but in relation to the meaning, purpose, and character of the book itself. It is now said to be the work of one author — now of two, three, four, five — as far even as nine or ten. These writers are sometimes thought to have composed the Doctor conjointly — sometimes to have written each a portion. These individual portions have even been pointed out by the supremely acute, and the names of their respective fathers assigned. Supposed discrepancies of taste and manner, together with the prodigal introduction of mottoes, and other scraps of erudition (apparently beyond the compass of a single individual's reading) have given rise to this idea of a multiplicity
of writers—among whom are mentioned in turn all
the most witty, all the most eccentric, and especially
all the most learned of Great Britain. Again—in
regard to the nature of the book. It has been called
an imitation of Sterne—an august and most profound
exemplification, under the garb of eccentricity, of some
all-important moral law—a true, under guise of a
fictitious, biography—a simple jeu d'esprit—a mad
farrago by a Bedlamite—and a great multiplicity of
other equally fine names and hard. Undoubtedly, the
best method of arriving at a decision in relation to a
work of this nature, is to read it through with attention,
and thus see what can be made of it. We have done
so, and can make nothing of it, and are therefore
clearly of opinion that the Doctor is precisely—
nothing. We mean to say that it is nothing better than
a box.

That any serious truth is meant to be inculcated by a
tissue of bizarre and disjointed rhapsodies, whose
general meaning no person can fathom, is a notion al-
together untenable, unless we suppose the author a
madman. But there are none of the proper evidences
of madness in the book—while of mere banter there
are instances innumerable. One half, at least, of the
entire publication is taken up with palpable quizzes,
reasonings in a circle, sentences, like the nonsense
verses of Du Bartas, evidently framed to mean nothing,
while wearing an air of profound thought, and gro-
tesque speculations in regard to the probable excite-
ment to be created by the book.

It appears to have been written with the sole view
(or nearly with the sole view) of exciting inquiry and
comment. That this object should be fully accomplished
cannot be thought very wonderful, when we consider
the excessive trouble taken to accomplish it, by a vivid and powerful intellect. That the Doctor is the offspring of such intellect, is proved sufficiently by many passages of the book, where the writer appears to have been led off from his main design. That it is written by more than one man should not be deduced either from the apparent immensity of its erudition, or from discrepancies of style. That man is a desperate mannerist who cannot vary his style ad infinitum; and although the book may have been written by a number of learned bibliophagi, still there is, we think, nothing to be found in the book itself at variance with the possibility of its being written by any one individual of even mediocre reading. Erudition is only certainly known in its total results. The mere grouping together of mottoes from the greatest multiplicity of the rarest works, or even the apparently natural inweaving into any composition, of the sentiments and manner of these works, are attainments within the reach of any well-informed, ingenious and industrious man having access to the great libraries of London. Moreover, while a single individual possessing these requisites and opportunities, might through a rabid desire of creating a sensation, have written, with some trouble, the Doctor, it is by no means easy to imagine that a plurality of sensible persons could be found willing to embark in such absurdity from a similar, or indeed from any imaginable inducement.

The present edition of the Harpers consists of two volumes in one. Volume one commences with a Prelude of Mottoes occupying two pages. Then follows a Postscript — then a Table of Contents to the first volume, occupying eighteen pages. Volume two has a similar Prelude of Mottoes and Table of Contents.
The whole is subdivided into Chapters Ante-Initial, Initial and Post-Initial, with Inter-Chapters. The pages have now and then a typographical *queerity* — a monogram, a scrap of grotesque music, old English, &c. Some characters of this latter kind are printed with colored ink in the British edition, which is gotten up with great care. All these oddities are in the manner of Sterne, and some of them are exceedingly well conceived. The work professes to be a Life of one Doctor Daniel Dove and his horse Nobs — but we should put no very great faith in this biography. On the back of the book is a monogram — which appears again once or twice in the text, and whose solution is a fertile source of trouble with all readers. This monogram is a triangular pyramid; and as, in geometry, the solidity of every polyhedral body may be computed by dividing the body into pyramids, the pyramid is thus considered as the base or essence of every polyhedron. The author then, after his own fashion, may mean to imply that his book is the basis of all solidity or wisdom — or perhaps, since the polyhedron is not only a solid, but a solid terminated by *plane faces*, that the *Doctor* is the very essence of all that spurious wisdom which will terminate in just nothing at all — in a hoax, and a consequent multiplicity of *blank visages*. The wit and humor of the *Doctor* have seldom been equalled. We cannot think Southey wrote it, but have no idea who did.
Memoirs of an American Lady. With sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, as they existed previous to the Revolution. By the author of "Letters from the Mountains."
New York: Published by George Dearborn.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

This work has been already a favorite with many of our readers—but has long been out of print, and we are glad to see it republished. Mrs. Grant of Laghan is a name entitled to the respect and affection of all Americans. The book, moreover, is full of good things; and as a memorial of the epoch immediately preceding our Revolution, is invaluable. At the present moment too it will be well to compare the public sentiment in regard to slavery, Indian affairs, and some other matters, with the sentiments of our forefathers, as expressed in this volume. In Albany and New York it will possess a local interest of no common character. Every where it will be read with pleasure, as an authentic and well written record of a most exemplary life. The edition is well printed on fine paper, and altogether creditable to Mr. Dearborn.

Some remarks on slavery, at page 41, will apply with singular accuracy to the present state of things in Virginia.

The volume abounds in quaint anecdote, pathos, and matter of a graver nature, which will be treasured up for future use by the historian. At page 321 is a description of the breaking up of the ice on the Hudson. The passage is written with great power; and, as
Southeys has called it, "quite Homeric," (a fact of which we are informed in the preface to this edition) we will be pardoned for copying it entire.

Camperdown; or News from our Neighborhood — Being a Series of Sketches, by the Author of "Our Neighborhood," &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

In "Our Neighborhood" published a few years ago, the author promised to give a second series of the work, including brief sketches of some of its chief characters. The present volume is the result of the promise, and will be followed up by others — in continuation. We have read all the tales in Camperdown with interest, and we think the book cannot well fail being popular. It evinces originality of thought and manner — with much novelty of matter. The tales are six in number; Three Hundred Years Hence — The Surprise — The Seven Shanties — The Little Couple — The Baker's Dozen — and The Thread and Needle Store. Three Hundred Years Hence is an imitation of Mercier's "L'an deux mille quatre cent quarante," the unaccredited parent of a great many similar things. In the present instance, a citizen of Pennsylvania, on the eve of starting for New York, falls asleep while awaiting the steamboat. He dreams that upon his awakening, Time and the world have made an advance of three hundred years — that he is informed of this
fact by two persons who afterwards prove to be his immediate descendants in the eighth generation. They tell him that, while taking his nap, he was buried, together with the house in which he sat, beneath an avalanche of snow and earth precipitated from a neighboring hill by the discharge of the signal-gun—that the tradition of the event had been preserved, although the spot of his disaster was at that time overgrown with immense forest trees—and that his discovery was brought about by the necessity for opening a road through the hill. He is astonished, as well he may be, but, taking courage, travels through the country between Philadelphia and New York, and comments upon its alterations. These latter are, for the most part, well conceived—some are sufficiently outré. Returning from his journey he stops at the scene of his original disaster and is seated, once more, in the disentombed house, while awaiting a companion. In the meantime he is awakened—finds he has been dreaming—that the boat has left him—but also (upon receipt of a letter) that there is no longer any necessity for his journey. The Little Couple, and The Thread and Needle Store are skilfully told, and have much spirit and freshness.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

Many of these poems are old friends, in whose communion we have been cheered with bright hopes for the Literature of the West. Some of the pieces will be recognized by our readers, as having attained, anonymously, to an enviable reputation — among these the Wreck of the Hornet. The greater part, however, of the latter volume of Mr. Gallagher, is now, we believe, for the first time published. Mr. G. is fully a poet in the abstract sense of the word and will be so hereafter in the popular meaning of the term. Even now he has done much in the latter way — much in every way. We think, moreover, we perceive in him a far more stable basis for solid and extensive reputation than we have seen in more than a very few of our countrymen. We allude not now particularly to force of expression, force of thought, or delicacy of imagination. All these essentials of the poet he possesses — but we wish to speak of care, study, and self-examination, of which this vigor and delicacy are in an inconceivable measure the result. That the versification of Mr. G.’s poem, The Conqueror, is that of Southey’s Thalaba, we look upon as a good omen of ultimate success — although we regard the metre itself as unjustifiable. It is not impossible that Mr. G. has been led to attempt this rhythm by the same considerations which have had weight with Southey — whose Thalaba our author had not seen before the
planning of his own poem. If so, and if Mr. Gallagher will now begin anew, in his researches about metre, where the laureate made an end, we have little doubt of his future renown.

It is not our intention to review the poems of Mr. Gallagher—nor perhaps would he thank us for so doing. They are exceedingly unequal. Long passages of the merest burlesque, and in horribly bad taste, are intermingled with those of the loftiest beauty. It seems too, that the poems before us fail invariably as entire poems, while succeeding very frequently in individual portions. But the failure of a whole cannot be shown without an analysis of that whole—and this analysis, as we have said, is beyond our intention at present. Some detached sentences, on the other hand, may be readily given; but, in equity, we must remind our readers that these sentences are selected.

The following fine lines are from The Penitent—a poem ill-conceived, ill-written, and disfigured by almost every possible blemish of manner. We presume it is one of the author's juvenile pieces.

From the "Wreck of the Hornet"—

The little ballad "They told me not to love him," has much tenderness, simplicity, and neatness of expression. We quote three of the five stanzas—the rest are equally good.

By far the best book we have seen from the pen of Mr. Gallagher is that entitled "August"—and it is indeed this little piece alone which would entitle him, at least now, we think, to any poetical rank above the general mass of versifiers. But the ability to write a
poem such as "August," while implying a capacity for even higher and better things, speaks clearly of present power, and of an upward progress already begun. Much of the beauty of the lines we mention, springs, it must be admitted, from the imitation of Shelley — but we are not inclined to like them much the less on this account. We copy only the four initial stanzas. The remaining seven, although good, are injured by some inadvertences. The allusion, in stanzas six and seven, to Mr. Lee, a painter, destroys the keeping of all the latter portion of the poem.

**RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS; OR, A JOURNEY TO ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW, THROUGH COURLAND AND LIVONIA; WITH CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF THE PEOPLE.** BY LEIGH RITCHIE, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "TURNER'S ANNUAL TOUR," "SCHINDERHANNES," &c. PHILADELPHIA: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

*[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]*

This book, as originally published in London, was beautifully gotten up and illustrated with engravings of superior merit, which tended in no little degree to heighten the public interest in its behalf. The present volume is well printed on passable paper — and no more. The name of Leigh Ritchie however, is a host in itself. He has never, to our knowledge, written a bad thing. His Russia and the Russians has all the spirit and glowing vigor of romance. It is full of every species of entertainment, and will prove in
America as it has in England, one of the most popular books of the season. In this respect it will differ no less widely from the England of Professor Von Raumer than it differs from it in matter and manner, the vivacious writer of Schinderhannes suffering his own individuality of temperament to color every thing he sees, and giving us under the grave title of Russia and the Russians, a brilliant mass of anecdote, narrative, description and sentiment—the profound historian disdaining embellishment, and busying himself only in laying bare with a master-hand the very anatomy of England. It is amusing, however, although by no means extraordinary, that were we to glean the character of each work from the respective statements of the two writers in their prefaces, we would be forced to arrive at a conclusion precisely the reverse. In this view of the case Leigh Ritchie would be Professor Von Raumer, and Professor Von Raumer Leigh Ritchie. We copy from the book before us the commencement of a sketch of St. Petersburg, in which the artist has done far more in giving a vivid idea of that city than many a wiser man in the sum total of an elaborate painting.
LIFE ON THE LAKES: BEING TALES AND SKETCHES COLLECTED DURING A TRIP TO THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR. BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN." NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY GEORGE DEARBORN.

[Southern Literary Messenger, July, 1836.]

The name of this book is in shockingly bad taste. After being inundated with the burlesque in the shape of Life in Paris, Life at Crockford's, Life in Philadelphia, and a variety of other Lives, all partaking of caricature, it is not easy to imagine a title more sadly out of keeping than one embracing on the same page this so travestied word Life and the—Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. We have other faults to find with the work. It contains some ill-mannered and grossly ignorant sneers at Daniel O'Connell, calling him "the great pensioner on the poverty of his countrymen," and making him speak in a brogue only used by the lowest of the Irish, about "*the finest pianny in the world.*" The two lithographs, (Picture Rocks and LaChapelle) the joint work of Messieurs Burford and Bufford, are abominable in every respect, and should not have been suffered to disgrace the well printed and otherwise handsome volume. In the manner of the narrative, too, there is a rawness, a certain air of foppery and ill-sustained pretension—a species of abrupt, frisky, and self-complacent Paul Ulricism, which will cause nine-tenths of the well educated men who take up the book, to throw it aside in disgust, after perusing the initial chapter. Yet if we can overlook these difficulties, *Life on the Lakes* will be found a very amus-
ing performance. We quote from the close of volume the first, the following piquant Indian Story, narrated by an Indian.

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[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

This should be classed among useful oddities. Its style is somewhat over-abundant — but we believe the book a valuable addition to our very small amount of accurate knowledge in regard to Texas. The author, who is one of the Society of Friends, assures us that he has no land in Texas to sell, although he has lived three years in that country, and that, too, on the frontiers — that he made one of a party of four who explored the province in 1830, from side to side, and from settlement to settlement, during the space of six months, — and that, in 1835, he had the curiosity to spend six months in examining the improvements made throughout every locality, "in order that none should be able to detect a falsehood, or prove a material error which could either mislead, or seriously injure those who
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may put confidence in his work." For ourselves we are inclined to place great faith in the statements of Mr. Edward, and regard his book with a most favorable eye. It is an octavo of 336 pages, embracing, in detail, highly interesting accounts of the People, the Geographical Features, the Climate, the Savages, the Timber, the Water, &c. of Texas. Much information in regard to Mexico, is included in the body of the work, and, in an Appendix, we have a copy of the Mexican Constitution. We give, by way of extract, a flattering little picture of Texan comfort and abundance.

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LETTERS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS—
THE ROADS LEADING THERETO AND THE DOINGS THEREAT. COLLECTED, CORRECTED, ANNOTATED, AND EDITED BY PEREGRINE PROLIX. WITH A MAP OF VIRGINIA. PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY H. S. TANNER.

[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

In our late notice of a Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania, we had occasion to mention in high terms of commendation these Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs. Seeing them now advertised (very opportunely) as for sale in the city of Richmond, we take the liberty of calling attention more particularly to their merits. Every person about to pay a visit to our Springs, should read the book of course—and every person not about to pay them a
visit, should most especially read it that he may have the pleasure of changing his mind. The volume is a very small one—a duodecimo of about 100 pages—but is replete with information of the most useful and the most enticing nature to the tourist. It is moreover, as the title implies, increased in value by the addition of a Tanner’s Map of Virginia, in which the usual routes to the Springs are marked in colored lines. The volume has already been so freely quoted by all parties, that we can do no more than just copy a few words in relation to the Red Sulphur Springs of our old and highly esteemed friend, Mr. Burke, and to the Grey Sulphur of Mr. Legare.

We have only to add that Mr. B. has since been successful in making the Red Sulphur every thing which the tourist or the valetudinarian could desire.


[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

Mr. Dewey assures us, in the beginning of his Preface, that his volumes are not offered to the public as an itinerary—but it is difficult to say in what other light they should be regarded. To us they appear as strictly entitled to the appellation as any book of travels we have perused. They are indeed an itinerary of the
most inartificial character—a journal in which unconnected remarks follow one upon another—object upon object—day upon day—and all with a scrupulous accuracy in regard to dates. Not that we have much objection to this methodical procedure, but that we cannot understand Mr. Dewey in declaring his book not to be what it most certainly is, if it is anything at all. His subsequent remark, that every American traveller to the old world enjoys a vantage ground for surveying the institutions, customs, and character of his own country is what we can readily appreciate. We think, also, that in many respects our author has made excellent use of this advantage. But we would be doing our conscience a great wrong in recommending the work before us as a whole. Here is some amusement—great liberality—much excellent sense—a high spirit of sound morality and genuine philanthropy; but indeed very little, so we think, of either novelty or profundity. These two latter qualities are, however, of a nature so strictly relative, and liable to so many modifications from the acquirements or character of the reader, that we feel some hesitation in what we say—and would prefer leaving a decision where it must finally be left—to the voice of the public opinion.

One remarkable feature in the Old World and the New, is its amusing naïveté of manner—a feature which will immediately arrest the attention of every reader. We cannot do better than give a few specimens.

And again, speaking of the Menai bridge—

All this may be very true, but then only think of the eloquent and poetical comparison of Snowdon being a back ground for the Menai Bridge!

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Mrs. Hemans and our author go to church together.

Mr. Dewey does not like oatmeal cake.

We quote these passages merely as specimens of the singular simplicity — more properly naïveté — which is the prevailing feature of the book. Mr. Dewey left New York for England on the 8th June 1833, and arrived in St. George’s channel on the 24th of the same month, having a fair wind and smooth sea during the entire passage. Leaving England, he visited Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, and Italy. Returning by way of Liverpool, he reached home on the 22d of May, 1834.

Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

This book, to say nothing of its peculiar excellence and general usefulness, is remarkable as being an anomaly in the literary way. The first 180 pages are occupied with what the title implies, the adventures of a gentleman in search of a horse — the remaining 100 embrace, in all its details, difficulties, and intricacies, a profound treatise on the English law of horse-dealing warranty! — and this too, strange as it may seem, appears to be the first and only treatise upon a subject so interesting to a great portion of the English gentry. Think of
law, serviceable law too, intended as a matter of reference, compiled by a well known attorney, and dedicated to Sir John Gurney, one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer — think of all this done up in a green muslin cover, and illustrated by very laughable wood-cuts. Only imagine the stare of old Coke, and of the other big wigged tribe in white calf and red-letter binding, as our friend in the green habit shall take his station by their side upon the book shelf!

The adventurous portion of the book is all to which we have attended, and so far we have found much fine humor, good advice, and useful information in all matters touching the nature, the management, and especially the purchase of a horse. We would advise all amateurs to look well, and look quickly into the pages of Caveat Emptor.

A YEAR IN SPAIN. BY A YOUNG AMERICAN. THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED. NEW YORK. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

We have more than once recorded in the Messenger the high pleasure afforded us by the pages of Lieutenant Slidell. The "Year in Spain" with the exception of its third volume, is no novelty, we are sure. Its well-limned natural scenery — its exceeding happy groups of banditti, and boleros, and mouse-colored asses, and muleteers, and modern Sancho Panzas, and Sangrados, and primitive Alcaldes, and palazzos, and plazas, and posadas, are still passing before the eyes of a great majority of our readers in a Kaleidoscopical freshness and
variety, unimpaired, and unimpeachable. It would hardly be worth our while then to tell the public what the public know quite as well as ourselves—that the book has a vigorous interest—has received a great deal of commendation—and deserves it. The third volume in the present edition is superadded to the English *imprimatur,* and embodies what we consider the most effective portion of the narrative—an account of the author's visit to Grenada. The mechanical execution of the book is honorable to the Messrs. Harpers. The vignettes in each of the volumes, are particularly good. We would sincerely recommend our friends to procure a copy of the work forthwith—to give it a niche in their libraries—and to remember that it may safely be referred to upon occasion, as a most creditable specimen of American talent.

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**Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom were referred memorials from sundry citizens of Connecticut interested in the whale fishing, praying that an exploring expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. March 21, 1836.**

*[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]*

That a more accurate, defined, and available knowledge than we at present possess, of the waters, islands, and continental coasts of the great Pacific and Southern Oceans, has long been desirable, no unprejudiced individual conversant with the subject, is likely to deny. A portion of the community unrivalled in activity, en-
terprise and perseverance, and of paramount importance both in a political and commercial point of view, has long been reaping a rich harvest of individual wealth and national honor in these vast regions. The Pacific may be termed the training ground, the gymnasium of our national navy. The hardihood and daring of that branch of our commercial marine employed in its trade and fisheries, have almost become a proverb. It is in this class we meet with the largest aggregate of that cool self-possession, courage, and enduring fortitude, which have won for us our enviable position among the great maritime powers; and it is from this class we may expect to recruit a considerable proportion of the physical strength and moral intelligence necessary to maintain and improve it. The documentary evidence upon which the report before us is based, forms an appendix to it, and is highly interesting in its character. It awakens our admiration at the energy and industry which have sustained a body of daring men, while pursuing a dangerous and arduous occupation, amid the perils and casualties of an intricate navigation, in seas imperfectly known.

It enlists our sympathies in the hardships and difficulties they have combatted, places in strong relief the justice of their claims upon the nation for aid and protection, and shows the expediency of the measure which has at last resulted from their representations. The report itself is clear, manly, decided—the energetic language of men who, having examined the data submitted to them with the consideration the interests it involved seem to require, are anxious to express their sentiments with a force and earnestness suited to their views of the urgent occasion and of the course they recommend.
It is a glorious study to contemplate the progress made by human industry, from stage to stage, when engaged in the prosecution of a laudable object. Little more than a century ago, only the crews of a few miserable open boats, too frail to venture far from land, waged a precarious warfare with the great leviathans of the deep, along the shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket—then occupied, at distant intervals by a few inconsiderable fishing stations. The returns even of these first efforts were lucrative, and more appropriate vessels for the service were fitted out. These extended their cruises northward to Labrador, and southward to the West Indies. At length the adventurers, in vessels of yet greater capacity, strength and durability, crossed the Equator and followed their hardy calling along the Eastern Shore of the Southern Peninsula and on the Western and North Western coast of Africa. The Revolution of course operated as a temporary check to their prosperity, but shortly thereafter these dauntless mariners doubled Cape Horn, and launched their daring keels into the comparatively unknown waste beyond, in search of their gigantic prey. Since that fortunate advent, the increase in the shipping, extent, and profits of the fishery, has been unprecedented, and new sources of wealth the importance of which it is at present impossible to estimate, have been opened to us in the same quarter. The trade in skins of the sea-otter and seal, in the fur of land animals on the North West coast, &c. has been extensive in extent and avails. The last mentioned animal, besides the valuable ivory it affords, yields a coarse oil which, in the event of the whale becoming extinct before the perpetual warfare of man, would prove a valuable article of consumption. Of the magnitude of the commercial interests involved
in different ways in the Pacific trade, an idea may be gathered in the following extract from the main subject of our review. Let it be borne in mind, that many of the branches of this trade are as yet in their infancy, that the natural resources to which they refer are apparently almost inexhaustible; and we shall become aware that all which is now in operation, is but as a dim shadow to the mighty results which may be looked for, when this vast field for national enterprise is better known and appreciated.

...  ...

In a letter from Commodore Downes to the Honorable John Reed, which forms part of the supplement to the report, that experienced officer observes:

...  ...

In reading this evidence (derived from the personal observation of a judicious and experienced commander) of the vast range of our commerce in the regions alluded to, and of the imminent risks and perils to which those engaged in it are subjected, it cannot but create a feeling of surprise, that a matter of such vital importance as the adoption of means for their relief, should so long have been held in abeyance. A tabular view of the discoveries of our whaling captains in the Pacific and Southern seas, which forms part of another document, seems still further to prove the inaccuracy and almost utter worthlessness of the charts of these waters, now in use.

Enlightened liberality is the truest economy. It would not be difficult to show, that even as a matter of pecuniary policy the efficient measures at length in progress to remedy the evils complained of by this portion of our civil marine, are wise and expedient. But let us take higher ground. They were called for —
Firstly: as a matter of public justice. Mr. Reynolds, in his comprehensive and able letter to the chairman of the committee on Naval Affairs, dated 1828, which, with many other conclusive arguments, and facts furnished by that gentleman, forms the main evidence on which the late committee founded their report—observes, with reference to the Pacific:

So far, then, we have done little as a nation to facilitate, or increase, the operations of our commerce in the quarter indicated; we have left the adventurous merchant and the hardy fisherman, to fight their way among reefs of dangerous rocks, and through the channels of undescribed Archipelagos, almost without any other guides than their own prudence and sagacity; but we have not hesitated to partake of the fruits of their unassisted toils, to appropriate to ourselves the credit, respect and consideration their enterprise has commanded, and to look to their class as the strongest support of that main prop of our national power,—a hardy, effective, and well disciplined national navy.

Secondly. Our pride as a vigorous commercial empire, should stimulate us to become our own pioneers in that vast island-studded ocean, destined, it may be, to become, not only the chief theatre of our traffic, but the arena of our future naval conflicts. Who can say, viewing the present rapid growth of our population, that the Rocky Mountains shall forever constitute the western boundary of our republic, or that it shall not stretch its dominion from sea to sea. This may not be desirable, but signs of the times render it an event by no means without the pale of possibility.

The intercourse carried on between the Pacific islands and the coast of China, is highly profitable, the im-
mense returns of the whale fishery in the ocean which surrounds those islands, and along the continental coasts, have been already shown. Our whalers have traversed the wide expanse from Peru and Chili on the west, to the isles of Japan on the east, gathering national reverence, as well as individual emolument, in their course; and yet until the late appropriation, Congress has never yielded them any pecuniary assistance, leaving their security to the scientific labors of countries far more distant, and infinitely less interested, than our own.

Thirdly. It is our duty, holding as we do a high rank in the scale of nations, to contribute a large share to that aggregate of useful knowledge, which is the common property of all. We have astronomers, mathematicians, geologists, botanists, eminent professors in every branch of physical science—we are unincumbered by the oppression of a national debt, and are free from many other drawbacks which fetter and control the measures of the trans-Atlantic governments. We possess, as a people, the mental elasticity which liberal institutions inspire, and a treasury which can afford to remunerate scientific research. Ought we not, therefore, to be foremost in the race of philanthropic discovery, in every department embraced by this comprehensive term? Our national honor and glory which, be it remembered, are to be “transmitted as well as enjoyed,” are involved. In building up the fabric of our commercial prosperity, let us not filch the corner-stone. Let it not be said of us, in future ages, that we ingloriously availed ourselves of a stock of scientific knowledge, to which we had not contributed our quota—that we shunned as a people to put our shoulder to the wheel—that we reaped where we had never sown. It is not to be controverted that
such has been hitherto the case. We have followed in the rear of discovery, when a sense of our moral and political responsibility should have impelled us in its van. Mr. Reynolds, in a letter to which we have already referred, deprecates this servile dependence upon foreign research in the following nervous and emphatic language.

It is delightful to find that such independent statements and opinions as the above, have been approved, and acted upon by Congress, and that our President with a wisdom and promptitude which do him honor, is superintending and facilitating the execution of legislative design. We extract the following announcement from the Washington Globe.

Thus it will be seen, steps are being taken to remove the reproach of our country alluded to by Mr. Reynolds, and that that gentleman has been appointed to the highest civil situation in the expedition; a station which we know him to be exceedingly well qualified to fill. The liberality of the appropriation for the enterprise, the strong interest taken by our energetic chief magistrate in its organization, the experience and intelligence of the distinguished commander at its head, all promise well for its successful termination. Our most cordial good wishes will accompany the adventure, and we trust that it will prove the germ of a spirit of scientific ambition, which, fostered by legislative patronage and protection, should build up for us a name in nautical discovery commensurate with our moral, political, and commercial position among the nations of the earth.
This work combines the rich embellishments of the very best of the race of Annuals, with a far higher claim to notice than any of them in its strictly literary department. If we regard this volume as the only one to appear, the title will convey no idea of the design—but we are promised a continuation. The whole, if we comprehend, will contain specimens of all the principal poets and artists of Great Britain. In the present instance we have the poets as far as Prior, including a period of about four hundred years, with extracts from Chaucer, Lydgate, James I, Hawes, Carew, Quarles, Shirley, Habington, Lovelace, Wyatt, Surrey, Sackville, Vere, Gascoigne, Raleigh, Spenser, Sidney, Brooke, Southwell, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Walton, Davies, Donne, Jonson, Corbet, Phineas Fletcher, Giles Fletcher, Drummond, Wither, Carew, Browne, Herrick, Quarles, Herbert, Davenant, Waller, Milton, Suckling, Butler, Crashaw, Denham, Cowley, Marvell, Dryden, Roscommon, Dorset, Sedley, Rochester, Sheffield, and Prior. Of these, all the autographs have been obtained and are published collectively at the end of the book, with the exception of the nine first mentioned. The work is illustrated by fifty-three engravings, each by different artists. A sea-side group by Harding, and L’Allegro and Il Penseroso by Parris, are particularly good—but all are excellent.

We had prepared some observations in regard to the
book itself, (over which we have been poring for many days with intense delight) and in regard more especially to the character and justice of that deep feeling with which most men, having claim to taste, are wont to look, even through a veil of exceedingly troublesome obscurity and antiquity, upon the writings of the elder poets and dramatists of Great Britain. But we have been so nearly anticipated in our design by a paper in the American Monthly Magazine for July, that what we should now say, and say con amore, would be looked upon as little better than a risacimento of the article we mention. At the same time it would be an ill deed to remodel our thoughts, and proceed to think falsely, for the mere purpose of proving that we can think originally. In this dilemma then, we will merely express our general accordance in the opinions of the Northern Magazine, copy, of its critique, a portion which seems to embody, in little compass, much of what we have said less forcibly and more diffusely, and add some few additional observations which have lately suggested themselves.

"Among the early English poets, so called," says the American Monthly, "there is combined with marked individuality, a sort of general resemblance, not easily defined, but readily perceived by a discriminating reader. They lived in an age of invention, and wrote from a pleasurable impulse which they could not resist. They did not borrow from one another, or from those who had gone before them, nor pass their time in pouring from one vessel into another. Thus, however different their styles, however various their subjects, whether the flight of their genius be high or low, there is the same aspect of truth and naturalness in the poetry of them all; as we can trace
a common likeness in all faces which have an open, ingenuous expression, however little resemblance there may be in the several features. Most of them were well acquainted with books, and many of them were deeply learned; and an air of ripe scholarship sometimes degenerating into pedantry, pervades every thing they wrote. As a class too, they are remarkable for a healthy, intellectual tone, defaced neither by moody misanthropy, nor mawkish sentimentality. The manly Saxon character beams out from every line; and that vigorous good sense, so characteristic of the English stock, every where leaves its impress. Another trait which, with a few exceptions, honorably distinguishes them, is the purity of their sentiments, and their high moral feeling, especially in all that touches the relation of the sexes. We shall find many coarse expressions, such as a man would not read aloud to his family; but very rarely any thing bordering upon heartless profligacy, or studied licentiousness, or any intimation of a want of respect for the great principles of the moral law. Due reverence is always shown for those high personal qualities which constitute the best security for the greatness and prosperity of a people. Homage is always paid to honor in man, and chastity in woman. The passion of love, in its multitudinous forms and aspects, supplies a large proportion of their themes, and it is treated with equal delicacy and beauty. In the amatory strains of the old English poets, we perceive a romantic self-forgetfulness, an idealization of the beloved object, a tenderness and respectfulness of feeling, in which the passion is almost wholly swallowed up in the sentiment, and a wooing with the best treasures of the intellect as well as the heart, such as can be found in no other class of poets."
Notwithstanding the direct truth of what has been here so well advanced, it cannot, we think, be a matter of doubt with any reflecting mind, that at least one-third of the reverence, or of the affection, with which we regard the elder poets of Great Britain, should be credited to what is, in itself, a thing from poetry — we mean to the simple love of the antique — and that again a third of even the proper poetic sentiment inspired by these writings should be ascribed to a fact which, while it has a strict connection with poetry in the abstract, and also with the particular poems in question, must not be looked upon as a merit appertaining to the writers of the poems. Almost every devout reader of the old English bards, if demanded his opinion of their productions, would mention vaguely, yet with perfect sincerity, a sense of dreamy, wild, indefinite, and he would perhaps say, undefinable delight. Upon being required to point out the source of this so shadowy pleasure, he would be apt to speak of the quaint in phraseology and of the grotesque in rhythm. And this quaintness and grotesqueness are, as we have elsewhere endeavored to show, very powerful, and if well managed, very admissible adjuncts to Ideality. But in the present instance they arise independently of the author's will, and are matters altogether apart from his intention. The American Monthly has forcibly painted the general character of the old English Muse. She was a maid, frank, guileless, and perfectly sincere, and although very learned at times, still very learned without art. No general error evinces a more thorough confusion of ideas than the error of supposing Donne and Cowley metaphysical in the sense wherein Wordsworth and Coleridge are so.
With the two former ethics were the end — with the two latter the means. The poet of the Creation wished, by highly artificial verse, to inculcate what he considered moral truth — he of the Auncient Mariner to infuse the Poetic Sentiment through channels suggested by mental analysis. The one finished by complete failure what he commenced in the grossest misconception — the other by a path which could not possibly lead him astray, arrived at a certainty and intensity of triumph which is not the less brilliant and glorious because concentrated among the very few who have the power to perceive it. It will now be seen that even the "metaphysical verse" of Cowley is no more than evidence of the straight-forward simplicity and single-heartedness of the man. And he was in all this but a type of his school — for we may as well designate in this way the entire class of writers whose poems are bound up in the volume before us, and throughout all of whom runs a very perceptible general character. They used but little art in composition. Their writings sprang immediately from the soul — and partook intensely of the nature of that soul. It is not difficult to perceive the tendency of this glorious abandon. To elevate immeasurably all the energies of mind — but again — so to mingle the greatest possible fire, force, delicacy, and all good things, with the lowest possible bathos, baldness, and utter imbecility, as to render it not a matter of doubt, but of certainty, that the average results of mind in such a school, will be found inferior to those results in one (ceteris paribus) more artificial: Such, we think, is the view of the older English Poetry, in which a very calm examination will bear us out. The quaintness in manner of which we were just speaking, is an adventitious
advantage. It formed no portion of the poet's intention. Words and their rhythm have varied. Verses which affect us to-day with a vivid delight, and which in some instances, may be traced to this one source of grotesqueness and to none other, must have worn in the days of their construction an air of a very commonplace nature. This is no argument, it will be said, against the poems now. Certainly not—we mean it for the poets then. The notion of power, of excessive power, in the English antique writers should be put in its proper light. This is all we desire to see done.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the selections made use of in the Book of Gems, are such as will impart to a poetical reader the highest possible idea of the beauty of the school. Better extracts might be made. Yet if the intention were merely to show the character of the school the attempt is entirely successful. There are long passages now before us of the most utterly despicable trash, with no merit whatever beyond their simple antiquity. And it is almost needless to say that there are many passages too of a glorious strength—a radiant loveliness, making the blood tingle in our veins as we peruse them. The criticisms of the Editor do not please us in a great degree. He seems to have fallen into the common cant in such cases. In one instance the American Monthly accords with him in an unjust opinion touching some verses by Sir Henry Wotton, on the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I, and about which it is said that "there are few finer things in our language." Our readers will agree with us, we believe, that this praise is exaggerated. We quote the lines in full.
THE BOOK OF GEMS.

You meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies
What are you when the sun shall rise?

You curious chaunters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets, that first appear
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

In such lines we can perceive not one of those higher attributes of the Muse which belong to her under all circumstances and throughout all time. Here everything is art, naked or but awkwardly concealed. No prepossession for the mere antique (for in this case we can imagine no other prepossession) should induce us to dignify with the sacred name of Poesy, a series such as this, of elaborate and threadbare compliments, (threadbare even at the time of their composition) stitched apparently together, without fancy, without plausibility, without adaptation of parts—and it is needless to add, without a jot of imagination.

Vol. IX. — 7
We have been much delighted with the *Shepherd's Hunting*, by Wither — a poem partaking, in a strange degree, of the peculiarities of the Penseroso. Speaking of Poesy he says —

By the murmur of a spring
Or the least boughs rusteling,
By a daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Tytan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Something that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness —
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Walled about with disrespect —
From all these and this dull air
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

But these verses, however good, do not bear with them much of the general character of the English antique. Something more of this will be found in the following lines by Corbet — besides a rich vein of humor and sarcasm.
Farewell rewards and fairies!
   Good housewives now you may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
   Do fare as well as they:
And though they sweep their hearths no less
   Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
   Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
   The fairies' lost command,
They did but change priests' babies,
   But some have changed your land;
And all your children stolen from thence
   Are now grown Puritanaes,
Who live as changelings ever since
   For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
   You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth
   These pretty ladies had:
When Tom came home from labor
   Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor
   And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelay
   Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
   On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth
   And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath
   As when the time hath bin.
By which we note the fairies
   Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave Marys,
   Their dances were procession;
But now alas they all are dead
   Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled —
   Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
   They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
   Their mirth was punished sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
   To pinch such black and blue —
Oh how the commonwealth doth need
   Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters
   A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters —
   A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
   By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
   To William for the same.

To William Churne of Steffordshire
   Give land and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer
   With tales both old and true.
To William all give audience
   And pray you for his noddle,
For all the fairies evidence
   Were lost if it were addle.

The Maiden lamenting for her Fawn, by Marvell,
is, we are pleased to see, a favorite with our friends of
the American Monthly. Such portion of it as we now copy, we prefer not only as a specimen of the elder poets, but, in itself, as a beautiful poem, abounding in the sweetest pathos, in soft and gentle images, in the most exquisitely delicate imagination, and in truth—to any thing of its species.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'T was on those little silver feet,
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race,
And when 't had left me far away
'T would stay and run again and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not till itself would rise
Find it although before mine eyes.
For in the flaxen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid,
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips even seemed to bleed,
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip,
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
How truthful an air of deep lamentation hangs here upon every gentle syllable! It pervades all. It comes over the sweet melody of the words, over the gentleness and grace which we fancy in the little maiden herself, even over the half-playful, half-petulant air with which she lingers on the beauties and good qualities of her favorite—like the cool shadow of a summer cloud over a bed of lilies and violets, and "all sweet flowers."

The whole thing is redolent with poetry of the very loftiest order. It is positively crowded with nature and with pathos. Every line is an idea—conveying either the beauty and playfulness of the fawn, or the artlessness of the maiden, or the love of the maiden, or her admiration, or her grief, or the fragrance and sweet warmth, and perfect appropriateness of the little nest-like bed of lilies and roses, which the fawn devoured as it lay upon them, and could scarcely be distinguished from them by the once happy little damsel who went to seek her pet with an arch and rosy smile upon her face. Consider the great variety of truth and delicate thought in the few lines we have quoted—the wonder of the maiden at the fleetness of her favorite—the "little silver feet"—the fawn challenging his mistress to the race, "with a pretty skipping grace," running on before, and then, with head turned back, awaiting her approach only to fly from it again—can we not distinctly perceive all these things? The exceeding vigor, too, and beauty of the line

And trod as if on the four winds,

which are vividly apparent when we regard the artless nature of the speaker, and the four feet of the favorite
— one for each wind. Then the garden of "my own," so overgrown — entangled — with lilies and roses as to be "a little wilderness" — the fawn loving to be there and there "only" — the maiden seeking it "where it should lie," and not being able to distinguish it from the flowers until "itself would rise" — the lying among the lilies "like a bank of lilies" — the loving to "fill" itself with roses,

And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold,

and these things being its "chief" delights — and then the pre-eminent beauty and naturalness of the concluding lines — whose very outrageous hyperbole and absurdity only render them the more true to nature and to propriety, when we consider the innocence, the artlessness, the enthusiasm, the passionate grief, and more passionate admiration of the bereaved child.

Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without — roses within.

A New Dictionary of the English Language:

[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

The periodical nature of this publication absolves us from what would otherwise be a just charge of neglect in not speaking of it sooner. Five numbers have been issued, and twenty-five more are to be added, at inter-
vals of a fortnight. These numbers are of quarto form, and contain eighty pages in triple columns. The paper is excellent, and the matter beautifully stereotype. The whole will form, when the publication is completed, two very large quarto volumes, of which the entire cost will have been fifteen dollars. We say when the publication is completed — the work itself is already so — a consideration of great importance, and sure to be appreciated by the thousands of subscribers to the many costly periodicals which have failed in completing their issue, and thus thrown a number of odd volumes upon the hands of the public. In what farther we have to say of this Dictionary we shall do little more than paraphrase the very satisfactory prospectus of Mr. Richardson himself.

When Dr. Johnson, in 1747, announced his intention of writing a Dictionary of the English language, he communicated the plan of his undertaking in a letter to Lord Chesterfield. The plan was as follows. He would give, first — the natural and primitive meaning of words; secondly, the consequential — and thirdly the metaphorical, arranging the quotations chronologically. The book, however, was published in 1755, without the plan, and strange to say, in utter disregard of the principles avowed in the letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. That these principles were well conceived, and that if followed out, they would have rendered important service to English lexicography, was not doubted at the time, and cannot be doubted now. Moreover, the necessity for something of the kind which was felt then, is more strongly felt now, for no person has as yet attempted to construct a work upon the plan proposed, and the difficulties which were to have been remedied, are greatly aggravated by time.
Eighty years have passed, and not only has no new work been written upon the plan of Dr. Johnson—but no systematic work of reform upon the old basis.

The present Dictionary of Mr. Richardson is, distinctly, a new work, upon a system never attempted before—upon the principles of Horne Tooke, the greatest of philosophical grammarians, and whose developments of an entirely novel theory of language have excited the most profound interest and respect in the minds of all who think.

In the *Diversions of Purley*, it is positively demonstrated that a word has one meaning and one only, and that from this one meaning all the usages of the word must spring. "To discover this meaning," says Mr. Richardson, "etymological research was indispensable, and I have stated the results of such research with conciseness, it is true, yet with a fulness that will enable the more learned reader to form a judgment for himself, and the path of deeper investigation is disclosed to the pursuit of the curious inquirer." In tracing the *usages* of words, Mr. R. has availed himself of the materials collected by Johnson and his editors, "the various supplements and provincial vocabularies, the notes of editors and commentators upon our older poets, and of abundant treasures amassed for his own peculiar use." The quotations are arranged chronologically, and embrace extracts from the earliest to the latest writers of English. The etymology is placed distinctly by itself for the convenience of hasty reference. As an example of the arrangement of the work, we will give the word *Cafey*.

In his prospectus, Mr. Richardson has had occasion to speak in no measured terms of the Dictionary of
Dr. Webster. We here repeat his observations because we think them entirely just.

We believe the North American Review has remarked of the work before us, that its definitions are in some measure too scanty, and not sufficiently compact. This defect, which cannot altogether be denied, and which is, to say the truth, of more importance to the mass of readers than to the philologist, will be found, upon examination, a defect inseparable from the plan originally proposed, and which insists upon an arrangement of derivatives under primitives. We are not tempted, however, to wish any modification of the principal design, for the sake of a partial, and not very important amendment.

We conclude in heartily recommending the work of Mr. Richardson to the attention of the readers. It embraces we think, every desideration in an English Dictionary, and has moreover a thousand negative virtues. Messrs. Mayo and Davis are the agents in Richmond.


[Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.]

The "author of the South-West" is Professor Ingraham. We had occasion to speak favorably of that work in our Messenger for January last. "Lafitte," the book now before us, may be called an historical novel. It is based, in a great degree, upon a sketch
in Mr. Flint's "Valley of the Mississippi," of the great Baritarian outlaw; and many of the leading incidents narrated may be found in the "Louisiana" of Marbois, and the "Memoirs" of Latour. We are not, however, to decide upon the merits of the story—which runs nearly thus—by any reference to historical truth.

An expatriated Frenchman resides upon the banks of the Kennebec. He has two sons—twins—their mother having died in their infancy. Their names are Achille and Henri—the former proud, impetuous and ambitious—the latter of a more gentle nature. We are introduced to this little family when the boys are in their fifteenth year. At this epoch a jealousy of his brother, never felt before, and founded on the obvious preference of the father for Henri, arises in the bosom of Achille. Gertrude, now, a niece and ward of the old gentleman, becomes an inmate of the house. She is beautiful, is beloved by both the sons, but returns only the affection of Henri. Jealousy thus deepens into hatred on the part of Achille. This hatred is still farther embittered by an accident. Henri saves the life of his mistress, and, in so doing, rejects the proffered assistance of Achille. The lovers meet too by moonlight, and are overheard by the discarded brother, who in a moment of phrensy, plunges a knife in the bosom of Henri, hurries to the sea-coast, and, seizing the boat of a fisherman, pushes out immediately to sea. Upon the eve of being lost, he is picked up by a merchant vessel, and proceeds with her on a voyage to the Mediterranean. The vessel is captured by the Algerines—our hero is imprisoned—escapes by the aid of a Moorish maiden, whom he dishonors and abandons—is recaptured—escapes again in an open
boat for Centi — is again captured by Algerines — unites with them, and subsequently commands them — is taken by the Turks — is promoted in their navy — turns Mussulman — becomes the chief of an armed horde — combats in the Egyptian ranks — becomes again a pirate — is taken by the Spaniards — is liberated and becomes a corsair again, and again. His adventures so far, however, from the period of his attack upon Henri — adventures occupying a period of fifteen years — are related by the novelist in language very little more diffuse than our own. We are now introduced, at full length to Achille, in the character of Lafitte. The scene is Jamaica, and we find the freebooter planning a descent upon the house of a wealthy Mexican exile, Velasquez. He has a daughter, Constanza, very beautiful, and a nephew, very much of a rascal. The nephew is in league with the robbers, and admits them to the house for the sake of sharing the booty. The adventure ends in the death of the traitor by a pistol-shot from the hands of Velasquez — the death of the old man himself through agitation — and the carrying off of the maiden, and much booty, by Lafitte. The lady however, is treated with great deference by that noble-spirited and fine-looking young man the cutthroat, who wears a grey cloak with a velvet collar, folds his arms, gnashes his teeth, and has, we must admit it, a more handsomely furnished cabin than ever the Red Rover himself. We are assured that his only object in carrying the damsel off at all, was to shield his person by means of her own, from the shots of his pursuers. Accordingly, a merchant-man, bound for Kingston, heaving in sight, Constanza is set at liberty and put on board of it, with an old negro wench Juana (all lips) and a young
pirate boy Theodore, (all sentiment) to attend upon her orders and convoy her safely into port. We now have a storm (in the usual manner) a wreck, and a capture. The dismasted vessel is taken by one of the galleys of Lafitte, and the lady again falls into the clutches of the buccaneers, who carry her to one of their rendezvous, a very romantic cavern, at the head of the bay of Gonzares, in the island of St. Domingo.

In the meantime the lover of the fair Constanza, one Count D’Oyley, commander of the French frigate, Le Sultan, going to visit his mistress at her paternal residence, is made aware of her disaster, follows immediately with his frigate’s tender in pursuit of Lafitte, and fails in meeting him, but has the satisfaction of being taken prisoner by one of the freebooter’s small vessels, and carried to the identical rendezvous in which lies the object of his search. The lovers repose in different caverns, and are totally unsuspicious of the near presence of each other. But the maiden, of course, sings a song, made on purpose improviso, and all about love and the moon, and the lover, hearing every word of it, breaks through the wall (also of course) and — clasps her in his arms! But we are growing scurrilous. Lafitte arrives, and promises the two captives their freedom and a passage to Port-au-Prince in the morning. Count D’Oyley, however, having dreamed in succession four very ugly dreams, thinks it better to put no faith in the freebooter, and getting up in the middle of the night, makes his escape from the rendezvous with his mistress and Juana. In so doing he has only to dress his mistress as a man, and himself as a woman, to descend a precipice, to make a sentinel at the mouth of the cave drunk, and so walk over him — make another drunk in Lafitte’s schooner,
and so walk over him — walk over some forty or fifty of
the crew on deck — and finally to walk off with the long-
boat. These things are trifles with a man of genius
—and an author should never let slip an opportunity
of displaying his invention. D’Oyley’s frigate happens
just precisely at the right moment to be in the offing,
and has no difficulty whatever in picking up all hands.

We are now brought to Barataria — and some scenes
follow of historical interest. An offer on the part of
the British is made to Lafitte. He demands time for
reflection, and proceeds to lay the pacquet of proposals
before the Governor of Louisiana, demanding a free
pardon for himself and associates as the reward of his
information, and the price of his adherence to the States.
After some trouble he succeeds in his application. He
is present and fights valiantly, at the battle of New
Orleans. In the heat of the contest he is attacked
pointedly and with vehemence by an individual in the
uniform of a British naval officer — is wounded, and
carried to the hospital. Here he discovers, as a nun,
his cousin Gertrude, who after the attack by Achille
upon Henri, has taken the veil, by way of atonement
for her share in the disaster. Henri, she informs
Lafitte, is not killed, but gone to France with his
father. Our hero now, having recovered of his wound,
vows to devote to penitence, among the monks of St.
Bernard, the remainder of his life. His first object,
however, being to restore, as far as possible, his ill-
gotten wealth to the proper owners, he finds it necessary
to purchase a vessel with the view of collecting his
treasures. He does so, and proceeds to accomplish his
purpose.

The naval officer who attacked him so fiercely on the
ramparts at Orleans is now discovered to be D’Oyley,
although it does seem a little singular that Lafitte, who knew D'Oyley well, should not have discovered this matter before. The Frenchman, it appears, having rescued his mistress from the cavern, as before shown, and having reached his frigate in safety, can think of no more commendable course than that of returning for the purpose of dispersing the pirates, and hanging the preserver of his own life, and of the life and honor of his mistress. With this laudable design, he drops anchor at the mouth of the cavern. In the night time, however, the poor tossed-about lady is carried off thro' a port-hole, by Cudjo, an old negro, for some wise purposes of his own. Upon learning this occurrence the Count is very angry, and just then perceiving a schooner making her way out of the harbor, jumps at once to the conclusion that his lady is on board, and that Lafitte is the person who put her there. It is really distressing to see what a passion the Count is in upon this occasion. "Lafitte," says he, "thou seared and branded outlaw! — cursed of God and loathed of men! — fit compeer of hell's dark spirits! — blaster of human happiness! — destroyer of innocence! Guilty thyself, thou would'st make all like thee! Scorned of purity, thou would'st unmake and make it guilt! Like Satan, thou sowest tares of sorrow among the seeds of peace! — thou seekest good to make it evil! Renegade of mankind! — thou art a blot among thy race — the living presence of that moral pestilence which men and holy writ term sin!"

The beauty and vigor of all this are not at all diminished by the fact that the "scorer of purity" and "renegade of mankind" was necessarily deprived of the pleasure of hearing a word of it, being otherwise busily engaged in the State of Louisiana.
The Count, having overtaken the schooner, and found out his mistake, goes to Barataria, and thence, proceeding to New Orleans, arrives on the day of the battle. Lafitte is there discovered upon the ramparts, and the combat ensues as heretofore described. D'Oyley imagines that Lafitte is mortally wounded. In a few days, however, the newly-purchased vessel of the corsair, with the corsair on board, is pointed out to him as it is leaving the harbor, and he again starts with his frigate in pursuit. Lafitte meanwhile has proceeded to the rendezvous at which we left Constanza in the clutches of Cudjo, rescues her, and placing her safely in his vessel, determines to put her forthwith in the hands of her lover. He is met, unfortunately, by the frigate of the enraged D'Oyley. The vessels are thrown together, and the Count springs with his boarders on the deck of the schooner—turning a deaf ear to explanation. The corsair is mortally wounded by the Count. The cap of the latter falling off in the tumult, he is discovered to be Henri—the brother of Achille, or Lafitte. An old man on board, called Lafon, is at the same moment opportunely discovered to be the father. Explanations ensue. Lafitte dies—the lovers are happy—and the story terminates.

It must not be supposed that the absurdities we have here pointed out, are as obtrusive in the novel of Professor Ingraham as they appear in our naked digest. Still they are sufficiently so. "Lafitte," like the "Elkwatawa" of Mr. French, is most successful, we think, in its historical details. Commodore Patterson and General Andrew Jackson are among the personages who form a portion of the story. The portrait of the President seems to us forcibly sketched. But our author is more happy in any respect than in delineations of char-
acter. Some descriptive pieces are well drawn, and admirably colored. We may instance the several haunts of the pirates, the residence Velasquez, the house of the council at New Orleans, and the pirate cabin allotted by the corsair to Constanza. The whole book possesses vigor, and a certain species of interest—and there can be little doubt of its attaining popularity. The chronological mannerism noticed in "Elkswatawa" is also observable in "Lafitte." Some other mannerisms referrible to the same sin of imitation are to be observed. As a general rule it may be safely assumed, that the most simple, is the best, method of narration. Our author cannot be induced to think so, and is at unnecessary pains to bring about artificialities of construction—not so much in regard to particular sentences, as to the introduction of his incidents. To these he always approaches with the gait of a crab. We have, for example, been keeping company with the buccaneers for a few pages—but now they are to make an attack upon some old family mansion. In an instant the buccaneers are dropped for the mansion, and the definite for the indefinite article. In place of the robbers proceeding in the course wherein we have been bearing them company, and advancing in proper order to the dwelling, they are suddenly abandoned for a house. A family mansion is depicted. A man is sitting within it. A maiden is sitting by his side, and a quantity of ingots are reposing in the cellar. We are then, and not till then, informed, that the family mansion, the man, the maiden and the ingots, are the identical mansion, man, maiden and ingots, of which we have already heard the buccaneers planning the attack. —Thus, at the conclusion of book the 4th, Count D'Oyley has rescued his mistress from the cavern, and

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arrived with her, in safety, upon the deck of his frigate. He has, moreover, decided upon returning with the frigate to the cavern for the laudable purpose, as afore-said, of hanging his deliverer. We naturally expect still to keep company with the ship in this adventure; and turn over the page with a certainty of finding ourselves upon her decks. But not so. She is now merely a frigate which we behold at a distance—a stately ship arrayed in the apparel of war, and which "sails with majestic motion into the bay of Gonzales." Of course we are strongly tempted to throw the book, ship, and all, out of the window.

The novelist is too minutely, and by far too frequently descriptive. We are surfeited with unnecessary detail. Every little figure in the picture is invested with all the dignities of light and shadow, and chiaroscuro. Of mere outlines there are none. Not a dog yelps, unsung. Not a shovel-footed negro waddles across the stage, whether to any ostensible purpose or not, without eliciting from the author a vos plaudite, with an extended explanation of the character of his personal appearance—of his length, depth, and breadth,—and, more particularly, of the length, depth, and breadth of his shirt-collar, shoe-buckles and hat-band.

The English of Professor Ingraham is generally good. It possesses vigor and is very copious. Sometimes, however, we meet with a sentence without end, involving a nominative without a verb. For example,

Many odd words, too, and expressions, such as "revenge you," in place of "avenge you"—"Baxitiles," instead of "Baxiteles,"—"assayed" in lieu of "essayed," and "denouement" for "dénoué-
ment"—together with such things as "frissieur," "closelier," "self-powered," "folden," and "shod-omantine" are here to be found, and, perhaps, may as well be placed at once to the account of typographi-
cal errors.

Our principal objection is to the tendency of the tale. The pirate-captain, from the author's own show-
ing, is a weak, a vacillating villain, a fratricide, a cowardly cut-throat, who strikes an unoffending boy under his protection, and makes nothing of hurling a man over a precipice for merely falling asleep, or shoot-
ing him down without any imaginable reason whatsoever. Yet he is never mentioned but with evident respect, or in some such sentence as the following. "I could hardly believe I was looking upon the celebrated Lafitte, when I gazed upon his elegant, even noble per-
son and fine features, in which, in spite of their resolute expression, there is an air of frankness which assures me that he would never be guilty of a mean action," &c. &c. &c. In this manner, and by these means, this total result of his portraiture as depicted, leaves upon the mind of the reader no proper degree of abhorrence. The epithet "impulsive," applied so very frequently to the character of this scoundrel, as to induce a smile at every repetition of the word, seems to be regarded by the author as an all-sufficient excuse for the un-
umbered legion of his iniquities. We object too—decidedly—to such expressions on the lips of a hero, as "If I cannot be the last in Heaven, I will be the first in Hell"—"Now favor me, Hell or Heaven, and I will have my revenge!"—"Back hounds, or by the holy God, I will send one of you to break-
fast in Hell," &c. &c. &c.—expressions with which the volumes before us are too plentifully besprinkled.
Upon the whole, we could wish that men possessing the weight of talents and character belonging to Professor Ingraham, would either think it necessary to bestow a somewhat greater degree of labor and attention upon the composition of their novels, or otherwise, would not think it necessary to compose them at all.

**Elkswatawa; or The Prophet of the West. A Tale of the Frontier. New York: Harper and Brothers.**

*Southern Literary Messenger, August, 1836.*

This novel is written by Mr. James S. French of Jerusalem, Virginia— the author, we believe, of "Eccentricities of David Crockett," a book of which we know nothing beyond the fact of its publication. The plot of Elkswatawa is nearly as follows. About the period when rumors were abroad in our frontier settlements, and elsewhere, of contemplated hostilities by the Indians under Tecumseh, one Mr. Richard Rolfe, "a high-toned and chivalrous Virginian," is a resident of Petersburg. He is left an orphan in early life— is educated under the guidance of an uncle, completes a course of studies at William and Mary, and finally practises law. His uncle now dying, he is left penniless; and his want of perseverance precludes any hope of professional advancement. In this dilemma he falls in love. The young lady is "a gentle, quiet, little creature," has hazel eyes, auburn hair, and "the loveliest face my eyes ever beheld." Moreover, she is "intellectual without being too much
book-learned, kind without seeming to intend it, and artless without affectation. "Not a dog" says Mr. French, "but read her countenance aright, and would follow her until he obtained his dinner." Besides all this, she has some little property, a penchant for Mr. Richard Rolfe, and a very pretty appellation, which is Gay Foreman. But that the course of true love may not run altogether smooth, the young lady's father "knows a thing or two," and will have nothing to do with our hero. The damsel too refuses to run away with him, and so he is forced to run away by himself. In a word, he resolves "to leave the scene of his unhappiness and seek a home in the western wilds." "Oh poverty! poverty!" says Mr. Richard Rolfe, in throwing his leg over the saddle, "how often hast thou been sketched in some humble sphere, as fascinating in the extreme — and indeed lovely art thou — in the abstract!" — a very neat and very comfortable little piece of positive fact, or as Ben D'Israeli would call it — of aesthetical psychology.

Our hero is next seen in Kentucky, where we find him, on the night of the 10th of August 1809, in the woods, on the banks of the Ohio, in company with one Mr. Earthquake, a hunter. A cry is suddenly heard proceeding from the river. Stealthily approaching the banks, Mr. R. and his friend look abroad and discover — nothing. Earthquake, however, (whom our hero calls Earth for brevity) is of opinion that the Indians have been murdering some emigrant family. While deliberating, a light is discovered on the Illinois bank of the river, and presently a band of Indian warriors become visible. They are dancing a war-dance, with a parcel of bloody scalps in their hands, and (credat Judaeus!) with Mr. Rolfe's very identical little
sweetheart in their abominable clutches! "Is there a human bosom callous to the appeals of pity?" here says Mr. Richard Rolfe, attorney at law, placing his hand upon his heart. Mr. Earthquake, unfortunately, says nothing, but there can be no doubt in any reasonable mind, that had he opened his mouth at all, "Humph! here's a pretty kettle of fish!" would have come out of it.

It appears that Mr. Rolfe having decamped from Petersburg, old Mr. Foreman, as a necessary consequence, becomes unfortunate in business, fails, and goes off to Pittsburg — or perhaps goes to Pittsburg first and then fails — at all events it is incumbent upon him to emigrate and go down the Ohio in a flat-boat with all his family, and so down he goes. He arrives, of course, before any accident can possibly happen to him, exactly opposite the spot where that ill-treated young attorney, Mr. Rolfe, is sitting as aforesaid, with a very long face, in the woods. But having got so far, it follows that he can get no farther. The Indians now catch him — (what business had he to reject Mr. Rolfe?) they give him a yell — (oh, the old villain!) they kill him — (quite right!) scalp him, and throw him overboard, him and all his family, with the exception of the young lady. Her they think it better to carry across to the Illinois side of the river, and set her, up on the top of a rock just opposite our hero, with a view, no doubt, of letting that interesting young gentleman behold her to the greatest possible advantage.

But the glaring improbability of this rencontre (an incident upon which the whole narrative depends) is perhaps the worst feature in Mr. French's novel. Matters now proceed in a more rational manner. The Indians, eight in number, having finished their war-
dance, make off with their prey. The two hunters (for Mr. R. has turned hunter) swim the river and proceed to follow in pursuit, with the view of seizing any favorable opportunity for rescuing the young lady. There are now some points of interest. At one time, our friends, hiding in the trunk of a tree, are near being discovered by the red men, when these latter are turned from the path by the rattling of a snake. This is a manœuvre on the part of Earthquake, who carries the rattles about his person. Something of the same kind, however, is narrated by Cooper. At another period, one of the eight becoming separated from the party, is waylaid and dexterously slain. Mr. Rolfe too, manages to obtain a glimpse of the face of the captive, and is convinced of her being his inamorata. The pursuit, however, is unsuccessful, and the maiden is carried to the camp of Tecumseh.

We have now a description of this warrior — of his brother Elkswatawa, the Prophet — of the Net-nok-wa, the female chief of the Ottawas — and of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa her daughter. The two latter are on a visit to Tecumseh, who refuses, for state reasons, the proffered hand of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa. This princess, becoming interested in the fate of our heroine, begs her of the Prophet as a slave. The Prophet yields, and Miss Foreman is carried by Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa to visit some of the latter’s friends on the Wabash, before setting off for the more distant regions of her tribe. In the meantime, our hunters, arriving at the camp, and having reconnoitred it in vain for any traces of the captive, boldly enter the camp itself, and demand the maiden at the hands of the Prophet. His hostile intentions not being yet sufficiently ripe, Elkswatawa receives them with kindness, and gives them fair words, but dis-
claims any knowledge of Miss Foreman. Being desired, however, to aid the search by means of his power as a Prophet, the Indian finally points out the true route of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa's party, and our hunters taking leave, determine, as nothing better can be done, to return home for assistance. On their way they come across the body of the Indian, who, it will be remembered, was separated from his party and killed by our friends. Upon his person they find, among other articles, a handkerchief marked with the letters R. Rolfe, in the handwriting of our hero. He remembers having exchanged handkerchiefs with Miss F. on the day of his leaving Petersburg, and his doubts are now, consequently, resolved into certainty. This incident determines Rolfe to proceed immediately up the Wabash. Here, too, he fails in the object of his search, and the hunters commence their return. On the route an Indian woman is discovered, bearing a torch, and looking for her son whom she supposes to have been murdered by the whites. Touched with pity, our friends aid her in the search, and the son is found, grievously wounded, but not dead. In her lamentations, the mother drops some few words about a white maiden who has taken shelter in her wigwam, and the hopes of Rolfe are rekindled. They bear the wounded man to the hut, and the white maiden, who is found dead, proves not to be Gay Foreman. But the kindness of Rolfe and his companion have excited a deep gratitude in the breasts of the Indian mother and son—the latter is called Oloompa. They pledge their aid in recovering the lady—and, Rolfe having entrusted Oloompa with a letter for his mistress, the hunters resume their journey. Reaching Indiana, they find that, owing to the unsettled state of Indian affairs, no
assistance can be rendered them in regard to the rescue of Miss Foreman. They proceed to Kentucky. Earthquake is made sheriff. Rolfe practises law, and having written to Petersburg in relation to Miss F. receives an answer inducing him to believe himself mistaken in regard to the identity of the captive. In the meantime Netnokwa, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa and Miss Foreman are living on the banks of the Red River. The lady is, in some measure, reconciled to her fate by the kind attentions of her Indian friends— who are only prevented from restoring her to the settlements through dread of the Prophet's resentment. Elkswatawa and Tecumseh are busied in uniting the Indian tribes with the view of a general attack upon the whites. An emissary is thus sent to the wigwam of Netnokwa. Influenced by Miss Foreman the princesses treat the messenger with contempt and laugh at the pretensions of the Prophet. He returns home vowing vengeance, and Elkswatawa is induced to send a party of six warriors for the purpose of bringing all the inmates of Netnokwa's cabin to his camp.

The friendly Indian, Oloompa, determines, in the meantime, to redeem his promise made to the two hunters, finds out the wig-wam of Netnokwa, delivers the letter of Rolfe, receives an answer from Miss Foreman, proceeds with it to Kentucky, searches out our hero, and returns with him as a guide to the dwelling of the Indian princess. Earth accompanies them. The cabin is found deserted—the inmates having been carried off the day before in the direction of the Prophet's camp. But the ingenuity of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa has contrived to leave, on the shelf of the cabin, a letter for the perusal of Oloompa—one whose return was, of course, expected. This letter consists
of a parcel of little clay figures, representing Netnokwa, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and Miss Foreman, driven by six Indians in the direction of the camp of the prophet. Upon this hint our hero starts with his two companions in pursuit. They fail, however, in overtaking the Indians in time to accomplish a rescue. The captive with her friends is carried to Tippecanoe, where the Prophet (Tecumseh having gone to the South) is expecting an attack from the American army under General Harrison. Entering the camp, Oloompa mingles with the Indians and finally discovers the tent in which are the princesses and Miss Foreman. Learning that the Prophet has granted to Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa the privilege of passing in and out of the tent at pleasure, restricting her only to the limits of the camp, he obtains an interview with her, and prevails upon her to disguise Miss Foreman to represent herself, (the princess) and thus enable the captive to pass out. The scheme succeeds, and our heroine is restored to the arms of Mr. Rolfe, who is awaiting her beyond the lines. In the meantime, the impatient Indians urge the Prophet to a night attack upon Gen. Harrison. They are repulsed, and at the conclusion of the battle, our friends make their way into the American army. All difficulties now vanish. The lovers are married, and the narrative is brought to a conclusion.

The dry compendium we have given will of course do little more than afford some idea of the plan of the novel. Its chief interest depends upon matters which we have avoided altogether, as being independent of this plan, and as forming a portion of our Indian history. Here Mr. French has been very successful. The characters of Tecumseh and Elkswatawa appear to us well drawn, and the manoeuvres skilfully-detailed.
by means of which the vast power of the Prophet was attained. It is possible however, that the bear, tiger, Indian, and snake stories of our friend Earthquake, (with which the volumes are plentifully interlarded,) will be considered as forming the better portions of Elkswatawa. We have already adverted to the gross improbability of the main incident upon which the narrative is hinged. In the entire construction of the tale Mr. French has fallen too obviously, we think, into some mannerisms of Sir Walter Scott.

In him (Sir Walter) these mannerisms, until the frequency of their repetition entitled them to such appellation, being well managed and not over-done, were commendable. They added great force and precision to the development of his stories. They should now be avoided—as a little too much of a good thing. And to a man of genius the world of invention is never shut. There is always something new under the sun—a fact susceptible of positive demonstration, in spite of a thousand dogmas to the contrary. The mannerisms we particularly allude to in Mr. French, are involved in what he so frequently calls the "bringing up" of his narrative. Fixing in his mind, every now and then, some particular epoch of his tale, he deems it of essential importance (when it is by no means so) that the action of his various characters should be "brought up," with entire regularity, to this epoch. The attention is no sooner engaged in one train of adventure, than a chapter closes with some such sentence as the following. "Leaving him to prosecute his journey, and the hunters with a perfect knowledge of the route he had taken, we return to the camp of the Prophet,"' see chapter 21—or with "Leaving the hunters to hover about the temporary camp of
the Indians, we must bring forward other parts of our story,” see chapter 3—or with “Thus amusing themselves, they continued their journey, to perform which we must leave them, while we bring forward other parts of our story,” see chapter 8—or, “And now having brought up the history of the Prophet to the period of which we are writing we will proceed with our narrative,” see chapter 14—or “Leaving Rolfe to attend to his profession, and Earthquake to discharge the duties of the office which had just been conferred on him, let us proceed with other parts of our story,” see chapter 15. Many of the chapters commence in a similar strain, and even in the middle of some of them the same interruptions occur. And this adjustment of the date is so frequently repeated that Mr. French’s readers are kept in a constant state of chronological hornpipe.

There are some inadvertences to which the author’s attention should be called. When Rolfe, and his companion Earthquake, are in the woods on the banks of the Ohio, at the time of the murder of Mr. Foreman’s family, they are represented (see page 32, vol. i,) as hearing a sudden cry—upon which, proceeding to the river bank, they look around—and see—nothing. The boat containing the family had sunk before their appearance and no traces remained. Yet on page 113 of the same volume, we find the hunters giving to the Prophet a detailed account of the massacre and burning—things of which they could know nothing whatsoever.

When Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa (that acute young lady) is about leaving her wigwam on the Red River—forced away by the six Indians of the Prophet, she goes to much trouble in making little dirt babies as a means of informing Rolfe and Olooma, when they shall arrive,
of the disaster which has befallen her. The six Indians, it is possible, would have taken notice of the dirt babies and destroyed them before their departure—for we are told they were set upon a shelf in the wigwam. At all events, the young princess should have had a less opinion of her own ingenuity, and have requested Miss Foreman to write a bonâ fide epistle to her lover. In this manner she would have saved herself no little dabbling in the mud.

In his dialogues, our author will observe that he makes a far too frequent use of the names of the speakers. Earthquake, for example, cannot say a word to Rolfe, without calling him Rolfe, to commence with—and Rolfe does nothing but Earth Mr. Earthquake to the end of the chapter. This has the most ludicrous effect imaginable. The colloquy might as well proceed, too, without so excessive an use of the word "said." The "said Earths" and "said Rolifes" have put us in a positive fever. The general style of Mr. French is intrinsically good—but has a certain air of rawness which only time and self-discipline will enable him to mellow down. In depicting character, the novelist is unequal. Earth is natural, and although drawn with force, still free from the usual exaggerations. We have already spoken of Elkswatawa and Tecumseh. Oloompa is a bold and chivalrous Indian, with a fine ideal elevation of manner. Miss Foreman we dislike, because we cannot comprehend her. In vain we endeavor to form of her, from the portrait before us, any definite image. She is a young lady—and we are told a very pretty one—but Mr. F. must pardon us for saying that she has—no character whatsoever.

Upon the whole we think highly of "Elkswatawa," as evincing a capacity for better things. But if the
question were demanded — What has Mr. French here
done for his reputation? — we would reply possibly,
upon the spur of the moment — "very little." Upon
second thought we should say — "just nothing at all."

Sheppard Lee: written by himself. New York:
Harper and Brothers.

[Southern Literary Messenger, September, 1836.]

Like Philothea, this novel is an original in American
Belles Lettres at least; and these deviations, however
indecisive, from the more beaten paths of imitation,
look well for our future literary prospects. Thinking
thus, we will be at the trouble of going through briefly,
in detail, the plot and the adventures of Sheppard Lee.
The hero relates his own story. He is born "somewhere
towards the close of the last century," in the
State of New Jersey, in one of the oldest counties that
border upon the Delaware river. His father is a farmer
in good circumstances, and famous for making
good sausages for the Philadelphia market. He has ten
children besides Sheppard. Nine of these die, how-
ever, in six years, by a variety of odd accidents — the
last expiring in a fit of laughter at seeing his brother
ridden to death by a pig. Prudence, the oldest sister,
survives. The mother, mourning for her children, be-
comes melancholy and dies insane. Sheppard is sent
to good schools, and afterwards to the College at Nassau
Hall, in Princeton, where he remains three years,
until his father’s decease. Upon this occurrence he
finds himself in possession of the bulk of the property;
his sister Prudence had recently married, receiving only a small farm in a neighboring county. After making one or two efforts to become a man of business, our hero hires an overseer to undertake the entire management of his property.

Having now nothing to do, and time hanging heavily on his hands, Sheppard Lee tries many experiments by way of killing the enemy. He turns sportsman, but has the misfortune to shoot his dog the first day, and upon the second his neighbor's cow. He breeds horses and runs them, losing more money in a single hour than his father had ever made in two years together. At the suggestion of his overseer he travels, and is robbed of his baggage and money, by an intelligent gentlemanly personage from Sing Sing. He thinks of matrimony, and is about coming to a proposal, when his inamorata, taking offence at his backwardness, casts her eyes upon another woower, who has made her an offer, and marries him upon the spot.

Upon attaining his twenty-eighth year, Mr. Lee discovers his overseer, Mr. Aikin Jones, to be a rogue, and himself to be ruined. Prudence, the sister, tells our hero moreover, that he has lost all the little sense he ever possessed, while her husband is so kind as to inform him that "he is wrong in the upper story." A quarrel ensues and Mr. Lee is left to bear his misfortunes alone.

In Chapter V, we have a minute description of the state of the writer's affairs at this epoch, and it must be owned that his little property of forty acres presented a sufficiently woe-begone appearance. One friend, however, remains steadfast, in the person of our hero's negro servant, Jim Jumble—an old fellow that had been the slave of his father and was left to
him in the will. This is a crabbed, self-willed old rascal, who will have every thing his own way. Having some scruples of conscience about holding a slave, and thinking him of no value whatever, but, on the contrary, a great deal of trouble, our hero decides upon setting him free. The old fellow, however, bursts into a passion, swears he will not be free, that Mr. Lee is his master and shall take care of him, and that if he dares to set him free he will have the law of him, "he will by ge-hosh!"

At length, in spite of even the services of Jim Jumble, our hero is reduced to the point of despair. His necessities have compelled him to mortgage the few miserable acres left, and ruin stares him in the face. He attempts many ingenious devices with a view of amending his fortune—buys lottery tickets which prove all blanks—purchases stock in a southern gold mining company, is forced to sell out at a bad season, and finds himself with one-fifth the sum invested—gets a new coat, and makes a declaration to a rich widow in the neighborhood, who makes him the laughing stock of the country for his pains—and finally turns politician, choosing the strongest party, on the principle that the majority must always be right. Attending a public meeting he claps his hands and applauds the speeches with so much spirit, that he is noticed by some of the leaders. They encourage him to take a more prominent part in the business going on, and at the next opportunity he makes a speech. Being on the hurrah side he receives great applause, and indeed there is such a shouting and clapping that he is obliged to put an end to his discourse sooner than he had intended. He is advised to set about converting all in the neighborhood who are not of the right way
of thinking, and the post office in the village is hinted at as his reward in case the county is gained. Mr. Lee sets about his task valiantly, paying his own expenses, and the hurrahs carry the day. His claim to the postofficeship is universally admitted, but, in some way or other, the appointment is bestowed upon one of the very leaders who had been foremost in commending the zeal and talents of our author, and in assuring him that the office should be his. Mr. Lee is enraged, and is upon the point of going over to the anti-hurrahs, when he is involved in a very remarkable tissue of adventure. Jim Jumble conceives that money has been buried by Captain Kidd, in a certain ugly swamp, called the Owl-Roost, not many rods from an old church. The stories of the negro affect his master to such a degree that he dreams three nights in succession of finding a treasure at the foot of a beech-tree in the swamp. He resolves to dig for it in good earnest, choosing mid-night, at the full of the moon, as the moment of commencing operations. On his way to the Owl-Roost at the proper time, he passed by the burial ground of the old church, and the wall having fallen down across his path, he strikes his ankle against a fragment—the pain causing him to utter a groan. To his amazement this interjection of suffering is echoed from the graveyard; a voice screaming out in awful tones, O Lord! O Lord! and, casting his eyes around, our hero beholds three or four shapes, whom he supposes to be devils incarnate, dancing about among the tomb-stones. The beech-tree, however, is finally reached in safety, and by dint of much labor a large hole excavated among the roots. But in his agitation of mind the adventurer plants an unlucky blow of the mattock among the toes of his right foot, and

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sinking down upon the grass, "falls straightway into a trance."

Upon recovering from his trance, Mr. Lee finds himself in a very singular predicament. He feels exceedingly light and buoyant, with the power of moving without exertion. He sweeps along without putting his feet to the ground, and passes among shrubs and bushes without experiencing from them any hindrance to his progress. In short, he finds himself to be nothing better than a ghost. His dead body is lying quietly beside the excavation under the beech-tree. Mr. Lee is entirely overcome with horror at his unfortunate condition, and runs, or rather flies, instinctively to the nearest hut for assistance. But the dogs, at his approach, run howling among the bushes, and the only answer he receives from the terrified family is the discharge of a blunderbuss in his face. Returning in despair to the beech-tree and the pit, he finds that his body has been taken away. Its disappearance throws him into a phrenzy, and he is about to run home and summon old Jim Jumble to the rescue, when he hears a dog yelping and whining in a peculiarly doleful manner, at some little distance down in the meadow. Coming to a place in the edge of the marsh where are some willow trees, and an old worn fence, he there discovers to his extreme surprise the body of a certain well-to-do personage, Squire Higginson. He is lying against the fence, stone dead, with his head down, and his heels resting against the rails, and looking as if, while climbing, he had fallen down and broken his neck.

Our hero pities the condition of Mr. Higginson, but being only a ghost, has no capacity to render him assistance. In this dilemma he begins to moralize
upon the condition of Mr. H. and of himself. The one has no body — the other no soul. "Why might not I" — says, very reasonably, the ghost of Mr. Lee, "Why might not I — that is to say my spirit — deprived by an unhappy accident of its natural dwelling — take possession of a tenement which there remains no spirit to claim, and thus, uniting interests together, as two feeble factions unite together in the political world, become a body possessing life, strength, and usefulness? Oh, that I might be Squire Higginson!"

The words are scarcely out of his mouth, before our hero feels himself vanishing, as it were, into the dead man's nostrils, "into which his spirit rushes like a breeze," and the next moment he finds himself John Hazlewood Higginson, Esquire, to all intents and purposes — kicking the fence to pieces in a lusty effort to rise upon his feet, and feeling as if he had just tumbled over it. We must here give a couple of pages in the words of the author.

Our hero finds that in assuming the body of Squire Higginson, he has invested himself with a troublesome superfluity of fat — that he has moreover a touch of the asthma — together with a whizzing, humming, and spinning in the head. One day, while gunning, these infirmities prove more than usually inconvenient, and he is upon the point of retreating to the village to get his dinner, when a crowd of men make their appearance, and setting up a great shout, begin to run towards him at full speed. Hearing them utter furious cries, and perceiving a multitude of dogs in company, he is seized with alarm and makes for the woods. He is overtaken however, charged with the murder of Sheppard Lee, and committed by Justice Parkins — a
mass of evidence appearing against him, among which that of Jim Jumble is not the least important, who swears that the prisoner came to his house, shot his bull-dog, threatened to blow his brains out, and bragged that he had "just finished Mr. Lee."

In this dilemma our hero relates the whole truth to the prosecuting attorney, and is considered a madman for his pains. The body of Sheppard Lee, however, not appearing, the prisoner is set at liberty, and takes his way to Philadelphia in the charge of some new friends appertaining to him as John Hazlewood Higginson, Esquire. He finds himself a rich brewer, living in Chestnut street, and the possessor of lands, houses, stocks, and Schuylkill coal-mines in abundance. He is troubled nevertheless with inveterate gout, and a shrew of a wife, and upon the whole he regrets his former existence as plain Sheppard Lee. Just opposite our brewer's residence is the dwelling of Mr. Periwinkle Smith, an aristocrat, wealthy or supposed to be so, although some rumors are abroad touching mortgages. He has an only daughter, and among her frequent visitors is one Isaac Dulmer Dawkins, Esq., a young dandy of the first water, tall, slim, whiskered, mustached, of pure blood, and living on his wits. This personage is often noted by our hero, upon his passage to and from the house of Mr. Smith. Suddenly his visits are discontinued — a circumstance which the brewer has soon an opportunity of explaining to his satisfaction. Going to the Schuylkill for the purpose of drowning himself, and thus putting an end at once to the gout and the assiduities of Mrs. Higginson, our hero is surprised at finding himself anticipated in his design by I. Dulmer Dawkins, Esq., who leaps into the river at the very spot selected for his own
suicide. In his exertions to get Mr. D. out, he is seized with apoplexy — reviving partially from which, he discovers a crowd attempting to resuscitate the dandy.

As I. Dulmer Dawkins, our friend finds himself beset by the duns, whom he habitually puts off by suggestions respecting a rich uncle, of whose very existence he is sadly in doubt. Having ceased to pay attention to Miss Smith, upon hearing the rumors about the mortgages, it appears that he was jilted in turn by a Miss Betty Somebody, and thus threw himself into the river in despair. His adventures are now various and spirited, but his creditors grow importunate, and vow they will be put off no longer with the old story of the rich uncle, when an uncle, and a rich one, actually appears upon the tapis. He is an old vulgar fool, and I. Dulmer Dawkins, Esquire, is in some doubts about the propriety of allowing his claim to relationship, but finally consents to introduce the old quiz, son and daughter, into fashionable society, upon considering the pecuniary advantages to himself. With this end he looks about for a house, and learns that the residence of Periwinkle Smith is for sale. Upon calling upon that gentleman however, he is treated very civilly indeed, being shown the door, after having sufficiently ascertained that the rumors about the mortgages should have been construed in favor of Mr. Smith — that he is a richer man than ever, and that his fair heiress is upon the point of marriage with a millionaire from Boston. He now turns his attention to his country cousin, Miss Patty Wilkins, upon finding that the uncle is to give her forty thousand dollars. At the same time, lest his designs in this quarter should fail, he makes an appointment to run off with the only
daughter of a rich shaver, one Skinner. The uncle Wilkins has but little opinion of I. Dulmer Dawkins, and will not hearken to his suit at all. In this dilemma our hero resorts to a trick. He represents his bosom friend and ally, Mr. Tickle, as a man of fashion and property, and sets him to making love to Miss Patty, in the name of himself, I. Dulmer. The uncle snaps at the bait, but the ally is instructed to proceed no farther without a definite settlement upon Miss Patty of the forty thousand dollars. The uncle makes the settlement and matters proceed to a crisis—Mr. Tickle pleasing himself with the idea of cheating his bosom friend I. Dulmer, and marrying the lady himself. A farce of very pretty finesse now ensues, which terminates in Miss Patty giving the slip to both lovers, bestowing her forty thousand dollars upon an old country sweetheart, Danny Baker, and I. Dulmer's finding, upon flying, as a dernier ressort, to the broker's daughter, that she has already run away with Sammy, Miss Patty Wilkins' clodhopper brother.

Driven to desperation by his duns, our hero escapes from them by dint of hard running and takes refuge, without asking permission, in the sick chamber of old Skinner, the shaver. Finding the old gentleman dead, he takes possession of his body forthwith, leaving his own carcass on the floor.

The adventures in the person of Abram Skinner are full of interest. We have many racy details of stock-jobbing and usury. Some passages, of a different nature, are well written. The miser has two sons, and his parsimony reduces them to fearful extremity. The one involves him deeply by forgery; and the other first robs his strong box, and afterwards endeavors to murder him.
Horrors such as these induce our hero to seek a new existence. Filling his pockets with money, he sets off in search of a corpse of which to take possession. At length, when nearly exhausted, a drunken fellow, apparently dead, is found lying under a shed. Transferring the money from his own person to that of the mendicant, he utters the usual wish, once, twice, thrice—and in vain. Horribly disconcerted, and dreading lest his charm should have actually deserted him, he begins to kick the dead man with all the energy he has left. At this treatment the corpse suddenly becomes animated, knocks our hero down with a whiskey jug, and makes off with the contents of his pockets, being a dozen silver spoons, and four hundred dollars in money. This accident introduces us to the acquaintance of a genuine philanthropist, Mr. Zachariah Long-straw, and this gentleman being at length murdered by a worthy ex-occupant of Sing-Sing, to whom he had been especially civil, our hero reanimates his body with excessive pleasure at his good fortune. The result is that he finds himself cheated on all sides, is arrested for debt, and is entrapped by a Yankee pedlar and carried off to the South as a tit-bit for the anti-abolitionists. On the route he ascertains (by accidentally overhearing a conversation) that the missing body of Sheppard Lee, which disappeared in so mysterious a manner from the side of the pit at the Owl-Roost, was carried off by one Dr. Feuerteufel, a German, who happened to be in search of subjects for dissection, and whose assistants were the dancing spectres in the church yard, which so terribly disconcerted our hero when on his way to the beech-tree. He is finally about to be hung, when a negro who was busied in preparing the gallows, fortu-
nately breaks his neck in a fall, and our adventurer takes possession of his body forthwith.

In his character of Nigger Tom, Mr. Lee gives us some very excellent chapters upon abolition and the exciting effects of incendiary pamphlets and pictures, among our slaves in the South. This part of the narrative closes with a spirited picture of a negro insurrection, and with the hanging of Nigger Tom.

Our hero is revived, after execution, by the galvanic battery of some medical students, and having, by this sudden display of life, frightened one of them to death, he immediately possesses himself of his person. As Mr. Arthur Megrim, he passes through a variety of adventures, and fancies himself a coffee-pot, a puppy, a chicken, a loaded cannon, a clock, a hamper of crockery ware, a joint stock, a Greek Demi-God and the Emperor of France. Dr. Feuerteufel now arrives in the village with a cargo of curiosities for exhibition — among which are some Mummies. In one of them our hero recognizes the identical long missed body of Sheppard Lee.

Sheppard Lee now makes his way home into New Jersey (pursued however the whole way by the German Doctor, crying "Mein Gott! Ter Tyfel! and stop my mummy!") and is put to bed and kindly nursed after his disaster by his Sister Prudence and her husband. It now appears (very ingenious indeed) that, harassed by his pecuniary distress, our hero fell into a melancholy derangement, and upon cutting his foot with the mattock, as related, was confined to bed, where his wonderful transmigrations were merely the result of delirium. At least this is the turn given to the whole story by Prudence. Mr. Lee, however,
although he partially believes her in the right, has still a shadow of doubt upon the subject, and has thought it better to make public his own version of the matter, with a view of letting every body decide for himself.

We must regard "Sheppard Lee," upon the whole, as a very clever, and not altogether unoriginal, _jeu d'esprit_. Its incidents are well conceived, and related with force, brevity, and a species of _directness_ which is invaluable in certain cases of narration—while in others it should be avoided. The language is exceedingly unaffected and (what we regard as high praise) exceedingly well adapted to the varying subjects. Some fault may be found with the conception of the metempsychosis which is the basis of the narrative. There are two general methods of telling stories such as this. One of these methods is that adopted by the author of Sheppard Lee. He conceives his hero endowed with some idiosyncracy beyond the common lot of human nature, and thus introduces him to a series of adventure which, under ordinary circumstances, could occur only to a plurality of persons. The chief source of interest in each narrative is, or should be, the contrasting of these varied events, in their influence upon a character _unchanging_—except as changed by the events themselves. This fruitful field of interest, however, is neglected in the novel before us, where the hero, very awkwardly, partially loses, and partially does not lose, his identity, at each transmigration. The sole object here in the various metempsychoses seem to be, merely the depicting of seven different conditions of existence, and the enforcement of the very doubtful moral that every person should remain contented with his own. But it is clear that both these points could have been more forcibly shown, without any reference
to a confused and jarring system of transmigration, by the mere narrations of seven different individuals. All deviations, especially wide ones, from nature, should be justified to the author by some specific object—the object, in the present case, might have been found, as above-mentioned, in the opportunity afforded of depicting widely-different conditions of existence actuating one individual.

A second peculiarity of the species of novel to which Sheppard Lee belongs, and a peculiarity which is not rejected by the author, is the treating the whole narrative in a jocular manner throughout (inasmuch as to say "I know I am writing nonsense, but then you must excuse me for the very reason that I know it") or the solution of the various absurdities by means of a dream, or something similar. The latter method is adopted in the present instance—and the idea is managed with unusual ingenuity. Still—having read through the whole book, and having been worried to death with incongruities (allowing such to exist) until the concluding page, it is certainly little indemnification for our sufferings to learn that, in truth, the whole matter was a dream, and that we were very wrong in being worried about it all. The damage is done, and the apology does not remedy the grievance. For this and other reasons, we are led to prefer, in this kind of writing, the second general method to which we have alluded. It consists in a variety of points—principally in avoiding, as may easily be done, that directness of expression which we have noticed in Sheppard Lee, and thus leaving much to the imagination—in writing as if the author were firmly impressed with the truth, yet astonished at the immensity, of the wonders he relates, and for which, professedly, he neither claims nor antici-
pates credence — in minuteness of detail, especially upon points which have no immediate bearing upon the general story — this minuteness not being at variance with indirectness of expression — in short, by making use of the infinity of arts which give verisimilitude to a narration — and by leaving the result as a wonder not to be accounted for. It will be found that *bizarceries* thus conducted, are usually far more effective than those otherwise managed. The attention of the author, who does not depend upon explaining away his incredibilities, is directed to giving them the character and the luminousness of truth, and thus are brought about, unwittingly, some of the most vivid creations of human intellect. The reader, too, readily perceives and falls in with the writer's humor, and suffers himself to be borne on thereby. On the other hand what difficulty, or inconvenience, or danger can there be in leaving us uninformed of the important facts that a certain hero did not actually discover the elixir vitae, could not really make himself invisible, and was not either a ghost in good earnest, or a bonâ fide Wandering Jew?
Literary Remains of the Late William Hazlitt, with a Notice of his Life by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer, M.P. and Mr. Sergeant Tal-fourd, M.P. New York: Saunders and Otley.

[Southern Literary Messenger, September, 1836.]

There is a piquancy in the personal character and literary reputation of Hazlitt, which will cause this book to be sought with avidity by all who read. And the volume will fully repay a perusal. It embraces a Biographical Sketch of Mr. H. by his son; "Some Thoughts on his Genius," by Bulwer; "Thoughts on his Intellectual Character," by Sergeant Talfourd; a few words of high compliment contained in a Letter to Southey from Charles Lamb; A Sonnet, by Sheridan Knowles, on Bewick's portrait of the deceased; six other sonnets to his memory, by "A Lady;" and twenty-two Essays by Hazlitt himself, and constituting his "Literary Remains." The volume is embellished with a fine head of the Essayist, engraved by Marr, from a drawing by Bewick.

William Hazlitt, upon his decease in 1830, was 52 years old. He was the youngest son of the Reverend William Hazlitt, a dissenting minister of the Unitarian persuasion. At the age of nine he was sent to a day-school in Wern, and some of his letters soon after this period evince a singular thirst for knowledge in one so young. At thirteen his first literary effort was made, in the shape of an epistle to the "Shrewsbury Chronicle." This epistle is signed in Greek capitals Eliaison,
and is a decently written defence of Priestley, or rather an expression of indignation at some outrages offered to the Doctor at Birmingham. It speaks of little, however, but the school-boy. At fifteen, he was entered as a student at the Unitarian College, Hackney, with a view to his education as a dissenting minister, and here his mind first received a bias towards philosophical speculation. Several short essays were written at this time—but are lost. Some letters to his father, however, which are printed in the present volume, give no evidence of more than a very ordinary ability. At seventeen, he left College (having abandoned all idea of the Ministry and devoted himself to the study of painting as a profession—prosecuting his metaphysical reading at spare moments. At eighteen, he commenced the first rough sketch of a treatise "On the Principles of Human Action." At twenty, accident brought him acquainted with Coleridge, whose writings and conversation had, as might be expected, great influence upon his subsequent modes of thought. At twenty-four, during the short peace of Amiens, he visited Paris with the view of studying the works of art in the Louvre. Some letters to his father written at this period, are given in the volume before us. They relate principally to the progress of his own studies in art, and are not in any manner remarkable. After spending a year in Paris he returned to London, abandoned, in despair, the pencil for the pen, and took up his abode temporarily, with his brother John, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. His treatise "On the Principles of Human Action," a work upon which he seems to have greatly prided himself, (perhaps from early associations) was now completed, after eight years of excessive labor. He was not, however, suc-
cessful in finding a publisher until a year afterwards — he being then twenty-eight. This was in 1805. In 1806, he published a pamphlet with the title of “Free Thoughts on Public Affairs.” In 1807, he abridged to one volume Tucker’s large work in seven — the “Light of Nature,” and wrote for Messrs. Longman and Co. a “Reply to Malthus’s Works on Population.” In 1808, he married Miss Stoddart, sister of the present Chief Justice of Malta. By this lady, who still lives, he had several children, all of whom died in early childhood except the Editor of these “Remains.” Shortly after his marriage, he went to live at Winterslow, in Wiltshire. An English Grammar, written about this period, was published some years afterwards. In 1808, he also published a compilation, entitled “The Eloquence of the British Senate, being a selection of the best Speeches of the most distinguished Parliamentary Speakers, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I to the present time.” We are told also, that in the autumn of this same year he was “engaged in preparing for publication his ‘Memoirs of Holcroft’” — the first seventeen chapters of this work were written by Holcroft himself. In 1811, Mr. Hazlitt removed to London and “tenanted a house once honored in the occupation of Milton.” In 1813, he delivered at the Russell Institution, a series of “Lectures upon the History and Progress of English Philosophy.” Shortly after this he became connected with the public press. For a short time he was engaged with the “Morning Chronicle” as a Parliamentary Reporter — but relinquished the occupation on account of ill health. He afterwards wrote political and theatrical criticisms for the “Champion,” the “Morning Chronicle,” the “Examiner,” and the
“Times.” It was about this period, if we understand his biographer, that the collection of Essays appeared called “The Round Table.” Of these, forty were written by Mr. Hazlitt, and twelve by Leigh Hunt. In 1818, his Theatrical Criticisms were collected and published under the title of “A View of the English Stage.” In this year also, he delivered at the Surrey Institution a series of Lectures on the “Comical Writers, and the Poets of England,” and on the “Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth.” These were subsequently published in single volumes under their respective titles. In 1819, the whole of his Political Essays appeared in one volume. His next published work was the “Characters of Shakspeare’s Plays.” In 1823, Mr. Hazlitt was divorced from his wife under the law of Scotland—shortly before this epoch having given to the world “Liber Amoris,” a publication for many reasons to be regretted. In this same year appeared a “Critical Account of the Principal Picture Galleries of England”—also the first series of “Table-Talk,” in two volumes, consisting of Essays on various subjects, a few of which had previously appeared in the “London Magazine.” In 1824, Mr. H. married Isabella, widow of Lieut. Col. Bridgewater, a lady of some property; proceeding, after the wedding, on a tour through France and Italy. “Notes” of this journey appeared in the “Morning Chronicle,” and were afterwards collected in a volume. In 1825, appeared the second series of “Table-Talk,” and the “Spirit of the Age,” a series of criticisms on the more prominent literary men then living. In 1826, the “Plain Speaker” was published, and another edition of the “Table-Talk.” At this period, and for some years previous, Mr. Hazlitt was a frequent contributor
to the "Edinburgh Review," the "New Monthly," "Monthly," and "London" Magazines, and other periodicals. In 1829, he published "Selections from the British Poets," and in 1830, "Northcote's Conversations," the "Life of Titian," (in which Mr. Northcote had a large share, and whose name, indeed, appeared as author on the title-page) and his chief work, "The Life of Napoleon," in four volumes. In August of this year he was attacked by a species of cholera, and on the 18th of September he died. We are indebted for the facts in this naked outline of Mr. Hazlitt's life, principally to the memoir by his son in the volume before us. The memoir itself bears upon its face so obvious and indeed so very natural an air of the most enthusiastic filial affection and admiration, that we are forced to place but little reliance upon the critical opinions it advances.

The "Thoughts on the Genius of William Hazlitt," by Mr. Bulwer, differ in many striking points from the "Thoughts" by Sergeant Talfourd, on his "Intellectual Character." We give the preference unhesitatingly to the noble paper of Talfourd—a brilliant specimen of accurate thinking and fine writing. The article of Bulwer, indeed, seems to be a compulsory thing—an effort probably induced by earnest solicitation—and no labor of love. Hazlitt, moreover, was personally unknown to him. Sergeant Talfourd, on the contrary, appears to write with a vivid interest in the man, and a thorough knowledge of his books. Nothing more fully than is here said, need be said, on the character, on the capacities, or on the works of Hazlitt, and nothing possibly can be said more happily or more wisely.

Of the Essays which constitute the body of the
book before us, all have a relative — most of them a very high positive value. To American readers Hazlitt is principally known, we believe, as the Dramatic Critic, and the Lecturer on the Elder Poetry of England. Some of the papers in the present volume will prove the great extent and comprehensiveness of his genius. One on the "Fine Arts" especially, cannot fail of seizing public attention. Mr. Hazlitt discourses of Painting, as Chorley of Music. Neither have been equalled in their way. A fine passage of Hazlitt's on the ideal commences thus — 

"The Fight" will show clearly how the writer of true talent can elevate even the most brutal of themes. The paper entitled "My first acquaintance with Poets," and that headed "Of Persons one would wish to have seen," have a personal interest apart from the abilities of the writer. The article "On Liberty and Necessity," that "On Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding," and that "On the Definition of Wit," bear with them evidence of a truth but little understood, and very rarely admitted — that the reasoning powers never exist in perfection unless when allied with a very high degree of the imaginative faculty. In this latter respect, Hazlitt (who knew and acknowledged the fact) is greatly deficient. His argumentative pieces, therefore, rarely satisfy any mind, beyond that of the mere logician. As a critic — he is perhaps unequalled. Altogether he was no ordinary man. In the words of Bulwer, it may justly be said — that "a complete collection of his works is all the monument he demands."

Vol. IX. — 10

[Southern Literary Messenger, September, 1836.]

Mrs. Child is well known as the author of "Hobomok," "The American Frugal Housewife," and the "Mother’s Book." She is also the editor of a "Juvenile Miscellany." The work before us is of a character very distinct from that of any of these publications, and places the fair writer in a new and most favorable light. Philothea is of that class of works of which the Telemachus of Fénélon, and the Anaclarsis of Barthélémy, are the most favorable specimens. Overwhelmed in a long-continued inundation of second-hand airs and ignorance, done up in green muslin, we turn to these pure and quiet pages with that species of gasping satisfaction with which a drowning man clutches the shore.

The plot of Philothea is simple. The scene is principally in ancient Athens, during the administration of Pericles; and some of the chief personages of his time are brought, with himself, upon the stage. Among these are Aspasia, Alcibiades, Hippocrates, Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, Plato, Hermippus the comic writer, Phidias the sculptor, Artaxerxes of Persia, and Xerxes his son. Philothea, the heroine of the tale, and the grand-daughter of Anaxagoras, is of a majestic beauty, of great purity and elevation of mind. Her

1 Poe repeated this review, almost verbatim, in the Broadway Journal, May 31, 1845. — Ed.
friend, Eudora, of a more delicate loveliness, and more flexible disposition, is the adopted daughter of Phidias, who bought her, when an infant, of a goat-herd in Phelle—herself and nurse having been stolen from the Ionian coast by Greek pirates, the nurse sold into slavery, and the child delivered to the care of the goat-herd. The ladies, of course, have lovers. Eudora is betrothed to Philaemon. This Athenian, the son of the wealthy Cherilaus, but whose mother was born in Corinth, has incurred the dislike of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles. She procures the revival of an ancient law subjecting to a heavy fine all citizens who married foreigners, and declaring all persons, whose parents were not both Athenians, incapable of voting in the public assemblies, or of inheriting the estates of their fathers. Philaemon, thus deprived of citizenship, prevented from holding office, and without hope of any patrimony, is obliged to postpone, indefinitely, his union with Eudora. The revival of the obnoxious law has also a disastrous effect upon the interests of Philothea. She is beloved of Paralus, the son of Pericles, and returns his affection. But in marrying she will bring upon him losses and degradation. Pericles, too, looks with an evil eye upon her poverty, and the idea of marriage is therefore finally abandoned.

Matters are thus situated, when Philothea, being appointed one of the Canephorae, (whose duty it is to embroider the sacred peplus, and to carry baskets in the procession of the Panathenaia,) is rigidly secluded by law, for six months, within the walls of the Acropolis. During this time, Eudora, deprived of the good counsel and example of her friend, becomes a frequent visitor at the house of Aspasia, by whose pernicious
influence she is insensibly affected. It is at the return of Philothea from the Acropolis that the story commences. At the urgent solicitation of Aspasia, who is desirous of strengthening her influence in Athens by the countenance of the virtuous, Anaxagoras is induced to attend, with his grand-daughter, a symposium at the house of Pericles. Eudora accompanies them. The other guests are Hermippus, Phidias, the Persian Artaphernes, Tithonus a learned Ethiopian, Plato, Hipparete the wife of Alcibiades, and Alcibiades himself. At this symposium Eudora is dazzled by the graces of Alcibiades, and listens to his seductive flattery — forgetful of the claims of Hipparete, the wife of Alcibiades, and of Philaemon, her own lover. The poison of this illicit feeling now affects all the action of the drama. Philothea discovers the danger of her friend, but is sternly repulsed upon the proffer of good advice. Alcibiades is appointed a secret interview by Eudora, which is interrupted by Philothea — not however before it is observed by Philaemon, who, in consequence, abandons his mistress, and departs, broken-hearted from Athens. The eyes of Eudora are now opened, too late, to the perfidy of Alcibiades, who had deceived her with the promise of marriage, and of obtaining a divorce from Hipparete. It is Hipparete who appeals to the Archons for a divorce from Alcibiades, on the score of his notorious profligacy; and, in the investigations which ensue, it appears that a snare has been laid by Aspasia and himself, to entrap Eudora, and that, with a similar end in view, he has also promised marriage to Electra, the Corinthian.

Pericles seeks to please the populace by diminishing the power of the Areopagus. He causes a decree to be passed, that those who denied the existence of the
Gods, or introduced new opinions about celestial things, should be tried by the people. This, however, proves injurious to some of his own personal friends. Hermippus lays before the Thesmothetae Archons an accusation of blasphemy against Anaxagoras, Phidias and Aspasia; and the case is tried before the fourth assembly of the people. Anaxagoras is charged with not having offered victims to the Gods, and with having blasphemed the divine Phoebus, by saying the sun was only a huge ball of fire,—and is condemned to die. Phidias is accused of blasphemy, in having carved the likeness of himself and Pericles on the shield of heaven-born Pallas, of having said that he approved the worship of the Gods merely because he wished to have his own works adored, and of decoying to his own house the maids and matrons of Athens, under the pretence of seeing sculpture, but in fact, to administer to the profligacy of Pericles. He is also adjudged to death. Aspasia is accused of saying that the sacred baskets of Demeter contained nothing of so much importance as the beautiful maidens who carried them; and that the temple of Poseidon was enriched with no offerings from those who had been wrecked, notwithstanding their supplications—thereby implying irreverent doubts of the power of Ocean's God. Her sentence is exile. Pericles, however, succeeds in getting the execution of the decrees suspended until the oracle of Amphiaraurus can be consulted. Antiphon, a celebrated diviner, is appointed to consult it. He is absent for many days, and in the meantime Pericles has an opportunity of tampering with the people, as he has already done with Antiphon. The response of the oracle opportunely declares that the sentences be reconsidered. It is done — Phidias and Anaxagoras are merely banished, while
Aspasia is acquitted. These trials form perhaps the most interesting portion of the book.

Chapter XI introduces us to Anaxagoras, the contented resident of a small village near Lampsacus in Ionia. He is old, feeble, and in poverty. Philothea watches by his side, and supports him with the labor of her hands. Plato visits the sage of Clazomenae in his retreat, and brings news of the still-beloved Athens. The pestilence is raging—the Piræus is heaped with unburied dead. Hipparete has fallen a victim. Pericles was one of the first sufferers, but has recovered through the skill of Hippocrates. Phidias, who, after his sentence of exile, departed with Eudora to Elis, and grew in honor among the Eleans—is dead. Eudora still remains at his house, Elis having bestowed upon her the yearly revenues of a farm, in consideration of the affectionate care bestowed upon her illustrious benefactor. Philaemon is in Persia instructing the sons of the wealthy Satrap Megabyzus. Alcibiades is living in unbridled license at Athens. But the visitor has not yet spoken of Paralus, the lover of Philothea. "Daughter of Alcimenes," he at length says, (we copy here half a page of the volume, as a specimen of the grace of the narrative)—

The most special object of Plato's visit to Anaxagoras is the bearing of a message from Pericles. Hippocrates has expressed a hope that the presence of Philothea may restore, in some measure, the health and understanding of Paralus, and the once ambitious father has sent to beg the maiden's consent to a union with his now deeply afflicted son.

Philothea assents joyfully to the union, although
Chrysippus, the wealthy prince of Clazomenae, has made her an offer of his hand. Anaxagoras dies. His grand-daughter, accompanied by Plato, and some female acquaintances, takes her departure for Athens, and arrives safely in the harbor of Phalerum. No important change has occurred in Paralus, who still shows a total unconsciousness of past events. The lovers are, however, united. Many long passages about this portion of the narrative are of a lofty and original beauty. The dreamy, distraught, yet unembittered existence of the husband revelling in the visions of the Platonic philosophy—the anxiety of the father and his friends—the ardent, the pure and chivalric love, with the uncompromising devotion and soothing attentions of the wife—are pictures whose merit will not fail to be appreciated by all whose good opinion is of value.

Hippocrates has been informed that Tithonus, the Ethiopian, possesses the power of leading the soul from the body, "by means of a soul-directing wand," and the idea arises that the process may produce a salutary effect upon Paralus. Tithonus will be present at the Olympian Games, and thither the patient is conveyed, under charge of Pericles, Plato and his wife. On the route, at Corinth, a letter from Philaemon, addressed to Anaxagoras, is handed by Artaphernes, the Persian, to Philothea. At the close of the epistle, the writer expresses a wish to be informed of Eudora's fate, and an earnest hope that she is not beyond the reach of Philothea's influence. The travellers finally stop at a small town in the neighborhood of Olympia, and at the residence of Proclus and his wife Melissa, "worthy simple-hearted people with whom Phidias had died, and under whose protection he had placed his adopted daughter."
The meeting between this maiden and Philothea is full of interest. The giddy heart of Eudora is chastened by sorrow. Phidias had desired her marriage with his nephew, Pandaenus—but her first love is not yet forgotten. A letter is secretly written by Philothea to Philaeon, acquainting him with the change in the character of Eudora, and with her unabated affection for himself. "Sometimes," she writes, "a stream is polluted in the fountain, and its waters are tainted through all its wanderings; and sometimes the traveller throws into a pure rivulet some unclean thing, which floats awhile and is then rejected from its bosom. Eudora is the pure rivulet. A foreign strain floated on the surface, but never mingled with its waters."

The efforts of Tithonus are inadequate to the effectual relief of Paralus. We quote in full the account of the Ethiopian's attempt. Mrs. Child is here, however, partially indebted to a statement by Clearchus, of an operation somewhat similar to that of Tithonus, performed either by the aid, or in the presence of Aristotle. It will be seen that even the chimeras of animal magnetism were, in some measure, known to the ancients. The relation of Clearchus mentions a diviner with a spirit-drawing wand, and a youth whose soul was thereby taken from the body, leaving it inanimate. The soul being replaced by the aid of the magician, the youth enters into a wild account of the events which befell him during the trance. The passage in "Philothea" runs thus.

The mind of Paralus derives but a temporary benefit from the skill of Tithonus, and even the attendance of the patient upon the Olympian games (a suggestion of Pericles) fails of the desired effect. A partial revival
is indeed thus brought about—but death rapidly ensues. The friends of the deceased return to Athens, accompanied by the adopted daughter of Phidias. Philothea dies. Not many days after the funeral ceremonies, Eudora suddenly disappears. Alcibiades is suspected (justly) of having entrapped her to his summer residence in Salamis. The pages which follow this event detail the rescue of the maiden by the ingenuity of two faithful slaves, Mibra and Geta—the discovery of her father in Artaphernes the Persian, whom she accompanies to the court of Artaxerxes—her joyful meeting there and marriage with Philaemon, after refusing the proffered hand of Xerxes himself.

In regard to the species of novel of which "Philothea" is no ignoble specimen, not any powers on the part of any author can render it, at the present day, popular. Nor is the voice of the people in this respect, to be adduced as an evidence of corrupted taste. We have little of purely human sympathy in the distantly antique; and this little is greatly weakened by the constant necessity of effort in conceiving appropriateness in manners, costume, habits, and modes of thought, so widely at variance with those around us. It should be borne in mind that the "Pompeii" of Bulwer cannot be considered as altogether belonging to this species, and fails in popularity only in the proportion as it does so belong to it. This justly admired work owes what it possesses of attraction for the mass, to the stupendousness of its leading event—an event so far from weakened in interest by age, rendered only more thrillingly exciting by the obscurity which years have thrown over its details—to the skill with which the mind of the reader is prepared for this event—to the vigor with which it is depicted—and to the commingling with this
event human passions wildly affected thereby—passions the sternest of our nature, and common to all character and time. By means so effectual we are hurried over, and observe not, unless with a critical eye, those radical defects or difficulties (coincident with the choice of epoch) of which we have spoken above. The fine perception of Bulwer endured these difficulties as inseparable from the groundwork of his narrative—did not mistake them for facilities. The plot of "Philothea," like that of the Telemachus, and of the Anacharsis, should be regarded, on the other hand, as the mere vehicle for bringing forth the antique "manners, costume, habits, and modes of thought," which we have just mentioned as at variance with a popular interest to-day. Regarding it in this, its only proper light, we shall be justified in declaring the book an honor to our country, and a signal triumph for our country-women.

Philothea might be introduced advantageously into our female academies. Its purity of thought and lofty morality are unexceptionable. It would prove an effectual aid in the study of Greek antiquity, with whose spirit it is wonderfully imbued. We say wonderfully—for when we know that the fair authoress disclaims all knowledge of the ancient languages, we are inclined to consider her performance as even wonderful. There are some points to be sure, at which a scholar might cavil—some perversions of the character of Pericles—of the philosophy of Anaxagoras—the trial of Aspasia and her friends for blasphemy, should have been held before the Areopagus, and not the people—and we can well believe that an erudite acquaintance of ours would storm at more than one discrepancy in the arrangement of the symposium at the house of Aspasia.
But the many egregious blunders of Barthélémy are still fresh in our remembrance, and the difficulty of avoiding errors in similar writings, even by the professed scholar, cannot readily be conceived by the merely general reader.

On the other hand, these discrepancies are exceedingly few in Philothea, while there is much evidence on every page of a long acquaintance with the genius of the times, places, and people depicted. As a mere tale, too, the work has merit of no common order—and its purity of language should especially recommend it to the attention of teachers.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte, (Prince of Canino,) written by himself. Translated from the original manuscript, under the immediate superintendence of the author. Part the First, (from the year 1792, to the year 8 of the Republic.)

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

In the publication of these memoirs the Prince of Canino disclaims any personal views. "I do it," he says, "because they appear to offer materials of some value to a history so fruitful in great events, of which the serious study may be useful in future to my country." In the commencement of the brief introduction from which these words of his are quoted, he complains, but without acrimony, of the pamphleteers who have too often made him the subject of their leisure. "Revelations, secret memoirs, collections of anecdotes, the fruits
of imaginations without shame or decency, have not spared me. I have read all of them in my retirement, and I was at first surprised how I could have drawn upon myself so many calumnies, never having offended any person. But my astonishment ceased when I had better appreciated my position—removed from public affairs, without influence, and almost always in silent or open opposition to the powers, though sufficiently near to keep them constantly in fear of my return to favor, how was it possible for the malice of the courtiers to leave me in repose?

It is not our intention to speak at length of these memoirs. Neither is such a course necessary in regard to a work which will, and must be read, by every person who pretends to read at all. The author professes to suppress all details that are foreign to public affairs—yet he has not too strictly adhered to his intention. There are many merely personal and private anecdotes which have a very shadowy bearing, if any, upon the political movements of the times. That the whole volume is of deep interest it is almost unnecessary to say—for this the subject is alone an assurance. The style of the Prince de Canino, is sufficiently well known to a majority of our readers. The book now before us possesses, in prose, many of those peculiarities of manner, which in so great a measure distinguished, and we must say disfigured, the author's poem of the Cirrhide. Here are the same affectations, the same Tacitus-ism, and the same indiscriminate elevation of tone. The edition of this book by Saunders and Otley is well printed, with a clear large type, and excellently bound.
Madrid in 1835. Sketches of the Metropolis of Spain and its Inhabitants, and of Society and Manners in the Peninsula. By a Resident Officer. Two volumes in one. New York: Saunders & Otley.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

One portion of this title appertains to volume the first, the other to volume the second. Of Madrid, the author has managed to present a vivid picture by means of a few almost scratchy outlines. He by no means goes over the whole ground of the city, nor is he more definite than necessary; but the most striking features of the life and still-life of the Metropolis are selected with judgment, and given with effect. The manner of the narrative is singularly à la Trollope—and this we look upon as no little recommendation with that large proportion of readers who, in laughing over a book, care not overmuch whether the laugh be at the author or with him.

The sketches, here, of the manners and social habits of Madrid are done with sufficient freedom, and a startling degree of breadth; yet the details, for the most part, have an air of profound truth, and the conviction will force itself upon the mind of the reader that the "Resident Officer" who amuses him is thoroughly conversant with his subject. Such passages as the following, however, are perhaps somewhat overcolored:

. . . . . . . . .

Notwithstanding the greater variety and racy picturesqueness of volume one, volume two will be found
upon the whole more entertaining. Here the author deals freely, and en connoisseur, with the Ministry, the Monasteries, the Clergy and their influence, with Prisons, Beggars, Hospitals and Convents. This portion of the work includes also some memorabilia of the year 1835—the Cholera and the Massacre of July. A chapter on the Spanish Nobility is full of interest.

The work is a large octavo of 340 pages, handsomely printed and bound, and embellished with two good engravings—one of the Convent of the Salesas Viejas, the other of the Prado by twilight.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, JULY 21, 1836, BY S. A. ROSZEL, A. M. PRINCIPAL OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL. PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES. BALTIMORE: JOHN W. WOODS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

Mr. Roszel, we have good reason for knowing, is a scholar, of classical knowledge more extensive, and far more accurate than usual. In his very eloquent Address on Education now before us, he has confined himself to the consideration of "tutorial instruction as embraced under the divisions of the subjects to be taught, and the manner of teaching them." Of the first branch of his theme, the greater portion is occupied in a defence of the learned tongues from the encroachments of a misconceived utilitarianism, and in urging their suitableness as a study for the young. Here, Mr. R. is not only forcible, but has contrived to be in
a great measure, original. We are especially pleased to see that, in giving due weight to the ordinary ethical and merely worldly considerations on this topic, he has most wisely dwelt at greater length on the loftier prospective benefits, and true spiritual uses of classical attainment. We cite from this portion of the address a passage of great fervor and beauty.

In Mr. R's remarks "on the manner of teaching" — on the duties of a teacher — there is much to command our admiration and respect — a clear conception of the nature and extent of tutorial duties, and a stern sense of the elevated moral standing of the tutor.

We see, or we fancy we see, in the wording of this Address, another instance of that tendency to Johnsonism which is the Scylla on the one hand, while a jejune style is the Charybdis on the other, of the philological scholar. In the present case we refer not to sesquipedalia verba, of which there are few, but to the too frequent use of primitive meanings, and the origination of words at will, to suit the purposes of the moment. But to these sins (for the world will have them such) a fellow-feeling has taught us to be lenient — and, indeed, while some few of Mr. Roszel's inventions are certainly not English, there are still but very few of them "qui ne le doivent pas être."
The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1837. Boston: Published by Charles Bowen.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

This is the eighth number of a work more justly entitled to be called "A Repository of Useful Knowledge" than any with which we are acquainted. From its commencement it has been under the editorial management of Mr. J. E. Worcester, for more than twenty years known to the American public as an able and most indefatigable author and compiler. If we are not mistaken, this period at least has elapsed since the publication of his "Gazetteer of the United States." Besides that work, of whose great merit it is of course unnecessary now to speak, Mr. W. has written "The Elements of History"—an Edition of Johnson's Dictionary as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers—an Abridgment of the American Dictionary of Doctor Webster—and a Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names." All these publications are of high reputation and evince an unusual perseverance and ability.

A glance at the "American Almanac" will suffice to assure any one that no ordinary talent, and industry, have been employed in bringing it to its present condition. An acute judgement has been necessary in the selection of the most needful topics, to the exclusion of others having only a comparative value—in the condensation of matter—in the means of acquiring
information—and in the estimation of the degree of credit which should be given it when received. The variety of themes handled in the volume, the perspicuity and brevity with which they are treated, their excellent arrangement, and the general accuracy of the statistical details, should secure for the work a circulation even more extensive than at present. With the exception of the astronomical department, for which we are indebted to Mr. Paine, it is understood that all the contents of the volume (a thick and closely printed octavo of 324 pages, abounding in intricate calculations) have been prepared by the indefatigable editor himself.

The "Almanac" for 1837 contains the usual register of the National and State Governments, an American and Foreign obituary and chronicle of recent events, a valuable "Treatise on the use of Anthracite Coal," by Professor Denison Olmsted of Yale, an account of "Public Libraries," a "Statistical View of the Population of the United States," a series of tables relating to the "Cultivation, Manufacture, and Foreign Trade of Cotton," and Meteorological notices of Seasons and Weather. In the account of each individual State pains have been taken to give accurate intelligence respecting all matters of Internal Improvement—more especially in regard to Canals and Rail-Roads. In the next volume some further details upon this head are promised—some account also of Pauperism in the United States, and a wider variety of statistical notices in relation to foreign countries. We have before stated our conviction, and here repeat it, that no work of equal extent in America embodies as much really important information—important to the public at large—as the eight published volumes of Mr.
Worcester’s Almanac. We believe that complete sets of the work can still be obtained upon application to the publisher, Mr. Charles Bowen of Boston. Its mechanical execution, like that of all books from the same press, is worthy of the highest commendation.


[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

The London Spectator has very justly observed of this, Mr. Cooper’s last work, that two circumstances suffice to distinguish it from the-class of sketchy tours. He has contrived to impart a narrative interest to his journey; and, being an American, yet intimately conversant with all the beauties of the Old World, he looks at Switzerland with a more instructed eye than the mass of travellers, and is enabled to commit its landscapes to a comparison which few of them have the means of making—thus possessing an idiosyncracy giving freshness to what otherwise would be faded. In our notice of Part 1, of the work before us, we had occasion to express our full sense of the writer’s descriptive powers, refined and strengthened as they now appear to us to be. Is it that Mr. Cooper derives vigor from spleen, as Antaeus from earth? This idea might indeed be entertained were his improved power to-day not especially perceptible in his delineations of the calm majesty of nature. It must be observed by all who have read the “Headsman,” and who now read the
"Sketches," that the same scenes are frequently the subject of comment in each work. The drawings in the former are seldom more than mediocre—in the latter we meet with the vivid coloring of a master.

The subject of the first two volumes is Mr. Cooper's visit to Switzerland in 1828—that of the two now published, his visit in 1832. The four years intervening had effected changes of great moment in the political aspect of all Europe, and produced of course a modification of feeling, taste, and opinion in our author. In his preface he pithily observes—"Four years in Europe are an age to the American, as are four years in America to the European. Jefferson has somewhere said that no American ought to be more than five years at a time out of his own country, lest he get behind it. This may be true as to its facts—but the author is convinced that there is more danger of his getting before it as to opinion. It is not improbable that this book may furnish evidence of both these truths." In the last sentence there may be some little arrogance, but in the one preceding there is even more positive truth. We are a bull-headed and prejudiced people, and it were well if we had a few more of the stamp of Mr. Cooper who would feel themselves at liberty to tell us so to our teeth.

The criticism alluded to in the following passage has never met our observation. Since it is the fashion to decry the author of "The Prairie" just now, we are astonished at no degree of malignity or scurrility whatever on the part of the little gentlemen who are determined to follow that fashion—but we are surprised that Mr. C. should have thought himself really suspected of any such ridiculous "purposes."
The present volumes strike us as more entertaining upon the whole than those which preceded them. They embrace a wide range of stirring anecdote, and some details of a very singular nature indeed. As the book will be universally read it is scarcely necessary to say more.


[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

The Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, having propounded the question, "How far are the external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important, a gold medal was, in consequence, awarded to this Dissertation on the subject, by our townsman Dr. Haxall. Notwithstanding the modesty of his motto, "Je n'enseigne pas, Je raconte," he has here given evidence, not to be misunderstood, of a far wider range of study, of experience, of theoretical and practical knowledge, than that attained, except in rare cases, by our medical men. He has evinced too more than ordinary powers of analysis, and his Essay will command (oh, rare occurrence in the generality of similar Essays!) the entire respect of every well-educated man, as a literary composition in its own peculiar character nearly faultless.

The Dissertation does not respond, in the fullest extent, to the category proposed. The only available method of discussing the question, "How far are the

1 Doubtfully Poe's. — Ed.
external means of exploring the condition of the internal organs useful and important?" is to show, as far as possible, the deficiencies of other means — to point out the inconvenience and want of certainty attending a diagnosis deduced from symptoms merely general or functional, and to demonstrate the advantages, if any, of those signs (afforded by external examination) which, in medical language, are alone denominated physical. But to do all this would require a much larger treatise than the Committee had in contemplation, and so far, it appears to us, they have been over-hasty in proposing a query so illimitable. Our author (probably thinking thus) has wisely confined himself to diseases occurring in the common routine of practice, and here again only to such as affect the cavities of the Abdomen and Thorax. The brain is not treated of — for, except in a few strictly surgical instances, the unyielding parietes of the skull will admit of no diagnosis deduced from their examination.

In the discussion of the subject thus narrowed, Dr. Haxall has commented upon the physical signs which (assisted as they always are by functional symptoms) lead to the detection of the diseases of the liver, the spleen, the uterus, the ovary, the kidney, the bladder, the stomach, and the intestines — of Typhoid or Typhus Fever — of Inflammation of the Peritoneum — of Pleura, Pleura-pneumonia, Hydrothorax, Pneumothorax, Catarrh, Emphysema, Asthma, Dilatation of the Bronchia, Pneumonia, Pulmonary Apoplexy, and Phthisis, — of Pericarditis, Hypertrophy of the Heart, Dilatation of that organ, and lastly, of Aneurism of the Aorta.

The most important and altogether the most original portion of the Essay, is that relating to the fever called Typhoid.
The pathology of fever in general has been at all times a fruitful subject of discussion. Solidists, humorists, and advocates of the idiopathic doctrine, have each their disciples among the medical profession. Dr. H. advocates no theory in especial, but in regard to typhus fever agrees with M. Louis in supposing the true lesion of the disease to reside in an organic alteration of the glands of Peyer. He denies consequently that bilious fever, pneumonia, dysentery, or indeed any other malady, assumes, at any stage, what can be properly called a "typhoid" character, unless the word "typhoid" be regarded as expressive of mere debility. The chief diagnostic signs he maintains to be physical, but enters into a minute account of all the symptoms of the disorder. The Essay is embraced in a pamphlet, beautifully printed, of 108 pages.

A New and Compendious Latin Grammar; with Appropriate Exercises, Analytical and Synthetic. For the Use of Primary Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Baynard R. Hall, A.M. Principal of the Bedford Classical and Mathematical Academy, and Formerly Professor of the Ancient Languages in the College of Indiana. Philadelphia: Harrison Hall.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

The excellences of this grammar have been so well proved, and the work itself so heartily recommended by some of the first scholars in our country that, at
this late day especially, we feel called upon to say but little in its behalf. But that little we can say conscientiously. It appears to us at least as well adapted to its purposes as any Latin Grammar within our knowledge. In some respects it has merits to be met with in no other. It is free from every species of empiricism, and, following the good old track as far as that track can be judiciously followed, admits of no royal road to the acquisition of Latin. The arrangement is lucid and succinct — yet the work embodies a vast deal of matter which could have been obtained only through reference to many of the most elaborate treatises of Europe. In its analysis of idiom it excels any similar book now in common use — an advantage of the highest importance. The size of the work is moderate, yet nothing of consequence to the student is omitted. The definitions are remarkably concise — yet sufficiently full for any practical purpose. The prosodial rules at the beginning are easily comprehended, and thus placed, are easily applied in the further progress of the scholar. A great many useless things to be found in a majority of grammars are judiciously discarded, and lastly, the analytical and synthetical exercises are admirably suited to the illustration of the principles inculcated. Upon the whole, were we a teacher, we would prefer its use to that of any other Latin Grammar whatever.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

As a novelist, Mr. James has never, certainly, been popular — nor has he, we think, deserved popularity. Neither do we mean to imply that with “the few” he has been held in very lofty estimation. He has fallen apparently, upon that unlucky mediocrity permitted neither by Gods nor columns. His historical novels have been of a questionable character — neither veritable history, nor endurable romance — neither “fish, flesh, nor gude red herring.” He has been lauded, it is true, by a great variety of journals, and in many instances mentioned with approbation by men whose critical opinions (could we fully ascertain them) would be entitled to the highest consideration. It is not, however, by the amount, so readily as by the nature or character of such public compliments, that we can estimate their intrinsic value, or that of the object complimented. No man speaks of James, as he speaks, (and cannot help speaking) of Scott, of Bulwer, of D’Israeli, and of numerous lesser minds than these — and all inferior to James, if we hearken to the body rather than to the soul of the testimonies offered hourly by the public press. The author of “Richelieu” and “Darnley” is lauded, by a great majority of those who laud him, from mere motives of duty, not of inclination — duty erroneously conceived. He is looked upon as the head and representative of those novelists
who, in historical romance, attempt to blend interest with instruction. His sentiments are found to be pure — his morals unquestionable, and pointedly shown forth — his language indisputably correct. And for all this, praise, assuredly, but then only a certain degree of praise, should be awarded him. To be pure in his expressed opinions is a duty; and were his language as correct as any spoken, he would speak only as every gentleman should speak. In regard to his historical information, were it much more accurate, and twice as extensive as, from any visible indications, we have reason to believe it, it should still be remembered that similar attainments are possessed by many thousands of well-educated men of all countries, who look upon their knowledge with no more than ordinary complacency; and that a far, very far higher reach of erudition is within the grasp of any general reader having access to the great libraries of Paris or the Vatican. Something more than we have mentioned is necessary to place our author upon a level with the best of the English novelists—for here his admirers would desire us to place him. Had Sir Walter Scott never existed, and Waverley never been written, we would not, of course, award Mr. J. the merit of being the first to blend history, even successfully, with fiction. But as an indifferent imitator of the Scotch novelist in this respect, it is unnecessary to speak of the author of "Richelieu" any farther. To genius of any kind, it seems to us, that he has little pretension. In the solemn tranquility of his pages we seldom stumble across a novel emotion and if any matter of deep interest arises in the path, we are pretty sure to find it an interest appertaining to some historical fact equally vivid or more so in the original chronicles.
Of the volumes now before us we are enabled to speak more favorably—yet not in a tone of high commendation. The book might more properly be called "Notices of the Times of Richelieu," &c. Of course, in so small a compass, nothing like a minute account of the life and varied intrigues of even Mazarin alone, could be expected. What is done, however, is done with more than the author's usual ability, and with much more than his customary spirit. In the Life of Axel, Count Oxenstiern, there is, we believe, a great deal of information not to be met with in the more accessible historians of Sweden.

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Skimmings; or A Winter at Schloss Hainfeld in Lower Styria. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, F.R.S. Philadelphia: Republished by Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

"Skimmings," we apprehend, is hardly better, as a title than "Pencillings" or "Inklings"—yet Captain Hall has prefixed this little piece of affectation to some pages of interest. His book, we are informed in the Preface, is intended as a pioneer to a work of larger dimensions, and consisting of passages from journals written during three different excursions to the Continent. The specimen now given us is principally valuable as treating of a region but little known, or at least very partially described.

Towards the close of April 1834, the Captain, accompanied by his wife and family, being on his way
from Rome to Naples, received an invitation from a certain Countess Purgstall to visit her castle or Schloss of Hainsfeld near Gratz in Lower Styria. The Countess, whose name and existence were equally unknown to our travellers, was found to be an elderly Scotch lady, who forty years before having married an Austrian nobleman, went with him to Germany, and never returned to Scotland. She claimed moreover to be an early friend of Sir James Hall, the captain's father. Induced by the knowledge of this fact, by the earnest manner in which the old lady urged her invitation, and more especially by a desire of seeing Lower Styria, our author paid her a visit in October, taking the homeward route through that country instead of following the usual track of English travellers through the Tyrol.

The Countess Purgstall is a character in whom the reader finds himself insensibly interested. Her maiden name was Jane Anne Cranstoun. She was the sister of Lord Corehouse, and of Mrs. Dugald Stuart—moreover our travellers find her a most agreeable companion and hostess, and discover beyond a doubt that from herself Sir Walter Scott depicted Di Vernon, the most original and spirited of his female paintings. It is, consequently, almost needless to say that in early youth the Countess was a votary of the gay world; and the circumstances under which she was so solicitous for a visit from the son of her old friend, were the more touching on this account. Her only son, a boy of premature talent, having died, she had given herself up to grief; and for three years she had been confined to bed. Captain Hall and his family remained with her, at her urgent desire, until her decease, which took place the 23d of March, within a day of the period long before designated by herself for that event.
Besides the variety of singular anecdotes respecting the Countess and her household, the volume is enriched with many curious stories, scandalous, legendary, or superstitious. In a chapter entitled "The Neighbors," we have the Austrian nobility at their country residences strikingly contrasted with the English noblesse. Here is an account of a dinner given the Captain at the castle of an Hungarian nobleman, near the village of St. Gothard.

At chapter X, we were somewhat astonished at meeting with an old friend, in the shape of the verses beginning "My Life is like the Summer Rose." These lines are thus introduced. "One day, when I entered the Countess' room, I observed that she had been writing; but on my sitting down by her bedside, she sent away the apparatus, retaining only one sheet of paper, which she held up and said—'You have written your life; here is mine,' and she put into my hands the following copy of verses, by whom written she would not tell me. Probably they are by herself, for they are certainly exactly such as suited her cast of thought.'"

Here it certainly appears that the Countess desired the Captain to think them her composition. Surely these stanzas have had a singular notoriety, and many claimants!

It appears very clearly from the relation of Captain Hall and from a letter of Lockhart's, published in the volume before us, that the Countess Purgstall (Miss Cranstoun) had no little influence in the formation of the literary character of Sir Walter Scott. In his youth, the great novelist, then comparatively unknown, was received on friendly terms by the family of Dugald Stuart, of
which Miss Cranstoun, the elder sister of Mrs. Stuart, was a member. This intimacy, we are told, led Sir Walter frequently to consult Miss C. in regard to his literary productions, and we should infer that the sagacity of the young lady readily appreciated the great merit of her protégé. On this head an anecdote of deep interest is related. Bürger's poem "Lenore" was received in Scotland about 1793, and a translation of it read by Mrs. Barbauld, at the house of Dugald Stuart. Miss Cranstoun's description of the poem and its effect, took possession of the mind of Sir Walter, and, having with great effort studied the lines in the original, he at length completed himself a poetical translation, and Miss Cranstoun, very much to her astonishment, was aroused one morning at half past six o'clock, to listen to its recital by the translator in person. Of course she gave it all attention, and begged permission to retain the MS. for a few days to look it over at leisure. To this the poet consented—adding that she had as well keep it until his return from the country, whither he was about to proceed on a visit. Of this intended visit, it seems the critic was aware. As soon as Sir Walter had gone, she sent for their common friend Mr. Erskine, afterward Lord Kinneder, and confided to him a scheme for having the MS. printed. An arrangement was made with Mr. Robert Miller the bookseller, by which a small edition of "Lenore" was to be hastily thrown off, one copy to be done on the finest paper and superbly bound. Mr. Miller had the book soon ready, and despatched it to the address of "Mr. Scott," so as to arrive when the company were assembled round the tea-table after dinner. Much curiosity was expressed by all—not forgetting Miss C—to ascertain the contents of so
beautiful a little volume. The envelope was at length
torn off by the astonished author, who, for the first
time, thus saw himself in print, and who, "all uncon-
scious of the glories which awaited him, had possibly
never dreamed of appearing in such a dress." He was
now called upon to read the poem—and the effect
upon the company is said to have been electrical.
These reminiscences of Sir Walter form, possibly, the
most interesting portions of Schloss Hainfeld. The
entire volume, however, has many charms of matter,
and more especially of manner. Captain Hall is no
ordinary writer. This justice must be done him.

Posthumous Memoirs of his Own Time. By Sir
N. W. Wraxall, Bart. Author of "Memoirs
of My Own Time." Philadelphia: Republished
by Carey, Lea, & Blanchard.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

The "Memoirs of My Own Times" were pub-
lished in 1815. They excited the greatest commo-
tion; and if we are to believe the Baronet, no literary
work ever procured for its author "a more numerous
list of powerful and inveterate enemies." The queen,
the regent, and the princesses of the royal family dis-
liked the portrait drawn of George the Third, which
every reasonable person will allow to be by no means a
caricature. They disapproved too, of the somewhat
free comments on the peace of 1763, and were highly
incensed at certain personal disclosures in regard to the
king. The first Lord of the Treasury, son of Charles
Jenkinson, was offended at the "just and impartial" character given his father. The partisans, respectively, of Pitt and Fox, arose in arms at what they considered the gross abuse of their leaders. The relatives of Lord North were enraged at the account of his junction with Fox in 1783, notwithstanding the Baronet himself considers that "he had done justice to that most accomplished and amiable nobleman." But this was not all. The Earl of Bute would not be appeased. The Marquis of Lansdowne spoke of a prosecution in the court of King's Bench on account of the reflections (unavoidable, we are told) made on the resignation of the Earl of Shelburne. The "Quarterly Review" in an article written, we are assured, by "men" in official situations held the "Memoirs" up to general reprobation as an "imbecile and immoral work," while the "Edinburgh" joined in the hue and cry with still greater virulence, and even more disgusting personal abuse. Lastly, and much more than all to the purpose, Count Woronzow, in consequence of the mention made of him by the Baronet, in his relation of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Princess Royal to the late Duke of Wurtemberg, instituted a prosecution, in order to vindicate his own official diplomatic conduct. Garrow, the Attorney-General, was retained for the prosecution, and it is to be observed that, passing over in few words the particular passage for which the suit was commenced, he dwelt with the greatest severity against the "Memoirs" at large. The disposition of the government towards the defendant may, however, be fully estimated by the fact, that although the court repeatedly disclaimed having authorized the Attorney-General to call for a vindictive judgment, declaring his sole object to be the
clearing up of his own character; and although the Baronet, for an offence which he declared to be unintentional, made at once the most ample, prompt and public apology, still the vindictive judgment of six months imprisonment, and a fine of five hundred pounds, was ordered into execution, a part of the imprisonment actually carried into effect, and the fine remitted only through the most energetic and persevering exertions of Woronzow himself. "Such," says the author of the Memoirs, "was the combination of assailants which my inflexible regard to truth assembled from the most opposite quarters." These clamors and difficulties, however, he considered as more than sufficiently counterbalanced by the testimony, now first communicated to the world, of the late Sir George Osborn—a testimony indeed which should be considered of authority. This gentleman, a near relative of Lord North's, was of ancient descent, high character, and large property; and from 1775, until the king's final loss of reason, was one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. In a letter to the Baronet shortly after his commitment to the King's Bench, he thus writes: "I have your first here, and have perused it again with much attention. I pledge my name that I personally know nine parts out of ten of your anecdotes to be perfectly correct. You are imprisoned for giving to future ages a perfect picture of our time, and as interesting as Clarendon." For ourselves, we had as soon depend upon the character here given of the "Memoirs" as upon that more highly colored portrait of them painted by the Attorney-General.

Thus persecuted, the Baronet took a lesson from experience, and declined to publish the work now before us during his life-time. He adopted also the
necessary measures to guard against its issue during the life-time of George the Fourth. In so doing, he has, of course, secured his own personal convenience, but the delay has deprived his reminiscences of that cotemporary interest which is the chief seasoning of all similar works. Still the Baronet's pages will excite no ordinary attention, and will be read with unusual profit and pleasure. The book may be regarded as a series of parliamentary sketches, in which are introduced, at random, a thousand other subjects either connected or unconnected with the debates—such as historical notices of the measures introduced,—personal anecdotes and delineations of the speakers—political facts and inferences—attempts at explaining the hidden motives of ministers or their agents—rumors of the day—and remarks upon public events or characters abroad. The Baronet is sadly given to scandal, and is peculiarly piquant in the indulgence of his propensity. At the same time there should be no doubt (for there assuredly is no reason for doubting) that he is fully in earnest in every word he says, and implicitly relies on the truth of his own narrative. The lighter portions of his book, therefore have all the merit of vraisemblance, as well as of haut goût. His style is occasionally very minute and prosy—but not when he has a subject to his fancy. He is then a brilliant and vivid writer, as he is at all times a sagacious one. He has a happy manner, when warmed with an important idea, of presenting only its characteristic features to the view—leaving in a proper shadow points of minor effect. The reader is thus frequently astonished at finding himself fully possessed of a subject about which very little has been said.

Among the chief characters that figure in the "Me-
moirs," and concerning each of whom the Baronet has a world of pithy anecdote, we note Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Louis the Sixteenth, George the Third, the Queen and royal family, Sir James Lowther, Lord Chesterfield, the late Marquis of Abercorn (John James Hamilton,) Lady Payne (Mademoiselle de Kelbel,) Lord North, Sir Philip Francis the reputed author of Junius, Sir William Draper the defeated antagonist of that writer, George Rose, (the indefatigable and faithful factotum of Pitt,) the Duke of Queensbury, Harry Dundas, Hastings with his agent Major Scott, Lord Eldon, Grey, Sidmouth, Thurlow, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Liverpool, Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, and (we should not have forgotten him) the late dirty Duke of Norfolk, then Earl of Surrey. Of this illustrious personage a laughable account is given. On one occasion — at a great whig dinner at the Crown and Anchor, (in February 1798, while all England was threatened with revolution, and when Ireland was on the brink of open rebellion,) his Grace, inspired as usual with wine, was fool enough to drink "The sovereign majesty of the people." "Assuredly," says the Baronet drolly enough, "it was not in the 'Bill of Rights,' nor in the principles on which reposes the revolution of 1688, that the Duke could discover any mention of such an attribute of the people. Their liberties and franchises are there enumerated; but their majesty was neither recognized or imagined by those persons who were foremost in expelling James the Second." His Grace accompanied the toast with some pithy observations relating to "the two thousand persons who, under General Washington, first procured reform and liberty for the thirteen American colonies." Of course it is not
very singular that his remarks were considered as savoring of sedition. Growing sober, next morning, he became apprehensive of having proceeded too far. Accordingly, a day or two afterwards, hearing that his words had excited much wrath at St. James's, he waited on the Duke of York with an excuse and an apology, concluding with a request that, in the event of invasion, his regiment of militia might be assigned the post of duty. His Royal Highness listened to him with much attention, and assured him that his desire should be made known to the king — breaking off the conversation abruptly, however, with "Apropos my lord, have you seen Blue-Beard?" (the popular pantomine of the day.) In two days after this interview the "dirty Duke" received his dismissal both from the lord-lieutenancy and from his regiment.

There are several connected narrations of some length and great interest in the volume before us. One of these concerns the noted Westminster election, when the charms and address of the Duchess of Devonshire aided Fox so largely in defeating the governmental influence — another the accusations of Hastings and Impey — another the debates on the Regency Bill. The "Diamond Necklace" affair, in which Madame de la Motte performed so important a part, is related clearly and pointedly, but with some little diffuseness. We abridge the Baronet's account of this extraordinary matter.

Prince Louis de Rohan, second brother of the Duke de Montbazon, was fifty-one years of age at the epoch in question. He was a prelate of elegant manners, of restless ambition, and of talents, although ill-regulated. It appears that he was credulous and easily duped by the designing. Previous to his attainment of the epis-
copal dignity, and while only coadjutor of Strasburg, he had been employed in diplomacy, and acted, during a considerable time, as Ambassador from the Court of France at Vienna, in the reign of Maria Theresa. Returning home, he attempted to reach the ministerial situation left vacant by Maurepas. But Louis the Sixteenth had imbibed strong prejudices against him, and the queen held him in still greater aversion. Yet he was resolutely bent upon acquiring her favor, and indeed entertained, it seems, the hope of rendering himself personally acceptable to her. At this time she was very beautiful, loved admiration, was accessible to flattery, and not yet thirty years of age.

Among the numerous individuals who then frequented Versailles with the view of advancing their fortune, was Mademoiselle de la Valois. She became an object of royal notice, through the accidental discovery of her descent from Henry the Second, by one of his mistresses, St. Renny, a Piedmontese lady of noble birth. A small pension was bestowed on her, and she soon afterwards married a gentleman of the name of La Motte, one of the Count de Provence's body guards. His duties retaining him at Versailles near the person of the Count, Madame de la Motte became well known to the Cardinal de Rohan, whose character she appears to have studied with great attention. She herself was totally devoid of moral principle, and her habits of expense induced her to resort to the most desperate expedients for recruiting her finances. About this time, one Boehmer, a German jeweller well known at the court of France, had in possession a most costly diamond necklace, valued at near seventy thousand pounds sterling, and obtained permission to exhibit it to her majesty. The queen,
however, declined buying it. Madame de la Motte receiving information of the fact, resolved to fabricate a letter from the queen to herself authorizing her to make the purchase. In this letter Marie Antoinette was made to express a determination of taking the necklace at a certain indicated price — under the positive reserve, however, that the matter should remain a profound secret, and that Boehmer would agree to receive his payment by instalments, in notes under her own hand, drawn on her treasurer at stipulated periods.

Furnished with this authority, Madame de la Motte repaired to the Cardinal de Rohan. Submitting to him, as if in confidence, the queen’s pretended letter, she dwelt on the excellent opportunity which then presented itself to him, of acquiring her majesty’s favor. She urged him to see Boehmer, and to assure him of the queen’s desire — the proof of which lay before him. The Cardinal, however credulous, refused to embark in the affair, without receiving from Marie’s own mouth the requisite authority. Madame de la Motte had foreseen this impediment and already provided against it. There lived at that time in Paris an actress, one Mademoiselle D’Oliva, who in her figure bore great resemblance to the queen. This lady they bribed to personate her majesty — asserting that a frolic only was intended.

Matters being thus arranged, Madame de la Motte acquainted the Cardinal that Marie Antoinette felt the propriety of his eminence’s scruples, and with a view of removing them, and at the same time of testifying her sense of his services, had resolved to grant him an interview in the garden of Versailles — but that certain precautions must be adopted lest the transaction should come to the knowledge of the king. With this end
the Cardinal was told her majesty had fixed upon a retired and shady spot, to which she could repair muffled up in such a manner as to elude notice. "The interview," Madame de la Motte added, "must be very short, and the queen resolutely refuses to speak a single word lest she may be overheard." Instead of verbally authorizing De Rohan to pledge her authority to Boehmer, it was therefore settled that she hold in her hand a flower, which, on the Cardinal's approaching her, she would immediately extend to him as a mark of her approval.

This blundering plot, we are told, succeeded. Mademoiselle D'Oliva personated the queen à merveille, and the Cardinal, blinded by love and ambition, was thoroughly duped. Convinced that he had now received an unquestionable assurance of Marie Antoinette's approbation, he no longer hesitated to pledge himself to Boehmer.

A deduction of about eight thousand pounds on the price demanded, having been procured from him, promissory notes for the remainder, exceeding sixty thousand pounds, drawn and signed in the queen's name, payable at various periods by her treasurer, were delivered to the jeweller by Madame de la Motte. She then received from him the necklace. Her husband having obtained leave of absence, under pretence of visiting the place of his nativity, carried off the diamonds, and, arriving safe in London, disposed of some of the finest stones among the dealers of that city. Madame de la Motte herself, we cannot exactly understand why, remained at Paris. The Cardinal, also, continued in unsuspecting security at court. But the day arriving when her majesty's first promissory note became due, the fraud was of course discovered. As
soon as the part which de Rohan had performed in it was fully ascertained, the whole matter was laid by her majesty before the king. Louis, after consulting with some of his ministers, finally determined upon the Cardinal's arrest. "Such an event," says our author, "taking place in the person of a member of the Sacred College, an ecclesiastic of the highest birth and greatest connections, related through the kings of Navarre to the sovereign himself, and grand almoner of France, might well excite universal amazement. Since the arrest of Fouquet, superintendent of the finances, by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1661, no similar act of royal authority had been performed: for we cannot justly compare with it the seizure and imprisonment of the Duke of Maine in 1718, by order of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The Cardinal de Rohan's crime was private and personal, wholly unconnected with the state, though affecting the person and character of the queen. He was conducted to the Bastile, invariably maintaining that he had acted throughout the whole business with the purest intentions; always conceiving that he was authorized by her majesty, and was doing her a pleasure. Madame de la Motte, Mademoiselle D'Oliva, and some other suspected individuals were also conveyed to the same fortress. Notwithstanding the queen's evident innocence in this singular robbery, a numerous class of Parisians either believed or affected to believe her implicated in the guilt of the whole transaction.

This account is followed up by the relation of a private and personal adventure of the Baronet, of the most romantic and altogether extraordinary character. He gives the detailed narrative of a plot, in which he acted a conspicuous part as secret agent, for the restoration of the imprisoned queen Caroline Matilda of
Denmark, and to which George the Third had given his approbation and promised his assistance. Had this revolution been carried into effect it would have brought about the most important changes in the political aspect of the north of Europe. The sudden death of the queen put an end to the attempt, however, just when all preparations were completed, and success was beyond a reasonable doubt. In the spring of 1784, a similar exertion placed the young prince royal, then only sixteen years of age, in possession of the Regency, which his mother's death alone prevented her from attaining in 1775. After the queen's decease, some of her most active friends interested themselves with George the Third to procure the Baronet a proper remuneration for his services. For nearly six years, however, the attempt was unsuccessful. The final result is thus related by the author himself.

... . . . . . . . . . . .

The volume concludes with an appendix embodying a variety of correspondence in relation to this singular matter, under the heading of "Letters and Papers respecting the Queen of Denmark." Altogether, these "Posthumous Memoirs" afford a rich fund of entertainment — and in especial to the lovers of political gossip we most heartily recommend their perusal.
THE SWISS HEIRESS.

THE SWISS HEIRESS; OR THE BRIDE OF DESTINY—A TALE. BALTIMORE: JOSEPH ROBINSON.

[SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, OCTOBER, 1836.]

THE Swiss Heiress should be read by all who have nothing better to do. We are patient, and having gone through the whole book with the most dogged determination, are now enabled to pronounce it one of the most solemn of farces. Let us see if it be not possible to give some idea of the plot. It is in the year 1780, and "the attention of the reader is directed, first, to a Castle whose proud battlements rise amidst the pines and firs of the Swiss mountains, while, at its base, roll the waters of Lake Geneva," and, second, to the sun which is setting somewhat more slowly than usual, because he is "unwilling to terminate the natal day of the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, the wealthy proprietor of Montargis Castle, and its beautiful environs." We are thus left to infer—putting the two sentences and circumstances in apposition—that the Montargis Castle where dwells the young heiress of the Baron de Rheinswald, is neither more nor less than the identical castle "with the proud battlements" et cetera, that "rises amid the pines and firs" and so forth, of the "Swiss Mountains and the Lake of Geneva" and all that. However this may be, the Baron de Rheinswald is a "Catholic of high repute" who "early in life marries a lady of great wealth, a member of his own church, actuated by ambition"—that is to say, there was either something or somebody "actuated by ambition," but we shall not say whether it was a lady or a church. The lady (or perhaps now
the church) "lived but five years after the union, and at her death earnestly and solemnly implored that her only son might be devoted to the priesthood." The lady, or the church (let us reconcile the difficulty by calling the thing "Mother Church") being thus deceased, the bereaved Baron marries a second wife. She, being a protestant however, the high contracting parties sign an instrument by which it is agreed "that the eldest child shall be educated by the mother's direction, a protestant, the second be subject to the father's will and a catholic, and thus alternately with all their children." This, it must be allowed is a contrivance well adapted for effect. Only think of the interesting little creatures all taking it "turn about!" What fights, too, they will have, when breeched, over their prayer-books and bread-and-butter! Our author pauses in horror at anticipated consequences, and takes this excellent opportunity of repeating what "a late writer" (a great friend of his by the bye) says in regard to "chemical combinations" and "opposite properties."

The first child is a son, and called William. The second is a daughter, Miss Laura, our heroine, the "Swiss Heiress," and the "Bride of Destiny." She is the "Swiss Heiress" in virtue of a certain "dispensation from the church of Rome, by which the estates of the Baron were to descend to his catholic child by his second marriage" and she becomes the "Bride of Destiny" because the Baron has very properly selected for her a husband, without consulting her Heiress-ship about the matter. This intended husband is one Count Laniski, young, good-looking, noble, valiant, wise, accomplished, generous, amiable, and possessed of a thousand other good qualities—all of which, of course, are just a thousand better reasons why
the Bride of Destiny, being a heroine, will have nothing to do with him. Accordingly, at eight years old, she grows melancholy and interesting, patronizes the gipsies, curses the Count Laniski, talks about "fate, fore-knowledge, and free-will," and throws aside her bread-and-butter for desperation and a guitar. In spite of all she can do, however, the narrative gets on very slowly, and we are upon the point of throwing the lady (banjo and all) into the street, when the Count himself makes his appearance at the Castle, and thereby frightens her to such a degree that, having delivered a soliloquy, she runs off with her "Brother William" to America.

"Brother William," however, is luckily killed at the siege of Yorktown, and the "Bride of Destiny" herself is recaptured by her family, the whole of whom, having nothing better to do, have set out in pursuit of her — to wit — her half brother Albert, (who is now Baron de Rheinswald, the old Baron being dead) Clermont a croaking old monk, and Madame de Montelieu a croaking old somebody else. These good people, it seems, are still determined that the "Swiss Heiress" shall be the "Bride of Destiny" — that is to say, the bride of the Count Laniski. To make matters doubly sure too on this head, the old Baron has sworn a round oath on his death-bed, leaving the "Swiss Heiress" his "eternal curse" in the event of her disobedience.

Having caught and properly secured the young lady, the new Baron de Rheinswald takes up his residence for a time "on the borders of Vermont and Canada." Some years elapse, and so forth. The "Bride of Destiny" is nearly one and twenty; and the Count Laniski makes his appearance with a view of urging his
claim. The Heiress, we are forced to say, now behaves in a very unbecoming and unaccountable manner. She should have hung herself as the only rational course, and — heigho! — it would have saved us a world of trouble. But, not having forgotten her old bad habits, she persists in talking about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will," and it is not therefore to be wondered at that matters in general assume a truly distressing complexion. Just at this crisis, however, a Mr. Frederick Mortimer makes his interesting début. Never certainly was a more accomplished young man! As becomes a gentleman with such an appellation as Frederick Mortimer, he is more beautiful than Apollo, more sentimental than De Lisle, more distingué than Pelham, and, positively, more mysterious than the "mysterious lady." He sympathizes with the woes of the "Bride of Destiny," looks unutterable threats at the Count Laniski, beats even the "Swiss Heiress" at discoursing of "free will," and the author of the "Swiss Heiress" at quoting paragraphs from a "late writer." The heart of the "Bride of Destiny" is touched — sensibly touched. But Love, in romance, must have impediments, and the Loves of the "Bride of Destiny" and Mr. Frederick Mortimer have two. The first is some inexpressible mystery connected with a certain gold ring, of which the Heiress is especially careful, and the second is that rascally old Baron Rheinswald's "eternal curse." Nothing farther therefore can be done in the premises, but as we have now only reached Chapter the Sixth, and there are to be seventeen chapters in all, it is necessary to do something — and what better can be done than to talk, until Chapter the Fifteenth, about "fate, foreknowledge, and free will?" Only imagine a string of delightful
sentences, such as the following, for the short space of three hundred and ninety-six pages!

We would proceed, but are positively out of patience with the gross stupidity of Mrs. Falkner, who cannot understand what the other ladies and gentlemen are talking about. Now we have no doubt whatever they are discoursing of "fate, foreknowledge, and free will."

About chapter the fifteenth it appears that the Count Laniski is not the Count Laniski at all, but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu, and the son of that old rigmarole, Madam Montelieu, the housekeeper. It now appears, also, that even that Count Laniski whose appearance at Montargis Castle had such effect upon the nerves of our heroine, was not the Count Laniski at all, but only the same Mr. Theodore Montelieu the same son of the same old rigmarole. The true Count, it seems, in his younger days, had as little partiality for the match ordained him by fate and the two fathers, as the very "Bride of Destiny" herself, and, being at college with Mr. Theodore Montelieu at the time appointed for his visit to Montargis Castle, had no scruple in allowing the latter gentleman to personate his Countship in the visit. By these means Mr. M. has an opportunity of seeing his mother, the old rigmarole, who is housekeeper, or something of that kind, at the Castle. The precious couple (that is to say the old rigmarole and her son) now get up a plot, by which it is determined that the son shall personate the Count to the end of the chapter, and so marry the heiress. It is with this end in view, that Mr. Theodore Montelieu is now playing Count at the residence of the Baron in Vermont. Mr. Frederick Mortimer, however, is sadly in his way, and torments the poor
fellow grievously, by grinning at him, and sighing at him, and folding his arms at him, and looking at him asquint, and talking him to death about "fate, and foreknowledge and free will." At last Mr. Mortimer tells the gentleman flatly that he knows very well who he is, leaving it to be inferred that he also knows very well who he is not. Hereupon Mr. Theodore Montelieu calls Mr. Frederick Mortimer a liar, a big liar, or something to that effect, and challenges him to a fight, with a view of either blowing out his already small modicum of brains, or having the exceedingly few blown out, which he himself (Mr. Theodore Montelieu) possesses. Mr. Mortimer, however, being a hero declines fighting, and contents himself, for the present, with looking mysterious.

It will now be seen that matters are coming to a crisis. Mr. Mortimer is obliged to go to Philadelphia; but, lest Mr. Montelieu should whisk off the heiress in his absence, he insists upon that gentleman bearing him company. Having reached, however, the city of brotherly love, the ingenious young man gives his keeper the slip, hurries back to Vermont, and gets everything ready for the wedding. Miss Montargis is very angry and talks about the inexplicable ring, fate, fore-knowledge and free will — but old Clermont, the Baron, and Mr. Montelieu, on the other hand, get in an absolute passion and talk about nothing less than the old Baron Rheinswald and his "eternal curse."

The ceremony therefore proceeds, when just at the most proper moment, and all as it should be, in rushes — Mr. Frederick Mortimer! — It will be seen that he has come back from Philadelphia. He assures the company that the Count Laniski, (that is to say Mr. Theodore Montelieu,) is not the Count Laniski at all,
but only Mr. Theodore Montelieu; and moreover, that he himself (Mr. Frederick Mortimer) is not only Mr. Frederick Mortimer, but the bonâ fide Count Laniski into the bargain. And more than this, it is very clearly explained how Miss Laura Montargis is not by any means Miss Laura Montargis, but only the Baroness de Thionville, and how the Baroness de Thionville is the wife of the Baron de Thionville, and how, after all, the Baron de Thionville, is the Count Laniski, or else Mr. Frederick Mortimer, or else — that is to say — how Mr. Frederick Mortimer is n't altogether the Count Laniski, but — but only the Baron de Thionville, or else the Baroness de Thionville — in short, how everybody concerned in the business is not precisely what he is, and is precisely what he is not. After this horrible development, if we recollect, all the dramatis personæ faint outright, one after the other. The inquisitive reader may be assured, however, that the whole story ends judiciously, and just as it ought to do, and with a very excellent quotation from one of the very best of the "late writers."

Humph! and this is the "Swiss Heiress," to say nothing of the "Bride of Destiny." However — it is a valuable "work" — and now, in the name of "fate, fore-knowledge and free will," we solemnly consign it to the fire.
An Address delivered before the Students of William and Mary at the opening of the College on Monday, October 10, 1836. By Thomas R. Dew, President, and Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy. Published by request of the Students. Richmond: T. W. White.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

Of the talents and great acquirements of Professor Dew it is quite unnecessary to speak. His accession to the Presidency of William and Mary is a source of hearty congratulation with all the real friends of the institution. Already we perceive the influence of his character, and unusual energy, in an increasing attention on the part of the public to the capabilities of this venerable academy — and in a re-assured hope of her ultimate prosperity. Indeed she had never more brilliant prospects than just now, and there can be little doubt that as least as many students as have ever entered, will enter this year. The number has at no time been very great it is true; and yet, in proportion to her alumni, this institution has given to the world more useful men than any other — more truly great statesmen. Perhaps the scenery and recollection of the place, the hospitable population, the political atmosphere, have all conspired to imbue the mind of the student at Williamsburg with a tinge of utilitarianism. Her graduates have always been distinguished by minds well adapted to business, and for the greatest efficiency of character. Some colleges may have equalled her in Physics and Mathematics — indeed we are aware of one institution,
at least, which far surpasses her in these studies — but few can claim a rivalship with her in Moral and Political Science; and it should not be denied that these latter are the subjects which give the greatest finish to the mind, and exalt it to the loftiest elevation. To William and Mary is especially due the high political character of Virginia.

She is the oldest college in the Union save one, and even older than that, if we may date back to the establishment of an academy (one of some note) prior to the erection of the present buildings. Respect for her long and great services, and veneration for her ancient walls, will have weight among the people of Virginia. As efficient an education can now be procured in her lecture-room as elsewhere in the Union. Her discipline is rigid, but relies strongly on the chivalry and honor of the Southern student. We will attempt to convey briefly some idea of the several professorial departments.

The plan embraces a course of general study which may be pursued to great advantage by all, without reference to the nature of the profession contemplated. Besides this the subject of Law is included. In the classical school is a preparatory department for elementary instruction. In the higher branch the attention of the student is confined to Horace, Cicero de Oratore, Terence, Juvenal, Livy and Tacitus; Xenophon’s Anabasis, Aeschylus, Herodotus, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, and Homer. He will be required to read these works with facility, to master portions of history which may be referred to, and to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the whole Philosophy of the Latin and Greek Grammars. For a degree in the classical department it is necessary that the candidate should not
only be a proficient in the studies just mentioned, but that he should obtain a certificate of qualification on the junior mathematical, rhetorical and historical courses. The classical graduate therefore, must be more than a mere Latin and Greek scholar. Besides this degree there are three others—those of A.B., B.L., and A.M. The courses necessary for the degree of A.B. embrace the four great departments of physics, morals, and politics. The degree of B.L. is not conferred for a mere knowledge of Laws. The candidate must have studied, besides the municipal law, the subject of government and national law, together with some exposition of our own system of governments. He must, moreover, have obtained the Baccalaureate honor in this or some other institution, or else have attended a full course of lectures in some one of the scientific departments of William and Mary. The degree of A.M. (the highest honor conferred by the college) requires generally two years additional study after obtaining the bachelor's degree, and in these two years all the studies pursued in the first portion of the collegiate career are amplified—the principles of science are now applied to facts. A school of civil engineering is most properly attached to the institution.

Would our limits permit, we would be proud to make long extracts from the excellent Address now before us. It is, as usual with every thing from the same source, comprehensive and eloquent, and full of every species of encouragement to the searcher after knowledge. We can well imagine the enthusiasm enkindled in the student by sentences such as these—
MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF HER LITERARY CHARACTER FROM HER PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE. BY HENRY F. CHOQUEY. NEW YORK: SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

[Southern Literary Messenger, October, 1836.]

Mr. Chorley is well known to American readers as a contributor to the chief of the London Annuals, and still better as the author of the stirring volumes entitled "Conti, the Discarded, with Other Tales and Fancies." We have long regarded him as one of the most brilliant among the literary stars of England, as a writer of great natural and cultivated taste, and of a refined yet vigorous and lofty imagination. As a musical connoisseur, or rather as profoundly versed in the only true philosophy of the science, he may be considered as unrivalled. There are, moreover, few persons now living upon whose appreciation of a poetical character we would look with a higher respect, and we had consequently promised ourselves no ordinary gratification in his "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans." Nor have we been disappointed.

About fourteen months ago Mr. Chorley collected and published in the London Athenaeum some deeply interesting reminiscences of Mrs. H. of which the volumes now before us are an extension. A variety of materials, afforded him by friends, has enabled him to continue his notices beyond the period of his own personal acquaintance, and, by linking correspondence and anecdote, to trace out, with great facility and beauty, the entire progress of the mind of the poetess. He has exclusively confined himself, however, to this one object,
and refrained from touching upon such occurrences in her private life as were not actually necessary in the illustrations of her mental and literary existence. The "Memorials" therefore, it is right to state, lay no claim to the entire fulness of Biography. The following brief personal notice is to be found in the opening pages:

It must not be supposed from what we say that Mr. Chorley has given us nothing of personal history. The volumes abound delightfully in such anecdotes of the poetess as go to illustrate her literary peculiarities and career. These indeed form the staple of the book, and, in the truly exquisite narration of Mr. Chorley, are moulded into something far more impressive than we can imagine any legitimate biography. We cannot refrain from turning over one by one the pages as we write, and presenting our readers with some mere outlines of the many reminiscences which the author has so beautifully filled up. We shall intersperse them with some of Mr. C.'s observations, and occasionally with our own.

The "stately names of her maternal ancestors" seem to have made an early and strong impression upon the poetess, tinging her mind at once with the spirit of romance. To this fact she would often allude half playfully, half proudly. She was accustomed to say that although the years of childhood are usually happy, her own were too visionary not to form an exception. At the epoch of her death she was meditating a work to be called "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood." — When a child she was exceedingly beautiful: so much so as to attract universal attention. Her complexion was brilliant, her hair long and curling, and of
a bright golden color. In her latter years it deepened into brown, but remained silken, profuse, and wavy to the last. — A lady once remarked in her hearing, "That child is not made for happiness I know; her color comes and goes too fast." This remark our poetess never forgot, and she spoke of it as causing her much pain at the moment. — She took great delight, when young, in reciting aloud poems and fragments of plays. "Douglas" was an especial favorite. The scene of her rehearsals was generally an old, large, and dimly-lighted room, an old nursery, looking upon the sea. Her memory is said to have been almost supernatural. — When she was little more than five years old, her father removed his family from Liverpool to North Wales. This circumstance had great influence upon her imagination. The mansion removed to was old, solitary, and spacious, lying close to the sea shore, and shut in, in front, by a chain of rocky hills. In her last illness she frequently alluded to the atmosphere of romance which invested her here. The house bore the reputation of being haunted. On one occasion, having heard a rumor concerning a "fiery grey hound which kept watch at the end of an avenue," she salied forth at midnight anxious to encounter the goblin. Speaking of this period, she observed, that could she have been then able to foresee the height of reputation to which she subsequently attained, she would have experienced a far higher happiness than the reality ever occasioned. Few in similar circumstances but have thought thus without expressing it. — She was early a reader of Shakspeare, and was soon possessed with a desire of personifying his creations. Imogen and Beatrice were her favorites, neither of which characters, Mr. Chorley remarks, is "without strong points of
resemblance to herself." — A freak usual with her was to arise at night, when the whole family were asleep, and making her way to the sea shore, to indulge in a stolen bath. — She was never at school. "Had she been sent to one," observes Mr. Chorley, "she would more probably have run away." The only things she was ever regularly taught were English Grammar, French, and the rudiments of Latin. Her Latin teacher used to deplore "that she was not a man to have borne away the highest honors at college." — Her attention was first attracted to the literature and chivalry of Spain by the circumstances of a near relation being engaged in the Peninsular war. She shrunk with more than ordinary feminine timidity from bodily pain, refusing even to have her ears pierced for rings, and yet delighted in records of martial glory. One of her favorite ornaments was the Cross of the Legion of Honor, taken on some Spanish battle-field. Campbell's Odes were her delight; the lines, especially,

Now joy, old England! rise
In the triumph of thy might!

Yet she had little taste for mere pageantry. — An unkind review to which her earliest poems gave occasion so preyed upon her mind as to confine her for several days to bed. — During the latter part of her life a gentleman called upon her and thanked her with great earnestness for the serious benefit he had derived from "the Sceptic," which he stated to have been instrumental in rescuing him from gross infidelity. — The first noted literary character with whom she became intimately acquainted, was Bishop Heber, to whom she was introduced in her twenty-fifth year. She confided
her literary plans to him, and always spoke of him with affection. It was at his instigation she first attempted dramatic composition. He was her adviser in the "Vespers of Palermo." This play was brought forward at Covent Garden in December 1823, the principal characters being taken by Young, Charles Kemble, Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly. It was not well received, but the authoress bore her disappointment cheerfully. The drama was afterwards produced with much greater success in Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott wrote an epilogue for it, and from this circumstance arose the subsequent acquaintance between the "Great Unknown" and Mrs. H——. Of Kean, she said that "seeing him act was like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning." — She possessed a fine feeling for music as well as for drawing. — Of the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" she thus expresses a just critical opinion: "The book is certainly full of deep feeling and beautiful language, but there are many passages which, I think, would have been better omitted; and although I can bear as much fictitious woe as other people, I really began to feel it an infliction at last." She compliments Captain Basil Hall's "temperate style of writing." — Speaking of the short descriptive recitative which so frequently introduces a lyrical burst of feeling in the minor pieces of our poetess, Mr. Chorley observes: "This form of composition became so especially popular in America, that hardly a poet has arisen since the influence of Mrs. Hemans' genius made itself felt on the other side of the Atlantic, who has not attempted something of a similar subject and construction." — Among the last strangers who visited her in her illness, were a Jewish gentleman and lady, who entreated ad-
mittance to "the author of the Hebrew Mother."" — "There shall be no more snow," in the "Tyrolese Evening Hymn," seems to have been suggested by Schiller's lines in the Nadowessiche Todtenklage:

Wohl ihm! er ist hingegangen
Wo kein Schnee mehr ist! —

The "Lays of Many Lands," which appeared chiefly in the New Monthly Magazine, were suggested, as she herself owned, by Herder's "Stimmen der Völker in Liedern." She spoke of the German language as "rich and affectionate, in which I take much delight." — She considered "The Forest Sanctuary" as the best of her works: the subject as suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and the poem was written for the most part in — a laundry. These verses are pointed out by Chorley as beautiful, which assuredly they are.

And if she mingled with the festive train
It was but as some melancholy star
Beholds the dance of shepherds on the plain,
In its bright stillness present though afar.

He praises also with great justice the entire episode of "Queen-like Teresa — radiant Inez!" — She was so much excited by the composition of "Mozart's Requiem," that her physician forbade her to write for several weeks afterwards. — She regarded Professor Norton, who undertook the publication of her works (or rather its superintendence) in this country, as one of her firmest friends. A packet with a letter from this gentleman to the poetess containing offers of service, and a self-introduction was lost upon
the Ulverstone sands. They were afterwards discovered drying at an inn fire, and forwarded to their address. With Dr. Channing she frequently corresponded. An offer of a certain and liberal income was made her in the hope of tempting her to take up her residence in Boston and conduct a periodical. — Mr. Chorley draws a fine distinction between Mrs. Hemans and Miss Jewsbury. "The former," he says, "came through Thought to Poetry, the latter through Poetry to Thought." He cites a passage in the "Three Histories" of Miss Jewsbury, as descriptive of the personal appearance of Mrs. H. at the period of his first acquaintance with her. It is the portrait of Egeria, and will be remembered by most of our readers. It ends thus: "She was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman — the Italy of human beings." — Retzsch and Flaxman were Mrs. H.'s favorites among modern artists. She was especially pleased with the group in the Outlines to Hamlet — of Laertes and Hamlet struggling over the corpse of Ophelia. — In 1828 she finally established herself at Wavertree. "Her house here," says our author, "was too small to deserve the name; the third of a cluster or row close to a dusty road, and yet too townish in its appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within doors was gloomy and comfortless, for its two parlors (one with a tiny book-room opening from it) were hardly larger than closets; but with her harp and her books, and the flowers with which she loved to fill her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance." — Some odd examples are given of the ridiculous and hyperbolical compliments paid the poetess, e. g. "I have heard her requested to read aloud that 'the visitor might
carry away an impression of the sweetness of her tones.’” “I have been present when another eccentric guest, upon her characterizing some favorite poem as happily as was her wont, clapped her hands as at a theatre, and exclaimed, ‘O Mrs. Hemans! do say that again, that I may put it down and remember it.’” —Among Spanish authors Mrs. H. admired Herrera, and Luis Ponce de Leon. The lyrics in Gil Polo’s Diana were favorites with her. Bürger’s Lenore (concerning which and Sir Walter Scott see an anecdote in our notice, this month, of Schloss Hainsfeld) she was never tired of hearing, “for the sake of its wonderful rhythm and energy.” In the power of producing awe, however, she gave the preference to the Ancient Mariner. She liked the writings of Novalis and Tieck. Possibly she did not love Goethe so well as Schiller. She delighted in Herder’s translation of the Cid Romances, and took pleasure in some of the poems of A. W. Schlegel. Grillparzer and Oehlenschläger were favorites among the minor German tragedians. Shelley’s “Ode to the West Wind” pleased her. In her copy of Corinne the following passage was underscored, and the words “C’est moi!” written in the margin. “De toutes mes facultés la plus puissante est la faculté de souffrir. Je suis née pour le bonheur. Mon caractère est confiant, mon imagination est animée; mais la peine excite en moi je ne sais quelle impétuosité qui peut troubler ma raison, ou me donner de la mort. Je vous le répète encore, menagez-moi; la gaîté, la mobilité me servez qu’en apparence; mais il y a dans mon âme des abymes de tristesse dont je ne pouvais me défendre qu’en me préservant de l’amour.” —In the summer of 1829 Mrs. H. visited Scotland, and became acquainted with Sir
Walter Scott. One anecdote told by her of the novelist is highly piquant and characteristic of both. "Well—we had reached a rustic seat in the wood, and were to rest there—but I, out of pure perverseness, chose to establish myself comfortably on a grass bank. 'Would it not be more prudent for you, Mrs. Hemans,' said Sir Walter, 'to take the seat?' 'I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter, but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass.' 'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me, 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a wicked wilfulness, because all my good advisers say it will give me the rheumatism.' "—Speaking of Martin's picture of Nineveh Mrs. H. says: "It seems to me that something more of gloomy grandeur might have been thrown about the funeral pyre; that it should have looked more like a thing apart, almost suggesting of itself the idea of an awful sacrifice." She agrees with Wordsworth, that Burns' "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled" is "wretched stuff." She justly despised all allegorical personifications. Among the books which she chiefly admired in her later days, are the Discourses of Bishop Hall, Bishop Leighton, and Jeremy Taylor; the "Natural History of Enthusiasm;" Mrs. Austin's Translations and Criticisms; Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women;" Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;" Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," and Miss Mitford's Sketches. The Scriptures were her daily study. —Wordsworth was then her favorite poet. Of Miss Kemble's "Francis" she thus speaks. "Have you not been disappointed in Miss Kemble's tragedy? To me there seems a coarseness of idea and expression in many parts, which from a woman is absolutely startling. I can scarcely think it has sus-
tain power to bear itself up at its present height of popularity."

We take from Volume 1, the following passage in regard to Schiller's "Don Carlos," a comparison of which drama with the "Filippo" of Alfieri, will be found in this number of the Messenger. The words we copy are those of Mrs. Hemans.

... ...

In perusing these volumes the reader will not fail to be struck with the evidence they contain of a more than ordinary joyousness of temperament in Mrs. Hemans. He will be astonished also in finding himself able to say that he has at length seen a book, dealing much in strictly personal memoirs, wherein no shadow of vanity or affectation could be discerned in either the Memorialist or his subject. In concluding this notice we must not forget to impress upon our friends that we have been speaking altogether of the work issued by Saunders and Otley, publishers of the highest respectability, who have come among us as strangers, and who, as such, have an undeniable claim upon our courtesy. Their edition is embellished with two fine engravings, one of the poetess's favorite residence in Wales, the other of the poetess herself. We shall beg our friends also to remember that this edition, and this exclusively, is printed for the benefit of the children of Mrs. Hemans. To Southerners, at least, we feel that nothing farther need be said.
In our June "Messenger," we spoke at some length of the "Watkins Tottle and other Papers," by "Boz." We then expressed a high opinion of the comic power, and of the rich imaginative conception of Mr. Dickens — an opinion which the "Pickwick Club" has fully sustained. The author possesses nearly every desirable quality in a writer of fiction, and has withheld a thousand negative virtues. In his delineation of Cockney life he is rivalled only by the author of "Peter Snook," — while in efforts of a far loftier and more difficult nature, he has greatly surpassed the best of the brief tragic pieces of Bulwer, or of Warren. Just now, however, we can only express our opinion that his general powers as a prose writer are equalled by few. The work is to be continued, and hereafter we may give at some length the considerations which have led us to this belief. From the volume before us we quote the concluding portion of a vigorous sketch, entitled "A Madman's MS." The writer is supposed to be an hereditary madman, and to have labored under the disease for many years, but to have been conscious of his condition, and thus, by a strong effort of the will, to have preserved his secret from the eye of even his most intimate friends.

[Southern Literary Messenger, November, 1836.]

Having reason to be well aware of Mr. Lee's oratorical powers, we were not altogether at liberty to imagine his Address, merely from the deep attention with which, we are told, its delivery was received, the impassioned and scholar-like performance we now find it upon perusal. Few similar things indeed have afforded us any similar pleasure. We have no intention, however, of speaking more fully, at this late day, of an Address whose effect must have depended so largely upon anniversary recollections. We allude to it now with the sole purpose of recording, in brief, our opinion of its merits, and of quoting one of its passages without comment.

[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1837.]

Mr. Irving's acquaintance at Montreal, many years since, with some of the principal partners of the great North-West Fur Company, was the means of interesting him deeply in the varied concerns of trappers, hunters, and Indians, and in all the adventurous details connected with the commerce in pelttries. Not long after his return from his late tour to the Prairies, he held a conversation with his friend, Mr. John Jacob Astor, of New York, in relation to an enterprize set on foot, and conducted by that gentleman, about the year 1812, — an enterprize having for its object a participation, on the most extensive scale, in the fur trade carried on with the Indians in all the western and northwestern regions of North America. Finding Mr. I. fully alive to the exciting interest of this subject, Mr. Astor was induced to express a regret that the true nature and extent of the enterprize, together with its great national character and importance, had never been generally comprehended; and a wish that Mr. Irving would undertake to give an account of it. To this he consented. All the papers relative to the matter were submitted to his inspection; and the volumes now before us (two well-sized octavos) are the result. The work has been accomplished in a masterly manner — the modesty of the title affording no indication of the
fulness, comprehensiveness, and beauty, with which a long and entangled series of detail, collected, necessarily, from a mass of vague and imperfect data, has been wrought into completeness and unity.

Supposing our readers acquainted with the main features of the original fur trade in America, we shall not follow Mr. Irving in his vivid account of the primitive French Canadian Merchant, his jovial establishments and dependents — of the licensed traders, missionaries, voyageurs, and coureurs des bois — of the British Canadian Fur Merchant — of the rise of the great Company of the "North-West," its constitution and internal trade; its parliamentary hall and banquetting room; its boating, its hunting, its wassailings, and other magnificent feudal doings in the wilderness. It was the British Mackinaw Company, we presume, — (a Company established in rivalry of the "North-West,"') the scene of whose main operations first aroused the attention of our government. Its chief factory was established at Michilimackinac, and sent forth its pirogues, by Green Bay, Fox River, and the Wisconsin, to the Mississippi, and thence to all its tributary streams — in this way hoping to monopolize the trade with all the Indian tribes on the southern and western waters of our own territory, as the "North-West" had monopolized it along the waters of the North. Of course we now began to view with a jealous eye, and to make exertions for counteracting the influence hourly acquired over our own aborigines by these immense combinations of foreigners. In 1796, the United States sent out agents to establish rival trading houses on the frontier, and thus, by supplying the wants of the Indians, to link their interests with ours, and to divert the trade, if possible, into national
channels. The enterprize failed — being, we suppose, inefficiently conducted and supported; and the design was never afterwards attempted until by the individual means and energy of Mr. Astor.

John Jacob Astor was born in Waldorf, a German village, near Heidelberg, on the banks of the Rhine. While yet a youth, he foresaw that he would arrive at great wealth, and, leaving home, took his way, alone, to London, where he found himself at the close of the American Revolution. An elder brother being in the United States, he followed him there. In January, 1784, he arrived in Hampton Roads, with some little merchandize suited to the American market. On the passage he had become acquainted with a countryman of his, a furrier, from whom he derived much information in regard to furs, and the manner of conducting the trade. Subsequently he accompanied this gentleman to New York, and, by his advice, invested the proceeds of his merchandize in peltries. With these he sailed to London, and having disposed of his adventure advantageously, he returned the same year (1784) to New York, with a view of settling in the United States, and prosecuting the business thus commenced. Mr. Astor’s beginnings in this way were necessarily small—but his perseverance was indomitable, his integrity unimpeachable, and his economy of the most rigid kind. "To these," says Mr. Irving, "were added an aspiring spirit, that always looked upward; a genius bold, fertile, and expansive; a sagacity quick to grasp and convert every circumstance to its advantage, and a singular and never wavering confidence of signal success." These opinions are more than re-echoed by the whole crowd of Mr. Astor’s numerous acquaintances and friends, and are most
strongly insisted upon by those who have the pleasure of knowing him best.

In the United States, the fur trade was not yet sufficiently organized to form a regular line of business. Mr. A. made annual visits to Montreal for the purpose of buying peltries; and, as no direct trade was permitted from Canada to any country but England, he shipped them, when bought, immediately to London. This difficulty being removed, however, by the treaty of 1795, he made a contract for furs with the North-West Company, and imported them from Montreal into the United States—thence shipping a portion to different parts of Europe, as well as to the principal market in China.

By the treaty just spoken of, the British possessions on our side of the Lakes were given up, and an opening made for the American fur-trader on the confines of Canada, and within the territories of the United States. Here, Mr. Astor, about the year 1807, ventured largely on his own account; his increased capital now placing him among the chief of American merchants. The influence of the Mackinaw Company, however, proved too much for him, and he was induced to consider the means of entering into successful competition. He was aware of the wish of the Government to concentrate the fur-trade within its boundaries in the hands of its own citizens; and he now offered, if national aid or protection should be afforded, "to turn the whole of the trade into American channels." He was invited to unfold his plans, and they were warmly approved, but, we believe, little more. The countenance of the Government was nevertheless of much importance, and, in 1809, he procured from the legislature of New York, a charter,
incorporating a Company, under the name of the "American Fur Company," with a capital of one million of dollars, and the privilege of increasing it to two. He himself constituted the Company, and furnished the capital. The board of directors was merely nominal, and the whole business was conducted with his own resources, and according to his own will.

We here pass over Mr. Irving's lucid, although brief account of the fur-trade in the Pacific, of Russian and American enterprize on the North-western coast, and of the discovery by Captain Gray, in 1792, of the mouth of the river Columbia. He proceeds to speak of Captain Jonathan Carver, of the British provincial army. In 1763, shortly after the acquisition of the Canadas by Great Britain, this gentleman projected a journey across the continent, between the forty-third and forty-sixth degrees of northern latitude, to the shores of the Pacific. His objects were "to ascertain the breadth of the continent at its broadest part, and to determine on some place on the shores of the Pacific, where Government might establish a post to facilitate the discovery of a north-west passage, or a communication between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean." He failed twice in individual attempts to accomplish this journey. In 1774, Richard Whitworth, a member of Parliament, came into this scheme of Captain Carver's. These two gentlemen determined to take with them fifty or sixty men, artificers and mariners, to proceed up one of the branches of the Missouri, find the source of the Oregon, (the Columbia,) and sail down the river to its mouth. Here a fort was to be erected, and the vessels built necessary to carry into execution their purposed discoveries by sea. The British Government sanctioned the plan, and
every thing was ready for the undertaking, when the American Revolution prevented it.

The expedition of Sir Alexander Mackenzie is well known. In 1793, he crossed the continent, and reached the Pacific Ocean in latitude 52° 20' 48". In latitude 52° 30' he partially descended a river flowing to the South, and which he erroneously supposed to be the Columbia. Some years afterwards he published an account of his journey, and suggested the policy of opening an intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and forming regular establishments "through the interior and at both extremes, as well as along the coasts and islands." Thus, he thought, the entire command of the fur trade of North America might be obtained from latitude 48° north to the pole, excepting that portion held by the Russians. As to the "American adventurers" along the coast, he spoke of them as entitled to but little consideration. "They would instantly disappear," he said, "before a well regulated trade." Owing to the jealousy existing between the Hudson's Bay and North-west Company, this idea of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's was never carried into execution.

The successful attempt of Messieurs Lewis and Clarke was accomplished, it will be remembered, in 1804. Their course was that proposed by Captain Carver in 1774. They passed up the Missouri to its head waters, crossed the Rocky Mountains, discovered the source of the Columbia, and followed that river down to its mouth. Here they spent the winter, and retraced their steps in the spring. Their reports declared it practicable to establish a line of communication across the continent, and first inspired Mr. Astor with the design of "grasping with his individual hands this
great enterprize, which, for years, had been dubiously yet desirously contemplated by powerful associations and maternal governments."

His scheme was gradually matured. Its main features were as follows. A line of trading posts was to be established along the Missouri and Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded the chief mart. On all the tributary streams throughout this immense route were to be situated inferior posts trading directly with the Indians for their pelttries. All these posts would draw upon the mart at the Columbia for their supplies of goods, and would send thither the furs collected. At this latter place also, were to be built and fitted out coasting vessels, for the purpose of trading along the North-west coast, returning with the proceeds of their voyages to the same general rendezvous. In this manner the whole Indian trade, both of the coast and the interior, would converge to one point. To this point, in continuation of his plan, Mr. Astor proposed to despatch, every year, a ship with the necessary supplies. She would receive the peltries collected, carry them to Canton, there invest the proceeds in merchandise, and return to New York.

Another point was also to be attended to. In coasting to the North-west, the ship would be brought into contact with the Russian Fur Company's establishments in that quarter; and as a rivalry might ensue, it was politic to conciliate the good will of that body. It depended chiefly for its supplies upon transient trading vessels from the United States. The owners of these vessels, having nothing beyond their individual interests to consult, made no scruple of furnishing the natives with fire arms, and were thus productive of much injury. To this effect the Russian government had
remonstrated with the United States, urging to have the traffic in arms prohibited— but, no municipal law being infringed, our government could not interfere. Still, it was anxious not to offend Russia, and applied to Mr. Astor for information as to the means of remedying the evil, knowing him to be well versed in all the concerns of the trade in question. This application suggested to him the idea of paying a regular visit to the Russian settlements with his annual ship. Thus, being kept regularly in supplies, they would be independent of the casual traders, who would, consequently, be excluded from the coast. This whole scheme Mr. Astor communicated to President Jefferson, soliciting the countenance of Government. The cabinet "joined in warm approbation of the plan, and held out assurance of every protection that could, consistently with general policy, be afforded."

In speaking of the motives which actuated Mr. Astor in an enterprise so extensive, Mr. Irving, we are willing to believe, has done that high-minded gentleman no more than the simplest species of justice. "He was already," says our author, "wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who by their great commercial enterprises, have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire. He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia, as the emporium to an immense commerce; as a colony that would form the germ of a wide civilization; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains, and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic."
ASTORIA.

A few words in relation to the North-west company. This body, following out in part the suggestion of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, had already established a few trading posts on the coast of the Pacific, in a region lying about two degrees north of the Columbia — thus throwing itself between the Russian and American territories. They would contend with Mr. Astor at an immense disadvantage, of course. They had no good post for the receipt of supplies by sea; and must get them with great risk, trouble and expense, over land. Their peltries also would have to be taken home the same way — for they were not at liberty to interfere with the East India company’s monopoly, by shipping them directly to China. Mr. Astor would therefore greatly undersell them in that, the principal market. Still, as any competition would prove detrimental to both parties, Mr. A. made known his plans to the North-west company, proposing to interest them one third in his undertaking. The British company, however, had several reasons for declining the proposition — not the least forcible of which we presume, was their secret intention to push on a party forthwith, and forestall their rival in establishing a settlement at the mouth of the Columbia.

In the meantime Mr. Astor did not remain idle. His first care was to procure proper coadjutors, and he was induced to seek them principally from among such clerks of the North-west company, as were dissatisfied with their situation in that body — having served out their probationary term, and being still, through want of influence, without a prospect of speedy promotion. From among these (generally men of capacity and experience in their particular business), Mr. A. obtained the services of Mr. Alexander M’Kay (who
had accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie in both of his expeditions), Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, and Mr. Duncan M'Dougal. Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, a native citizen of New Jersey, and a gentleman of great worth, was afterwards selected by Mr. Astor as his chief agent, and as the representative of himself at the contemplated establishment. In June 1810, "articles of agreement were entered into between Mr. Astor and these four gentlemen, acting for themselves, and for the several persons who had already agreed to become, or should thereafter become, associated under the firm of "The Pacific Fur Company." This agreement stipulated that Mr. A. was to be the head of the company, to manage its affairs at New York, and to furnish every thing requisite for the enterprize at first cost and charges, provided an advance of more than four hundred thousand dollars should not at any time be involved. The stock was to consist of a hundred shares, Mr. Astor taking fifty, the rest being divided among the other partners and their associates. A general meeting was to be held annually at Columbia river, where absent members might vote by proxy. The association was to continue twenty years—but might be dissolved within the first five years, if found unprofitable. For these five years Mr. A. agreed to bear all the loss that might be incurred. An agent, appointed for a like term, was to reside at the main establishment, and Mr. Hunt was the person first selected.

Mr. Astor determined to begin his enterprize with two expeditions—one by sea, the other by land. The former was to carry out every thing necessary for the establishment of a fortified post at the mouth of the Columbia. The latter, under the conduct of Mr. Hunt, was to proceed up the Missouri and across the
Rocky Mountains to the same point. In the course of this overland journey, the most practicable line of communication would be explored, and the best situations noted for the location of trading rendezvous. Following Mr. Irving in our brief summary of his narrative, we will now give some account of the first of these expeditions.

A ship was provided called the Tonquin, of two hundred and ninety tons, with ten guns, and twenty men. Lieutenant Jonathan Thorn of the United States navy, being on leave of absence, received the command. He was a man of courage, and had distinguished himself in the Tripolitan war. Four of the partners went in the ship—M'Kay and M'Dougal, of whom we have already spoken, and Messieurs David and Robert Stuart, new associates in the firm. M'Dougal was empowered to act as the proxy of Mr. Astor in the absence of Mr. Hunt. Twelve clerks were also of the party. These were bound to the service of the company for five years, and were to receive one hundred dollars a year, payable at the expiration of the term, with an annual equipment of clothing to the amount of forty dollars. By promises of future promotion, their interests were identified with those of Mr. Astor. Thirteen Canadian voyageurs, and several artisans, completed the ship's company. On the 8th of September, 1810, the Tonquin put to sea. Of her voyage to the mouth of the Columbia, Mr. Irving has given a somewhat ludicrous account. Thorn, the stern, straight-forward officer of the navy, having few ideas beyond those of duty and discipline, and looking with supreme contempt upon the motley "lubbers" who formed the greater part of his company, is painted with the easy yet spirited pencil of an artist indeed; while
M'Dougal, the shrewd Scotch partner, bustling, yet pompous, and impressed with lofty notions of his own importance as proxy for Mr. Astor, is made as supremely ridiculous as possible, with as little apparent effort as can well be imagined; — the portraits, however, carry upon their faces the evidence of their own authenticity. The voyage is prosecuted amid a series of petty quarrels, and cross purposes, between the captain and his crew, and, occasionally, between Mr. M'Kay and Mr. M'Dougal. The contests between the two latter gentlemen were brief, it appears, although violent. "Within fifteen minutes," says Captain Thorn in a letter to Mr. Astor, "they would be caressing each other like children." The Tonquin doubled Cape Horn on Christmas day, arrived at Owhyhee on the eleventh of February, took on board fresh provisions, sailed again with twelve Sandwich islanders on the 28th, and on the 22d of March arrived at the mouth of the Columbia. In seeking a passage across the bar, a boat and nine men were lost among the breakers. On the way from Owhyhee a violent storm occurred; and the bickerings still continued between the partners and the captain — the latter, indeed, grievously suspecting the former of a design to depose him.

The Columbia, for about forty miles from its mouth is, strictly speaking, an estuary, varying in breadth from three to seven miles, and indented by deep bays. Shoals and other obstructions render the navigation dangerous. Leaving this broad portion of the stream in the progress upwards, we find the mouth of the river proper — which is about half a mile wide. The entrance to the estuary from sea is bounded on the south by a long, low, and sandy beach stretching into the ocean, and
called Point Adams. On the northern side of the frith is Cape Disappointment, a steep promontory. Immediately east of this cape is Baker's Bay, and within this the Tonquin came to anchor.

Jealousies still continued between the captain and the worthy M'Dougal, who could come to no agreement in regard to the proper location for the contemplated establishment. On April the fifth, without troubling himself farther with the opinions of his coadjutors, Mr. Thorn landed in Baker's Bay, and began operations. At this summary proceeding, the partners were, of course, in high dudgeon, and an open quarrel seemed likely to ensue, to the serious detriment of the enterprise. These difficulties, however, were at length arranged, and finally on the 12th of April, a settlement was commenced at a point of land called Point George, on the southern shore of the frith. Here was a good harbor, where vessels of two hundred tons might anchor within fifty yards of the shore. In honor of the chief partner, the new post received the title of Astoria. After much delay, the portion of the cargo destined for the post was landed, and the Tonquin left free to proceed on her voyage. She was to coast to the north, to trade for peltries at the different harbors, and to touch at Astoria on her return in the autumn. Mr. M'Kay went in her as supercargo, and a Mr. Lewis as ship's clerk. On the morning of the 5th of June she stood out to sea, the whole number of persons on board amounting to three and twenty. In one of the outer bays Captain Thorn procured the services of an Indian named Lamazee, who had already made two voyages along the coast, and who agreed to accompany him as interpreter. In a few days the ship arrived at Vancouver's island, and came to anchor in the harbor
of Neweetee, much against the advice of the Indian, who warned Captain Thorn of the perfidious character of the natives. The result was the merciless butchery of the whole crew, with the exception of the interpreter and Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk. The latter, finding himself mortally wounded and without companions, blew up the ship and perished with more than a hundred of the enemy. Lamazee, getting among the Indians, escaped, and was the means of bearing the news of the disaster to Astoria. In relating at length the thrilling details of this catastrophe, Mr. Irving takes occasion to comment on the headstrong, although brave and strictly honorable character of Lieutenant Thorn. The danger and folly, on the part of agents, in disobeying the matured instructions of those who deliberately plan extensive enterprizes such as that of Mr. Astor, is also justly and forcibly shown. The misfortune here spoken of, arose, altogether, from a disregard of Mr. A.'s often repeated advice — to admit but few Indians on board the Tonquin at one time. Her loss was a serious blow to the infant establishment at Astoria. To this post let us now return.

The natives inhabiting the borders of the estuary were divided into four tribes, of which the Chinooks were the principal. Comcomly, a one-eyed Indian, was their chief. These tribes resembled each other in nearly every respect, and were, no doubt, of a common stock. They live chiefly by fishing — the Columbia and its tributary streams abounding in fine salmon, and a variety of other fish. A trade in peltries, but to no great amount, was immediately commenced and carried on. Much disquiet was occasioned at the post by a rumor among the Indians that thirty white men had appeared on the banks of the Columbia, and were build-
ing houses at the second rapids. It was feared that these were an advance party of the North-west company endeavoring to seize upon the upper parts of the river, and thus forestall Mr. Astor in the trade of the surrounding country. Bloody feuds in this case might be anticipated, such as had prevailed between rival companies in former times. The intelligence of the Indians proved true—the "North-west" had erected a trading house on the Spokan river, which falls into the north branch of the Columbia. The Astorians could do little to oppose them in their present reduced state as to numbers. It was resolved, however, to advance a counter-check to the post on the Spokan, and Mr. David Stuart prepared to set out for this purpose with eight men and a small assortment of goods. On the fifteenth of July when this expedition was about starting, a canoe, manned with nine white men, and bearing the British flag, entered the harbor. They proved to be the party dispatched by the rival company to anticipate Mr. Astor in the settlement at the mouth of the river. Mr. David Thompson, their leader, announced himself as a partner of the "North-west"—but otherwise gave a very peaceable account of himself. It appears, however, from information subsequently derived from other sources, that he had hurried with a desperate haste across the mountains, calling at all the Indian villages in his march, presenting them with British flags, and "proclaiming formally that he took possession of the country for the North-west company, and in the name of the king of Great Britain." His plan was defeated, it seems, by the desertion of a great portion of his followers, and it was thought probable that he now merely descended the river with a view of reconnoitering. M'Dougal treated the gentlemen
with great kindness, and supplied them with goods and provisions for their journey back across the mountains — this much against the wishes of Mr. David Stuart, "who did not think the object of their visit entitled them to any favor." A letter for Mr. Astor was entrusted to Thompson.

On the twenty-third of July, the party for the region of the Spokan set out, and after a voyage of much interest, succeeded in establishing the first interior trading post of the company. It was situated on a point of land about three miles long and two broad, formed by the junction of the Ookinagan with the Columbia. In the meantime the Indians near Astoria began to evince a hostile disposition, and a reason for this altered demeanor was soon after found in the report of the loss of the Tonquin. Early in August the settlers received intelligence of her fate. They now found themselves in a perilous situation, a mere handful of men, on a savage coast, and surrounded by barbarous enemies. From their dilemma they were relieved, for the present, by the ingenuity of M'Dougal. The natives had a great dread of the small-pox, which had appeared among them a few years before, sweeping off entire tribes. They believed it an evil either inflicted upon them by the Great Spirit, or brought among them by the white men. Seizing upon this latter idea, M'Dougal assembled several of the chieftains whom he believed to be inimical, and informing them that he had heard of the treachery of their northern brethren in regard to the Tonquin, produced from his pocket a small bottle. "The white men among you," said he, "are few in number, it is true, but they are mighty in medicine. See here! In this bottle I hold the small-pox safely corked up; I have but to draw the
cork and let loose the pestilence, to sweep man, woman and child from the face of the earth!" The chiefs were dismayed. They represented to the "Great Small-Pox Chief" that they were the firmest friends of the white men, that they had nothing to do with the villains who murdered the crew of the Tonquin, and that it would be unjust, in uncorking the bottle, to destroy the innocent with the guilty. M'Dougal was convinced. He promised not to uncork it until some overt act should compel him to do so. In this manner tranquillity was restored to the settlement. A large house was now built, and the frame of a schooner put together. She was named the Dolly, and was the first American vessel launched on the coast. But our limits will not permit us to follow too minutely the details of the enterprize. The adventurers kept up their spirits, sending out occasional foraging parties in the Dolly, and looking forward to the arrival of Mr. Hunt. So wore away the year 1811 at the little post of Astoria. We now come to speak of the expedition by land.

This, it will be remembered, was to be conducted by Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, a native of New Jersey. He is represented as scrupulously upright, of amiable disposition, and agreeable manners. He had never been in the heart of the wilderness, but having been for some time engaged in commerce at St. Louis, furnishing Indian traders with goods, he had acquired much knowledge of the trade at second hand. Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, another partner, was associated with him. He had been ten years in the interior, in the service of the North-west Company, and had much practical experience in all Indian concerns. In July 1810, the two gentlemen repaired to Montreal,
where everything requisite to the expedition could be procured. Here they met with many difficulties — some of which were thrown in their way by their rivals. Having succeeded, however, in laying in a supply of ammunition, provisions, and Indian goods, they embarked all on board a large boat, and with a very inefficient crew, the best to be procured, took their departure from St. Ann's, near the extremity of the island of Montreal. Their course lay up the Ottawa, and along a range of small lakes and rivers. On the twenty-second of July, they arrived at Mackinaw, situated on Mackinaw island, at the confluence of Lakes Huron and Michigan. Here it was necessary to remain some time to complete the assortment of Indian goods, and engage more voyageurs. While waiting to accomplish these objects, Mr. Hunt was joined by Mr. Ramsay Crooks, a gentleman whom he had invited, by letter, to engage as a partner in the expedition. He was a native of Scotland, had served under the North-west Company, and been engaged in private trading adventures among the various tribes of the Missouri. Mr. Crooks represented, in forcible terms, the dangers to be apprehended from the Indians — especially the Blackfeet and Sioux — and it was agreed to increase the number of the party to sixty upon arriving at St. Louis. Thirty was its strength upon leaving Mackinaw. This occurred on the twelfth of August. The expedition pursued the usual route of the fur-trader — by Green bay, Fox and Wisconsin rivers, to Prairie du Chien, and thence down the Mississippi to St. Louis, where they landed on the third of September. Here, Mr. Hunt met with some opposition from an association called the Missouri Fur Company, and especially from its leading partner, a Mr. Manuel
Lisa. This company had a capital of about forty thousand dollars, and employed about two hundred and fifty men. Its object was to establish posts along the upper part of the river and monopolize the trade. Mr. H. proceeded to strengthen himself against competition. He secured to Mr. Astor the services of Mr. Joseph Miller. This gentleman had been an officer of the United States' Army, but had resigned on being refused a furlough, and taken to trading with the Indians. He joined the association as a partner; and, on account of his experience and general acquirements, Mr. Hunt considered him a valuable coadjutor. Several boatmen and hunters were also now enlisted, but not until after a delay of several weeks. This delay, and the previous difficulties at Montreal and Mackinaw, had thrown Mr. H. much behind his original calculations, so that he found it would be impossible to effect his voyage up the Missouri during the present season. There was every likelihood that the river would be closed before the party could reach its upper waters. To winter, however, at St. Louis would be expensive. Mr. H. therefore, determined to push up on his way as far as possible, to some point where game might be found in abundance, and there take up his quarters until spring. On the twenty-first of October he set out. The party were distributed in three boats—two large Schenectady barges and a keel boat. By the sixteenth of November they reached the mouth of the Nodowa, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, where they set up their winter quarters. Here, Mr. Robert M'Lellan, at the invitation of Mr. Hunt, joined the association as a partner. He was a man of vigorous frame, of restless and imperious temper, and had distinguished himself.

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as a partisan under General Wayne. John Day also
joined the company at this place—a tall and athletic
hunter from the backwoods of Virginia. Leaving the
main body at Nodowa, Mr. Hunt now returned to
St. Louis for a reinforcement. He was again impeded
by the machinations of the Missouri Fur Company,
but finally succeeded in enlisting one hunter, some voy-
ageurs, and a Sioux interpreter, Pierre Dorion. With
these, after much difficulty, he got back to the en-
campment on the seventeenth of April. Soon after
this period the voyage up the river was resumed. The
party now consisted of nearly sixty persons—five
partners, Hunt, Crooks, M’Kenzie, Miller, and
M’Lellan; one clerk, John Reed; forty Canadian
voyageurs; and several hunters. They embarked in
four boats, one of which, of a large size, mounted a
swivel and two howitzers.

We do not intend, of course, to proceed with our
travellers throughout the vast series of adventure en-
countered in their passage through the wilderness. To
the curious in these particulars we recommend the
book itself. No details more intensely exciting are
to be found in any work of travels within our knowl-
edge. At times full of life and enjoying the whole
luxury to be found in the career of the hunter—at
times suffering every extremity of fatigue, hunger,
thirst, anxiety, terror, and despair—Mr. Hunt still
persisted in his journey, and finally brought it to a
successful termination. A bare outline of the route
pursued is all we can attempt.

Proceeding up the river, our party arrived, on the
twenty-eighth of April, at the mouth of the Nebraska,
or Platte, the largest tributary of the Missouri, and
about six hundred miles above its junction with the
Mississippi. They now halted for two days, to supply themselves with oars and poles from the tough wood of the ash, which is not to be found higher up the river. Upon the second of May, two of the hunters insisted upon abandoning the expedition, and returning to St. Louis. On the tenth, the party reached the Omaha village, and encamped in its vicinity. This village is about eight hundred and thirty miles above St. Louis, and on the west bank of the stream. Three men here deserted, but their place was luckily supplied by three others, who were prevailed upon, by liberal promises, to enlist. On the fifteenth, Mr. Hunt left Omaha, and proceeded. Not long afterwards, a canoe was descried navigated by two white men. They proved to be two adventurers who, for some years past, had been hunting and trapping near the head of the Missouri. Their names were Jones and Carson. They were now on their way to St. Louis, but readily abandoned their voyage, and turned their faces again toward the Rocky Mountains. On the twenty-third Mr. Hunt received, by a special messenger, a letter from Mr. Manuel Lisa, the leading partner of the Missouri Fur Company, and the gentleman who rendered him so many disservices at St. Louis. He had left that place, with a large party, three weeks after Mr. H., and, having heard rumors of hostile intentions on the part of the Sioux, a much dreaded tribe of Indians, made great exertions to overtake him, that they might pass through the dangerous part of the river together. Mr. H., however, was justly suspicious of the Spaniard, and pushed on. At the village of the Poncas, about a league south of the river Quicourt, he stopped only long enough to procure a supply of dried buffalo meat. On the morning
of the twenty-fifth, it was discovered that Jones and Carson had deserted. They were pursued, but in vain. The next day three white men were observed, in two canoes, descending the river. They proved to be three Kentucky hunters—Edward Robinson, John Hoback, and Jacob Rizner. They also had passed several years in the upper wilderness, and were now on their way home, but willingly turned back with the expedition. Information derived from these recruits induced Mr. Hunt to alter his route. Hitherto he had intended to follow the course pursued by Messieurs Lewis and Clarke—ascending the Missouri to its forks, and thence, by land, across the mountains. He was informed, however, that, in so doing, he would have to pass through the country of the Black-feet, a savage tribe of Indians, exasperated against the whites, on account of the death of one of their men by the hands of Captain Lewis. Robinson advised a more southerly route. This would carry them over the mountains about where the head waters of the Platte and the Yellowstone take their rise, a much more practicable pass than that of Lewis and Clarke. To this counsel Mr. Hunt agreed, and resolved to leave the Missouri at the village of the Arikaras, at which they would arrive in a few days. On the first of June, they reached "the great bend" of the river, which here winds for about thirty miles round a circular peninsula, the neck of which is not above two thousand yards across. On the morning of June the third, the party were overtaken by Lisa, much to their dissatisfaction. The meeting was, of course, far from cordial, but an outward appearance of civility was maintained for two days. On the third, a quarrel took place, which was near terminating seriously. It
was, however, partially adjusted, and the rival parties coasted along opposite sides of the river, in sight of each other. On the twelfth of June, they reached the village of the Arickaras, between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh parallels of north latitude, and about fourteen hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of the Missouri. In accomplishing thus much of his journey, Mr. Hunt had not failed to meet with a crowd of difficulties, at which we have not even hinted. He was frequently in extreme peril from large bodies of the Sioux, and, at one time, it was a mere accident alone which prevented the massacre of the whole party.

At the Arickara village our adventurers were to abandon their boats, and proceed westward across the wilderness. Horses were to be purchased from the Indians; who could not, however, furnish them in sufficient numbers. In this dilemma, Lisa offered to purchase the boats, now no longer of use, and to pay for them in horses, to be obtained at a fort belonging to the Missouri Fur Company, and situated at the Mandan villages, about a hundred and fifty miles further up the river. A bargain was made, and Messieurs Lisa and Crooks went for the horses, returning with them in about a fortnight. At the Arickara village, if we understand, Mr. Hunt engaged the services of one Edward Rose. He enlisted as interpreter when the expedition should reach the country of the Upsarakas or Crow Indians, among whom he had formerly resided. On the eighteenth of July the party took up their line of march. They were still insufficiently provided with horses. The cavalcade consisted of eighty-two, most of them heavily laden with Indian goods, beaver traps, ammunition,
and provisions. Each of the partners was mounted. As they took leave of Arickara, the veterans of Lisa's company, as well as Lisa himself, predicted the total destruction of our adventurers amid the innumerable perils of the wilderness.

To avoid the Blackfeet Indians, a ferocious and implacable tribe of which we have before spoken, the party kept a southwestern direction. This route took them across some of the tributary streams of the Missouri, and through immense prairies bounded only by the horizon. Their progress was at first slow, and, Mr. Crooks falling sick, it was necessary to make a litter for him between two horses. On the twenty-third of the month, they encamped on the banks of a little stream nicknamed Big River, where they remained several days, meeting with a variety of adventures. Among other things they were enabled to complete their supply of horses from a band of the Cheyenne Indians. On the sixth of August the journey was resumed, and they soon left the hostile region of the Sioux behind them. About this period a plot was discovered on the part of the interpreter, Edward Rose. This villain had been tampering with the men, and proposed, upon arriving among his old acquaintances the Crows, to desert to the savages with as much booty as could be carried off. The matter was adjusted, however, and Mr. Rose, through the ingenuity of Mr. Hunt, quietly dismissed. On the thirteenth, Mr. H. varied his course to the westward, a route which soon brought him to a fork of the Little Missouri, and upon the skirts of the Black Mountains. These are an extensive chain, lying about a hundred miles east of the Rocky Mountains, stretching northeasterly from the south fork of the river Platte to the
great north bent of the Missouri, and dividing the waters of the Missouri from those of the Mississippi and Arkansas. The travellers here supposed themselves to be about two hundred and fifty miles from the village of the Arickaras. Their more serious troubles now commenced. Hunger and thirst, with the minor difficulties of grizzly bears, beset them at every turn, as they attempted to force a passage through the rugged barriers in their path. At length they emerged upon a stream of clear water, one of the forks of Powder river, and once more beheld wide meadows and plenty of buffalo. They ascended this stream about eighteen miles, directing their march towards a lofty mountain which had been in sight since the seventeenth. They reached the base of this mountain, which proved to be a spur of the Rocky chain, on the thirtieth, having now come about four hundred miles since leaving Arickara.

For one or two days they endeavored in vain to find a defile in the mountains. On the third of September they made an attempt to force a passage to the westward, but soon become entangled among rocks and precipices, which set all their efforts at defiance. They were now too in the region of the terrible Upperarokas, and encountered them at every step. They met also with friendly bands of Shoshonies and Flatheads. After a thousand troubles, they made some way upon their journey. On the ninth they reached Wind river, a stream which gives its name to a range of mountains consisting of three parallel chains, eighty miles long and about twenty-five broad. "One of its peaks," says our author, "is probably fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea." For five days Mr. Hunt followed up the course of Wind river, crossing and recrossing it. He had been assured by
the three hunters who advised him to strike through the wilderness, that by going on up the river, and crossing a single mountain ridge, he would come upon the head waters of the Columbia. The scarcity of game, however, determined him to pursue a different course. In the course of the day after coming to this resolve, they perceived three mountain peaks, white with snow, and which were recognized by the hunters as rising just above a fork of the Columbia. These peaks were named the Pilot Knobs by Mr. Hunt. The travellers continued their course for about forty miles to the south-west, and at length found a river flowing to the west. This proved to be a branch of the Colorado. They followed its current for fifteen miles. On the eighteenth, abandoning its main course, they took a north-westerly direction for eight miles, and reached one of its little tributaries, issuing from the bosom of the mountains, and running through green meadows abounding in buffalo. Here they encamped for several days, a little repose being necessary for both men and horses. On the twenty-fourth the journey was resumed. Fifteen miles brought them to a stream about fifty feet wide, which was recognized as one of the head waters of the Columbia. They kept along it for two days, during which it gradually swelled into a river of some size. At length it was joined by another current, and both united swept off in an unimpeded stream, which from its rapidity and turbulence had received the appellation of Mad river. Down this they anticipated an uninterrupted voyage, in canoes, to the point of their ultimate destination—but their hopes were very far from being realized.

The partners held a consultation. The three hunters who had hitherto acted as guides, knew nothing
of the region to the west of the Rocky Mountains. It was doubtful whether Mad river could be navigated, and they could hardly resolve to abandon their horses upon an uncertainty. The vote, nevertheless, was for embarkation, and they proceeded to build the necessary vessels. In the meantime, Mr. Hunt, having now reached the head waters of the Columbia, reputed to abound in beaver, turned his thoughts to the main object of the expedition. Four men, Alexander Carson, Louis St. Michel, Pierre Detayé, and Pierre Delaunay, were detached from the expedition, to remain and trap beaver by themselves in the wilderness. Having collected a sufficient quantity of peltries, they were to bring them to the dépôt at the mouth of the Columbia, or to some intermediate post to be established by the company. These trappers had just departed, when two Snake Indians wandered into the camp, and declared the river to be unnavigable. Scouts sent out by Mr. Hunt finally confirmed this report. On the fourth of October, therefore, the encampment was broken up, and the party proceeded to search for a post in possession of the Missouri Fur Company, and said to be somewhere in the neighborhood, upon the banks of another branch of the Columbia. This post they found without much difficulty. It was deserted—and our travellers gladly took possession of the rude buildings. The stream here found was upwards of a hundred yards wide. Canoes were constructed with all despatch. In the meantime another detachment of trappers was cast loose in the wilderness. These were Robinson, Rezner, Hoback, Carr, and Mr. Joseph Miller. This latter, it will be remembered, was one of the partners—he threw up his share in the expedition, however, for a life of more perilous
adventure. On the eighteenth of the month (October) fifteen canoes being completed, the voyagers embarked, leaving their horses in charge of the two Snake Indians, who were still in company.

In the course of the day the party arrived at the junction of the stream upon which they floated, with Mad river. Here Snake river commences—the scene of a thousand disasters. After proceeding about four hundred miles, by means of frequent portages, and beset with innumerable difficulties of every kind, the adventurers were brought to a halt by a series of frightful cataracts, raging, as far as the eye could reach, between stupendous ramparts of black rock, rising more than two hundred feet perpendicularly. This place, they called "The Caldron Linn." Here Antoine Clappine, one of the voyageurs, perished amid the whirlpools, three of the canoes stuck immoveably among the rocks, and one was swept away with all the weapons and effects of four of the boatmen.

The situation of the party was now lamentable indeed—in the heart of an unknown wilderness, at a loss what route to take, ignorant of their distance from the place of their destination, and with no human being near them from whom counsel might be taken. Their stock of provisions was reduced to five days' allowance, and famine stared them in the face. It was therefore more perilous to keep together than to separate. The goods and provisions, except a small supply for each man, were concealed in caves (holes dug in the earth), and the party were divided into several small detachments which started off in different directions, keeping the mouth of the Columbia in view as their ultimate point of destination. From this post
they were still distant nearly a thousand miles, although this fact was unknown to them at the time.

On the twenty-first of January, after a series of almost incredible adventures, the division in which Mr. Hunt enrolled himself struck the waters of the Columbia some distance below the junction of its two great branches, Lewis and Clarke rivers, and not far from the influx of the Wallah-Wallah. Since leaving the Caldron Linn, they had toiled two hundred and forty miles through snowy wastes and precipitous mountains, and six months had now elapsed since their departure from the Arickara village, on the Missouri—their whole route from that point, according to their computation, having been seventeen hundred and fifty-one miles. Some vague intelligence was now received in regard to the other divisions of the party, and also of the settlers at the mouth of the Columbia. On the thirty-first, Mr. Hunt reached the falls of the river, and encamped at the village of Wish-Ram. Here were heard tidings of the massacre on board the Tonquin. On the fifth of February, having procured canoes with much difficulty, the adventurers departed from Wish-Ram, and, on the fifteenth, sweeping round an intervening cape, they came in sight of the long-desired Astoria. Among the first to greet them on their landing, were some of their old comrades who had parted from them at Caldron Linn, and who had reached the settlement nearly a month before. Mr. Crooks and John Day, being unable to get on, had been left with some Indians in the wilderness—they afterwards came in. Carrière, a voyageur, who was also abandoned through the sternest necessity, was never heard of more. Jean Baptisté Prévost, likewise a voyageur, rendered frantic by famine, had been drowned in the Snake river. All parties had
suffered the extremes of weariness, privation and peril. They had travelled from St. Louis, thirty-five hundred miles. Let us now return to Mr. Astor.

As yet he had received no intelligence from the Columbia, and had to proceed upon the supposition that all had gone as he desired. He accordingly fitted out a fine ship, the Beaver, of four hundred and ninety tons. Her cargo was assorted with a view to the supply of Astoria, the trade along the coast, and the wants of the Russian fur company. There embarked in her, for the settlement, a partner, five clerks, fifteen American laborers, and six Canadian voyageurs. Mr. John Clarke, the partner, was a native of the United States, although he had passed much of his life in the northwest, having been employed in the fur trade since the age of sixteen. The clerks were, chiefly, young American gentlemen of good connexions. Mr. Astor had selected this reinforcement with the design of securing an ascendancy of American influence at Astoria, and rendering the association decidedly national. This, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, he had been unable to do in the commencement of his undertaking.

Captain Sowle, the commander of the Beaver, was directed to touch at the Sandwich islands, to enquire about the fortunes of the Tonquin, and ascertain, if possible, whether the settlement had been effected at Astoria. If so, he was to enlist as many of the natives as possible and proceed. He was to use great caution in his approach to the mouth of the Columbia. If every thing was found right, however, he was to land such part of his cargo as was intended for the post, and to sail for New Archangel with the Russian supplies. Having received furs in payment, he would return to
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Astoria, take in the peltries there collected, and make the best of his way to Canton. These were the strict letter of his instructions—a deviation from which was subsequently the cause of great embarrassment and loss, and contributed largely to the failure of the whole enterprize. The Beaver sailed on the tenth of October, 1811, and, after taking in twelve natives at the Sandwich islands, reached the mouth of the Columbia, in safety, on the ninth of May, 1812. Her arrival gave life and vigor to the establishment, and afforded means of extending the operations of the company, and founding a number of interior trading posts.

It now became necessary to send despatches over land to Mr. Astor at New York, an attempt at so doing having been frustrated some time before by the hostility of the Indians at Wish-Ram. The task was confided to Mr. Robert Stuart, who, though he had never been across the mountains, had given evidence of his competency for such undertakings. He was accompanied by Ben. Jones and John Day, Kentuckians; Andri Vallar and Francis Le Clerc, Canadians; and two of the partners, Messieurs M'Lellan and Crooks, who were desirous of returning to the Atlantic States. This little party set out on the twenty-ninth of June, and Mr. Irving accompanies them, in detail, throughout the whole of their long and dangerous wayfaring. As might be expected, they encountered misfortunes still more terrible than those before experienced by Mr. Hunt and his associates. The chief features of the journey were the illness of Mr. Crooks, and the loss of all the horses of the party through the villany of the Upsarokas. This latter circumstance was the cause of excessive trouble and great delay. On the thirtieth of April, however, the party arrived
in fine health and spirits at St. Louis, having been ten months in performing their perilous expedition. The route taken by Mr. Stuart coincided nearly with that of Mr. Hunt, as far as the Wind river mountains. From this point the former struck somewhat to the south-east, following the Nebraska to its junction with the Missouri.

War having at length broken out between the United States and England, Mr. Astor perceived that the harbor of New York would be blockaded, and the departure of the annual supply ship in the autumn prevented. In this emergency he wrote to Captain Sowie, the commander of the Beaver, addressing him at Canton. The letter directed him to proceed to the factory, at the mouth of the Columbia, with such articles as the establishment might need, and to remain there subject to the orders of Mr. Hunt. In the meantime nothing had yet been heard from the settlement. Still, not discouraged, Mr. A. determined to send out another ship, although the risk of loss was so greatly enhanced that no insurance could be effected. The Lark was chosen—remarkable for her fast sailing. She put to sea on the sixth of March, 1813, under the command of Mr. Northrop, her mate—the officer first appointed to command her having shrunk from his engagement. Within a fortnight after her departure, Mr. A. received intelligence that the North-west company had presented a memorial to Great Britain, stating the vast scope of the contemplated operations at Astoria, expressing a fear that, unless crushed, the settlement there would effect the downfall of their own fur trade, and advising that a force be sent against the colony. In consequence, the frigate Phœbe was ordered to convoy the armed ship Isaac Todd, belonging to
the North-west company, and provided with men and munitions for the formation of a new establishment. They were directed "to proceed together to the mouth of the Columbia, capture or destroy whatever American fortress they would find there, and plant the British flag on its ruins." Upon this matter's being represented to our government, the frigate Adams, Captain Crane, was detailed for the protection of Astoria; and Mr. A. proceeded to fit out a ship called the Enterprize, to sail in company with the frigate, and freighted with additional supplies. Just, however, as the two vessels were ready, a reinforcement of seamen was wanted for Lake Ontario, and the crew of the Adams were, necessarily, transferred to that service. Mr. A. was about to send off his ship alone, when a British force made its appearance off the Hook, and New York was effectually blockaded. The Enterprize therefore was unloaded and dismantled. We now return to the Beaver.

This vessel, after leaving at Astoria that portion of her cargo destined for that post, sailed for New Archangel on the fourth of August, 1812. She arrived there on the nineteenth, meeting with no incidents of moment. A long time was now expended in negotiations with the drunken governor of the Russian fur colony — one Count Baranoff — and when they were finally completed, the month of October had arrived. Moreover, in payment for his supplies, Mr. Hunt was to receive seal-skins, and none were on the spot. It was necessary, therefore, to proceed to a seal-catching establishment belonging to the Russian company at the island of St. Paul, in the sea of Kamschatka. He set sail for this place on the fourth of October, after having wasted forty-five days at New Archangel. He arrived
on the thirty-first of the month — by which time, according to his arrangement, he should have been back at Astoria. Now occurred great delay in getting the peltries on board; every pack being overhauled to prevent imposition. To make matters worse, the Beaver one night was driven off shore in a gale, and could not get back until the thirteenth of November. Having at length taken in the cargo and put to sea, Mr. Hunt was in some perplexity as to his course. The ship had been much injured in the late gale, and he thought it imprudent to attempt making the mouth of the Columbia in this boisterous time of the year. Moreover, the season was already much advanced; and should he proceed to Astoria as originally intended, he might arrive at Canton so late as to find a bad market. Unfortunately, therefore, he determined to go at once to the Sandwich islands, there await the arrival of the annual ship from New York, take passage in her to the settlement, and let the Beaver proceed on her voyage to China. It is but justice to add that he was mainly induced to this course by the timid representations of Captain Sowle. They reached Woahoo in safety, where the ship underwent the necessary repairs, and again put to sea on the first of January, 1813, leaving Mr. Hunt on the island.

At Canton, Captain Sowle found the letter of Mr. Astor, giving him information of the war, and directing him to convey the intelligence to Astoria. He wrote a reply, in which he declined complying with these orders, saying that he would wait for peace, and then return home. In the meantime Mr. Hunt waited in vain for the annual vessel. At length, about the twentieth of June, the ship Albatross, Captain Smith, arrived from China, bringing the first news of the war
to the Sandwich islands. This ship Mr. H. chartered for two thousand dollars, to land him, with some supplies, at Astoria. He reached this post on the twentieth of August, where he found the affairs of the company in a perishing condition, and the partners bent upon abandoning the settlement. To this resolution Mr. Hunt was finally brought to consent. There was a large stock of furs, however, at the factory, which it was necessary to get to a market, and a ship was required for this service. The Albatross was bound to the Marquesas, and thence to the Sandwich islands; and it was resolved that Mr. H. should sail in her in quest of a vessel, returning, if possible, by the first of January, and bringing with him a supply of provisions. He departed on the twenty-sixth of August, and reached the Marquesas without accident. Commodore Porter soon afterward arrived, bringing intelligence that the British frigate Phœbe, with a store-ship mounted with battering pieces, together with the sloops of war Cherub and Raccoon, had all sailed, from Rio Janeiro, on the sixth of July, bound for the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. H., after in vain attempting to purchase a whale ship from Commodore Porter, started, on the twenty-third of November, for the Sandwich islands, arriving on December the twentieth. Here he found Captain Northrop, of the Lark, which had suffered shipwreck on the coast about the middle of March. The brig Pedlar was now purchased for ten thousand dollars, and, Captain N. being put in command of her, Mr. H. sailed for Astoria on the twenty-second of January, 1814, with the view of removing the property there, as speedily as possible, to the Russian settlements in the vicinity — these were Mr. Astor's orders sent out by the Lark. On the
twenty-eighth of February the brig anchored in the Columbia, when it was found that, on the twelfth of December, the British had taken possession of the post. In some negotiations carried on, just before the surrender, on the part of the North-west company and M'Dougal, that worthy personage gave full evidence that Captain Thorn was not far wrong in suspecting him to be no better than he should be. He had been for some time secretly a partner of the rival association, and shortly before the arrival of the British, took advantage of his situation as head of the post, to barter away the property of the company at less than one third of its value.

Thus failed this great enterprize of Mr. Astor. At the peace, Astoria itself, by the treaty of Ghent, reverted with the adjacent country to the United States, on the principle of status ante bellum. In the winter of 1815, Congress passed a law prohibiting all traffic of British traders within our territories, and Mr. A. felt anxious to seize this opportunity for the renewal of his undertaking. For good reasons, however, he could do nothing without the direct protection of the government. This evinced much supineness in the matter; the favorable moment was suffered to pass unimproved; and, in despite of the prohibition of Congress, the British finally usurped the lucrative traffic in peltries throughout the whole of our vast territories in the North-west. A very little aid from the sources whence he had naturally a right to expect it, would have enabled Mr. Astor to direct this profitable commerce into national channels, and to render New York, what London has now long been, the great emporium for furs.

We have already spoken of the masterly manner in
which Mr. Irving has executed his task. It occurs to us that we have observed one or two slight discrepancies in the narrative. There appears to be some confusion between the names of M’Lellan, M’Lennon and M’Lennan — or do these three appellations refer to the same individual? In going up the Missouri, Mr. Hunt arrives at the Great Bend on the first of June, — the third day after which (the day on which the party is overtaken by Lisa) is said to be the third of July. Jones and Carson join the expedition just above the Omaha village. At page 187, vol. 1, we are told that the two men "who had joined the company at the Maha village" (meaning Omaha, we presume), deserted and were pursued, but never overtaken — at page 199, however, Carson is recognized by an Indian who is holding a parley with the party. The Lark too, only sailed from New York on the sixth of March, 1813, and on the tenth, we find her, much buffeted, somewhere in the near vicinity of the Sandwich Islands. These errors are of little importance in themselves but may as well be rectified in a future edition.

GEORGE BALCOMBE. A NOVEL. NEW YORK. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1837.]

The scene of this novel is laid partly in Missouri, and partly in Virginia. The hero proper of the book — that is to say, the object of the narrative — is a Mr. William Napier of Craiganet, in the Old Dominion — George Balcombe, although the most important of the
dramatis personæ being merely what, in critical parlance, is termed the machinery.

The mother of our hero, then, was one of two daughters, the only children of Mr. Raby, a man of great wealth. This wealth, however, consisted principally of property entailed on the possessor’s male descendants, with remainder to a distant English relative. There proved to be no male issue—the wife dying in giving birth to her second daughter, the mother of our hero—and the widower refusing to marry again. Moreover, through scruples of conscience, he declined taking measures for docking the entail, and even when the revolution rendered it invalid, declared his children should not profit by such invalidation. He accordingly executed a will devising the entailed property to the remainder-man; and this will, properly attested, he transmitted to him in England. Thus matters stood until the two daughters married, and the birth, in 1799, of a grandson, our hero, excited an interest in the heart of the old gentleman. He claimed the child from its mother, and informed the father that a new will had been made, devising the whole property to be divided into two equal parts—one part for the grandson, the other to be again divided between the two daughters. This will, he added, was in the hands of a confidential friend. The name of the friend was not mentioned, and delicacy forbade inquiry.

It appears that Edward Montague, an orphan protégé of Mr. Raby’s, was the depositary of this instrument. Upon the death of the old gentleman he was applied to. At first he disclaimed any knowledge of the paper; being on oath, however, he owned having once seen it, but denied that he knew what had be-
come of it. In the meantime the devisee under the former testament brought it forward, and, none other appearing, established it. The elder Mr. Napier took no active measures to recover the lost will, and, having inherited nothing from Mr. Raby, all of whose non-entailed property was involved, died just before the ruin of his family became manifest. Upon our hero's coming of age, therefore, he finds himself penniless. The action of the novel grows out of his search for the missing will.

In the opening of the narrative we are introduced to Napier in a prairie of Missouri. He is in pursuit of Montague, with the vague hope of extorting from him, either by force or guile, some information respecting the document in question. As this beginning evinces the hand of a master, we quote it. The abruptness here is not without object. The attention is attracted at once and rivetted with skill.

This rencontre is of essential advantage to our hero. The stranger proves to be George Balcombe, also a protégé of old Mr. Raby's. Mr. N. accompanies him home, and discovers that he is well versed in the family affairs of the Rabys and Napiers; that he is acquainted with the matter of the will; that, with Montague, he was a witness to the instrument; and that Montague resides in the neighborhood. Balcombe believes that M. was the depository spoken of by old Mr. Raby. Circumstances, also, induce him to think that the paper is still in existence, and in the possession of M. The train of events which have led to this conclusion—a train laid by Balcombe himself—serves admirably to develop his character.

Montague, it seems, was always, even when an open
reprobate, superstitious; and, though a great liar, would at no time have sworn to a literal lie. In the interval between the death of Mr. Raby and the establishment of the first will, he became gloomy and serious, and joined the church. Balcombe, who knew his character, could thus easily conceive how the villain might have deemed "the form of religion and literal truth a sufficient salvo for wronging the dead and plundering the living by moral perjury." It was probable, he thought, that some plan had been devised, by means of which Montague had spoken the literal truth when he swore in court that "he knew not what had become of the will." The document had been handed to him by Mr. Raby in the presence of Balcombe, and a letter received by the latter from the old gentleman, and written just before his decease, a letter full of affection for his grandson, was sufficient assurance that the testament had never been revoked. At the probate of the will found, Balcombe did not appear—being absent from the country and not hearing of the death of Mr. Raby. Upon Montague's coming, however, to live near him in Missouri, and coming in evidently improved circumstances, with plenty of money, and only affecting to practise law, he immediately suspected the truth, and set on foot a system of observation. One day, having need of eastern funds, he applied to a merchant for the purpose of purchasing a bill on New York. The merchant furnished one drawn by Montague on a house there, for the desired amount, one thousand dollars, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that M. drew regularly, at the same time every year, on the same house, for the same sum. Here then was an annuity, and the question was—unde derivatur?
The bill was bought and sent to a correspondent in New York, with instructions to get English funds in payment. This was done, and a draft obtained upon a Liverpool house, accompanied by a letter of advice. The Liverpool correspondent was instructed in like manner to take a draft on Northumberland — this being the shire where resided the remainder-man. This latter draft was also obtained, with a letter of advice, duplicates being furnished in each instance. These several letters ran thus.

Here then Balcombe found his suspicions completely verified. Montague was in receipt of an annuity — an annuity grudgingly paid — and derived from the devisee under the primitive will. There could be little doubt that the money was granted as hush-money by the devisee, Montague still possessing the second testament, and holding it in terrorem. B. was about communicating with Mr. Napier upon this head, when accident threw them together in the prairie. Our hero now receives the benefit of Balcombe's energy and sagacity in many varied attempts to get possession of the will. Keizer, an original vagabond, is also a most efficient diplomatist and ally. The adventures of the trio in pursuit of the missing document, eminently display, in the author of George Balcombe, that rarest of all qualities in American novelists, and that certainly most indispensable — invention. With permission, we will go through these adventures one by one — doing this with the less scruple, because we intend to do it so briefly as not to interfere with the main interest of the book itself, and because, with this object in view, we have purposely delayed our notice until the volumes had been some time in possession of the public.
In a conversation between Balcombe and Napier, occurring in the earlier part of the first volume, we learn some particulars in regard to Mary Scott, daughter of Mr. Raby's overseer. Both Montague and Balcombe, we have already said, were protégés of the old gentleman, and resided at one period in his family. Both were enamored of Mary, who was "beautiful and intelligent—gay, sprightly and impassioned," and imbued with the spirit of romance. She, however, loved only Montague, and seeing the necessity of arming Balcombe against himself, frankly told him of her pre-engaged affections. The lover thus rejected, became the friend and confidant. At first, Montague would have been glad to have made Mary his wife; but as his circumstances improved, he discovered that Scott was even poorer than he had supposed, and his selfish heart grew chill at the supposition. A certain elderly maiden too, of wealth, was said to look kindly on him. His visits to Mary, therefore, grew less frequent. In one of them, Balcombe was witness to a circumstance which led him to suspect dishonorable intentions. Suspicion, unfortunately, was not all; it appears that the intentions were accomplished. Balcombe sought a private interview with the villain.

Balcombe now sought Mary, and found her in tears. Still unsuspecting the whole truth, he revealed to her the deception practised upon her by Montague, and concluded with an offer of his own hand. Made sensible now of the value of Balcombe's affection, and alive to all the villainy of Montague, she divulges, in the first moment of her despair, the secret of her seduction. Balcombe reluctantly abandons her, and departs
to the west. Scott did not long survive the ruin of his daughter's peace, and Mary, with her mother and little brother, was obliged to seek another home. Here, after the lapse of some time, Montague was seen to renew the visits which had been discontinued since the period of his interview with Balcombe. No one else visited the house—but from being steeped in poverty, the little family seemed rising above pecuniary trouble. This mystery is explained in a subsequent part of the first volume, when, shortly after the rencontre in the prairie, James, the brother of Mary, brings a letter from her to Balcombe in Missouri.

She writes that, after the departure of B. and the death of old Mr. Scott, Montague sought to renew his visits—that she refused to see him, and urged her mother to order him from the house—that Mrs. Scott was overcome, however, by his protestations, and pressed her to meet him—that, without undeceiving Mrs. S., she was unable to carry her opposition farther, and that finally, she consented. In a private interview he stated that Balcombe had misunderstood him, in supposing him to speak of lands, as the property bequeathed, and that no explanation had been offered before because he (Montague) had been forbidden to the house by her father. He came now, he said, to offer reparation and marriage. She rejected the offer with scorn—and he left her, after taking measures for the comfort of Mrs. Scott, and the education of little James.

Old Mr. Raby now died, and Mary saw nothing of Montague for two months. She heard from him, indeed, and, though he did not express himself distinctly, she inferred from what he wrote that he had
not been disappointed in the will. At length he called to see her, accompanying the English devisee, and requested again a private interview. She remarked a great alteration in his manner, for it was about this time that he joined the church. He professed deep contrition for his wrong to Mary—again offered marriage—offered every service in his power, and, being rejected in all offers, wound up by requesting a favor. He placed in her hand a packet as large as a dozen newspapers, and well secured with twine and seals. This he asked her to keep, and she promised to do so. He begged her to promise farther that no eye should see the contents of the packet. She did so. He mused awhile, and then added, "It is of great importance to me that that packet should never see the light." "Then why not destroy it?" said Mary. "I don't wish to destroy it," said he, "it may be of some importance hereafter. Put it away." She took it to her room and locked it up. On her return, he rose to take leave, but paused at the door, and said, hesitatingly, "Perhaps you had better destroy that packet." She replied, "I will do so." He paused again, and said, "No!—maybe better not." "As you please," she returned, "which shall I do?" "I really do not know," he said, after a thoughtful pause. "Do as you will with it. If it is in your way, throw it into the fire. If not, keep it until I call for it." He now departed, and Mary, doubting him much, determined to preserve the packet. It will be seen that the conduct of Montague in this matter was such as Balcombe had suspected, and that it enabled the conscientious rogue to swear, when summoned upon the probate, that he "could not tell what had become of the will."
Mary did not see him again for some months, and he then endeavored to get possession of the packet — first by asking for it as a matter of course — and, upon being refused, by force. He was foiled, however, in his attempt — and left the country with precipitation, after stopping the pension of Mrs. Scott. It was probable that he thought no new provocation could make matters worse. Mary proceeds, in her letter, to inform Balcombe, that thirteen years of seclusion having rendered her totally ignorant of what was going on in the world, and having no one to advise with, she had no means of conjecturing the nature of the mysterious packet. It was obvious to her, however, that its possession or destruction was an object eagerly sought by Montague, and, she doubted not, for some villainous end. Although willing to bear her own lot without murmuring, she felt it her duty to alleviate, if possible, the want she had entailed upon her mother and brother. This, her knowledge of Montague's earnest desire for the packet, would enable her to accomplish — and she felt no scruple in using such means. We give her plan in her own words.

Montague having called upon Colonel Robinson, Balcombe's father-in-law, with the view of purchasing land, he is there encountered by our hero and Balcombe. In a conversation dexterously introduced and sustained by the latter, the rogue is led to betray himself so egregiously that no farther doubts of his guilt are entertained or of the surety of the grounds upon which the two friends have to proceed. Keizer is engaged to prevent, by force, if necessary, his departure from the neighborhood — but this is not attempted, and Balcombe and James obtain another interview with him.
in the woods near a camp meeting. The letter from Mary is handed him by James. It states that she had put the packet out of the reach of his violence, and in the hands of a third person, who would deliver it only on presentation of a certain token — and that this token, together with the name of the depositary of the packet, was contained in the parcel in James' possession. Upon reading this letter Montague declares himself ready to do and submit to whatever might be required, upon the condition specified — the receipt of the parcel. Balcombe demands an advance of a thousand dollars, and ten bonds for three hundred each, payable to James Scott, at the end of each of ten successive years, with good security to each bond. To this, Montague, having no alternative, agrees — promising to deliver the money and bonds, and receive the parcel from the hands of James Scott, at the same spot, on the following Saturday evening. His real design, however, is somewhat different. Having decoyed Balcombe and James to the rendezvous, he proposes with the aid of some of his agents, to get possession of the parcel by force, before paying the money; and afterwards with a view of preventing discovery, to carry our friends across the Missouri, and leave them to perish in the wilderness. This design is easily anticipated by Balcombe, who converts it ingeniously to his own advantage. Had he possession of the token handed to James by Mary, it is clear that nothing further would be necessary in order to obtain the missing will. But James has been especially directed to deliver the parcel into no hands but those of Montague — and his scruples are not to be overcome. Neither can B. reconcile it with his conscience to pick James' pockets while asleep. He determines, therefore, to let M. get possession of his object in the
manner designed. This accomplished, he, Balcombe, will have acquired the right to re-take it.

Keizer, the wily agent of Balcombe, is bound to that gentleman by many ties of gratitude. Of this Montague is unaware, and having frequently tampered with him in other cases wherein B. had no concern, does not hesitate to seek his assistance in the present scheme of villainy. This also B. has anticipated, and instructs Keizer not to refuse the rogue any service required—lest he might employ other agents.

In all this scheming, however, Balcombe is somewhat overreached. Montague discovers, by accident, the league between Keizer and B. — affects to have perfect confidence in the former — and appoints as the spot of rendezvous where Balcombe is to be entrapped, a spot at some distance from the true scene of action. By this means Keizer is placed out of the way, and his interference in Balcombe's favor prevented. It must be understood that (as expected) Montague, before his suspicions of Keizer were aroused, had engaged his services with those of a couple of his Indian friends, for the robbery and abduction of Scott and B., and Balcombe's plan was to turn the villain's false allies against himself. Coming, however, with James to the rendezvous, in full assurance that Keizer and the Indians were to be the agents employed against him, B. finds himself in the power of Montague and three unknown desperadoes. Montague, getting possession of the parcel, retires, while the rest of the party hurry off our two friends in the direction of the Missouri.

In the meantime, Keizer, with his Indians, having waited an undue time at the false rendezvous appointed him by Montague, comes at length to a suspicion of the true state of affairs, starts immediately in pursuit,
and overtakes the enemy in good season for a rescue. Two of the villains escape — the third, one Ramsay, is shot dead by an Indian, and his body thrown by Keizer into the river.

The time having arrived for the return of Balcombe and Scott, Napier becomes uneasy, and disclosing the matter to Colonel Robinson, they proceed together to Montague's residence — thinking there to meet with some clue for further proceedings. As they approach, the door opens, and in the darkness they can just see Montague enter. Watching him through a window they perceive him opening the identical parcel of which so much has been said. It contained a casket, and this again a broken ring and a scrap of paper. Napier taps familiarly at the door, and Montague opens it, after being seen to throw the casket hastily in a drawer. Napier approaches the drawer at once, and obtains possession of the treasure. The villain is entirely taken by surprise, and in his terror indicates the route of his agents, professing at the same time his innocence of all design to commit murder. Taking him with them, the Colonel and Napier proceed to the river, and finding blood, with other similar traces, return home in despair, supposing Balcombe to have perished, when they are agreeably disappointed by his presence, with that of Scott and Keizer and the Indians — not forgetting Montague.

The contents of the casket are found to be a fragment of a gold ring, and a slip of paper with the words "Mammy Amy, the old housekeeper at Raby Hall." Montague is dismissed with an injunction from Balcombe to be forthcoming on the Monday ensuing — an injunction which it was supposed he would be unwilling, under the circumstances, to disobey. Here, however, Balcombe reckons without his host. Although Montague
has not the broken ring, yet he has read the slip of paper, and may easily persuade Mammy Amy to deliver him the will. This idea now forces itself upon Balcombe—but too late—for the arch-rogue is already far on his way to Virginia. Lest Balcombe should pursue him, he has managed, by an ingeniously laid train of circumstances, to bring about his arrest, with that of Scott and Keizer, on a charge of murdering Ramsay. This man, it will be remembered, after being shot by one of the Indians, was thrown into the river by Keizer.

The accused party, however, after much difficulty, are admitted to bail, and Keizer starts for St. Louis in pursuit of the runaway—followed the next day by Napier. About half way between St. Charles and St. Louis, our hero encounters K. on his return, attended by a party of men, and with his feet tied together under the belly of his horse. Montague finding his steps dogged by K. in St. Louis, had obtained his arrest as a party to the murder. Napier enters into conversation with one of the company, who proves to be an attorney retained, especially by Montague in support of the prosecution. The statement of N. puts this gentleman in possession of the true state of the case, and as Keizer had already been arrested and discharged on bail, he is set free, by means of a habeas corpus, at St. Charles. Montague, however, has effected his escape, and is fairly on his way to Virginia. Nothing is now left but to write to Mary Scott, and trust to the chance of the letter's reaching her before his arrival.

In the meantime the trial comes on. This is the most interesting portion of the book—and very different is it indeed from the caricature of judicial proceeding to be met with occasionally in the novels of the day.
Fiction, thus admirably managed, has all the force and essential value of truth. And here we cannot bring ourselves to mar the vivid and most ingenious details by any attempt at a digest or paraphrase. Balcombe's defence is beyond measure acute, and in every respect characteristic — the party are acquitted, however, mainly through the agency of Keizer, who, taking advantage of his bail, crosses the Missouri, and, travelling night and day in search of a material witness, arrives with him just in time for the decision.

Napier now departs for Virginia, accompanied by Balcombe and Keizer. At Cape Girardeau, the whole are arrested. This is done at Montague's instance. The affidavit being shown, it proves to be a copy of that by means of which Keizer was arrested in a similar manner at St. Louis. Balcombe, however, having taken care to get a duly authenticated record of his acquittal, the villain's efforts to delay the party are defeated, and they proceed. Just after leaving Wheeling, they are again subjected to danger through the machinations of their arch-enemy, who, on his way home, it appears, has bribed some ostlers, connected with the line of stages, to attack the one carrying our hero.

At length, reaching Craiganet in safety, Balcombe there finds a letter from Mary Scott, detailing events at home since the date of her former communication. The rapidity of Montague's journey, it appears, defeated his own object. Suspicions were entertained of him on account of James' non-appearance, and the silence of Balcombe. A few days after the former's departure for Missouri, old Mrs. Scott died of a paralytic stroke; and, about the same time, Mammy Amy, the housekeeper, was taken ill at Raby Hall. Mary became her nurse, and also (at the request of
Major Swann, the steward of the English Mr. Raby) assumed her duties as housekeeper. In this new vocation she continued, the old woman never recovering her activity. Matters were thus situated when Montague made his appearance at the Hall, and entering the old woman's room endeavored to obtain from her the packet. Mary suddenly presenting herself, however, the villain is betrayed by his confusion, and fails altogether in his design. He calls again the next day, and again the next, using every artifice to get the packet, and closing with an offer of marriage. Calling in Major Swann, as witness to this offer, Mary desires the hypocrite to repeat it in his presence. With this request, fairly caught, he complies—and having done so, is rejected with disdain. The advantage hereby derived to Mary is of much importance to herself. It entitles her to full credence in the history of her wrongs; and having given this history in full to her kind friends, the Major and his wife, she is received and cherished by them with more than parental affection. The next day Montague appears, and with a bold face, demanding, in the name of the law, his property of Major Swann, and speaking of a search-warrant. To this the Major replies, that he himself, being a justice of the peace, will furnish him with the necessary authority, upon his calling in the morning. Montague takes the hint, and disappears. In the meantime, Mary receives the letter from Balcombe, and is put au fait in regard to the nature of the packet, and Montague's anxiety respecting it. She, at first, thought to hand the letter and packet to Major Swann; but it occurred to her that, by so doing, she might place him in a delicate situation, between his duty to his employer, and his duty as a man. She resolved, therefore, to

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let things take their course, but at the same time to use effectual measures to keep the packet from falling into Montague's hands. We here quote a passage of much interest. Mary, it will be remembered is writing to Balcombe.

Here Montague's over-eagerness has again thwarted him. The only result of throwing the packet in the fire is, that the seals and other external marks of identification, sworn to in the affidavit, are melted and burned off. The major offers, however, to deliver it up upon M.'s identifying the contents. This, of course, the rogue declines, and the packet remains in the Major's possession, who declares his intention of resigning it, unopened, to the first person who shall show a just claim to it. The scene ends by Montague's being ordered to quit the premises. Shortly afterwards he attempts to fire the house, but fails, and in escaping, receives a shot through the shoulder.

But the difficulties touching the will are not yet altogether ended. The case is laid before an attorney. As there was no doubt of the result, if the papers could be secured, he determined to take such a course as would at once put them safely into the custody of the law. A bill is drafted, to which Mr. Edward Raby in England is made defendant, setting forth the whole transaction. Major Swann is also made defendant, charged with the possession of the will, and called on to produce it. As anticipated, he disclaims the possession of any such paper, unless such a one might be concealed with the packet, and files the packet with his answer. It is necessary that the papers shall reach the court (at Fredericksburg) without having ever been in the possession of Mr. Napier, and they are accord-
ingly given in charge of James. Mr. Napier, Balcombe, and Keizer accompany him. On the road, a short distance from Fredericksburg, the party are attacked by Montague, with some of his agents, and in the struggle which ensues, M. is killed by the hand of James, who, having accidentally discovered the secret of his sister's wrong, has been long burning for revenge. In conclusion — through the instrumentality of Keizer, our friends are saved a world of legal trouble, and Mr. Napier's claims to a large inheritance are finally established.

Thus is given — and given very scantily — only the general thread of the narrative — which is really crowded with incident. We have spoken of no love adventures of our hero — but it must not be supposed that he is therefore without them. They are omitted because altogether episodical — yet they form some of the most truly interesting portions of the book, and certainly the most original. In lieu of speaking farther on this head we copy a passage of rare beauty and full of a rich and meaning philosophy. Napier loves his cousin Ann, with whom his days of childhood and boyhood were spent in unreserved communion. He has reason to think himself beloved — but friends have their own plans to arrange, and a misunderstanding of each other's true feeling, arises between the lovers. Ann thus allows herself to be plighted to another, thinking the heart of her cousin pre-occupied. Things thus situated, N. as the protector and friend of Ann, speaks to her of her contemplated marriage. The passage we cite occurs in a conversation between Balcombe and Napier. The latter is confiding to B. the secret of his love.

The misunderstanding is finally rectified, through
the agency of Balcombe, and the cousins are married. Besides this love affair, there are no passages of an episodical nature — unless we choose to speak of Balcombe's account of a skirmish with Indians — a duel scene between Balcombe and Howard, Ann's rejected lover — an anecdote relating to Colonel Boon, the backwoodsman — and a vividly drawn picture of a camp-meeting. This latter we will be pardoned for giving entire.

Of the *dramatis personae* we will speak in brief. Elizabeth, the shrinking and matronly wife of Balcombe, rising suddenly into the heroine in the hour of her husband's peril (we have not mentioned her in our outline) as a painting, is admirable — as a portrait, appears to want individuality. She is an exquisite specimen of her class, but her class is somewhat hackneyed. Of Jane, Napier's sister (neither have we yet alluded to *her*) it is sufficient now to say that she is true to herself. Upon attentively considering the character of Mary Scott, who holds the most prominent female part in the drama, it will be perceived that, although deeply interesting, it cannot be regarded as in any degree original, and that she owes her influence upon the mind of the reader mainly to the incidents with which she is enveloped. There are some most effective touches, however, in her delineation. Of Ann we have already spoken. She is our favorite, and we doubt not the favorite of the author. Her nature is barely sketched — but the sketch betrays in the artist a creative vigor of no ordinary kind. Upon the whole, no American novelist has succeeded, we think, in female character, even nearly so well as the writer of George Balcombe.
Napier himself is, as usual with most professed heroes, a mere non-entity. James is sufficiently natural. Major Swann, although only done in outline, gives a fine idea of a decayed Virginia gentleman. Charles, a negro, old Amy's son, is drawn roughly, but to the life. Balcombe, frank, ardent, philosophical, chivalrous, sagacious—and, above all, glorying in the exercise of his sagacity—is a conception which might possibly have been entertained, but certainly could not have been executed, by a mind many degrees dissimilar from that of Balcombe himself, as depicted. Of Keizer, a character evidently much dwelt upon, and greatly labored out by the author, we have but one observation to make. It will strike every reader, not at first, but upon reflection, that George Balcombe, in John Keizer's circumstances, would have been precisely John Keizer. We find the same traits modified throughout—yet the worldly difference forms a distinction sufficiently marked for the purpose of the novelist. Lastly, Montague, with his low cunning, his arch-hypocrisy, his malignancy, his quibbling superstition, his moral courage and physical pusillanimity, is a character to be met with every day, and to be recognized at a glance. Nothing was ever more minutely, more forcibly, or more thoroughly painted. He is not original of course; nor must we forget that were he so, he would, necessarily, be untrue, in some measure, to nature. But we mean to say that the merit here is solely that of observation and fidelity. Original characters, so called, can only be critically praised as such, either when presenting qualities known in real life, but never before depicted, (a combination nearly impossible) or when presenting qualities (moral, or physical, or both) which although unknown, or even
known to be hypothetical, are so skilfully adapted to the circumstances which surround them, that our sense of fitness is not offended, and we find ourselves seeking a reason why these things \textit{might not have been}, which we are still satisfied \textit{are not}. The latter species of originality appertains to the loftier regions of the \textit{Ideal}.

Very few objections can be urged to the \textit{style} of George Balcombe. The general manner is that of a scholar and gentleman in the best sense of both terms — bold, vigorous, and rich — abrupt rather than diffuse — and not over scrupulous in the use of energetic vulgarisms. With the mere English, some occasional and trivial faults may be found. Perhaps it would have been better to avoid such pure technicalities as "\textit{anastomozing}". Of faulty construction, we might, without trouble, pick out a few instances. For example. "Returning to dinner, a note was handed to the old gentleman, which he read and gave to Balcombe." Here is the note which returns to dinner. "Upon his return to dinner," or something of that kind, would have rendered the sentence less equivocal. Again — "My situation is any thing but pleasant, and so impatient of it am I that I trust I do not break faith with my client when I hint to you that Mr. Balcombe will have more need of the aid of counsel than he is aware of." The meaning here is, "I am so impatient of my situation that I even warn you of Balcombe's great danger, and advise you to seek counsel of him. In so doing I trust I am not breaking faith with my client." The original sentence implies, however, that the consequence of the speaker's impatience was the speaker's trusting that he would not break faith — whereas the \textit{advice} was the consequence. The \textit{trust}
cannot in any manner be embodied with the sentence, and must be placed in a separate one, as we have placed it.

For the occasional philosophy of Balcombe himself, we must not, of course, hold the author responsible. It might now and then be more exact. For example, "I am not sure that we do not purchase all our good qualities by the exercise of their opposites. How else does experience of danger make men brave? If they were not scared at first, then they were brave at first. If they were scared, then the effect of fear upon the mind has been to engender courage." As much, perhaps, as the effect of truth is to engender error, or of black paint to render a canvass white. All our good qualities purchased by the exercise of their opposites! Generalize this dogma, and we have, at once, virtue derivable from vice. In the particular instance here urged—that courage is engendered by fear—the quibble lies in shifting the question from "danger" to "fear," and using the two ideas as identical. But "danger" is no more "fear," than age is wisdom, than a turnip-seed is a turnip, or than other cause is its own usual effect. In proportion, we grant, to the frequency of our "experience of danger," is our callousness to its usual effect, which is fear. But when, following Mr. Balcombe to the finale of his argument, we say that the effect of the frequent "experience of fear" upon the mind is to engender courage, we are merely uttering the silly paradox that we fear less in proportion as we fear more.

And again. "Value depends on demand and supply. So say the political economists, and I suppose they are right in all things but one. When truth and honor abound, they are most prized. They depreciate
as they become rare.'" Now truth and honor form no exceptions to the rule of economy, that value depends upon demand and supply. The simple meaning of this rule is, that when a demand for a commodity is great, and the supply small, the value of the commodity is heightened, and the converse. Apply this to truth and honor. Let them be in demand—in esteem—and let the supply be small—that is, let there be few men true and honest; then truth and honor, as cotton and tobacco, rise in value—and, vice-versa, they fall. Mr. Balcombe's error is based upon the pre-supposition, (although this pre-supposition does not appear upon the face of his statement) that all who esteem truth and honor, are necessarily true and honest. To sustain the parallel, then, he should be prepared to admit the absurdity that the demanders of cotton and tobacco are necessarily stocked with cotton and tobacco. Let, however, the full extent of the question be seen. Truth and honor, it is asserted, are most prized where they most abound. They would be prized most of all then were no contrary qualities existing. But it is clear that were all men true and honest, then truth and honor, beyond their intrinsic, would hold no higher value, than would wine in a Paradise where all the rivers were Johannisberger, and all the duck-ponds Vin de Margaux.

We have thus spoken at length of George Balcombe, because we are induced to regard it, upon the whole, as the best American novel. There have been few books of its peculiar kind, we think, written in any country, much its superior. Its interest is intense from beginning to end. Talent of a lofty order is evinced in every page of it. Its most distinguishing features are invention, vigor, almost audacity, of thought—great
variety of what the German critics term *intrigue*, and exceeding ingenuity and finish in the adaptation of its component parts. Nothing is wanting to a complete whole, and nothing is out of place, or out of time. Without being chargeable in the least degree with imitation, the novel bears a strong family resemblance to the Caleb Williams of Goodwin. Thinking thus highly of George Balcombe, we still do not wish to be misunderstood as ranking it with the more brilliant fictions of some of the living novelists of Great Britain.

In regard to the authorship of the book, some little conversation has occurred, and the matter is still considered a secret. But why so?—or rather, how so? The mind of the chief personage of the story, is the transcript of a mind familiar to us—an unintentional transcript, let us grant—but still one not to be mistaken. George Balcombe thinks, speaks, and acts, as no person, we are convinced, but Judge Beverley Tucker, ever precisely thought, spoke, or acted before.

[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1837.]

Last May we had occasion to express our high opinion of Professor Anthon's Sallust, and of his literary labors in general. We then said what we have long thought, and still think, that this gentleman has done more for sound scholarship at home, and for our classical reputation abroad, than any other individual in America. In England he is particularly appreciated. His vast additions to Leprière are there justly regarded as evincing a nice perception of method, great industry, and extensive as well as accurate erudition. We know that two separate editions of his Sallust have appeared in London from the hands of different editors, and without any effort on the part of the author to procure a republication—this fact speaks plainly of the value set upon the work. His books, too, have been adopted as text-books at Cambridge and Oxford (for which meridian, indeed, they are especially intended)—an honor to be properly understood only by those acquainted with the many high requisites for attaining it. The present edition of Cicero, the text of which is based upon the work of Ernesti, embraces only the four orations against Catiline, together with those for Archias, Marcellus, the Manilian Law, and Murena.
The statutes of Columbia College require that the first six of these orations shall be read by candidates for admission into the Freshman Class, and they have accordingly been selected with an eye to this regulation. The orations for the Manilian Law, and for Murena, "have been added," says Mr. Anthon, "as favorable specimens of Cicero's more elaborate style of eloquence, especially the latter; and they may, it is conceived, be read with advantage at the beginning of an undergraduate course." Without reference to the rules of particular colleges (most of which however, accord with the institution of New York in regard to the speeches, against Catiline and for Archias), it may be assumed that no better selection of Cicero could be made—if the intention be, as it mainly should, to convey the spirit of the orator and of the man. We confess, however, and we believe Professor Anthon will half accord with us in our confession, that we should have been pleased to see the vivacious defence of the dissolute Coelius, and (that last oration of the noble Roman), the fourteenth of his indignant Philippics against Anthony.

The work is gotten up in the same beautiful style as the Sallust. It is a thick duodecimo of 518 pages. Of these, 380 are well occupied with Explanatory Notes; Legal, Geographical, and Historical Indexes. An acute analysis of the life and writings of Cicero fills about 40 pages in the front of the book, and will be recognized as an imitation, in manner, of the Brutus, sive de Claris Oratoribus, of the Latin author under examination.

As a critic and commentator, Professor Anthon must be regarded with the highest consideration. Although still young, he has evinced powers of a nature very
unusual in men whose lives, like his own, have been mainly devoted to the _bortus siccus_ of classical erudition. The simplicity and perfect obviousness of most of the readings wherein he has differed from commentators of the first celebrity, entitle him to respect as the philosopher, no less than as the philologist. He has dared to throw aside the pedant, and look _en homme du monde_ upon some of the most valued of the literary monuments of antiquity. In this way he has given the world evidence of a comprehensive as well as of an acute and original understanding, and thus the abundant notes to his editions of the Latin classics will do him lasting honor among all who are qualified to give an opinion of his labors, or whose good word and will he would be likely to consider as worth having.

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_[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1837._]

Mr. Bryant's poetical reputation, both at home and abroad, is greater, we presume, than that of any other American. British critics have frequently awarded him high praise; and here, the public press have been unanimous in approbation. We can call to mind no dissenting voice. Yet the nature, and, most especially the manner, of the expressed opinions in this case, should be considered as somewhat equivocal, and but too frequently must have borne to the mind of the poet doubts and dissatisfaction. The edition now before us may be supposed to embrace all such of his
poems as he deems not unworthy his name. These (amounting to about one hundred) have been "carefully revised." With the exception of some few, about which nothing could well be said, we will speak briefly of them one by one, but in such order as we may find convenient.

The Ages, a didactic piece of thirty-five Spenserian stanzas, is the first and longest in the volume. It was originally printed in 1821, with about half a dozen others now included in this collection. The design of the author in this poem is "from a survey of the past ages of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge and virtue, to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of the human race." It is, indeed, an essay on the perfectibility of man, wherein, among other better arguments some in the very teeth of analogy, are deduced from the eternal cycles of physical nature, to sustain a hope of progression in happiness. But it is only as a poem that we wish to examine The Ages. Its commencement is impressive. The four initial lines arrest the attention at once by a quiet dignity of manner, an air of placid contemplation, and a versification combining the extremes of melody and force —

When to the common rest that crowns our days,
Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
His silver temples in their last repose —

The five concluding lines of the stanza, however, are not equally effective —

When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows,
And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were, with many fears
Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming years.

The defects, here, are all of a metrical and of course minor nature, but are still defects. The line

When o'er the buds of youth the death-wind blows.

is impeded in its flow by the final th in youth, and especially in death where w follows. The word tears cannot readily be pronounced after the final st in bitterest; and its own final consonants, rs, in like manner render an effort necessary in the utterance of stream which commences the next line. In the verse

We think on what they were, with many fears

the word many is, from its nature, too rapidly pronounced for the fulfilment of the time necessary to give weight to the foot of two syllables. All words of two syllables do not necessarily constitute a foot (we speak now of the Pentameter here employed) even although the syllables be entirely distinct, as in many, very, often, and the like. Such as, without effort, cannot employ in their pronunciation the time demanded by each of the preceding and succeeding feet of the verse, and occasionally of a preceding verse, will never fail to offend. It is the perception of this fact which so frequently forces the versifier of delicate ear to employ feet exceeding what are unjustly called legitimate dimensions. For example. At page 21 of the volume before us we have the following lines—

Lo! to the smiling Arno's classic side
The emulous nations of the West repair!
These verses are exceedingly forcible, yet, upon scanning the latter we find a syllable too many. We shall be told possibly that there should an elision of the e in the at the commencement. But no — this was not intended. Both the and emulous demand a perfect accentuation. The verse commencing Lo!

Lo! to the smiling Arno's classic side,

has, it will be observed, a Trochee in its first foot. As is usually the case, the whole line partakes, in consequence, of a stately and emphatic enunciation, and to equalize the time in the verse succeeding, something more is necessary than the succession of Iambuses which constitute the ordinary English Pentameter. The equalization is therefore judiciously effected by the introduction of an additional syllable. But in the lines

Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
We think on what they were with many fears,

lines to which the preceding observations will equally apply, this additional syllable is wanting. Did the rhyme admit of the alteration, every thing necessary could be accomplished by writing

We think on what they were with many a fear,
Lest goodness die with them and leave the coming year.

These remarks may be considered hypercritical — yet it is undeniable that upon a rigid attention to minutiae such as we have pointed out, any great degree of metrical success must altogether depend. We are more disposed, too, to dwell upon the particular point mentioned above, since, with regard to it, the American Monthly, in a late critique upon the poems of Mr.
Willis, has evidently done that gentleman injustice. The reviewer has fallen into what we conceive the error of citing, by themselves, (that is to say insulated from the context) such verses as

The night-wind with a *desolate* moan swept by.

With *difficult* energy and when the rod.

Fell through, and with the *tremulous* hand of age.

With *supernatural* whiteness loosely fell.

for the purpose of animadversion. "The license," he says "of turning such words as 'passionate' and 'desolate' into two syllables could only have been taken by a pupil of the Fantastic School." We are quite sure that Mr. Willis had no purpose of turning them into words of two syllables — nor even, as may be supposed upon a careless examination, of *pronouncing them in the same time* which would be required for two ordinary, syllables. The excesses of measure are here employed (perhaps without any definite design on the part of the writer, who may have been guided solely by ear) with reference to the proper equalization, of balancing, if we may so term it, of time, *throughout an entire sentence*. This, we confess, is a novel idea, but, we think, perfectly tenable. Any musician will understand us. Efforts for the relief of monotone will necessarily produce fluctuations in the time of any metre, which fluctuations, if not subsequently counter-balanced, affect the ear like unresolved discords in music. The deviations then of which we have been speaking, from the strict rules of prosodial art, are but improvements upon the rigor of those rules, and are a
merit, not a fault. It is the nicety of this species of equalization more than any other metrical merit, which elevates Pope as a versifier above the mere couplet-maker of his day; and, on the other hand, it is the extension of the principle to sentences of greater length which elevates Milton above Pope. Knowing this, it was, of course, with some surprise that we found the American Monthly (for whose opinions we still have the highest respect,) citing Pope in opposition to Mr. Willis upon the very point to which we allude. A few examples will be sufficient to show that Pope not only made free use of the license referred to, but that he used it for the reasons, and under the circumstances which we have suggested.

Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes’ serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais’ easy air.

Any person will here readily perceive that the third line

Whether thou choose Cervantes’ serious air.

differs in time from the usual course of the rhythm, and requires some counterbalance in the line which succeeds. It is indeed precisely such a verse as that of Mr. Bryant’s upon which we have commented,

Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,

and commences in the same manner with a Trochee. But again, from Pope we have —

Hence hymning Tyburn’s elegiac lines
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines.

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Else all my prose and verse were much the same, 
This prose on stilts, that poetry fallen lame.

And thrice he lifted high the birth-day band 
And thrice he dropped it from his quivering hand.

Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls, 
And here she planned the imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows 
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose.

Rome in her Capitol saw Luerno sit 
Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And his this drum whose hoarse heroic bass 
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise 
Twelve starveling bards of those degenerate days.

These are all taken at random from the first book of the Dunciad. In the last example it will be seen that the two additional syllables are employed with a view of equalizing the time with that of the verse.

But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise—a verse which will be perceived to labor in its progress—and which Pope, in accordance with his favorite theory of making sound accord with sense, evidently intended so to labor. It is useless to say that the words should be written with elision—star'ling and degen'rate. Their pronunciation is not thereby materially affected—and, besides, granting it to be so, it may be as well to make the elision also in the case of Mr. Willis. But Pope had no such intention, nor we presume, had Mr. W. It is somewhat singular, we may remark,
en passant, that the American Monthly, in a subsequent portion of the critique alluded to, quotes from Pope as a line of "sonorous grandeur" and one beyond the ability of our American poet, the well known

Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel.

Now this is indeed a line of "sonorous grandeur" — but it is rendered so principally if not altogether by that very excess of metre (in the word Damien) which the reviewer has condemned in Mr. Willis. The lines which we quote below from Mr. Bryant's poem of *The Ages* will suffice to show that the author we are now reviewing fully appreciates the force of such occasional excess, and that he has only neglected it through over-sight in the verse which suggested these observations.

Peace to the just man's memory — let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages — let the mimic canvass show
His calm benevolent features.

Does prodigal Autumn to our age deny
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

Look on this beautiful word and read the truth
In her fair page.

Will then the merciful one who stamped our race
With his own image, and who gave them away
O'er Earth and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our flourishing nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,
Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
His latest offspring?
He who has tamed the *elements* shall not live
The slave of his own passions.

When liberty awoke
New-born, amid those *beautiful* vales.

Oh Greece, thy *flourishing* cities were a spoil
Unto each other.

And thou didst drive from thy *unnatural* breast
Thy just and brave.

Yet her *degenerate* children sold the crown.

Instead of the pure heart and *innocent* hands —

Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well
Thou laugh'st at *enemies*. Who shall then declare —

Far like the comet's way thro' *infinite* space.

The full region leads
*New colonies* forth.

*Full many* a horrible worship that, of old,
Held o'er the *shuddering* realms unquestioned sway.

All these instances, and some others, occur in a
poem of but thirty-five stanzas — yet, in only a very
few cases is the license improperly used. Before quitting
this subject it may be as well to cite a striking ex-
ample from Wordsworth —

There was a youth whom I had loved so long,
That when I loved him not I cannot say.
Mid the green mountains *many and many* a song
We two had sung like gladsome birds in May.
Another specimen, and one still more to the purpose
may be given from Milton whose accurate ear (although
he cannot justly be called the best of versifiers) in-
cluded and balanced without difficulty the rhythm of the
longest passages.

But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
More with his followers than with them they dealt?
Be sure they will, said the Angel.

The other metrical faults in The Ages are few. Mr. Bryant is not always successful in his Alexandrines. Too great care cannot be taken, we think, in so regulating this species of verse as to admit of the necessary pause at the end of the third foot — or at least as not to render a pause necessary elsewhere. We object, therefore, to such lines as

A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

The truth of heaven, and kneel to Gods that heard them not.

That which concludes Stanza X, although correctly cadenced in the above respect, requires an accent on the monosyllable the, which is too unimportant to sustain it. The defect is rendered the more perceptible by the introduction of a Trochee in the first foot.

The sick untended then
Languished in the damp shade, and died afar from men.

We are not sure that such lines as
A boundless sea of blood and the wild air.

The smile of heaven, till a new age expands.

are in any case justifiable, and they can be easily avoided. As in the Alexandrine mentioned above, the course of the rhythm demands an accent on monosyllables too unimportant to sustain it. For this prevalent heresy in metre we are mainly indebted to Byron, who introduced it freely, with the view of imparting an abrupt energy to his verse. There are, however, many better ways of relieving a monotone.

Stanza VI. is, throughout, an exquisite specimen of versification, besides embracing many beauties both of thought and expression.

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings;
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure guls, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep
In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep.

The cadences, here, at the words page, swarms, and surge respectively, cannot be surpassed. We shall find, upon examination, comparatively few consonants in the stanza, and by their arrangement no impediment is offered to the flow of the verse. Liquids and the most melodious vowels abound. World, eternal, season, wide, change, full, air, everlasting, wings, flings, complacent, surge, guls, myriads, azure, ocean, sail, and joyous, are among the softest and most sonorous sounds in the language, and the partial line after the
pause at *surge*, together with the stately march of the Alexandrine which succeeds, is one of the finest imaginable of finales —

Eternal love doth keep
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

The higher beauties of the poem are not, we think, of the highest. It has unity, completeness, — a beginning, middle and end. The tone, too, of calm, hopeful, and elevated reflection, is well sustained throughout. There is an occasional quaint grace of expression, as in

Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud Sky-mingling mountains that o’erlook the cloud —

or of antithetical and rhythmical force combined, as in

The shock that hurled
To dust in many fragments dashed and strewn
The throne whose roots were in another world
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own.

But we look in vain for something more worthy commendation. At the same time the piece is especially free from errors. Once only we meet with an unjust metonymy, where a sheet of water is said to

*Cradle, in his soft embrace, a gay Young group of grassy islands.*

We find little originality of thought, and less imagination. But in a poem essentially didactic, of course, we cannot hope for the loftiest breathings of the Muse.
To the Past is a poem of fourteen quatrains — three feet and four alternately. In the second quatrain, the lines

And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

are, to us, disagreeable. Such things are common, but at best, repulsive. In the present case there is not even the merit of illustration. The womb, in any just imagery, should be spoken of with a view to things future; here it is employed, in the sense of the tomb, and with a view to things past. In Stanza XI the idea is even worse. The allegorical meaning throughout the poem, although generally well sustained, is not always so. In the quatrain

Thine for a space are they —
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

it seems that The Past, as an allegorical personification, is confounded with Death.

The Old Man’s Funeral is of seven stanzas, each of six lines — four Pentameters and Alexandrine rhyming. At the funeral of an old man who has lived out his full quota of years, another, as aged, reproves the company for weeping. The poem is nearly perfect in its way — the thoughts striking and natural — the versification singularly sweet. The third stanza embodies a fine idea, beautifully expressed.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled,  
_Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie_,  
And leaves the smile of his departure spread  
O'er the warm-colored heaven, and ruddy mountain head.

The technical word _chronic_ should have been avoided in the fifth line of Stanza VI —

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb.

_The Rivulet_ has about ninety octo-syllabic verses. They contrast the changing and perishable nature of our human frame, with the greater durability of the Rivulet. The chief merit is simplicity. We should imagine the poem to be one of the earliest pieces of Mr. Bryant, and to have undergone much correction. In the first paragraph are, however, some awkward constructions. In the verses, for example

This little rill that from the springs  
Of yonder grove its current brings,  
Plays on the slope awhile, and then  
Goes prattling into groves again

the reader is apt to suppose that _rill_ is the nominative to _plays_, whereas it is the nominative only to _drew_ in the subsequent lines,

Oft to its warbling waters drew  
My little feet when life was new.

The proper verb is, of course, immediately seen upon reading these latter lines — but the ambiguity has occurred.
The Prairie. This is a poem, in blank Pentameter, of about one hundred and twenty-five lines, and possesses features which do not appear in any of the pieces above mentioned. Its descriptive beauty is of a high order. The peculiar points of interest in the Prairie are vividly shown forth, and as a local painting, the work is, altogether, excellent. Here are moreover, evidences of fine imagination. For example —

The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love —
A nearer vault and of a tenderer blue
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old times
From instruments of unremembered form
Gave the soft winds a voice.

The bee
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of the advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts.

Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the Prairie-hawk that poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings yet moves not!

There is an objectionable ellipsis in the expression "I behold them from the first," meaning "first time;" and either a grammatical or typographical error of moment in the fine sentence commencing
Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky —
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations!

_Earth_, a poem of similar length and construction to _The Prairie_, embodies a noble conception. The poet represents himself as lying on the earth in a "midnight black with clouds," and giving ideal voices to the varied sounds of the coming tempest. The following passages remind us of some of the more beautiful portions of Young.

On the breast of Earth
I lie and listen to her mighty voice:
_A voice of many tones — sent up from streams_
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean stretching far
Into the night — a melancholy sound!

_Ha! how the murmur deepens! _I perceive
And tremble at its dreadful import. _Earth_
_Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong_
_And Heaven is listening. The forgotten graves_
Of the heart broken utter forth their plaint.
The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
And him who died neglected in his age,
The sepulchres of those who for mankind
_Labored, and earned the recompense of scorn_
_Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones_
Of those who in the strife for liberty_
_Were beaten down, their corse given to dogs,
Their names to infamy, all find a voice!_
In this poem and elsewhere occasionally throughout the volume, we meet with a species of grammatical construction, which, although it is to be found in writing of high merit, is a mere affectation, and of course objectionable. We mean the abrupt employment of a direct pronoun in place of the customary relative. For example —

Or haply dost thou grieve for those that die —
For living things that trod awhile thy face,
The love of thee and heaven, and how they sleep,
Mixed with the shapeless dust on which thy herds
Trample and graze?

The note of interrogation here, renders the affectation more perceptible.

The poem To the Apennines resembles, in metre, that entitled The Old Man’s Funeral, except that the former has a Pentameter in place of the Alexandrine. This piece is chiefly remarkable for the force, metrical and moral, of its concluding stanza.

In you the heart that sighs for Freedom seeks
Her image; there the winds no barrier know;
Clouds come and rest, and leave your fairy peaks;
While even the immaterial Mind, below,
And Thought, her winged offspring, chained by power,
Pine silently for the redeeming hour.

The Knight’s Epitaph consists of about fifty lines of blank Pentameter. This poem is well conceived and executed. Entering the Church of St. Catherine at Pisa, the poet is arrested by the image of an armed knight graven upon the lid of a sepulchre. The epitaph consists of an imaginative portraiture of the
knight, in which he is made the impersonation of the ancient Italian chivalry.

Seventy-Six has seven stanzas of a common, but musical versification, of which these lines will afford an excellent specimen.

That death-stain on the vernal sword,
Hallowed to freedom all the shore—
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footsteps of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

The Living Lost has four stanzas of somewhat peculiar construction, but admirably adapted to the tone of contemplative melancholy which pervades the poem. We can call to mind few things more singularly impressive than the eight concluding verses. They combine ease with severity, and have antithetical force without effort or flippancy. The final thought has also a high ideal beauty.

But ye who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament, and all condemn,
And o'er the world of spirit lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

The first stanza commences with one of those affectations which we noticed in the poem "Earth."

Matron, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last.
The Strange Lady is of the fourteen syllable metre, answering to two lines, one of eight syllables, the other six. This rhythm is unmanageable, and requires great care in the rejection of harsh consonants. Little, however, has been taken, apparently, in the construction of the verses

As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the cool clear sky.

And thou shouldst chase the nobler game, and I bring down the bird.

Or that strange dame so gay and fair were some mysterious foe,

which are not to be pronounced without labor. The story is old—of a young gentleman who going out to hunt, is inveigled into the woods and destroyed by a fiend in the guise of a fair lady. The ballad character is nevertheless well preserved, and this, we presume, is nearly every thing intended.

The Hunter's Vision is skilfully and sweetly told. It is a tale of a young hunter who, overcome with toil, dozes on the brink of a precipice. In this state between waking and sleeping, he fancies a spirit-land in the fogs of the valley beneath him, and sees approaching him the deceased lady of his love. Arising to meet her, he falls, with the effort, from the crag, and perishes. The state of reverie is admirably pictured in the following stanzas. The poem consists of nine such.

All dim in haze the mountains lay
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.
He listened till he seemed to hear
A strain so soft and low
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet and mild
The watching mother lulls her child.

_Catterskill Falls_ is a narrative somewhat similar. Here the hero is also a hunter—but of delicate frame. He is overcome with the cold at the foot of the falls, sleeps, and is near perishing—but, being found by some woodmen, is taken care of, and recovers. As in the _Hunter's Vision_, the dream of the youth is the main subject of the poem. He fancies a goblin palace in the icy network of the cascade, and peoples it in his vision with ghosts. His entry into this palace is, with rich imagination on the part of the poet, made to correspond with the time of the transition from the state of reverie to that of nearly total insensibility.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng
Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed
When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight sullen and vast
In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all
With the dying voice of the waterfall.
There are nineteen similar stanzas. The metre is formed of Iambuses and Anapests.

*The Hunter of the Prairies* (fifty six octosyllabic verses with alternate rhymes) is a vivid picture of the life of a hunter in the desert. The poet, however, is here greatly indebted to his subject.

*The Damsel of Peru* is in the fourteen syllable metre, and has a most spirited, imaginative and musical commencement —

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru.

This is also a ballad, and a very fine one — full of action, chivalry, energy and rhythm. Some passages have even a loftier merit — that of a glowing ideality. For example —

For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the heat.

*The Song of Pitcairn's Island* is a sweet, quiet, and simple poem, of a versification differing from that of any preceding piece. We subjoin a specimen. The Tahetian maiden addresses her lover.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me
Whose necks and cheeks they tell
Outshine the beauty of the sea,
White foam and crimson shell.
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress  
And bind like them each jetty tress,
     A sight to please thee well,
And for my dusky brow will braid  
A bonnet like an English maid.

There are seven similar stanzas.

Rispah is a scriptural theme from 2 Samuel, and we like it less than any poem yet mentioned. The subject, we think, derives no additional interest from its poetical dress. The metre resembling, except in the matter of rhyme, that of "Catterskill Falls," and consisting of mingled Iambuses and Anapæsts, is the most positively disagreeable of any which our language admits, and, having a frisky or fidgetty rhythm, is singularly ill-adapted to the lamentations of the bereaved mother. We cannot conceive how the fine ear of Mr. Bryant could admit such verses as,

And Rispah once the loveliest of all  
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul, &c.

The Indian Girl's Lament and the Arctic Lover have nearly all the peculiarities of the "Song of Pitcairn's Island."

The Massacre at Scio is only remarkable for inaccuracy of expression in the two concluding lines—

Till the last link of slavery's chain  
Is shivered to be worn no more.

What shall be worn no more? The chain— but the link is implied.

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Monument Mountain is a poem of about a hundred and forty blank Pentameters and relates the tale of an Indian maiden who loved her cousin. Such a love being deemed incestuous by the morality of her tribe, she threw herself from a precipice and perished. There is little peculiar in the story or its narration. We quote a rough verse—

The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

The use of the epithet old preceded by some other adjective, is found so frequently in this poem and elsewhere in the writings of Mr. Bryant, as to excite a smile upon each recurrence of the expression.

In all that proud old world beyond the deep—
There is a tale about these gray old rocks—
The wide old woods resounded with her song—
And the gray old men that passed—
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven.

We dislike too the antique use of the word affect in such sentences as

They deemed
Like worshippers of the elder time that God
Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o’erlooking mountains.

Milton, it is true, uses it—we remember it especially in Comus—

'Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell—

but then Milton would not use it were he writing Comus to-day.
In the *Summer Wind*, our author has several successful attempts at making "the sound an echo to the sense." For example—

For me, I lie
*Languidly in the shade*, where the thick turf
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun
Retains some freshness.

All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
*Settling on the sick flowers*, and then again
Instantly on the wing.

All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers
*By the road side, and the borders of the brook*
*Nod gaily to each other.*

*Autumn Woods.* This is a poem of much sweetness and simplicity of expression, and including one or two fine thoughts, viz:

the sweet South-west *at play*
*Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown*
*Along the winding way.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark within its roseate canopy
Her flush of maiden shame.

The mountains that unfold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
*Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold*
*That guard the enchanted ground.*
All this is beautiful — the sentences italicized especially so. Happily to endow inanimate nature with sentience and a capability of moral action is one of the severest tests of the poet. Even the most unmusical ear will not fail to appreciate the rare beauty and strength of the extra syllable in the line

Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold.

The *Disinterred Warrior* has a passage we do not clearly understand. Speaking of the Indian our author says —

For he was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.

There are ten similar quatrains in the poem.

The *Greek Boy* consists of four spirited stanzas, nearly resembling, in metre, *The Living Lost*. The two concluding lines are highly ideal.

A shoot of that old vine that made
The nations silent in its shade.

*When the Firmament Quivers with Daylight’s Young Beam*, belongs to a species of poetry which we cannot be brought to admire. Some natural phenomenon is observed, and the poet taxes his ingenuity to find a parallel in the moral world. In general, we may assume, that the more successful he is in sustaining the parallel, the farther he departs from the true province of the Muse. The title, here, is a specimen of the metre. This is of a kind which we have before designated as exceedingly difficult to manage.
To a Musquito, is droll, and has at least the merit of making, at the same time, no efforts at being sentimental. We are not inclined, however, to rank as poems, either this production or the article on New England Coal.

The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus has ninety Pentameters. One of them

Kind influence. Lo! their orbs burn more bright, can only be read, metrically, by drawing out influence into three marked syllables, shortening the long monosyllable, Lo! and lengthening the short one, their.

June is sweet and soft in its rhythm, and inexpressibly pathetic. There is an illy subdued sorrow and intense awe coming up, per force as it were to the surface of the poet's gay sayings about his grave, which we find thrilling us to the soul.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,  
Come, from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon  
With fairy laughter blent?  
And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothed lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument?  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.  
I know, I know I should not see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if, around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
Innocent Child and Snow-White Flower, is remarkable only for the deficiency of a foot in one of its verses.

White as those leaves just blown apart
Are the folds of thy own young heart.

and for the graceful repetition in its concluding quatrain

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
Yet as thy tender years depart
Keep that white and innocent heart.

Of the seven original sonnets in the volume before us, it is somewhat difficult to speak. The sonnet demands, in a great degree, point, strength, unity, compression, and a species of completeness. Generally, Mr. Bryant has evinced more of the first and the last, than of the three mediate qualities. William Tell is feeble. No forcible line ever ended with liberty, and the best of the rhymes — thee, me, free, and the like, are destitute of the necessary vigor. But for this rhythmical defect the thought in the concluding couplet —

The bitter cup they mingled strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free

would have well ended the sonnet. Midsummer is objectionable for the variety of its objects of allusion. Its final lines embrace a fine thought —

As if the day of fire had dawned and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmament —

but the vigor of the whole is impaired by the necessity of placing an unwonted accent on the last syllable of firmament. October has little to recommend it, but the slight epigrammatism of its conclusion —
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men — as thou dost pass.

The Sonnet *To Cole*, is feeble in its final lines, and
is worthy of praise only in the verses —

Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.

*Mutation*, a didactic sonnet, has few either of faults
or beauties. *November* is far better. The lines

And the blue Gentian flower that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last,

are very happy. A single thought pervades and gives
unity to the piece. We are glad, too, to see an Alexandrine in the close. In the whole metrical construction of his sonnets, however, Mr. Bryant has very wisely declined confining himself to the laws of the Italian poem, or even to the dicta of Capel Loofft. The Alexandrine is beyond comparison the most effective finale, and we are astonished that the common Pentameter should ever be employed. The best sonnet of the seven is, we think, that *To* —. With the exception of a harshness in the last line but one it is perfect. The finale is inimitable.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another Spring
Shall deck her for men’s eyes, but not for thine —
Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then; Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

To a Cloud, has another instance of the affectation
to which we alluded in our notice of Earth, and The
Living Lost.

Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
From the old battle fields and tombs,
And risen, and drawn the sword, and on the foe
Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
Has touched its chains, and they are broke.

Of the Translations in the volume it is not our in-
tention to speak in detail. Mary Magdalen, from the
Spanish of Bartolomé Leonardo De Argensola, is the
finest specimen of versification in the book. Alexis,
from the Spanish of Iglesias, is delightful in its exceed-
ing delicacy, and general beauty. We cannot refrain
from quoting it entire.

Alexis calls me cruel —
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain’s brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.
I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,
And tell him how I love him
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage,
They cannot seek his hand.

The *Waterfowl* is very beautiful, but still not entitled to the admiration which it has occasionally elicited. There is a fidelity and force in the picture of the fowl as brought before the eye of the mind, and a fine sense of effect in throwing its figure on the back ground of the "crimson sky," amid "falling dew," "while glow the heavens with the last steps of day." But the merits which possibly have had most weight in the public estimation of the poem, are the melody and strength of its versification, (which is indeed excellent) and more particularly its completeness. Its rounded and didactic termination has done wonders:

on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.
There are, however, points of more sterling merit. We fully recognize the poet in

Thou'rt gone — the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form.

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —

The desert, and illimitable air —
Lone, wandering, but not lost.

The Forest Hymn consists of about a hundred and twenty blank Pentameters of whose great rhythmical beauty it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. With the exception of the line

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,

no fault, in this respect, can be found, while excellences are frequent of a rare order, and evincing the greatest delicacy of ear. We might, perhaps, suggest, that the two concluding verses, beautiful as they stand, would be slightly improved by transferring to the last the metrical excess of the one immediately preceding. For the appreciation of this, it is necessary to quote six or seven lines in succession.

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements, to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.
There is an excess of one syllable in the first of the lines italicized. If we discard this syllable here, and adopt it in the final line, the close will acquire strength, we think, in acquiring a fuller volume.

Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the perfect order of thy works
Conform, if we can, the order of our lives.

Directness, boldness, and simplicity of expression, are main features in the poem.

Oh God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages.

Here an ordinary writer would have preferred the word fright to scare, and omitted the definite article before woods and villages.

To the Evening Wind has been justly admired. It is the best specimen of that completeness which we have before spoken of as a characteristic feature in the poems of Mr. Bryant. It has a beginning, middle, and end, each depending upon the other, and each beautiful. Here are three lines breathing all the spirit of Shelley.

Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
The conclusion is admirable —

Go — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
There to the birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore,
And, listening to thy murmur, be shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

Thanatopsis is somewhat more than half the length of The Forest Hymn, and of a character precisely similar. It is, however, the finer poem. Like The Waterfowl, it owes much to the point, force, and general beauty of its didactic conclusion. In the commencement, the lines

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, &c.

belong to a class of vague phrases, which, since the days of Byron, have obtained too universal a currency. The verse

Go forth under the open sky and list —

is sadly out of place amid the forcible and even Miltonic rhythm of such lines as

Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon.

But these are trivial faults indeed and the poem embodies a great degree of the most elevated beauty.
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Two of its passages, passages of the purest ideality, would alone render it worthy of the general commendation it has received.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unflagging trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun — the wales
Stretching in pensive quietude between —
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green — and, poured round all,
Old Ocean’s gray and melancholy waste —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

Oh, fairest of the Rural Maids! is a gem, of which we cannot sufficiently express our admiration. We quote in full.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.
The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks,
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters Heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot impressed
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

A rich simplicity is a main feature in this poem
— simplicity of design and execution. This is strik-
ingly perceptible in the opening and concluding lines,
and in expression throughout. But there is a far higher
and more strictly ideal beauty, which it is less easy to
analyze. The original conception is of the very loftiest
order of true Poesy. A maiden is born in the forest —

Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Are all which meet her infant eye —

She is not merely modelled in character by the as-
sociations of her childhood — this were the thought
of an ordinary poet — an idea that we meet with every
day in rhyme — but she imbibes, in her physical as
well as moral being, the traits, the very features of the
delicious scenery around her — its loveliness becomes a
portion of her own —

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of her locks,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in her heart and on her face.
It would have been a highly poetical idea to imagine the tints in the locks of the maiden deducing a resemblance to the "twilight of the trees and rocks," from the constancy of her associations — but the spirit of Ideality is immeasurably more apparent when the "twilight" is represented as becoming identified with the shadows of her hair.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks,
And all the beauty of the place
Is in her heart and on her face.

Feeling thus, we did not, in copying the poem, italicize the lines, although beautiful,

Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves,

nor those which immediately follow. The two concluding verses, however, are again of the most elevated species of poetical merit.

The forest depths by foot impressed
Are not more sinless than thy breast —
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

The image contained in the lines

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters Heaven is seen —

is one which, we think, for appropriateness, completeness, and every perfect beauty of which imagery is susceptible, has never been surpassed — but imagery is sus-
ceptible of no beauty like that we have designated in the sentences above. The latter idea, moreover, is not original with our poet.

In all the rhapsodies of Mr. Bryant, which have reference to the beauty or the majesty of nature, is a most audible and thrilling tone of love and exultation. As far as he appreciates her loveliness or her augustness, no appreciation can be more ardent, more full of heart, more replete with the glowing soul of adoration. Nor, either in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision, does he at any time fail to perceive and designate, at once, the legitimate items of the beautiful. Therefore, could we consider (as some have considered) the mere enjoyment of the beautiful when perceived, or even this enjoyment when combined with the readiest and truest perception and discrimination in regard to beauty presented, as a sufficient test of the poetical sentiment, we could have no hesitation in according to Mr. Bryant the very highest poetical rank. But something more, we have elsewhere presumed to say, is demanded. Just above, we spoke of "objects in the moral or physical universe coming within the periphery of his vision." We now mean to say, that the relative extent of these peripheries of poetical vision must ever be a primary consideration in our classification of poets. Judging Mr. B. in this manner, and by a general estimate of the volume before us, we should, of course, pause long before assigning him a place with the spiritual Shellesys, or Coleridges, or Wordsworths, or with Keats, or even Tennyson, or Wilson, or with some other burning lights of our own day, to be valued in a day to come. Yet if his poems, as a whole, will not warrant us in assigning him this grade, one such poem as the last upon which we
have commented, is enough to assure us that he may attain it.

The writings of our author, as we find them here, are characterized by an air of calm and elevated contemplation more than by any other individual feature. In their mere didactics, however, they err essentially and primitively, inasmuch as such things are the province rather of Minerva than of the Camenae. Of imagination, we discover much—but more of its rich and certain evidences, than of its ripened fruit. In all the minor merits Mr. Bryant is pre-eminent. His ars celare artem is most efficient. Of his "completeness," unity, and finish of style we have already spoken. As a versifier, we know of no writer, living or dead, who can be said greatly to surpass him. A Frenchman would assuredly call him "un poète des plus correctes."

Between Cowper and Young, perhaps, (with both of whom he has many points of analogy,) would be the post assigned him by an examination at once general and superficial. Even in this view, however, he has a juster appreciation of the beautiful than the one, of the sublime than the other—a finer taste than Cowper—an equally vigorous, and far more delicate imagination than Young. In regard to his proper rank among American poets there should be no question whatever. Few—at least few who are fairly before the public, have more than very shallow claims to a rivalry with the author of Thanatopsis.

Note: For other reviews of Bryant, see Vols. VIII., X., and XII. — Ed.
EARLY CRITICISM.

Address on the subject of a Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. Delivered in the Hall of Representatives on the Evening of April, 3, 1836. By J. N. Reynolds. With Correspondence and Documents. New York: Published by Harper and Brothers.

[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1837.]

In the Messenger for last August we spoke briefly on this head. What we then said was embraced in the form of a Critical Notice on the "Report (March 21, 1836,) of the Committee on Naval Affairs to whom were referred Memorials from sundry citizens of Connecticut interested in the Whale Fishery, praying that an exploring expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas." It is now well known to the community that this expedition, the design of which has been for ten years in agitation, has been authorized by Congress; sanctioned, and liberally provided for, by the Executive; and will almost immediately set sail. The public mind is at length thoroughly alive on the subject, and, in touching upon it now, we merely propose to give, if possible, such an outline of the history, object, and nature of the projet, as may induce the reader to examine, for himself, the volume whose title forms the heading of this article. Therein Mr. Reynolds has embodied a precise and full account of the whole matter, with every necessary document and detail.

In beginning we must necessarily begin with Mr. Reynolds. He is the originator, the persevering and
ADDRESS.

indomitable advocate, the life, the soul of the design. Whatever, of glory at least, accrue therefore from the expedition, this gentleman, whatever post he may occupy in it, or whether none, will be fairly entitled to the lion's share, and will as certainly receive it. He is a native of Ohio, where his family are highly respectable, and where he was educated and studied the law. He is known, by all who know him at all, as a man of the loftiest principles and unblemished character. "His writings," to use the language of Mr. Hamer on the floor of the House of Representatives, "have attracted the attention of men of letters; and literary societies and institutions have conferred upon him some of the highest honors they had to bestow." For ourselves, we have frequently borne testimony to his various merits as a gentleman, a writer and a scholar.

It is now many years since Mr. R.'s attention was first attracted to the great national advantages derivable from an exploring expedition to the South Sea and the Pacific; time has only rendered the expediency of the undertaking more obvious. To-day, the argument for the design is briefly as follows. No part of the whole commerce of our country is of more importance than that carried on in the regions in question. At the lowest estimate a capital of twelve millions of dollars is actively employed by one branch of the whale fishery alone; and there is involved in the whole business, directly and collaterally, not less probably than seventy millions of property. About one tenth of the entire navigation of the United States is engaged in this service— from 9 to 12,000 seamen, and from 170 to 200,000 tons of shipping. The results of the fishery are in the highest degree profitable—it being not a
mere interchange of commodities, but, in a great measure, the creation of wealth by labor from the ocean. It produces to the United States an annual income of from five to six millions of dollars. It is a most valuable nursery for our seamen, rearing up a race of hardy and adventurous men, eminently fit for the purposes of the navy. This fishery then is of importance — its range may be extended — at all events its interests should be protected. The scene of its operations, however, is less known and more full of peril than any other portion of the globe visited by our ships. It abounds in islands, reefs and shoals unmarked upon any chart — prudence requires that the location of these should be exactly defined. The savages in these regions have frequently evinced a murderous hostility — they should be conciliated or intimidated. The whale, and more especially all furred animals, are becoming scarce before the perpetual warfare of man — new generations will be found in the south, and the nation first to discover them will reap nearly all the rich benefits of the discovery. Our trade in ivory, in sandal-wood, in bêche-de-mer, in feathers, in quills, in sea-oil, in porpoise-oil, and in sea-elephant oil, may here be profitably extended. Various other sources of commerce will be met with, and may be almost exclusively appropriated. The crews, or at least some portion of the crews, of many of our vessels known to be wrecked in this vicinity, may be rescued from a life of slavery and despair. Moreover, we are degraded by the continual use of foreign charts. In matters of mere nautical or geographical science, our government has been hitherto supine, and it is due to the national character that in these respects something should be done. We have now a chance of redeeming ourselves
in the Southern Sea. Here is a wide field open and nearly untouched — "a theatre peculiarly our own from position and the course of human events." Individual enterprise, even acting especially for the purpose, cannot be expected to accomplish all that should be done — dread of forfeiting insurance will prevent our whale-ships from effecting any thing of importance incidentally — and our national vessels on general service have elsewhere far more than they can efficiently attend to. In the meantime our condition is prosperous beyond example, our treasury is overflowing, a special national expedition could accomplish every thing desired, the expense of it will be comparatively little, the whole scientific world approve it, the people demand it, and thus there is a multiplicity of good reasons why it should immediately be set on foot.

Ten years ago these reasons were still in force, and Mr. Reynolds lost no opportunity of pressing them upon public attention. By a series of indefatigable exertions he at length succeeded in fully interesting the country in his scheme. Commodore Downes and Captain Jones, with nearly all the officers of our navy, gave it their unqualified approbation. Popular assemblages in all quarters spoke in its favor. Many of our commercial towns and cities petitioned for it. It was urged in Reports from the Navy and Messages from the Executive Department. The East India Marine Society of Massachusetts, all of whose members by the constitution must have personally doubled either Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, were induced to get up a memorial in its behalf; and the legislatures of eight different states — of New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, North Carolina, and, we are happy to add, of Virginia, rec-
ommended the enterprise in the most earnest manner to the favorable consideration of Congress. As early as January, 1828, Mr. Reynolds submitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, a letter upon the subject accompanied with memorials and petitions. Among these memorials was one from Albany, dated October 19th, 1827, and signed by his Excellency Nathaniel Pitcher, lieutenant governor of the State of New York; the honorable Erastus Root, speaker of the house of delegates; and by nearly all the members of the legislature. Another, dated Charleston, South Carolina, May 31st, 1827, was signed by the mayor of the city; the president of the chamber of commerce; and by a very long list of respectable citizens. A third was dated Raleigh, North Carolina, December 24th, 1827, and contained the signatures of his Excellency James Iredell, the governor; the honorable B. Yancey, speaker of the senate; the honorable James Little, speaker of the house of commons; and a large proportion of each branch of the legislature. A fourth was dated Richmond, Virginia, January 1st, 1828, and was sustained by a great number of the most influential inhabitants of Virginia; by the honorable Linn Banks, speaker of the House of delegates; and by a majority of the delegates themselves. For reference, Mr. Reynolds handed in at the same period a preamble and resolution of the Maryland Assembly, approving in the strongest terms the contemplated expedition. The matter was thus for the first time, we believe, brought into a shape for the official cognizance of the government.

The letter was referred to the committee on Naval Affairs. That body made application to Mr. R. for a statement, in writing, of his views. It was desired
that this statement should contain his reasons for general results, a reference to authorities for specific facts, as well as a tabular statement of the results and facts, so far as they might be susceptible of being stated in such form. To this application Mr. R. sent a brief yet comprehensive reply, embracing a view of the nature and extent of our whale-fisheries, and the several trades in the sea otter skin, the fur skin, the ivory sea elephant tooth, land animal fur, sandal wood, and feathers, together with observations on the general benefits resulting from these branches of commerce, independent of the wealth they bring into the country.

The Secretary of the Navy was also called upon for his opinion. In his reply he strongly commended the design, using the main arguments we have already adduced. He stated, moreover, that Mr. Reynolds' estimate of the value of our commerce in the regions in question, had been much augmented, in the view of the department, through the reports, made under its orders, of our naval officers, who had commanded vessels of war in the Pacific.

Nothing was done, however, until the next session of Congress. A bill was then proposed but did not become a law. In consequence of its failure, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting the President of the United States "to send one of our small vessels to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas, to examine the coasts, islands, harbors, shoals, and reefs in those seas, and to ascertain their true situation and description," and authorizing the use of such facilities as could be afforded by the Navy Department without further appropriation during the year. There was, however, no suitable national vessel in condition, at the time, to be despatched upon the service. The Pea-
cock, therefore, was placed at the New York navy yard, to be repaired and fitted out, and an additional vessel of two hundred tons engaged, upon the agreement that Congress should be recommended to authorize the purchase—the vessel to be returned if the recommendation were not approved. These arrangements the Secretary of the Navy communicated to Congress in November, 1828. A bill now passed one house, but was finally lost.

Mr. Reynolds did not cease from his exertions. The subject of the expedition was not effectually resumed, however, until January 1835. Mr. Dickerson then transmitted to Congress, a Report by Mr. R., dated September 24th, 1828. This report had been drawn up at the request of Mr. Southard, in June, when that gentleman was called upon by the Committee on Naval Affairs. It occupies about forty pages of the volume now before us, and speaks plainly of the assiduity and energy of the reporter. He repaired, immediately, upon Mr. Southard's expressing a wish to that effect, to New-London, Stonington, New-Bedford, Edgartown, Nantucket, and other places where information might be found of the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. His desire was to avail himself of personal data, afforded by the owners and masters of the whaling vessels sailing from these ports. His main objects of inquiry were the navigation, geography and topography presented by the whole range of the seas from the Pacific to the Indian and Chinese oceans, with the extent and nature of our commerce and fisheries in those quarters. He found that "all that he had before heard was confirmed by a long train of witnesses, and that every calculation he had previously made fell very far short of the truth." In February 1835, the Com-
mittee on Commerce strongly recommended Mr. Reynolds' design, and in March 1836 the Committee on Naval Affairs made a similar report. On May the 10th, a bill authorizing the expedition, but leaving nearly every thing to the discretion of the Chief Magistrate, finally passed both houses of Congress. The friends of the bill could have desired nothing better. The President gave orders forthwith to have the exploring vessels fitted out with the least possible delay. The frigate Macedonian, now nearly ready, will be the main vessel in the enterprise. Captain Thomas ApC. Jones will command her. She has been chosen instead of a sloop of war, on account of the increased accommodations she will afford the scientific corps, which is to be complete in its organization, including the ablest men to be procured. She will give too, extended protection to our commerce in the seas to be visited, and her imposing appearance will avail more to overawe the savages, and impress upon them a just idea of our power, than even a much larger real force distributed among vessels of less magnitude. She will be accompanied by two brigs of two hundred tons each, two tenders, and a store-ship.

In regard to the time of sailing there can be but little choice — the vessels will put to sea as soon as every thing is ready. The scientific corps, we believe, is not yet entirely filled up; nor can it be well organized until the preparations in the frigate are completed. Many gentlemen of high celebrity, however, have already offered their services. In the meantime, Lieutenaut Wilkes of the Navy has been despatched to England and France, for the purpose of purchasing such instruments for the use of the expedition, as cannot readily be procured in this country. In all quar-
ters he has met with the most gratifying reception and with ardent wishes for the success of the contemplated enterprise.

Mr. Reynolds has received the highest civil post in the expedition—that of corresponding secretary. It is presumed that he will draw up the narrative of the voyage, (to be published under the patronage of government) embodying, possibly, and arranging in the same book, the several reports of journals of the scientific corps. How admirably well he is qualified for this task, no person can know better than ourselves. His energy, his love of polite literature, his many and various attainments, and above all, his ardent and honorable enthusiasm, point him out as the man of all men for the execution of the task. We look forward to this finale—to the public record of the expedition—with an intensity of eager expectation, which we cannot think we have ever experienced before.

And it has been said that envy and ill-will have been already doing their work—that the motives and character of Mr. Reynolds have been assailed. This is a matter which we fully believe. It is perfectly in unison with the history of all similar enterprises, and of the vigorous minds which have conceived, advocated, and matured them. It is hardly necessary, however, to say a word upon this topic. We will not insult Mr. Reynolds with a defence. Gentlemen have impugned his motives—have these gentlemen ever seen him or conversed with him half an hour?

We close this notice by subjoining two interesting extracts from the eloquent Address now before us: