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EDGAR ALLAN
POE'S WORKS



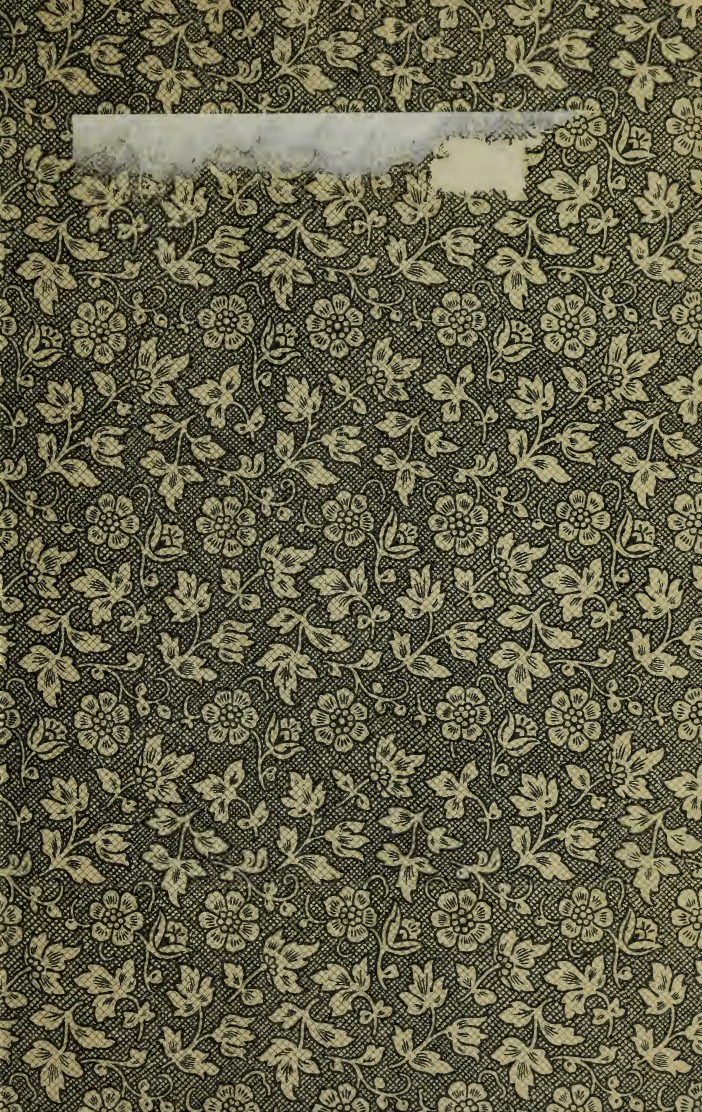
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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE

VOLUME VIII.



LITERARY CRITICISM
BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ESSEX

VOLUME I

ESSEX



ELIZABETH POE.

*Mother of Edgar Allan Poe, from a miniature in the
possession of J. H. Ingram.*

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LITERARY CRITICISM

EDGAR ALLAN POE

VOLUME I



Virginia
Edition



THOMAS Y. CROWELL
AND CO., NEW YORK

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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY
JAMES A. HARRISON
PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

VOLUME VIII.
LITERARY CRITICISM—VOLUME I.

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION.

IN *The Southern Literary Messenger* for May, 1835, T. W. White, "Printer and Proprietor," as he styles himself, made the following announcement on the first page :

"The *Publisher* has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and patrons that he has made an arrangement with a gentleman of approved literary taste and attainments, to whose especial management the editorial department of the *Messenger* has been confided. This management he confidently believes will increase the attractions of his pages, — for, besides the acknowledged capacity of the gentleman referred to, his abstention from other pursuits will enable him to devote his exclusive attention to the work."

The "gentleman of approved literary taste and attainments" was Edgar Allan Poe. The March and April numbers of the *Messenger* preceding had contained Poe's "Berenice" and "Morella," which the editor, in an editorial note, had highly commended for their powers of imagination and unsurpassed command of language. While these stories were inscribed "For *The Southern Literary Messenger*," it was known that they formed part of a collection of sixteen Tales, en-

titled "Tales of the Folio Club," six of which had been handed in by the author in competition for the \$100.00 prize offered by the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*" in October, 1833.

John P. Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn," and, later, of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," had originally called Mr. White's attention to Poe in the following letter :

"BALTIMORE, April 13, 1835.

"DEAR SIR : Poe did right in referring to me. He is very clever with his pen — classical and scholar-like. He wants experience and direction, but I have no doubt he can be made very useful to you. And, poor fellow ! he is *very* poor. I told him to write something for every number of your magazine, and that you might find it to your advantage to give him some permanent employ. He has a volume of very bizarre tales in the hands of —, in Philadelphia, who for a year past has been promising to publish them. This young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the *terrific*. He is at work upon a tragedy ["Politian"], but I have turned him to drudging upon whatever may make money, and I have no doubt you and he will find your account in each other." ¹

Evidently White's experience with Poe, in the March and April numbers, superadded to Kennedy's commendation of him, had produced so favorable an impression on the proprietor of the *Messenger* that he engaged the Baltimore poet first as a casual then as a constant contributor to its columns. A letter from Poe to White, dated Baltimore, May 30, 1835, is the first communication that acknowledges compensation for his literary work.

¹ Griswold, XXIX.

“ Dear Sir : I duly received through Mr. Kennedy your favor of the 20th enclosing \$5, and another for \$4.94. I assure you it was very welcome ; ” and, lower down, in the same letter, he refers to his review of the “ Confessions of a Poet,” which appeared in the April number, and which is the first of his acknowledged reviews for this periodical.¹ In a letter of the same date he speaks of his criticism of Mr. Kennedy’s novel, “ Horse-Shoe Robinson,” as a matter of which he was “ seriously ashamed.” It appeared in the May number.

About six weeks later he acknowledges from Baltimore receipt of \$20 from Mr. White, and, after expressing pain that his review of Marshall’s Washington would not appear in “ No. 11,” continues : “ Look over ‘ Hans Phaal ’ [sic] and the Literary Notices by me in No. 10, and see if you have not miscalculated the sum due me. There are thirty-four columns in all. ‘ Hans Phaal ’ cost me nearly a fortnight’s hard labor, and was written especially for the *Messenger*. ”

This shows that Poe was now busily engaged in work, critical and imaginative, for Mr. White, and had become, though still living in Baltimore, his regularly paid editorial assistant, in conformity with the announcement made in the May number.

In June White wrote and asked him whether he would be willing to come to Richmond in case he should have occasion for his services during the coming winter. Poe gladly assented, anxious to return even

¹ Professor Woodberry (Works VI., p. 324) asserts that Poe wrote the criticism on Bryant in the *Messenger* for January, 1835 ; but there is no evidence for this, nor for Poe’s connection with the *Messenger* at this early date. Still we insert the review.
— ED.

as a "supervisor of proof sheets," to the city where his youth had been mainly spent. Accordingly, August and September find him in Richmond, from which he returned September 22 (the date of his Baltimore marriage license), to marry his cousin, Virginia Clemm, then only thirteen years old. In a few weeks Mrs. Clemm, her daughter, and Poe were in Richmond, planning to keep a boarding-house on his salary of \$520 a year. Three months later, having become editor of the *Messenger* in December, 1835, his salary was increased to \$800 per annum. This number and this year became memorable in Poe annals as the date of the caustic critique of Theodore S. Fay's "Norman Leslie," a silly romance of the Knickerbocker school, which Poe ground to powder, thereby exciting the implacable hostility of the Manhattanites. The pet of the metropolitan press was so savagely attacked by the young editor — himself only twenty-six — that the entire press of the country reverberated for months with echoes of the controversy, and Poe, in retaliation, was scourged by the anonymous paragraphists. Such criticism as this, familiar to the old *Edinburgh Review* or the *London Quarterly*, — to the reviews that had "murdered Keats," and hung, drawn, and quartered Byron, and, later, Tennyson, — was unknown in America, and possessed a Heinesque causticity which its author, in later penitential years, acknowledged to be "overdone;" but it was startlingly fresh, incisive, and original. Poe proudly claimed that in the nineteen months during which he was connected with the *Messenger* as assistant and as editor its circulation increased from 700 to 5,000 — an increase due largely to the penetrating power and vivacity of his literary notices.

This large body of criticism, so epoch-making in its

way, so thorough in its method, so pungent in its style, has up to the present edition been ignored by editors of Poe ; and yet it was largely this that gained him his early reputation, and won the admiring commendation of such men as J. P. Kennedy, J. K. Paulding, Washington Irving, and Beverley Tucker, and that carried his name far and wide as the first and most eminent American critic of the day.

The time has now come when it seems just to Poe's fame that this interesting mass of anonymous work — especially that between December, 1835, and February, 1837 — should be unearthed and reprinted, not as the literary wild oats sown recklessly by a genius in his youth, but for its own interest and intrinsic value. What editor would ignore Goethe's "Götz" or Schiller's "Räuber," Corneille's "Cid" or Milton's "Hymn," because they bubble with the intense effervescence of youth and throw their immature sparkling foam in the eyes of the reader? Only the Poe specialist would know that of this immense body of critical work the reviews of Irving's "Astoria" and "Peter Snook" alone have been reprinted in their entirety, the rest having been neglected or printed in mutilated fragments or in excerpted "Marginalia." But this mass of criticism, even when lavished on volumes that have long since sunk into oblivion, will amply repay study and perusal. Besides, the periodicals in which this side of Poe's early life lies entombed are scarce and inaccessible ; it is therefore confidently believed that the editor's time in copying and in reproducing its product for publication here has not been thrown away. Everything that Poe said even at this early period is marked by a statuesque saliency, a clear-cut individualism, that make him the most un-American,

the most un-contemporaneous man of his time : unique, solitary, ungregarious, standing alone whether for good or for ill — a literary freak, an intellectual phenomenon, if you will, but as unlike every writer of his time as Shakspeare or Cervantes was.

In these early critiques Poe lets himself all out and shows himself wonderfully mixed of human kindness, discrimination, and gall. In the highly interesting letter to "The Compiler" which we find below he makes it clear that out of ninety-four books reviewed by him between December, 1835, and September, 1836, only three are harshly condemned, seventy-nine are noticed in commendatory terms, and twelve are regarded with mingled praise and blame ; surely no overwhelming show of harshness. It was especially for discrimination that some of the most eminent authors of the time praised these reviews. In January, 1836, J. K. Paulding wrote to White :

"Your Periodical is decidedly superior to any Periodical in the United States, and Mr. Poe is decidedly the best of all our young writers. I don't know but that I might add all our old ones, with one or two exceptions, among which, I assure you, I don't include myself."

Again, in March, 1836, he wrote : "I hope Mr. Poe will pardon me if the interest I feel in his success should prompt me to take this occasion to suggest to him to apply his fine humor and his extensive acquirements to more familiar subjects of satire ; to the faults and foibles of our own people, their peculiarities of habits and manners, and above all to the ridiculous affectations and extravagancies of the fashionable English Literature of the day, which we copy with such admirable success and servility. His quiz on Willis

[‘Lionizing’] and the burlesque of ‘Blackwood’ [‘Loss of Breath’] were not only capital, but what is more were understood by all. For Satire to be relished it is necessary that it should be leveled at something with which readers are familiar.”

Judge Beverley Tucker wrote at the same time to White (January, 1836) :

“I do not agree with the reading (or rather the writing and printing) public in admiring Mrs. Sigourney & Co., or any of our native poets except Halleck. ^{thus} ^{cior} this I know I shall stand condemned. But I ⁱⁿ ^{appeal} from contemporaneous and reciprocal puffing to ^{slate} impartial judgment of posterity. Let that pass. I ^{are} only mention this to say that Mr. P.’s review of the writings of a trio of these ladies [Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and Mrs. Ellet, January, 1836], in your last number, is a specimen of criticism, which for niceness of discrimination, delicacy of expression, and all that shows familiarity with the art, may well compare with any I have seen.”

Another esteemed *littérateur* of the time, James E. Heath, who occasionally edited the *Messenger*, wrote :

“The cultivation of such high intellectual powers as you possess cannot fail to earn for you a solid reputation in the literary world. In the department of criticism especially, I know few who can claim to be your superior in this country. Your dissecting knife, if vigorously employed, would serve to rid us of much of that silly trash and sickly *sentimentality* with which puerile and conceited authors, and gain-seeking book-sellers are continually poisoning our intellectual food. I hope in relation to all such you will continue to wield your mace without ‘fear, favor, or affection.’ ” (September, 1839).

In insight, acumen, and brilliant edge indeed, Poe never surpassed some of these earlier criticisms, and his constant effort to be just, even in unfavorable judgments, such as those on Gilmore Simms' "Partisan," is obvious to the most unenlightened reader; as obvious as, later, his effort to bring out the mingled excellences and crudities of Elizabeth Barrett, his admiration for whom did not blind him to her glaring faults.

The mass of Poe's critical work in the *Messenger* however, is so extensive that we shall have to content ourselves with selecting only the more important reviews, leaving out the long quotations. The student of Poe will thus have abundant opportunity at least of studying him in a neglected field, — that in which his early powers displayed themselves most vigorously and most uninterruptedly through nearly two years of phenomenal growth and development.

The following letter is most instructive as revealing to us a glimpse of the critic at his desk:

RICHMOND COURIER AND DAILY COMPILER, Sept. 2,
1836. BY GALLAHER & DAVIS.

To the Editor of the Compiler:

DEAR SIR: In a late paragraph respecting the *Southern Literary Messenger*, you did injustice to that Magazine, and perhaps your words, if unanswered, may even do it an injury. As any such wrong is far from your thoughts you will, of course, allow the Editor of the *Messenger* the privilege of reply. The reputation of a young Journal, occupying a conspicuous post in the eye of the public, should be watched, by those who preside over its interest, with a jealous attention, and those interests defended when necessary and when possible. But it is not often possible. Custom debars a Magazine

from answering in its own pages (except in rare cases) contemporary misrepresentations and attacks. Against these it has seldom, therefore, any means of defence — the best of reasons why it should avail itself of the few, which, through courtesy, fall to its lot. I mean this as an apology for troubling you to-day.

(a) Your notice of the *Messenger* would generally be regarded as complimentary, especially as to myself. I would, however, prefer justice to compliment, and the good name of the Magazine to any personal consideration. The concluding sentence of your paragraph runs thus: “The criticisms are pithy and often highly judicious, but *the editors* must remember that it is almost as injurious to obtain a character for regular cutting and slashing as for indiscriminate laudation.” The italics are my own. I had supposed you aware of the fact that the *Messenger* had *but one* editor — it is not right that others should be saddled with demerits which belong only to myself.

(b) But this is not the point to which I especially object. You assume that the *Messenger* has obtained a character for regular “cutting and slashing,” or if you do not mean to assume this every one will suppose that you do — which, in effect, is the same. Were the assumption just I would be silent and set immediately about amending my editorial course. You are not sufficiently decided, I think, in saying that a career of “regular cutting and slashing is *almost* as bad as one of indiscriminate laudation.” It is infinitely worse. It is horrible. The laudation may proceed from — philanthropy, if you please, but the “indiscriminate cutting and slashing,” only from the vilest passions of our nature. But I wish briefly to examine two points—first, is the charge of “indiscriminate cutting and slashing” just, granting it adduced against the *Messenger*, and second, is such charge adduced at all? Since the commencement of my editorship in December last ninety-four books have been reviewed. In seventy-nine of these cases the commen-

dation has so largely predominated over the few sentences of censure that every reader would pronounce the notices highly laudatory. In seven instances, viz., in those of *The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*, *The Old World* and the *New*, *Spain Revisited*, *The Poems of Mrs. Sigourney*, of *Miss Gould*, of *Mrs. Ellet* and of *Halleck*, praise slightly prevails. In five, viz., in those of *Clinton Bradshaw*, *The Partisan*, *Elkswatawa*, *Lafitte*, and the *Poems of Drake*, censure is greatly predominant; while the only reviews decidedly and harshly condemnatory are those of *Norman Leslie*, *Paul Ulric*, and *Ups and Downs*. The “Ups and Downs” alone is *unexceptionably* condemned. Of these facts you may satisfy yourself at any moment by reference. In such case the difficulty you will find, in *classing* these notices, as I have here done, according to the predominance of censure, or commendation, will afford you sufficient evidence that it cannot justly be called “indiscriminate.”

But this charge of indiscriminate “cutting and slashing” *has never been adduced* — except in four instances, while the rigid justice and impartiality of our Journal has been lauded even *ad nauseam*, in more than four times four hundred. You should not, therefore, have assumed that the *Messenger* had obtained a reputation for this “cutting and slashing” — for the asserting a thing to be famous is a well known method of rendering it so. The four instances to which I allude are the *Newbern Spectator*, to which thing I replied in July, the *Commercial Advertiser*, of Colonel Stone, whose *Ups and Downs* I had occasion (pardon me) to “use up,” the *New York Mirror*, whose Editor’s *Norman Leslie* did not please me, and the *Philadelphia Gazette*, which, being conducted by one of the sub-editors of the *Knickerbocker*, thinks it is its duty to abuse all rival magazines.

(c) I have only to add that the inaccuracy of your expression in the words: “The August number of the *South-ern Literary Messenger* has been well received by *most* of the editorial corps who have noticed it,” is of a mis-

chievous tendency in regard to the *Messenger*. You have seen, I presume, no notices which have not been seen by myself — and you must be aware that there is *not one*, so far, which has not spoken in the highest terms of the August number. I cannot, however, bring myself to doubt that your remarks upon the whole were meant to do the *Messenger* a service and that you regard it with the most friendly feelings in the world.

Respectfully,

*The Editor of the Messenger.*¹

This hitherto unknown letter thus enables us to recognize infallibly Poe's anonymous literary work on the *Messenger* from December, 1835, to September, 1836, and to reprint, without fear of mistake, what has heretofore been accepted only conjecturally as his. The internal evidence afforded by his style indeed is almost infallible ; still, as it was a style, like Macaulay's, easily imitable, — and set a "style" itself, — it is not impossible that one might have been mistaken in attributing certain articles to him. The "Compiler" letter now settles all this for the period indicated, and Poe's own note, in the number for January, 1837, authenticates for us one more month of contributions, leaving only September, October, November, and December of this year (1836) at all in doubt.

Fortunately, there can be no reasonable doubt as to these months, and not much for the months between

¹ N.B. The Compiler subjoined its reply and inserted the above letters (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*.) Editors (plural) was a typographical error.

B. B. M.

This important letter has been furnished us by Dr. B. B. Minor, who edited the *Messenger* in the forties. — ED.

May and December, 1835, when Poe's sole editorship was formally announced.

The review work of the consecutive nine months (December, 1835, to September, 1836) is distributed as follows :

REVIEWS : 1835, Dec., 23. 1836, Jan., 9 ; Feb., 11 ; March, 5 ; April, 3 ; May, 7 ; June, 8 ; July, 9 ; August, $13 = 88 + 3 = 91$; $+ 3$ editorials = 94.

The heterogeneous character of the work is very remarkable. All the books that came in for review from anxious publishers eager to get a scratch of the pen from Poe were tumbled *pêle-mêle* on the floor of the editorial sanctum : science, romance, poetry, travel, books on navigation and physiology, pamphlets, addresses, anniversary orations, text-books in Latin and Greek, translations from the French and German, German philosophy, New England poetry and transcendentalism, American law-books : all were swallowed up in the voracious hopper of the *Messenger*, and the taster-and-swallower-in-chief was Poe.

Poe's reviews abound in quotations from the books under consideration, of such length that they had generally to be omitted in the following reproductions. In cases, however, where they are intimately interwoven with the context they have been reproduced.

The peculiarities which distinguished him all his life were there, emerging at his very dawn : the curious verbal analysis, the insistence on verbal accuracy, the abhorrence of slovenliness, the worship of style as a fine art, the warm appreciation of elegance in phraseology, the connoisseurship in mere words, the mordant humor : Poe *in esse* as well as *in posse* was there ;

and the world understood at once that it had to do with a unique and powerful personality. When Ste. Beuve began to write those marvellous *Lundis* which revolutionized criticism in France, when Matthew Arnold took up Homer and Heine and the Persian Passion Play, and presented their facets at luminous literary angles hitherto unseen, the world stopped and gave heed, just as it did in the thirties to the voice of Poe.

EARLY CRITICISM.

POEMS, BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. BOSTON :
RUSSELL, ODIORNE & METCALFE. 1834.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1835.]

THIS new and beautiful edition of Mr. Bryant's poems has undergone the author's correction, and contains some pieces which have never before appeared in print. As the elegant china cup from which we sip the fragrant imperial, imparts to it a finer flavor, so the pure white paper and excellent typography of the volume before us, will give a richer lustre to the gems of Mr. Bryant's genius. Not that the value of the diamond is really enhanced by the casket which contains it, but so it is that the majority of mortals are governed by *appearances*; and even a dull tale will appear respectable in the pages of a hot pressed and gilt bound London annual. In justice to Mr. Bryant however, and to ourselves, we will state that our first impressions of his great intellectual power — of his deep and sacred communings with the world of poetry — were derived from a very indifferent edition of his writings, printed with bad type, on a worse paper. Mr. Bryant is well known to the American public as a poet of uncommon strength and genius; and even on the other side of the Atlantic, a son of the distinguished Roscoe, who published a volume of American poetry, pronounced him

the first among his equals. Like Halleck, however, and some others of scarcely inferior celebrity, — his muse has languished probably for want of that due encouragement, which to our shame as a nation be it spoken, has never been awarded to that department of native literature. Mr. Bryant, we believe, finding that Parnassus was not so productive a soil as the field of politics, has connected himself with a distinguished partizan newspaper in the city of New York. His bitter regrets at the frowns of an unpoetical public, and yet his unavailing efforts to divorce himself from the ever living and surrounding objects of inspiration are beautifully alluded to in the following lines :

.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET, 2 VOLS. CAREY, LEA AND
BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1835.]

THE most remarkable feature in this production is the bad paper on which it is printed, and the typographical ingenuity with which matter barely enough for one volume has been spread over the pages of two. The author has very few claims to the sacred name he has thought proper to assume. And indeed his own ideas on this subject seem not to satisfy himself. He is in doubt, poor man, of his own qualifications, and having proclaimed himself a poet in the title page, commences his book by disavowing all pretensions to the character. We can enlighten him on this head. There is nothing of the *vates* about him. He is no

poet — and most positively he is no prophet. He is a writer of notes. He is fond of annotations ; and composes one upon another, putting Pelion upon Ossa. Here is an example : “ *Ce n’est pas par affectation que j’aie mis en Français ces remarques, mais pour les détourner de la connoissance du vulgaire.* ” Now we are very sure that none but *le vulgaire*, to speak poetically, will ever think of getting through with the confessions : thus there the matter stands. Lest his book should *not* be understood he illustrates it by notes, and then lest the notes *should* be understood, why he writes them in French. All this is very clear, and very clever to say no more. There is however some merit in this book, and not a little satisfaction. The author avers upon his word of honor that in commencing this work he loads a pistol, and places it upon the table. He farther states that, upon coming to a conclusion, it is his intention to blow out what he supposes to be his brains. Now this is excellent. But, even with so rapid a writer as the poet must undoubtedly be, there would be some little difficulty in completing the book under thirty days or thereabouts. The best of powder is apt to sustain injury by lying so long “ in the load.” We sincerely hope the gentleman took the precaution to examine his priming before attempting the rash act. A flash in the pan — and in such a case — were a thing to be lamented. Indeed there would be no answering for the consequences. We might even have a second series of the Confessions.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON; A TALE OF THE TORY ASCENDENCY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWALLOW BARN." PHILADELPHIA: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1835.]

WE have not yet forgotten, nor is it likely we shall very soon forget, the rich simplicity of diction — the manliness of tone — the admirable traits of Virginian manners, and the striking pictures of still life, to be found in *Swallow Barn*. The spirit of imitation was, however, visible in that book, and, in a great measure, overclouded its rare excellence. This is by no means the case with Mr. Kennedy's new novel. If ever volumes were entitled to be called original — these are so entitled. We have read them from beginning to end with the greatest attention, and feel very little afraid of hazarding our critical reputation, when we assert that they will place Mr. Kennedy at once in the very first rank of American novelists.

Horse-Shoe Robinson (be not alarmed at the title, gentle reader !) is a tale, or more properly a succession of stirring incidents relating to the time of the Tory Ascendency in South Carolina, during the Revolution. It is well known that throughout the whole war this state evinced more disaffection to the confederated government than any other of the Union, with the exception perhaps of the neighboring state of Georgia, where the residents on the Savannah river, being nearly allied to the Carolinians in their habits and general occupations, were actuated, more or less, by the same political opinions. But we will here let the author speak for him-

self. “Such might be said to be the more popular sentiment of the state at the time of its subjugation by Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis. To this common feeling there were many brilliant exceptions, and the more brilliant because they stood, as it were, apart from the preponderating mass of public judgment.

. . . There were heroes of this mould in South Carolina, who entered with the best spirit of chivalry into the national quarrel, and brought to it hearts as bold, minds as vigorous, and arms as strong, as ever in any clime worked out a nation’s redemption. These men refused submission to their conquerors, and endured exile, chains, and prison, rather than the yoke. Some few, still undiscouraged by the portents of the times, retreated into secret places, gathered their few patriot neighbors together, and contrived to keep in awe the soldier government that now professed to sway the land. They lived on the scant aliment furnished in the woods, slept in the tangled brakes and secret places of the fen, exacted contributions from the adherents of the crown, and, by rapid movements of their woodland cavalry, and brave blows, accomplished more than thrice their numbers would have done in ordinary warfare. . . .

“In such encounters or *frays*, as they might rather be called, from the smallness of the numbers concerned, and the hand to hand mode of fighting which they exhibited, Marion, Sumpter, Horry, Pickens, and many others had won a fame, that, in a nation of legendary or poetical associations, would have been reduplicated through a thousand channels of immortal verse. But alas ! we have no ballads ! and many men who as well deserve to be remembered as Percy or Douglas, as Adam Bell or Clym of the Clough, have

sunk down without even a couplet epitaph upon the rude stone, that, in some unfenced and unreverenced grave yard, still marks the lap of earth whereon their heads were laid. . . .

“One feature that belonged to this unhappy state of things in Carolina was the division of families. Kindred were arrayed against each other in deadly feuds, and not unfrequently brother took up arms against brother, and sons against their sires. A prevailing spirit of treachery and distrust marked the times. Strangers did not know how far they might trust to the rites of hospitality, and many a man laid his head upon his pillow, uncertain whether his fellow lodger might not invade him in the secret watches of the night, and murder him in his slumbers. All went armed, and many slept with pistols or daggers under their pillows. There are tales told of men being summoned to their doors or windows at midnight by the blaze of their farm yards, to which the incendiary torch had been applied, and shot down, in the light of the conflagration, by a concealed hand. Families were obliged to betake themselves to the shelter of the thickets and swamps, when their own homesteads were dangerous places. The enemy wore no colors, and was not to be distinguished from friends either by outward guise or speech. Nothing could be more revolting than to see the symbols of peace thus misleading the confident into the toils of war — nor is it possible to imagine a state of society characterized by a more frightful insecurity.”

It will here be seen at a glance that the novelist has been peculiarly fortunate in the choice of an epoch, a scene and a subject. We sincerely think that he has done them all the fullest justice, and has worked out,

with these and with other materials, a book of no ordinary character. We do not wish to attempt any analysis of the story itself—or that connecting chain which unites into one proper whole the varied events of the novel. We feel that in so doing, we should, in some measure, mar the interest by anticipation; a grievous sin too often indulged in by reviewers, and against which, should we ever be so lucky as to write a book, we would protest with all our hearts. But we may be allowed a word or two. The principal character in the novel, upon whom the chief interest of the story turns, and who, in accordance with the right usage of novel writing, should be considered the hero, and should have given a title to the book, is Brevet Major Arthur Butler of the continental army, to whose acquaintance we are first introduced about two o'clock in the afternoon of a day towards the end of July, 1780. But Mr. K. has ventured, at his own peril, to set at defiance the common ideas of propriety in this important matter, and, not having the fear of the critic before his eyes, has thought it better to call his work by the name of a very singular personage, whom all readers will agree in pronouncing worthy of the honor thus conferred upon him. The writer has also made another innovation. He has begun at the beginning. We all know this to be an unusual method of procedure. It has been too, for some time past, the custom, to delay as long as possible the main interest of a novel—no doubt with the very laudable intention of making it the more intense when it does at length arrive. Now for our own parts we can see little difference in being amused with the beginning or with the end of a book, but have a decided preference for those rare volumes which are so lucky as to amuse

us throughout. And such a book is the one before us. We enter *at once* into the spirit and meaning of the author — we are introduced *at once* to the prominent characters — and we go with them *at once*, heart and hand, in the various and spirit-stirring adventures which befall them.

Horse-Shoe Robinson, who derives his nick-name of Horse-Shoe (his proper *prænomen* being Galbraith) — from the two-fold circumstance of being a blacksmith, and of living in a little nook of land hemmed in by a semi-circular bend of water, is fully entitled to the character of “an original.” He is the life and soul of the drama — the bone and sinew of the book — its very breath — its every thing which gives it strength, substance, and vitality. Never was there a rarer fellow — a more laughable blacksmith — a more gallant Sancho. He is a very prince at an ambuscade, and a very devil at a fight. He is a better edition of Robin Hood — quite as sagacious — not half so much of a coxcomb — and infinitely more moral. In short, he is the man of all others we should like to have riding by our side in any very hazardous expedition.

We think Mr. K. has been particularly successful in the delineation of his female characters; and this is saying a great deal at a time when, from some unaccountable cause, almost every attempt of the kind has turned out a failure. Mildred Lindsay, in her confiding love, in her filial reverence, in her heroic espousal of the revolutionary cause, not because she approved it, but because it was her lover’s, is an admirable and — need we say more? — a truly *feminine* portrait. Then the ardent, the eager, the simple-minded, the generous and the devoted Mary Musgrove! Most sincerely did we envy John Ramsay, the treasure of so pure and so exalted an affection!

With the exception of now and then a careless, or inadvertent expression, such for instance, as the word *venturesome* instead of *adventurous*, no fault whatever can be found with Mr. Kennedy's style. It varies gracefully and readily with the nature of his subject, never sinking, even in the low comedy of some parts of the book, into the insipid or the vulgar ; and often, very often rising into the energetic and sublime. Its general character, as indeed the general character of all that we have seen from the same pen, is a certain unpretending simplicity, nervous, forcible, and altogether devoid of affectation. This is a style of writing above all others to be desired, and above all others difficult of attainment. Nor is it to be supposed that by simplicity we imply a rejection of ornament, or of a proper use of those advantages afforded by metaphorical illustration. A style professing to disclaim such advantages would be anything but simple—if indeed we might not be tempted to think it very silly. We have called the style of Mr. K. a style simple and forcible, and we have no hesitation in calling it, at the same time, richly figurative and poetical. We have opened the pages at random for an illustration of our meaning, and have no difficulty in finding one precisely suited to our purpose.

While we are upon the subject of style, we might as well say a word or two in regard to *punctuation*. It seems to us that the volumes before us are singularly deficient in this respect—and yet we noticed no fault of this nature in *Swallow Barn*. How can we reconcile these matters? Whom are we to blame in this particular, the author, or the printer? It cannot be said that the point is one of no importance—it is of

very great importance. A slovenly punctuation will mar, in a greater or less degree, the brightest paragraph ever penned ; and we are certain that those who have paid the most attention to this matter, will not think us hypercritical in what we say. A too frequent use of the *dash* is the besetting sin of the volumes now before us. It is lugged in upon all occasions, and invariably introduced where it has no business whatever. Even the end of a sentence is not sacred from its intrusion. Now there is no portion of a printer's fount, which can, if properly disposed, give more of strength and energy to a sentence than this same *dash* ; and, for this very reason, there is none which can more effectually, if improperly arranged, disturb and distort the meaning of every thing with which it comes in contact. But not to speak of such disturbance or distortion, a fine taste will intuitively avoid, even in trifles, all that is unnecessary or superfluous, and bring nothing into use without an object or an end. We do not wish to dwell upon this thing, or to make it of more consequence than necessary. We will merely adduce an example of the punctuation to which we have alluded. Vide page 138, vol. i. "Will no lapse of time wear away this abhorred image from our memory ?—Are you madly bent upon bringing down misery on your head ?—I do not speak of my own suffering.—Will you forever nurse a hopeless attachment for a man whom, it must be apparent to yourself, you can never meet again ?—Whom, if the perils of the field, the avenging bullet of some loyal subject, do not bring him merited punishment,—the halter may reward, or, in his most fortunate destiny, disgrace, poverty, and shame pursue :—Are you forever to love that man ?"—

Would not the above paragraph read equally as well

thus : “ Will no lapse of time wear away this abhorred image from your memory ? Are you madly bent on bringing down misery on your head ? I do not speak of my own suffering. Will you forever nurse a hopeless attachment for a man whom, it must be apparent to yourself, you can never meet again — whom, if the perils of the field, the avenging bullet of some loyal subject, do not bring him merited punishment, the halter may reward, or, in his more fortunate destiny, disgrace, poverty and shame pursue ? Are you forever to love that man ? ”

The second of Mr. K.'s volumes is, from a naturally increasing interest taken in the fortunes of the leading characters, by far the most exciting. But we can confidently recommend them both to the lovers of the forcible, the adventurous, the stirring, and the picturesque. They will not be disappointed. A high tone of morality, healthy and masculine, breathes throughout the book, and a rigid — perhaps a too scrupulously rigid poetical justice is dealt out to the great and little villains of the story — the Tyrrells, the Wat Adairs, the Currys, and the Habershams of the drama. In conclusion, we prophecy that Horse-Shoe Robinson will be eagerly read by all classes of people, and cannot fail to place Mr. Kennedy in a high rank among the writers of this or of any other country. We regret that the late period of receiving his book will not allow us to take that extended notice of it which we could desire.

I PROMESSI SPOSI, OR THE BETROTHED LOVERS; A MILANESE STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: AS TRANSLATED FOR THE METROPOLITAN, FROM THE ITALIAN OF ALESSANDRO MANZONI, BY G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH. WASHINGTON: STEREOTYPED AND PUBLISHED BY DUFF GREEN. 1834. 8vo. pp. 249.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1835.]

THE appearance of this work strongly reminds us of the introductory remarks with which the Edinburgh Review, thirty years ago, prefaced its annunciation of *Waverley*. We would gladly appropriate them, were it fair to do so; but “honor among thieves!” Reviewers must not steal from Reviewers; and what is it but theft, when he who borrows, can never have anything worthy of acceptance to give in return?

We may, nevertheless, so far imitate “the grand Napoleon of the realms of criticism,” as to congratulate our readers on the appearance of a work, which promises to be the commencement of a new style in novel writing. Since the days of Fielding, unimitated and inimitable — and of Smollett, between whose different productions there was scarce a family likeness, we have had a succession of *dynasties* reigning over the regions of romance. We have had the Ratcliffe dynasty, the Edgeworth dynasty, and the Scott dynasty; each, like the family of the Cæsars, passing from good to bad, and from bad to worse, until each has run out. Partial movements in the provinces have occasionally set up the standard of rival aspirants: but these have soon passed away. Heroines from the

bogs, and heroes from the highlands of Scotland, or the Polish wilds, could not maintain their pretensions, though uniting in themselves all that is admirable both in the civilized and the savage character. Perhaps this was the reason. We like to read of things that may a little remind us of what we have seen in real life. Sir Charles Grandison in the Scottish Kilt, is a startling apparition.

The younger D'Israeli has indeed, occasionally flashed upon us the light of his capricious genius ; but one of his caprices has been to disappoint the hope that he had raised. He has shown us what he could do, and that is all. Mr. Bulwer too, in a sort of freak of literary radicalism, has set up for himself. He scorned to add to the number of those who dress themselves in the cast-off habiliments of Scott ; and study, as at a glass, to make themselves like him, as if ambitious to display their thefts. *He* learned the craft of plagiarism in the Spartan school, where *detection* was the only disgrace. He would not steal, not he, from any but "the poor man, who had nothing save one little ewe lamb, that lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter." He would imitate none but himself, and draw from no other models. His novels are all echoes of each other. There is hardly a page which might not be known for his, nor a favorite character which is not an exhibition of one of the phases of his *exquisite* self. The variety is between what he imagines himself to be, and what he imagines that he might have been, had he been a cavalier of the seventeenth century, or had circumstances made him a highwayman or a murderer. We are aware that he denies all this, and may be unconscious of it ; but his identity can no more be mistaken than that of the one-eyed

companion of Hogarth's "idle apprentice." We are aware too, that Mr. Bulwer is a member of a certain literary cabal, who aspire to direct the public taste, and bring all the influence of wealth and fashion and political connexion in aid of their pretensions. He is a sort of literary Jack Cade. "His mouth is the law." We know that the "amphitriton on l'on dire" [sic] is always the true amphitriton. But we never expect to travel as caterers for a public journal. We in the south do not do that sort of thing. We are not taught so to "raise the wind." We are not up to perpetual motion, nor to the art of making our living by taking our pleasure. We feel ourselves therefore under no obligation to admire Mr. Rogers's poems, though he be a banker — nor Mr. Bulwer's novels, nor himself, though he be a member of Parliament; nor though his female *doublure* Lady Blessington, "have the finest bust," and "the prettiest foot," and be "the finest woman in London." We do not put the names of our fine women in the newspapers. The business of female education with us, is not to qualify a woman to be the head of a literary *coterie*, nor to figure in the journal of a travelling coxcomb. We prepare her, as a wife, to make the home of a good, and wise, and great man, the happiest place to him on earth. We prepare her, as a mother, to form her son to walk in his father's steps, and in turn, to take his place among the good and wise and great. When we have done this, we have accomplished, if not *all*, at least *the best* that education can do. Her praise is found in the happiness of her husband, and in the virtues and honors of her son. Her name is too sacred to be profaned by public breath. She is only seen by that dim doubtful light, which, like "the majesty of darkness," so much

enhances true dignity. She finds her place by the side of the "Mother of the Gracchi," and of her whom an English poet, who well knew how to appreciate and how to praise female excellence, has simply designated as "*Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.*"

We much fear, that after all this, the author of the work before us will have no reason to thank us for our praise. On the contrary, there may be danger of involving him in the displeasure, which we may draw upon ourselves from that same cabal, which has its members on both sides of the Atlantic. "Ca me ; Ca thee," is the order of the day. If half the praise be due, which is lavished on the works that daily issue from the press, we may live to see the writings which instructed and delighted our youth, laid on the same shelf with Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. Men can no more read every thing than they can eat every thing ; and the *petits plats*, that are handed round hot-and-hot, leave us no room to do honor to the roast beef of old England, nor to the savory Virginia ham. But these are the food by which the thews and sinews of manhood are best nourished. They at once exercise and help digestion. Dyspepsia was not of their day. It came in with *French Gastronomy*. Are we mistaken in thinking, that we see symptoms of a sort of intellectual dyspepsia, arising from the incessant exhibition of the *bon bons* and *kickshaws* of the press ? Well ! here is something that will stick by the ribs ; a work of which we would try to give a sort of outline, but that it cannot be abridged. The machinery of the story is not intricate, but each part is necessary to the rest. To leave anything out is to tell nothing. It might be too much to say that this novel is, in every sense of the word, original. The writer is obviously familiar with

English literature, and seems to have taken at least one hint from Sir Walter Scott. The use made by that writer of the records and traditions of times gone by, has suggested this hint. It naturally occurred to Manzoni, a native of Italy, that much of the same sort of material was to be found among the archives of the petty Italian states now blotted from the map of Europe. It is obvious that the collisions of small states, though less interesting to the politician than those of mighty nations, must afford more occasion for a display of individual character, and the exercise of those passions which give romance its highest interest. But what is known of the great and good men who nobly acted their parts in these scenes, when the very theatre of their acts is crushed and buried beneath the rubbish of revolution? To drag them from beneath the ruins, and permit the world to dwell for a moment on the contemplation of their virtues is a pious and praiseworthy task. It is sad to think how the short lapse of two centuries can disappoint the hope that cheered the last moments of the patriot and the hero. "For his country he lived, for his country he died;" his country was all to him; but his country has perished, and his name has perished with it. With the civil wars of England we are all familiar; and our hearts have glowed, and our tears have fallen, in contemplating the virtues and the sufferings of those who acted in those scenes; but, if we may credit the traditions imbodyed in this book, a contemporary history of the Italian Republics would display characters yet more worthy of our admiration and our sympathy. The Cardinal Borromeo is an historical character. The writer obviously means to paint him as he was; and the annals of mankind may be searched in vain for a more glorious ex-

ample of the purity, the enthusiasm, and the inspiration of virtue.

We might suspect that something of a zeal for the honor of the Romish Church had mingled itself in the rich coloring of this picture. But Manzoni was as much alive, as Luther himself, to the abuses of that church. In an episode, which will be found at page fifty-eight, he discloses some, of the precise character of which we were not hitherto aware. We knew that something was wrong, but what that something might be, was never certainly known. The author has unveiled the mystery. He has withdrawn a curtain, behind which we had never been permitted to look. We had guessed, and we had read the guesses of others; but we never knew precisely what was there. The moral coercion, more cruel than bodily torture, by which a poor girl, the victim of the heartless pride of her parents, without command, without even persuasion, (for both it seems are forbidden) is driven to the cloister, that her brother may have more ample means to uphold his hereditary honors; this was a thing inscrutable and inconceivable to us. In reading such works as Mrs. Sherwood's *Nun*, we feel that we are dealing with conjectures. We turn to the scene exhibited in this work, and we *know* it to be real life. We would gladly grace our pages with it. It would probably be read with more interest than any thing we can say; but it is before the public, and we have no right to discharge our debts to our readers, by giving them what is theirs already. We will only pray their indulgence so far as to offer a short extract, as a specimen of the writer's power. It is a picture of some of the horrors of the plague, as it raged in Milan in the year 1628. It may serve to show us that the

pestilence, which lately stooped upon us, was in comparison, an angel of mercy.

The cars spoken of in the following extract, are those in which the uncoffined bodies of the dead were borne to a common receptacle, "naked for the most part, some badly wrapped up in dirty rags, heaped up and folded together like a knot of serpents." The "monalti" were men who, having had the plague, were considered exempt from future danger, and were employed to bury the dead.

There is a power in this to which we do not scruple to give great praise. We regret to say that the translation has many faults. We lament it the more, because they are obviously faults of haste. The translator, we fear, was hungry; a misfortune with which we know how to sympathize. The style is, for the most part, Italian, in English words, but Italian still. This is a great fault. In some instances it would be unpardonable. In this instance, perhaps, it is more than compensated by a kindred excellence. In a work like this, abounding in the untranslatable phrases of popular dialogue, it gives a quaint raciness which is not unacceptable. It does more. Such translations *of such works*, would soon make the English ear familiar with Italian idioms, which once naturalized, would enrich the language. It is already thus incalculably enriched by the poetry of Burns and the novels of Scott. A familiarity with Shakspeare, (which is not the English of the present day,) preserves a store of wealth which would else be lost. The strength of a language is in the number and variety of its idiomatic phrases. These are forms of speech which use has rendered familiar, and emancipated from the crippling restraint of regular

grammar. They enable the speaker to be brief, without being obscure. His meaning, elliptically expressed, is distinctly and precisely understood. Should any other work of Manzoni fall into the hands of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, we hope he may have time to correct those inaccuracies of which he is doubtless sensible ; but we trust he will not consider his popular Italian idioms as among his faults. Smollett, in his translation of Don Quixote, through extreme fastidiousness, threw away an opportunity of doubling the force of the English language.

This work comes to us as the harbinger of glad tidings to the reading world. Here is a book, equal in matter to any two of Cooper's novels, and executed at least as well, which we receive at the moderate price of forty-two cents ! It forms one number of the Washington Library, published monthly, at five dollars per annum. At this rate, a literary gourmand, however greedy, may hope to satisfy his appetite for books, without starving his children. The author has our praise, and the translator and publisher have our thanks.

JOURNAL — By FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD. (PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER, by MR. C. HALL.)

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1835.]

PERHAPS no book has, for many years been looked for, long previous to its publication, as this record of Miss Fanny Kemble's observations and opinions of men and women, manners and customs, in the United

States. We say Miss Fanny Kemble's opinions — for while bearing that name, most of those opinions were formed. Under that name she was hailed in this country, as the inheritress of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, whose fame is connected in the minds of Americans with all that is noble, and majestic and powerful in the dramatic art. Under that name she received the admiration of thousands, was made a sharer of the hospitality of many of the most distinguished citizens of the country — and received a homage to which nothing but the highest genius, and the purest moral worth could have entitled her. It is not therefore as Mrs. Frances Anne Butler, the wife of an American citizen, that we look upon her in her character of authoress — but as the favorite actress, applauded to the echo, surfeited with flattery, and loaded with pecuniary rewards. It is impossible to consider this book in any other than a personal point of view. Its very form forbids our separating the author from the work — the opinions and sentiments, from the individual who utters them. The idea of both exists in an indivisible amalgamation. Nor we fear, will it be possible for nine-tenths of her readers to weigh a single expression of Fanny Kemble the authoress, unmingled with the idea of Fanny Kemble the actress, the star — the “observed of all observers.” Hence this Journal will have an effect probably far beyond the anticipations of its writer. It will not only be looked upon as the test of Mrs. Butler's ability as an author ; but it will, whether justly or not, convey to the thousands who have already perused, and the tens of thousands who will hereafter peruse it, a picture of her character and dispositions. The picture may, and doubtless will be an exaggerated one — few *pictures* are otherwise ; but

still it will be received as true, because the outlines have been traced by the original herself. We are sorry to say that the “counterfeit resemblance” of the fair authoress, presented by her book, displays many harsh and ill-favored lineaments, and the traces of passions which we could wish did not disfigure its many noble and magnanimous features. Mrs. Butler cannot claim for herself the immunity which she awards with great justice to poetical writers, of a distinction between their *real* and their *written* sentiments. If this book contains as we suppose, the faithful transcripts of her daily observations and opinions, revised long after they were penned, and thus exhibiting her true, unexaggerated impressions, by them must she be judged — and in passing judgment upon her work, a candid critic will find much, very much, to admire and approve, and much also to censure and condemn.

We have read Mrs. Butler’s work with untiring interest — indeed the vivacity of its style, the frequent occurrence of beautiful descriptions, of just and forcible observations, and many sound views of the condition of society in this country — the numerous characteristic anecdotes, and some most discriminating criticisms of actors and acting, must stamp her work as one of no ordinary merit. And these attractions in a great measure neutralize, although they cannot redeem, her innumerable faults of language, her sturdy prejudices, her hasty opinions, and her ungenerous sarcasms — these abound in the Journal, and yet it is more than probable that her censorious spirit has to a great extent been suppressed, as almost every page is studded with asterisks, indicating we may presume that her sins of hasty censure have been greatly diminished to the public eye, by the saving grace of omission.

The defects of the work are not confined to the exhibition of prejudices and the expression of unjust opinions : the style and language is often coarse, we might say vulgar ; and her more impassioned exclamations are often characterized by a vehemence which is very like *profanity*, an offence that would not be tolerated in a writer of the other sex. We cite a few from among the many passages which we have noted, as specimens of undignified, unfeminine and unscholarlike phraseology : The word “*dawdled*” seems a great favorite with Mrs. Butler — as, for instance : “Rose at eight, *dawdled* about,” &c. vol. i. p. 18. “Rose at half past eight, *dawdled* about as usual,” p. 21. “Came up and *dawdled* upon deck,” p. 47. “Came home, *dawdled* about my room,” p. 97. — And in numberless other instances this word is used, apparently, to signify loitering, or dallying, spelled indiscriminately *dawdled* or *daudled*. Indeed so much does our fair authoress seem to have been addicted to the habit which the word implies — be it what it may — that in the second volume she speaks of having “dressed for once without *dawdling*,” as an uncommon occurrence. She is also fond of the word “*gulp*,” and uses it in strange combinations, as — “My dear father, who was a little elated, made me sing to him, which I greatly *gulped* at,” p. 61. “I *gulped*, sat down, and was measured,” (for a pair of shoes,) p. 103 — “on the edge of a precipice, several hundred feet down into the valley : it made me *gulp* to look at it,” &c.

At page 97 she tells us, that “when the gentlemen joined us they were all more or less ‘how come’d you so indeed?’” and shortly after, “they all went away in good time, and we came to bed :

To bed — to sleep —

To sleep ! — perchance to be bitten ! aye — there 's the scratch :

And in that sleep of ours what bugs may come,
Must give us pause."

She thus describes the motions of persons on ship-board, in rough weather :

" Rushing hither and thither in all directions but the one they purpose going, and making as many angles, fetches, and ridiculous deviations from the point they aim at, as if the *devil had tied a string to their legs*, and jerked it every now and then in spite." p. 18.

At page 99 : " Supped, lay down on the floor in absolute *meltness away*, and then came to bed."

" When I went on, I was all but tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, with the addition of some *devilish* red slashes along his thighs and arms," p. 107.

" Away *walloped* the four horses," &c. p. 131.

" How they did *wallop* and shamle about," &c. p. 149.

" Now I 'll go to bed ; my cough 's enough to kill a *horse*," p. 153. " Heaven bless the world, for a *conglomerated amalgamation* of fools," p. 190.

" He talked an amazing quantity of *thickish* philosophy, and moral and sentimental *potter*." In truth,

" *potter* " and " *pottering*," seem to be favorites equally with *daudling*, and she as frequently makes use of them.

For instance, " He sat down, and *pottered* a little," p. 58. They " took snuff, eat cakes, and *pottered* a deal," p. 182.

" After dinner *pottered* about clothes," &c. p. 220. " Sat stitching and *pottering* an infinity," p. 230 — and many other varieties of the same word.

But of the infinite number of literary novelties of this sort, it would be impossible,

within the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, to give more than a few specimens. We will take two or three more at random : “ My feet got so perished with the cold, that I did n’t know what to do,” p. 230. “ He was most exceedingly odd and *dauldrumish*. I think he was a little ‘ *how come’d you so indeed.*’ ” p. 195 ; “ yesterday began like May, with flowers and sun-shine, it ended like December, with the *sulks*, and a fit of crying. The former were furnished me by my friends and heaven, the latter by myself and the *d—l.* ” p. 198. “ At six o’clock, D ——— roused me ; and *grumpily* enough I arose.” Ib. “ At one o’clock came home, having danced myself fairly off my legs,” p. 227.

Such blemishes as these, apparently uniting the slang of the boarding school and the green room, deform the work of Mrs. Butler, and are much to be lamented, because they may have the effect of blinding the hasty, prejudiced or fastidious reader, to the many beauties which are to be found in its pages. Indeed the work has already encountered the severest criticisms from the newspaper press, imbittered by the many censorious remarks of Mrs. B. upon the manners and institutions of the country ; her severe, and in many instances just strictures upon the state of society in the cities in which she sojourned ; and the supercilious sneers which she has uttered against the editorial fraternity, “ the press gang,” as she uncourteously denominates that numerous and powerful body. The censures of her book, are doubtless, in the main, well deserved ; but in their excess, the merits which the “ Journal ” unquestionably possesses in great abundance and of a high order, have in many cases been passed by unheeded by her indignant critics. And here we

cannot refrain from the utterance of a remark which has frequently occurred to us, and which is brought forcibly to mind by the reception which Mrs. Butler's criticisms upon America have met with : we think that too much sensitiveness is felt by our countrymen, at the unfavorable opinions expressed by foreigners, in regard to our social, political, and moral condition — and that the press, as the organ of public sentiment, is prone to work itself into a superfluous frenzy of indignation, at what are generally considered “foreign libels” upon us. To be indignant at gross misrepresentations of our country, is an exhibition of patriotism in one of its most laudable forms. But the sentiment may be carried too far, and may blind us to evils and deficiencies in our condition, when pointed out by a foreigner, which it would be well for us rather to consider with a view to their amendment. It may so far blunt our sense of the justice of the maxim “*fas est, ab hoste doceri*,” as to induce us to entertain jealousy and aversion for the most judicious suggestions, if offered by others than our own countrymen. Entertaining these views, we have read Mrs. Butler's work, with a disposition to judge of it impartially ; and while we have perceived many instances of captious complaints in regard to matters of trifling importance in themselves ; and frequently a disposition to build up general censures upon partial, individual causes of disgust, displeasure or disappointment — we feel bound to say, that, taking the work as a whole, we do not think a deliberate disposition to misrepresent, or a desire to depreciate us, can be discovered in it. The strictures upon our modes of living, our social relations, &c., are often unworthy the writer. She complains for instance, that “the things (at the hotel in New York,) were

put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion ; fish, soup, and meat, at once, and puddings, and tarts, and cheese, at another once ; no finger glasses, and a patched tablecloth — in short, a want of that style and neatness which is found in every hotel in England. The waiters too, remind us of the half-savage highland lads, that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow — only that they were wild Irish instead of Scotch.” vol. i, p. 49.

Frequently too, she complains of the audiences before whom she performed, with occasional reproofs of their ungracious conduct in not sufficiently applauding her father or herself : She says, of the first appearance of the former at the Park Theatre :

At the Philadelphia audiences, she grumbles as follows :

Of the ladies of this country, she seems to have formed a low estimate in many respects, and to look upon them generally with no little contempt. Of those in New York, she says : “ The women dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad ; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes.” And again : “ The women here, like those in most warm climates, ripen very early, and decay proportionably soon. They are, generally speaking, pretty, with good complexions, and an air of freshness and brilliancy, but this I am told is very evanescent ; and whereas, in England, a woman is in the full bloom of health and beauty, from twenty to five and thirty ; here, they scarce reach the first period without being faded, and looking old. They marry very young, and this is another reason why age

comes upon them prematurely. There was a fair young thing at a dinner to-day, who did not look above seventeen, and she was a wife. As for their figures, like those of the French women, they are too well dressed for one to judge exactly what they are really like : they are, for the most part, short and slight, with remarkably pretty feet and ancles, but there's too much pelerine and petticoat, and "de quoi" of every sort to guess any thing more."—p. 88.

This is a delicate subject and one on which we should be averse to enter the lists with Mrs. Butler, prejudiced as she most probably is. But some of her observations on the mode of nurturing females, strike us as exhibiting good sense : In the following note to the above, we apprehend there is much truth :

We are sorry to be forced to say, that there is also much sound sense and unwelcome truth in her remarks upon the situation of married females in our fashionable circles generally, (although the picture is over-wrought and is more peculiarly applicable to northern females,) which we quote from vol. i. p. 160.

This view of manners is drawn from the society of the cities of New York and Philadelphia ; — appended to the above extract, is a note, entering more into the details of her impressions regarding their fashionable circles, which we give entire :

As few matters, worldly or spiritual, escaped the observation of our authoress, it is not wonderful that her pen was occasionally dipped in the political cauldron. But as her ideas are in most instances tinged with her own national prejudices, we shall not dwell upon them

longer than to say that she sees already a decided aristocratic tendency among us, and to quote the following summary of her opinion as to the permanence of our institutions and government : — “ I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest and purest form of government ; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, ’t is a mere beau ideal, totally incapable of realization. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive — but in the meantime, ’t is my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.” p. 56. If argument with a lady on such a subject could be reconciled to the precepts of gallantry, it would certainly be unprofitable where the causes of her belief are so vaguely stated. And we think she has furnished the best argument against herself in her frequent comparisons of the condition of the mass of the people of this country to that of the laboring class in England, in which she constantly decides in favor of America. It will scarcely be argued that a people enjoying such blessings as she ascribes to the condition of the mass of American citizens, could easily be induced to change their government, and yield up a certain good for a doubtful improvement — far less that they would willingly submit to a form of government which they look upon as particularly odious. The following passage shows what are her views of the condition of the laboring classes among us :

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We had intended to make several additional extracts from what we think the better portions of the Journal, such as would exhibit the authoress in her most favorable light. But we have “ daudled ” so long on the way, that those extracts must be brief, and will probably fail to

do the justice we proposed to the fair writer. As however, we have not selected the worst of the passages from those which we deemed it our duty to censure, we may be forgiven, if we should fail to quote the best of those which exhibit her good sense and ability as a writer.

Of the fate of the aborigines of this country, she says :

There is eloquence and good feeling in the following :

From her description of a voyage up the Hudson river, which is one of the most beautiful portions of the work we can give but two brief passages :

Our friends Oliver Oldschool and Anthony Absolute, will be pleased to observe that Mrs. Butler abjures the Waltz, and agrees with them in objecting to its tendency :

Mrs. Butler seems to have no great love of the dramatic art — that is, the art of stage performance. Several pages in the second volume are devoted to this subject, (pp. 59, 60 and 61) in which she argues with great force in support of the position, that acting is “the very lowest of the arts.” Like all her criticisms of subjects connected with the stage, it is an admirable passage ; but it is too long for quotation. A shorter one conveys the same idea, in eloquent language :

In another and sadder strain, there are many beautiful portions, from which we can only select the following — and with this our extracts must end :

We have thus endeavored to give our readers an idea of this very remarkable book — a task of no little difficulty from its variable features, its mixture of sense and silliness, of prejudice and liberality — almost every page bearing a distinct and peculiar character. There are many things which have elicited censure, on which we have not laid any stress, and among these are the frequent exhibitions of attachment to her native country, and preference of its people, its customs, its laws, &c. to those of America. We cannot find fault with her for so noble and so natural a sentiment, even though it should lead her to depreciate and underrate us. Besides, she acknowledges the blindness of her partiality to England, and speaks of it with great candor, as a national characteristic :

The chief fault of the work will be found in the dictatorial manner of the writer. A female, and a young one too, cannot speak with the self-confidence which marks this book, without jarring somewhat upon American notions of the retiring delicacy of the female character. But the early induction of Mrs. B. upon the stage, has evidently given her a precocious self-dependence and a habit of forming her own opinions. There is perhaps no situation in which human vanity is so powerfully excited, as that of the favorite actor. The directness of the applause which greets his successful efforts is most intoxicating, and mingles so much admiration of the performer with delight at the performance, that he or she, whose vanity should resist its fascinations, must be a stoic indeed. The effects of this personal homage, added to the advantages of her birth, and her really masculine intellect, are apparent in Mrs. B.'s Journal. But she also displays some fine

feminine traits, which the flatteries of delighted audiences, the admiration of ambitious fashionables, and the consciousness of being the chief Lion of the day, could not destroy. Her sympathy for a sick lady, lodging in the same house in Philadelphia, is frequently and delicately expressed ; and various other incidents shew that kindness and generosity are among her prominent qualities. Many pages are devoted to the subject of religion, and as appears from them, she was attentive to the performance of her devotions : Yet we cannot but think her religion as displayed in this book, more a sentiment than a principle ; rather the embodying of a poetical fancy, than that pervading feeling of the heart which enters into and characterizes the actions of those who feel its influence.— In conclusion, we will repeat what we have said before, that there is much to admire and much to condemn in this work — enough of the former to render it one of the most attractive (as it is one of the most original) that has recently issued from the press ; and in censuring its faults it will be but justice to bear in mind a sentiment of Mrs. B. ; “ After all, if people generally did but know the difficulty of doing well, they would be less damnatory upon those who do ill.” p. 114, vol. i.

THE INFIDEL, OR THE FALL OF MEXICO, A ROMANCE,
BY THE AUTHOR OF CALAVAR. PHILADELPHIA :
CAREY, LEE & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, June, 1835.]

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

think it problematical whether the author is capable of success in a purely feminine picture of female character. Zelahualla, the daughter of Montezuma, a gentler being than La Monjonaza, does not give him a claim to such a distinction, as she is brought forward but seldom, and sustains no important part in the action of the drama.

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

The hero of the story, Juan Lerma, a former protégé of Cortes, but who has fallen under his displeasure, is the pivot on which the main interest of the work is made to turn. He is imprisoned, and ultimately rescued by Guatimozin, who carries him to Mexico. The details of a treasonable plot against the Captain General, headed by Villafana, one of the most complicated of villains, is skilfully interwoven with this portion of the narrative. The mysterious *Monjonaza*, is also a prominent character in the scenes of Tezcucó.

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

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

one of the dikes, and with his characteristic impetuosity, pursued the flying Mexicans into the city, attended by about twenty horsemen only, the foot being far in the rear. The enemy gave way with apparent signs of fear, which was not habitual, and Cortes had already been advised that an ambuscade was evidently contemplated ; but the frenzy of battle made him deaf to prudent counsel :

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

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

Some of the minor characters are drawn with a vigorous hand. The dog Befo, is a powerful delineation of heroic fidelity, seldom equalled by his superiors of the human race. Gaspar Olea, the Barba-Roxa, or

red haired, is a specimen of the bold, blunt, honest soldier ; and Bernal Diaz, (the historian of the Conquest,) though little distinguished in the story, adds to its interest. The Lord of Death, is a fine picture of the lofty race of barbarians, who spurned the slavery of their foreign foe, and died in resisting it. Najara, the hunchback and the cynic, is also a well drawn character.

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

There are some minor faults which might be noticed. As an instance, the author habitually uses the word "*working*" in describing the convulsions of the coun-

tenance, under the influence of strong passions : as, “his *working* and agonized visage” — “his face *worked* convulsively,” &c. Although Sir Walter Scott is authority for the use of the word in this manner, we have always considered it a decided inelegance. But such blemishes cannot seriously detract from the enduring excellence of the work.

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA, BY HERNANDO DE SOTO ;
BY THEODORE IRVING. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY,
LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1835.]

THERE is so much of romance in the details of Spanish conquests in America, that a history of any one of the numerous expeditions for discovery and conquest, possesses the charm of the most elaborate fiction, even while it bears the marks of general truth. These adventures occurred during the age of chivalry, when danger was courted for distinction, before the progress of science and literature had opened other avenues to renown, and when personal valor was looked upon as the pre-eminent quality—skill in arms as the highest accomplishment of an aspiring spirit. No nation was more celebrated during that chivalrous age than Spain, and in none did the genius of chivalry longer resist the influences under which it finally fell into decay. Upon the discovery of America, a wide field was opened for the warlike spirit of the age, and Spain sent forth her hosts of adventurers, filled with wild visions of boundless wealth, and the easy conquest of the barbarian

nations of those golden regions. There are in the histories of their exploits, so many displays of dauntless courage — of skill in overcoming difficulties — of the power of a few disciplined warriors, to contend successfully with hosts of equally brave, but untutored savages — and so many exhibitions of the generous qualities of the soldier, that in the glare of brilliant achievements, and the excitement of thrilling incident, we are tempted to overlook the injustice and cruelty which marked the footsteps of the conquerors.

Mr. Irving's work is one of great interest. The conquest of Florida by De Soto, while it is contrasted with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, (which immediately preceded it) in regard to its results to those engaged in it, resembles it in the patient suffering and indomitable bravery of the adventurers, and in the numerous thrilling scenes through which they passed. While the conquest of Mexico enriched the followers of Cortez, and poured the wealth of the new world into the lap of Spain, that of Florida proved fatal to all who attempted it, and ended in disaster to the ultimate conquerors.

Ponce de Leon, the visionary, who sought in Florida the Fountain of Youth, Vasques de Ayllon, the ruthless kidnapper, and Pamphilo de Narvaez, the well known rival and opponent of Cortez, had made fruitless attempts to colonize this disastrous coast. But the last and most splendid effort of that day, was made by Hernando de Soto, a cavalier who had served with Cortez, and had returned to Spain in the possession of immense wealth derived from the spoil of Mexico. The enjoyment of the highest favor at the court of his sovereign, the charms of a young and lovely bride, and the allurements of his splendid posi-

tion at home, were insufficient to repress the spirit of adventure which he had imbibed in the wars of Mexico, and the prevalent belief that Florida presented a scene for conquest still more magnificent than Mexico. De Soto was doomed to prove that the golden dreams of wealth with which the unexplored regions of Florida had been invested, were baseless illusions. But his adventures and achievements afford a rich mine of romantic incidents which Mr. Irving has presented in a most attractive form :

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Hernando de Soto was in every respect qualified for the task he undertook in this ill-starred expedition. But the Floridian savage was a more formidable foe than his Mexican brother — more hardy of frame, and more implacable in his revenge. Hence, although the imagination is not dazzled in the conquest of Florida, with descriptions of boundless wealth and regal magnificence — although the chiefs are not decked in “barbaric pearls and gold” — their sturdy resistance, and the varied vicissitudes created by the obstacles which nature presented to the conqueror’s march, afford numberless details of great interest. The book abounds with thrilling passages, from which, but for the crowded state of our pages, we should make a few extracts. Whether it is the merit of the writer or his subject, (probably it is a combination of both,) which gives to this work so much fascination, we will not decide ; but it is scarcely possible to commence it, (at least we found it so) and lay it aside until its perusal is concluded.

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THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. II. CONTAINING
ABBOTSFORD AND NEWSTEAD ABBEY. PHILADEL-
PHIA: CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD. 1835.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1835.]

WE hailed with pleasure the appearance of the first number of the Crayon Miscellany, but we knew not what a feast was preparing for us in the second. In Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, the author of the Sketch Book is at home. By no one could this offering to the memories of Scott and Byron have been more appropriately made. It is the tribute of genius to its kindred spirits, and it breathes a sanctifying influence over the graves of the departed. The kindly feelings of Irving are beautifully developed in his description of the innocent pursuits and cheerful conversation of Sir Walter Scott, while they give a melancholy interest to the early misfortunes of Byron. He luxuriates among the scenes and associations which hallow the walls of Newstead, and warms us into admiration of the wizard of the north, by a matchless description of the man, his habits, and his thoughts. The simplicity and innocence of his heart, his domestic affections, and his warm hospitality, are presented in their most attractive forms. The scenes and the beings with which Sir Walter was surrounded, are drawn with a graphic pencil. All conduce to strengthen impressions formerly made of the goodness and beneficence of Scott's character, and to gratify the thousands who have drawn delight from his works, with the conviction that their author was one of the most amiable of his species. No man knows better than Washington Irving, the value

which is placed by the world (and with justice) upon incidents connected with really great men, which seem trifling in themselves, and which borrow importance only from the individuals to whom they have relation. Hence he has given us a familiar (yet how beautiful !) picture of Abbotsford and its presiding genius ; but the relics of Newstead, which his pensive muse has collected and thrown together, brightening every fragment by the lustre of his own genius, are perhaps even more attractive. He touches but a few points in Byron's early history, but they are those on which we could have wished the illumination of his researches. The whole of the details respecting Miss Chaworth, and Byron's unfortunate attachment to that lady, are in his best manner. The story of the White Lady is one of deep interest, and suits well with the melancholy thoughts connected with Newstead. An instance of monomania like that of the White Lady, has seldom been recorded ; and the author has, without over-coloring the picture, presented to his readers the history of a real being, whose whole character and actions and melancholy fate belong to the regions of romance. In nothing that he has ever written, has his peculiar faculty of imparting to all he touches the coloring of his genius, been more fully displayed than in this work.

We give a short extract from each of these sketches, although they can afford no idea of their collective charms. The conversational powers and social qualities of Sir Walter Scott, are thus described :

It is more difficult to fix upon an extract from the sketch of Newstead Abbey, but we take the following as coming within the limits of our notice :

MEPHISTOPHELES IN ENGLAND, OR THE CONFESSIONS
OF A PRIME MINISTER, 2 VOLS. PHILADELPHIA :
CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1835.]

IN a long poetical dedication this book is inscribed “to the immortal spirit of the illustrious Goethe” — and the design, title, and *machinery* are borrowed from the Faust of that writer. The author, whoever he may be, is a man of talent, of fine poetical taste, and much general erudition. But nothing less than the vitiated state of public feeling in England could have induced him to lavish those great powers upon a work of this nature. It abounds with the coarsest and most malignant satire, at the same time evincing less of the power than of the *will* for causticity — and being frequently most feeble when it attempts to be the most severe. In this point it resembles the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. The most glaring defect, however, in the structure of the book is its utter want of *keeping*. It appears, moreover, to have no just object or end — unless indeed we choose to consider *that* its object which is the object of the *hero proper* himself — “the hell doomed son of Sin and Death Mephistopheles” — to cherish and foster the malice, the heart-burnings, and all evil propensities of our nature. The work must, therefore, as a whole be condemned, notwithstanding the rare qualities which have been brought to its composition. To prove that these qualities exist in a very high degree in the writer of Mephistopheles, it would only be necessary to spread before our readers the scene of the Incantation in the Hartz. It is replete with

imagination of the most ethereal kind — is written with a glow and melody of language altogether inimitable — and bears upon every sentence the impress of genius. It will be found a seasonable relief from the mingled coxcombry, pedantry, and gall which make up the body of the book. But we will confine ourselves at present to an extract of a far different nature, as affording a better exemplification of what we have previously said.

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THE CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY. NUMBERS XV, XVI, AND XVII. EURIPIDES TRANSLATED BY THE REVEREND R. POTTER, PREBENDARY OF NORWICH. HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1835.]

THESE three volumes embrace the whole of Euripides — Aeschylus and Sophocles having already been published in the Library. A hasty glance at the work will not enable us to speak positively in regard to the value of these translations. The name of Potter, however, is one of high authority, and we have no reason to suspect that he has not executed his task as well as any man living could have done it. But that these, or that any poetic versions can convey to the mind of the merely general reader the most remote conception of either the manner, the spirit, or the meaning of the Greek dramatists, is what Mr. Potter does not intend us to believe, and what we certainly should not believe if he did. At all events, it must be a subject of general congratulation, that in the present

day, for a sum little exceeding three dollars, any lover of the classics may possess himself of complete versions of the three greatest among the ancient Greek writers of tragedy.

Ardent admirers of Hellenic Literature, we have still no passion for Euripides. Truly great when compared with many of the moderns, he falls immeasurably below his immediate predecessors. "He is admirable," says a German critic, "where the object calls chiefly for emotion, and requires the display of no higher qualities ; and he is still more so where pathos and moral beauty are united. Few of his pieces are without particular passages of the most overpowering beauty. It is by no means my intention to deny him the possession of the most astonishing talents : I have only stated that these talents were not united with a mind in which the austerity of moral principle, and the sanctity of religious feelings were held in the highest honor."

The life, essence, and characteristic qualities of the ancient Greek drama may be found in three things. First, in the ruling idea of Destiny or Fate. Secondly, in the Chorus. Thirdly, in Ideality. But in Euripides we behold only the decline and fall of that drama, and the three prevailing features we have mentioned are in him barely distinguishable, or to be seen only in their perversion. What, for example is, with Sophocles, and still more especially with Aeschylus, the obscure and terrible spirit of predestination, sometimes mellowed down towards the catastrophe of their dramas into the unseen, yet not unfelt hand of a kind Providence, or overruling God, becomes in the handling of Euripides the mere blindness of accident, or the capriciousness of chance. He thus loses innumerable opportunities — opportunities which his great rivals have used to so good

an effect — of giving a preternatural and ideal elevation to moral fortitude in the person of his heroes, by means of opposing them in a perpetual warfare with the arbitrations and terrors of Destiny.

Again ; the Chorus, which appears never to have been thoroughly understood by the moderns — the Chorus of Euripides is not, alas ! the Chorus of his predecessors. That this singular, or at least apparently singular feature, in the Greek drama, was intended for the mere purpose of preventing the stage from being, at any moment entirely empty, has been an opinion very generally, and very unaccountably received. *The Chorus was not, at any time, upon the stage.* Its general station was in the orchestra, in which it also performed the solemn dances, and walked to and fro during the choral songs. And when it did not sing, its proper station was upon the *thymele*, an elevation somewhat like an altar, but with steps, in front of the orchestra, raised as high as the stage, and opposite to the scene — being also in the very centre of the entire theatre, and serving as a point around which the semi-circle of the amphitheatre was described. Most critics, however, have merely laughed at the Chorus as something superfluous and absurd, urging the folly of enacting passages supposed to be performed in secret in the presence of an assembled crowd, and believing that as it originated in the infancy of the art, it was continued merely through caprice or accident. Sophocles, however, wrote a treatise on the Chorus, and assigned his reasons for persisting in the practice. Aristotle says little about it, and that little affords no clew to its actual meaning or purpose. Horace considers it “ a general expression of moral participation, instruction, and admonition,” and this opinion, which is evidently just,

has been adopted and commented upon, at some length, by Schlegel. Publicity among the Greeks, with their republican habits and modes of thinking, was considered absolutely essential to all actions of dignity or importance. Their dramatic poetry imbibed the sentiment, and was thus made to display a spirit of conscious independence. The Chorus served to give verisimilitude to the dramatic action, and was, in a word, *the ideal spectator*. It stood in lieu of the national spirit, and represented the general participation of the human race, in the events going forward upon the stage. This was its most extended, and most proper object ; but it had others of a less elevated nature, and more nearly in accordance with the spirit of our own melo-drama.

But the Chorus of Euripides was not the true and unadulterated Chorus of the purer Greek tragedy. It is even more than probable that he did never rightly appreciate its full excellence and power, or give it any portion of his serious attention. He made no scruple of admitting the *parabasis* into his tragedies¹ — a license which although well suited to the spirit of comedy, was entirely out of place and must have had a ludicrous effect in a serious drama. In some instances also, among which we may mention the Danaidæ, a female Chorus is permitted by him to make use of grammatical inflexions proper only for males.

In respect to the Ideality of the Greek drama, a few words will be sufficient. It was the Ideality of conception, and the Ideality of representation. Character and manners were never the character and manners of every day existence, but a certain, and very marked

¹ The parabasis was the privilege granted the Chorus of addressing the spectators in its own person.

elevation above them. Dignity and grandeur enveloped each personage of the stage — but such dignity as comported with his particular station, and such grandeur as was never at *outrance* with his allotted part. And this was the Ideality of conception. The cothurnus, the mask, the mass of drapery, all so constructed and arranged as to give an increase of bodily size, the scenic illusions of a nature very different, and much more extensive than our own, inasmuch as actual realities were called in to the aid of art, were on the other hand the Ideality of representation. But although in Sophocles, and more especially in Æschylus, character and expression were made subservient and secondary to this ideal and lofty elevation — in Euripides the reverse is always found to be the case. His heroes are introduced familiarly to the spectators, and so far from raising his men to the elevation of Divinities, his Divinities are very generally lowered to the most degrading and filthy common-places of an earthly existence. But we may sum up our opinion of Euripides far better in the words of Augustus William Schlegel, than in any farther observations of our own.

“This poet has at the same time destroyed the internal essence of tragedy, and sinned against the laws of beauty and proportion in its external structure. He generally sacrifices the whole to the effect of particular parts, and in these he is also more ambitious of foreign attractions, than of genuine poetical beauty.”

THE EARLY NAVAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., POET LAUREATE. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1835.]

THE early naval history of England, and by so fine a writer as Southey undoubtedly is, either in poetry or prose, but more especially in the latter, cannot fail of exciting a lively interest among readers of every class. In the subject matter of this work we, as Americans, have moreover a particular feeling, for it has been often remarked that in no national characteristic do we bear a closer analogy to our progenitors in Great Britain than in the magnificence and glory of our many triumphs both over and upon the sea. To those who know Southey well, and we sincerely hope there are not a few of our readers who *do* know him intimately, through the medium of his writings at least, we shall be under no necessity of giving any assurance that the History of which we are now speaking, is a work of no common merit, and worthy of all their attention. Southey is a writer who has few equals anywhere, either in purity of truly English prose, or in melody of immortal verse. He is great in every department of Literature which he has attempted. And even did we feel inclined at present, with his very happily executed Naval History before us, to quarrel with some of his too zealous friends for overrating his merely poetical abilities, we could not find it in our hearts to place him second to any one — no, not to our own noble Irving in — we will not use the term classical, but prefer repeating our former expression — in *truly*

English, undefiled, vigorous, and masculine prose. Yet this the North American Review has ventured to do, not having, we think, before its eyes the fear of flat and positive contradiction from all authorities whose opinions are entitled to consideration. Comparisons of this nature, moreover, rarely fail of *appearing*, even although they really *be not* invidious ; and in the present instance we are really aware of no reason, or rather of no possibility for juxtaposition. There are no points of approximation between Irving and Southey, and they cannot be compared. Why not say at once, for it could be said as wisely, and as satisfactorily, that Dante's verse is superior to that of Metastasio — that the Latin of Erasmus is better than the Latin of Buchanan — that Bolingbroke is a finer prose writer than Horne Tooke, or coming home to our own times, that Tom Moore is to be preferred to Lord Brougham, and the style of N. P. Willis to the style of John Neal ? We mean to deal, therefore in generalities, when we disagree with Mr. Everett in what he has advanced. Irving is *not* a better prose writer than Southey. We know of no one who is. In saying this much we do not fear being accused of a deficiency in patriotic feeling. No true — we mean no sensible American will like a bad book the better for being American, and on the other hand no sensible man of any country, who pretends to even common freedom from prejudice, will esteem such a work as the Naval History of Great Britain the less for being written by a denizen of any region under the sun.

THE GIFT : A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT
FOR 1836. EDITED BY MISS LESLIE. PHILA-
DELPHIA : E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1835.]

WE are really sorry that we have no opportunity of noticing this beautiful little Annual at length, and article by article, in our present number : and this the more especially as the edition is even now nearly exhausted, and it will be hardly worth while to say any thing concerning the work in our next, by which time we are very sure there will not be a copy to be obtained at any price. The Gift is highly creditable to the enterprise of its publishers, and more so to the taste and talents of Miss Leslie. This we say *positively* — the ill-mannered and worse-natured opinion of the Boston Courier to the contrary notwithstanding. Never had Annual a brighter galaxy of illustrious literary names in its table of contents — and in no instance has any contributor fallen below his or her general reputation. The embellishments are *not all* of a high order of excellence. The Orphans, for example, engraved by Thomas B. Welch from a painting by J. Wood, is hard and scratchy in manner, and altogether unworthy of the book — while the head of the child in the Prawn Fishers, engraved by A. W. Graham from a painting by W. Collins, R. A. has every appearance of a cabbage. But the portrait of Fanny Kemble by Cheney, from Sully, is one of the finest things in the world, notwithstanding a certain wiriness above the hair. The likeness is admirable — the attitude exquisite — and the countenance is beaming all

over with intelligence. The gem of the book, however, is the Smuggler's Repose, engraved by W. E. Tucker from a painting by J. Tennant. We repeat it, this is absolutely a gem — such as any Souvenir in any country might be proud to possess, and sufficient of itself to stamp a high character upon the Gift.

NORMAN LESLIE. A TALE OF THE PRESENT TIMES.
NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WELL ! — here we have it ! This is *the* book — *the* book *par excellence* — the book bepuffed, beplastered, and be-Mirrored: the book “attributed to” Mr. Blank, and “said to be from the pen” of Mr. Asterisk: the book which has been “about to appear” — “in press” — “in progress” — “in preparation” — and “forthcoming:” the book “graphic” in anticipation — “talented” *a priori* — and God knows what *in prospectu*. For the sake of everything puff, puffing and puffable, let us take a peep at its contents !

Norman Leslie, gentle reader, a Tale of the Present Times, is, after all, written by nobody in the world but Theodore S. Fay, and Theodore S. Fay is nobody in the world but “one of the Editors of the New York Mirror.” The book commences with a Dedication to Colonel Herman Thorn, in which that worthy personage, whoever he may be, is held up, in about a dozen lines, to the admiration of the public, as “hospitable,” “generous,” “attentive,” “benevolent,”

“kind-hearted,” “liberal,” “highly-esteemed,” and withal “a patron of the arts.” But the less we say of this matter the better.

In the Preface Mr. Fay informs us that the most important features of his story are founded on fact — that he has availed himself of certain poetical licenses — that he has transformed character, and particularly the character of a young lady, (oh fi ! Mr. Fay — oh, Mr. Fay, fi !) that he has sketched certain peculiarities with a mischievous hand — and that the art of novel writing is as dignified as the art of Canova, Mozart or Raphael, — from which we are led to infer, that Mr. Fay himself is as dignified as Raphael, Mozart, and Canova — all three. Having satisfied us on this head, he goes on to say something about an humble student, with a feeble hand, throwing groupings upon a canvass, and standing behind a curtain : and then, after perpetrating all these impertinences, thinks it best “frankly to bespeak the indulgence of the solemn and sapient critics.” Body of Bacchus ! *we*, at least, are neither solemn nor sapient, and, therefore, do not feel ourselves bound to show him a shadow of mercy. But will anybody tell us what is the object of Prefaces in general, and what is the meaning of Mr. Fay’s Preface in particular ?

As far as we can understand the plot of Norman Leslie, it is this. A certain family reside in Italy — “independent,” “enlightened,” “affectionate,” “happy,” — and all that. Their villa, of course, stands upon the seashore, and their whole establishment is, we are assured, “a scene of Heaven,” &c. Mr. Fay says he will not even attempt to describe it — why, therefore, should we ? A daughter of this family is nineteen when she is wooed by a young Neapolitan,

Rinaldo, of “mean extraction, but of great beauty and talent.” The lover, being a man of suspicious character, is rejected by the parents, and a secret marriage ensues. The lady’s brother pursues the bridegroom — they fight — and the former is killed. The father and mother die (it is impossible to see for what purpose they ever lived) and Rinaldo flies to Venice. Upon rejoining her husband in that city, the lady (for Mr. Fay has not thought her worth enduing with a specific appellation) discovers him, for the first time, to be a rascal. One fine day he announces his intention of leaving herself and son for an indefinite time. The lady beseeches and finally threatens. “It was the first unfolding,” says she, in a letter towards the *dénouement* of the story, “of that character which neither he nor I knew belonged to my nature. It was the first uncoiling of the basilisk within me, (good Heavens, a snake in a lady’s stomach !). He gazed on me incredulously, and coolly smiled. You remember that smile — I fainted !!!” Alas ! Mr. Davy Crockett, — Mr. Davy Crockett, alas ! — thou art beaten hollow — thou art defunct, and undone ! thou hast indeed succeeded in grinning a squirrel from a tree, but it surpassed even thine extraordinary abilities to smile a lady into a fainting fit !

“When I recovered” — continues the lady — “he was gone. It was two years before I could trace him. At length I found he had sailed for America. I followed him in the depth of winter — I and my child. I knew not the name he had assumed, and I was struck mute with astonishment, in your beautiful city, on beholding, surrounded by fair ladies, the form of my husband, still beautiful, and still adored. You know the rest.” But as our readers may not be as well

informed as the correspondent of the fair forsaken, we will enlighten them with some further particulars.

Rinaldo, upon leaving his *cara sposa*, had taken shipping for New York, where, assuming the name of "Count Clairmont of the French army," he succeeds in cutting a dash, or, in more proper parlance, in creating a sensation, among the beaux and belles of the city of Gotham. One fair lady, and rich heiress, Miss Flora Temple, is particularly honored by his attentions, and the lady's mother, Mrs. T., fired with the idea of her daughter becoming a real countess, makes no scruples of encouraging his addresses. Matters are in this position when the wife of the adventurer arrives in New York, and is quite bewildered with astonishment upon beholding, one snowy day, her beloved Rinaldo sleighing it to and fro about the streets of New York. In the midst of her amazement she is in danger of being run over by some horses, when a certain personage, by name Norman Leslie, but who might, with equal propriety, be called Sir Charles Grandison, flies to her assistance, whisks herself and child up in the very nick of time, and suddenly rescues them, as Mr. Fay has it, "from the very jaws of Death" — by which we are to understand from the very hoofs of the horses. The lady of course swoons — then recovers — and then — is excessively grateful. Her gratitude, however, being of no service just at that moment, is bottled up for use hereafter, and will no doubt, according to established usage in such cases, come into play towards the close of the second volume. But we shall see.

Having ascertained the address of Rinaldo, *alias* the Count Clairmont, the lady, next morning, is successful in obtaining an interview. Then follows a second

edition of entreaties and threats, but, fortunately for the nerves of Mrs. Rinaldo, the Count, upon this occasion, is so forbearing as not to indulge in a smile. She accuses him of a design to marry Miss Temple, and he informs her that it is no concern of hers — that she is not his wife, their marriage having been a feigned one. “She would have cried him through the city for a villain,” (Dust ho ! — she should have advertised him) but he swears that, in that case, he will never sleep until he has taken the life of both the lady and her child, which assurance puts an end to the debate. “He then frankly confesses” — says Mrs. Rinaldo, in the letter which we have before quoted, — “that his passion for Miss Temple was only a mask — he loved her not. *Me* he said he loved. It was his intention to fly when he could raise a large sum of money, and he declared that I should be his companion.” His designs, however, upon Miss Temple fail — that lady very properly discarding the rascal. Nothing daunted at this mishap our Count proceeds to make love to a certain Miss Rosalie Romain, and with somewhat better success. He prevails upon her to fly, and to carry with her upon her person a number of diamonds which the lover hopes to find sufficient for his necessities. He manages also to engage Mrs. Rinaldo (so we must call her for want of a better name) in his schemes.

It has so happened that for some time prior to these occurrences, Clairmont and Norman Leslie, the hero of the novel, have been sworn foes. On the day fixed for Miss Romain’s elopement, that young lady induces Mr. Leslie to drive her, in a gig, a short distance out of town. They are met by no less a personage than Mrs. Rinaldo herself, in another gig, and driving (proh pudor !) through the woods *sola*.

Hereupon Miss Rosalie Romain very deliberately, and to the great astonishment, no doubt, of Mr. Leslie, gets out of that gentleman's gig, and into the gig of Mrs. Rinaldo. Here's plot! as Vapid says in the play. Our friend Norman, finding that nothing better can be done, turns his face towards New York again, where he arrives, in due time, without farther accident or adventure. Late the same evening Clairmont sends the ladies aboard a vessel bound for Naples, and which is to sail in the morning — returning himself, for the present, to his hotel in Broadway. While here he receives a horse-whipping from Mr. Leslie on account of certain insinuations in disparagement of that gentleman's character. Not relishing this treatment he determines upon revenge, and can think of no better method of accomplishing it than the directing of public suspicion against Mr. Leslie as the murderer of Miss Romain — whose disappearance has already created much excitement. He sends a message to Mrs. Rinaldo that the vessel must sail without him, and that he would, by a French ship, meet them on their landing at Naples. He then flings a hat and feathers belonging to Miss Romain upon a stream, and her handkerchief in a wood — afterwards remaining some time in America to avert suspicion from himself. Leslie is arrested for the murder, and the proofs are damning against him. He is, however, to the great indignation of the populace, acquitted, Miss Temple appearing to testify that she actually saw Miss Romain subsequently to her ride with Leslie. Our hero, however, although acquitted, is universally considered guilty, and, through the active malice of Clairmont, is heaped with every species of opprobrium. Miss Temple, who, it appears, is in love with him, falls ill with

grief : but is cured, after all other means have failed, by a letter from her lover announcing a reciprocal passion — for the young lady has hitherto supposed him callous to her charms. Leslie himself, however, takes it into his head, at this critical juncture, to travel ; and, having packed up his baggage, does actually forget himself so far as to go a-Willising in foreign countries. But we have no reason to suppose that, goose as the young gentleman is, he is silly enough to turn travelling correspondent to any weekly paper. In Rome, having assumed the *alias* of Montfort, he meets with a variety of interesting adventures. All the ladies die for him : and one in particular, Miss Antonia Torcini, the only child of a Duke with several millions of piastres, and a palace which Mr. Fay thinks very much like the City Hall in New York, absolutely throws herself *sans cérémonie* into his arms, and meets — tell it not in Gath ! — with a flat and positive refusal.

Among other persons whom he encounters is a monk Ambrose, a painter Angelo, another painter Ducci, a Marquis Alezzi, and a Countess D., which latter personage he is convinced of having seen at some prior period of his life. For a page or two we are entertained with a prospect of conspiracy, and have great hopes that the principal characters in the plot will so far oblige us as to cut one another's throats : but (alas for human expectations!) Mr. Fay having clapped his hands, and cried “Presto ! — vanish !” the whole matter ends in smoke ; or, as our author beautifully expresses it, is “veiled in impenetrable mystery.”

Mr. Leslie now pays a visit to the painter Ducci, and is astonished at there beholding the portrait of the very youth whose life he saved, together with that of his mother, from the horses in New York. Then

follows a series of interesting ejaculations, among which we are able to remember only "horrible suspicion!" "wonderful development!" "alack and alas!" with some two or three others. Mr. Leslie is, however, convinced that the portrait of the boy is, as Mr. F. gracefully has it, "inexplicably connected with his own mysterious destiny." He pays a visit to the Countess D., and demands of her if she was, at any time, acquainted with a gentleman called Clairmont. The lady very properly denies all knowledge of that character, and Mr. Leslie's "mysterious destiny" is in as bad a predicament as ever. He is however fully convinced that Clairmont is the origin of all evil — we do not mean to say that he is precisely the devil — but the origin of all of Mr. Leslie's evil. Therefore, and on this account, he goes to a masquerade, and, sure enough, Mr. Clairmont, (who has not been heard of for seven or eight years,) Mr. Clairmont (we suppose through Mr. L.'s "mysterious destiny") happens to go, at precisely the same time, to precisely the same masquerade. But there are surely no bounds to Mr. Fay's excellent invention. Miss Temple, of course, happens to be at the same place, and Mr. Leslie is in the act of making love to her once more, when the "inexplicable" Countess D. whispers into his ear some ambiguous sentences in which Mr. L. is given to understand that he must beware of all the Harlequins in the room, one of whom is Clairmont. Upon leaving the masquerade, somebody hands him a note requesting him to meet the unknown writer at St. Peter's. While he is busy reading the paper he is uncivilly interrupted by Clairmont, who attempts to assassinate him, but is finally put to flight. He hies, then, to the rendezvous at St. Peter's, where "the unknown" tells

him St. Peter's won't answer, and that he must proceed to the Coliseum. He goes — why should he not? — and there not only finds the Countess D., who turns out to be Mrs. Rinaldo, and who now uncorks her bottle of gratitude, but also Flora Temple, Flora Temple's father, Clairmont, Kreutzner, a German friend from New York, and, last but not least, Rosalie Romain herself; all having gone there, no doubt, at three o'clock in the morning, under the influence of that interesting young gentleman Norman Leslie's "most inexplicable and mysterious destiny." Matters now come to a crisis. The hero's innocence is established, and Miss Temple falls into his arms in consequence. Clairmont, however, thinks he can do nothing better than shoot Mr. Leslie, and is about to do so, when he is very justly and very dexterously knocked in the head by Mr. Kreutzner. Thus ends the Tale of the Present Times, and thus ends the most inestimable piece of balderdash with which the common sense of the good people of America was ever so openly or so villainously insulted.

We do not mean to say that there is positively *nothing* in Mr. Fay's novel to commend — but there is very little. One incident is tolerably managed, in which, at the burning house of Mr. Temple, Clairmont anticipates Leslie in his design of rescuing Flora. A cotillion scene, too, where Morton, a simple fop, is frequently interrupted in his attempts at making love to Miss Temple, by the necessity of forward-two-ing and *sachezing*, (as Mr. Fay thinks proper to call it) is by no means very bad, although savoring too much of the farcical. A duel story told by Kreutzner is really good, but unfortunately not original, there being a Tale in the *Diary of a Physician*, from which both its matter

and manner are evidently borrowed. And here we are obliged to pause ; for we can positively think of nothing farther worth even a qualified commendation. The plot, as will appear from the running outline we have given of it, is a monstrous piece of absurdity and incongruity. The characters *have no character* ; and, with the exception of Morton, who is, (perhaps) amusing, are, one and all, vapidty itself. No attempt seems to have been made at individualization. All the good ladies and gentlemen are demi-gods and demi-goddesses, and all the bad are — the d—l. The hero, Norman Leslie, “that young and refined man with a leaning to poetry,” is a great coxcomb and a great fool. What else must we think of a *bel-esprit* who, in picking up a rose just fallen from the curls of his lady fair, can hit upon no more appropriate phrase with which to make her a presentation of the same, than “Miss Temple, you have dropped your rose — allow me !” — who courts his mistress with a “Dear, dear Flora, how I love you !” — who calls a *buffet* a *bufet*, an *improvisatore* an *improvisitore* — who, before bestowing charity, is always ready with the canting question if the object be *deserving* — who is everlastingly talking of his foe “sleeping in the same red grave with himself,” as if American sextons made a common practice of burying two people together — and, who having not a sou in his pocket at page 86, pulls out a handful at page 87, although he has had no opportunity of obtaining a copper in the interim ?

As regards Mr. Fay’s *style*, it is unworthy of a school-boy. The “Editor of the New York Mirror” has either never seen an edition of Murray’s Grammar, or he has been a-Willising so long as to have forgotten his vernacular language. Let us examine one

or two of his sentences at random. Page 28, vol. i. "He was doomed to wander through the *fartherest* climes alone and branded." Why not say at once *fartherer*-therest? Page 150, vol. i. "Yon kindling orb should be hers; and that faint spark close to its side should teach her how dim and yet how near my soul was to her own." What is the meaning of all this? Is Mr. Leslie's soul dim to her own, as well as near to her own? — for the sentence implies as much. Suppose we say "should teach her how dim was my soul, and yet how near to her own." Page 101, vol. i. "You are both right and both wrong — you, Miss Romain, to judge so harshly of all men who are not versed in the easy elegance of the drawing room, and your father in too great *lenity* towards men of sense, &c." This is really something new, but we are sorry to say, something incomprehensible. Suppose we translate it. "You are both right and both wrong — you, Miss Romain, *are both right and wrong* to judge so harshly of all not versed in the elegance of the drawing-room, &c.; and your father *is both right and wrong* in too great lenity towards men of sense." — Mr. Fay, have you ever visited Ireland in your peregrinations? But the book is full to the brim of such absurdities, and it is useless to pursue the matter any farther. There is not a single page of Norman Leslie in which even a school-boy would fail to detect at least two or three gross errors in Grammar, and some two or three most egregious sins against common-sense.

We will dismiss the "Editor of the Mirror" with a few questions. When did you ever know, Mr. Fay, of any prosecuting attorney behaving so much like a bear as *your* prosecuting attorney in the novel of

Norman Leslie? When did you ever hear of an American Court of Justice objecting to the testimony of a witness on the ground that the said witness *had an interest* in the cause at issue? What do you mean by informing us at page 84, vol. i, “that you *think* much faster than you write?” What do you mean by “*the wind roaring in the air*?” see page 26, vol. i. What do you mean by “an *unshadowed* Italian girl?” see page 67, vol. ii. Why are you always talking about “stamping of feet,” “kindling and flashing of eyes,” “plunging and parrying,” “cutting and thrusting,” “passes through the body,” “gashes open in the cheek,” “sculls cleft down,” “hands cut off,” and blood gushing and bubbling, and doing God knows what else—all of which pretty expressions may be found on page 88, vol. i.? What mysterious and inexplicable destiny compels you to the so frequent use, in all its inflections, of that euphonical dissyllable *blister*? We will call to your recollection some few instances in which you have employed it. Page 185, vol. i. “But an arrival from the city brought the fearful intelligence in all its *blistering* and naked details.” Page 193, vol. i. “What but the glaring and *blistering* truth of the charge would select him, &c.” Page 39, vol. ii. “Wherever the wind of heaven wafted the English language, the *blistering* story must have been echoed.” Page 150, vol. ii. “Nearly seven years had passed away, and here he found himself, as at first, still marked with the *blistering* and burning brand.” Here we have a *blistering* detail, a *blistering* truth, a *blistering* story, and a *blistering* brand, to say nothing of innumerable other blisters interspersed throughout the book. But we have done with Norman Leslie,—if ever we saw as silly a thing, may we be——blistered.

THE HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW ; A TRADITION OF PENNSYLVANIA. BY THE AUTHOR OF CALAVAR AND THE INFIDEL. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

By *The Gladiator*, by *Calavar*, and by *the Infidel*, Dr. Bird has risen, in a comparatively short space of time, to a very enviable reputation ; and we have heard it asserted that his last novel '*The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow*,' will not fail to place his name in the very first rank of American writers of fiction. Without venturing to subscribe implicitly to this latter supposition, we still think very highly of him who has written *Calavar*. Of this last mentioned work, and of the *Infidel*, we have already given our opinion, although not altogether as fully as we could have desired : and we regret that circumstances beyond our control have prevented us from noticing the *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* until so late a day as the present.

Had this novel reached us some years ago, with the title of, '*The Hawks, of Hawk-Hollow : A Romance by the author of Waverley*,' we should not perhaps have engaged in its perusal with as much genuine eagerness, or with so dogged a determination to be pleased with it at all events, as we have actually done upon receiving it with its proper title, and under really existing circumstances. But having read the book *through*, as undoubtedly we should have done, if only for the sake of *Auld Lang Syne*, and the sake of certain pleasantly mirthful, or pleasantly mournful recollections connected with *Ivanhoe*, with the *Antiquary*, with *Kenilworth*, and

above all with that most pure, perfect, and radiant gem of fictitious literature the *Bride of Lammermuir* — having, we say, on this account, and for the sake of these recollections read the novel from beginning to end, from Aleph to Tau, we should have pronounced our opinion of its merits somewhat in the following manner.

“It is unnecessary to tell us that this novel is written by Sir Walter Scott ; and we are really glad to find that he has at length ventured to turn his attention to American incidents, scenery, and manners. We repeat that it was a mere act of supererogation to place the words ‘By the author of Waverley’ in the title page. The book speaks for itself. The style vulgarly so called — the manner properly so called — the handling of the subject to speak pictorially, or graphically, or as a German would say plastically — in a word the general air, the *tout ensemble*, the prevailing character of the story, all proclaim, in words which one who runs may read, that these volumes were indited ‘By the author of Waverley.’ ” Having said thus much, we should resume our *critique* as follows.

“The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow is, however, by no means in the *best* manner of its illustrious author. To speak plainly it is a positive failure, and must take its place by the side of the Redgauntlets, the Monasteries, the Pirates, and the Saint Ronan’s Wells.”

All this we should perhaps have been induced to say had the book been offered to us for perusal some few years ago, with the supposititious title, and under the supposititious circumstances aforesaid. But alas ! for our critical independency, the case is very different indeed. There can be no mistake or misconception in the present instance, such as we have so fancifully

imagined. The title page (here we have it) is clear, explanatory, and not to be misunderstood. The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow, A Tradition of Pennsylvania, that is to say a novel, is written, so we are assured, not by the author of that Waverley, but by the author of that very fine romance Calavar — not by Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, but by Robert M. Bird, M. D. Now Robert M. Bird is an American.

We will endeavor to give an outline of the story. In a little valley bordering upon the Delaware, and called Hawk-Hollow from a colony of hawks who time out of mind had maintained possession of a blasted tree at its *embouchure*, resided, some fifty years ago, one Gilbert, an English emigrant. He had seven sons, all of whom displayed in early life a spirit of desperate and reckless adventure, and a love of the wild life of the woods and mountains. Oran was the name of the eldest, and at the same time the most savage and intractable of the seven. The disposition thus evinced obtained for these young desperadoes the *sobriquet* of the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow. Gilbert, the father, falls heir to a rich estate in England, and after making a vain attempt to settle in that country and educate his children as gentlemen, returns at length to the valley of Hawk-Hollow, so much more congenial to the temper and habits of his sons. A fine but fantastic manor-house is erected, and the family acquire consideration in the land. In the meantime Mr. Gilbert's first wife dying, he weds another, who bears him a daughter, Jessie. At the opening of the tale, however, a Captain Loring resides upon the estate, and in the mansion of the Gilberts holding them as the agent or tenant of a certain Col. Falconer, who is a second edition of Falkland in Caleb Williams,—and who has

managed to possess himself of the property at Hawk-Hollow, upon its confiscation on account of the tory principles and conduct of the Hawks.

During the happier days of the Gilberts, the life of this Falconer was preserved by three of them, upon a certain occasion of imminent peril. He however, being badly wounded, they convey him to their father's house, and Jessie, their sister, attends him in the character of nurse. She loves him. He returns her love with gratitude and perhaps some little actual affection, not however sufficient to banish from his mind the charms or the wealth of a lady of whom he had been previously enamored — the daughter of a gentleman who had succored and patronised him at a time when he needed aid, and who discarded him upon perceiving the growing intimacy between his child and his *protégé*. Grateful however for the kindness and evident affection of Jessie, and intoxicated with her beauty, he marries her in a moment of madness and passion — prevailing upon her to keep the marriage a secret for a short time. At this critical juncture, Falconer, who has already risen to honors and consideration in the world, as an officer of the Colonial army, receives overtures of reconciliation both from his old patron and his daughter. His former flame is rekindled in his bosom. He puts off from day to day the publication of his marriage with Jessie, and, finally, goaded by love and ambition, and encouraged by the accidental death of the regimental chaplain who married him, as well as by that of the only witness to the ceremony, he flies from Jessie who is about to become a mother, and leaving herself and friends under the impression that the rite of marriage had been a mere mockery for the purpose of seduction, throws himself at once into the arms of his first love,

and at length espouses her, a short time before the decease of Jessie, who dies in bringing a son into the world.

The wrath of the brothers of Jessie, has doomed this child to destruction — but their mother, at this period giving birth to a still-born infant, an exchange is brought about through the instrumentality of an old nurse, Elsie Bell, who plays an anomalous part in the story, being half witch, and half gentlewoman. The effect of this exchange is that the still-born child of Mrs. Gilbert is buried as the offspring of Jessie, while her real offspring is sent to the West Indies, to be nurtured and educated by a sister of Mr. Gilbert. The boy thus sent was called Hyland, after one of the Hawks who perished in the rescue of Col. Falconer. Such are the events which, at the opening of the story, have broken up the family of the Gilberts, and effected their ruin.

Hyland, the son of Falconer by Jessie, but the supposed youngest brother of the Hawks, returns after many years, to his native country with the intention of accepting a British commission; but seeing more closely, and with his own eyes, the true principles which actuated the colonists, he finally relinquishes that design. In the meantime visiting the Hawk-Hollow under the assumed name of Herman Hunter, and in the character of a painter, he becomes enamored of Catherine, the daughter of Captain Loring. The attachment is mutual, although the lady is already betrothed to Henry, the son of Col. Falconer, a rather gentlemanly, although a very dissipated and good-for-nothing personage. Difficulties thicken of course. Miss Harriet Falconer, a copy in many respects of Di

Vernon, becomes, for some very trivial reason, a violent enemy of Herman Hunter, and even goes so far as to suspect him of being connected with the outlawed Hawks of the Hollow. Captain Loring, on the other hand, is his firm friend — a circumstance which restores matters to a more proper equilibrium, and much flirtation is consequently carried on, in and about the old mansion house and pleasure grounds of the Gilberts. In the meantime an attempt is made, by some unknown assassin, upon the life of Col. Falconer, at New York ; and the country is thrown into a panic, by the rumor that Oran, the eldest brother of the Hawks, is not dead, as was supposed, but in existence near the Hollow with a desperate band of refugees, and ready to pounce upon the neighboring village of Hillborough. Miss Harriet Falconer busies herself in a very unlady-like manner to ferret out the assassin of her father. Plot and counterplot follow in rapid succession. New characters appear upon the scene. A tall disciple of Roscius called Sterling, is, among others, very conspicuous, thrusting his nose into every adventure, and assuming by turns, although in a very slovenly way, the character of a Methodist preacher, of a pedlar, of a Quaker, and of a French dancing master. Elsie Bell, the old witch, prophecies, predicates, and prognosticates ; and in short matters begin to assume a very serious and inexplicable aspect. Hyland Gilbert *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, is drawn into an involuntary connection with his supposed brother Oran, the refugee, and some circumstances coming to light not very much to his credit, he is obliged to flee from the mansion of the gallant Captain — not, however, until he has declared his passion for the daughter, into the ear of the daughter herself. Through the in-

stigation of Harriet Falconer, the day is at length fixed for the marriage of her brother Henry with Catherine Loring. Accident delays the ceremony until night, when, just as the lady is hesitating whether she shall say *yes*, or *no*, the tall gentleman ycleped Sterling who has managed, no one knows how, to install himself as major-domo, chief fiddler, and master of ceremonies at the wedding, takes the liberty of knocking the bridegroom on the head with his violin, while Oran, the refugee, jumps in at one window with a gang of his followers, and Hyland Gilbert *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, popping in at another, carries off the bride at a back door *nemine contradicente*. The bird being flown, the hue and cry is presently raised, and the whole country starts in pursuit. But the affair ends very lamely. Precisely at the moment when Hyland Gilbert, *alias* Herman Hunter, the painter, has carried his mistress beyond any prospect of danger from pursuit, he suddenly takes it into his head, to change his mind in relation to the entire business, and so, turning back as he came, very deliberately carries the lady home again. He himself, however, being caught, is sentenced to be hung — all which is exceedingly just. But to be serious.

The crime with which the young man is charged, is the murder of Henry Falconer, who fell by a pistol shot in an affray during the pursuit. The criminal is lodged in jail at Hillborough — is tried — and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Col. Falconer, is in danger of being found guilty. But Elsie Bell now makes her appearance, and matters assume a new aspect. She reveals to Col. Falconer the exchange of the two infants — a fact with which he had been hitherto unacquainted — and consequently astounds him

with the information that he is seeking the death of his own son. A new turn is also given to the evidence in the case of the murder by the death-bed confession of Sterling, who owns that he himself shot the deceased Henry Falconer, and also attempted the assassination of the Colonel. The prisoner is acquitted by acclamation. Col. Falconer, is shot by mistake while visiting his son in prison. Harriet dies of grief at the exposure of her father's villainy, and of her own consequent illegitimacy. Hyland Gilbert and Catherine are united. Oran, the refugee, who fired the shot by which Col. Falconer was accidentally killed, being hotly pursued, and dangerously wounded, escapes, finally, to his fastnesses in the mountains, where, after a lapse of many years, his bones and his rifle are identified. Thus ends the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow.

We have already spoken of the character of Elsie Bell. That of Harriet Falconer, is forced, unnatural, and overstrained. Catherine Loring, however, is one of the sweetest creations ever emanating from the fancy of poet, or of painter. Truly feminine in thought, in manner, and in action, she is altogether a conception of which Dr. Bird has great reason to be proud. Phoebe, the waiting maid, (we have not thought it worth while to mention her in our outline,) is a mere excrescence, and, like some other personages in the tale, introduced for no imaginable purpose. Of the male *dramatis personæ* some are good — some admirable — some execrable. Among the good, we may mention Captain Caliver of the Dragoons. Captain Loring is a *chef d'oeuvre*. His oddities, his infirmities, his enthusiasm, his petulancy, his warm-heartedness, and his mutability of disposition, altogether make up a character which we may be permitted to consider

original, inasmuch as we have never seen its prototype either in print, or in actual existence. It is however true to itself, and to propriety, and although at times verging upon the *outré*, is highly creditable to the genius of its author. Oran, the refugee, is well — but not excellently drawn. The hero Hyland, with whom we were much interested in the beginning of the book, proves inconsistent with himself in the end ; and although to be inconsistent with one's self, is not always to be false to Nature — still, in the present instance, Hyland Gilbert in prison, and in difficulty, and Herman Hunter, in the opening of the novel, possess none of the same traits, and are not, in point of fact, identical. Sterling is a mere mountebank, without even the merit of being an original one : and his death-bed repentance is too ludicrously ill-managed, and altogether too manifestly out of place, to be mentioned any farther. Squire Schlachtenschlager, the Magistrate, is the best personification of a little brief authority in the person of a Dutchman, which it has ever been our good fortune to encounter.

In regard to that purely mechanical portion of Dr. Bird's novel, which it would now be fashionable to denominate its *style*, we have very few observations to make. In general it is faultless. Occasionally we meet with a sentence ill-constructed — an inartificial adaptation of the end to the beginning of a paragraph — a circumlocutory mode of saying what might have been better said, with brevity — now and then with a pleonasm, as for example. “And if he wore a mask in his commerce with men, it was like that *iron* one of the Bastile, which when put on, was put on for life, and was at the same time of *iron*,” — not unfrequently with a bull proper, videlicet. “As he spoke there

came into the den, eight men attired like the two first *who were included in the number.*" But we repeat that upon the whole the style of the novel — if that may be called its style, which style is not — is at least equal to that of any American writer whatsoever.

In the style *properly* so called — that is to say in the prevailing tone and manner which give character and individuality to the book, we cannot bring ourselves to think that Dr. Bird has been equally fortunate. His subject appears always ready to fly away from him. He dallies with it continually — hovers incessantly round it, and about it — and not until driven to exertion by the necessity of bringing his volume to a close, does he finally grasp it with any appearance of energy or good will. The *Hawks of Hawk-Hollow* is composed with great inequality of manner — at times forcibly and manly — at times sinking into the merest childishness and imbecility. Some portions of the book, we surmise, were either not written by Dr. Bird, or were written by him in moments of the most utter mental exhaustion. On the other hand, the reader will not be disappointed, if he looks to find in the novel many — very many well sustained passages of great eloquence and beauty. We open the book at random, and one presents itself immediately to our notice. If Dr. Bird has a general manner at all — a question which we confess ourselves unable to decide — the passage which we are about to quote is a very fair, although perhaps rather too favorable specimen of that manner.

Of the songs and other poetic pieces interspersed throughout the book, and sometimes not aptly or gracefully introduced, we have a very high opinion. Some of them are of rare beauty. If Dr. Bird can always

write thus, and we see no reason for supposing the contrary, he should at once, in the language of one with whom he is no doubt well acquainted,

“Turn bard, and drop the play-wright and the novelist.”

In evidence that we say nothing more than what is absolutely just we insert here the little poem of *The Whippoorwill*.

In conclusion : The Hawks of Hawk-Hollow, if it add a single bay to the already green wreath of Dr. Bird's *popular* reputation, will not, at all events, among men whose decisions are entitled to consideration, advance the high opinion previously entertained of his abilities. It has no pretensions to *originality* of manner, or of style — for we insist upon the distinction — and very few to originality of manner. It is, in many respects, a bad imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Some of its characters, and one or two of its incidents, have seldom been surpassed, for force, fidelity to nature, and power of exciting interest in the reader. It is altogether more worthy of its author in its scenes of hurry, of tumult, and confusion, than in those of a more quiet and philosophical nature. Like *Calavar* and *The Infidel*, it excels in the drama of action and passion, and fails in the drama of colloquy. It is inferior, as a whole, to the *Infidel*, and vastly inferior to *Calavar*.

TALES OF THE PEERAGE AND THE PEASANTRY, EDITED
BY LADY DACRE. NEW YORK: HARPER &
BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE had been looking with much impatience for the republication of these volumes, and henceforward we shall look with still greater anxiety for any thing announced as under the *editorial* supervision of Lady Dacre. But why, Lady Dacre, this excessive show of modesty, or rather this most unpardonable piece of affectation? Why deny having written volumes whose authorship would be an enviable and an honorable distinction to the proudest literati of your land? And why, above all, announce yourself as editor in a title-page, merely to proclaim yourself author in a preface?

The *Tales of the Peerage and the Peasantry* are three in number. The first and the longest is *Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale*, (have a care, Messieurs Harpers, you have spelt it *Nithsadle* in the very heading of the very initial chapter) a thrilling, and spirited story, rich with imagination, pathos, and passion, and in which the successful termination of a long series of exertions, and trials, whereby the devoted Winifred finally rescues her husband, the Earl of Nithsdale, from tyranny, prison, and death, inspires the reader with scarcely less heartfelt joy and exultation than we can conceive experienced by the happy pair themselves. But the absolute conclusion of this tale speaks volumes for the artist-like skill of the fair authoress. An every day writer would have ended a story of continued sorrow and suffering, with a bright gleam of unalloyed hap-

piness, and sunshine — thus destroying, at a single blow, that indispensable unity which has been rightly called the unity of effect, and throwing down, as it were, in a paragraph what, perhaps, an entire volume has been laboring to establish. We repeat that Lady Dacre has given conclusive evidence of talent and skill, in the final sentences of the *Countess of Nithsdale* — evidence, however, which will not be generally appreciated, or even very extensively understood. We will transcribe the passages alluded to.

The Hampshire Cottage is next in order — a tale of the Peasantry; and the volumes conclude with *Blanche*, a tale of the Peerage. Both are admirable, and worthy of companionship with *Winifred*, *Countess of Nithsdale*. There can be no doubt that Lady Dacre is a writer of infinite genius, possessing great felicity of expression, a happy talent for working up a story, and, above all, a far more profound and philosophical knowledge of the hidden springs of the human heart, and a greater skill in availing herself of that knowledge, than *any of her female contemporaries*. This we say deliberately. We have not yet forgotten the *Recollections of a Chaperon*. No person, of even common sensibility, has ever perused the magic tale of *Ellen Wareham* without feeling the very soul of passion and imagination aroused and stirred up within him, as at the sound of a trumpet.

Let Lady Dacre but give up her talents and energies, and especially *her time* to the exaltation of her literary fame, and we are sorely mistaken if, hereafter, she do not accomplish something which will not readily die.

THE HEROINE : OR ADVENTURES OF CHERUBINA. BY
EATON STANNARD BARRETT, ESQ. NEW EDITION.
RICHMOND : PUBLISHED BY P. D. BERNARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

CHERUBINA ! Who has not heard of Cherubina ! Who has not heard of that most spiritual, that most ill-treated, that most accomplished of women — of that most consummate, most sublimated, most fantastic, most unappreciated, and most inappreciable of heroines ? Exquisite and delicate creation of a mind overflowing with fun, frolic, farce, wit, humor, song, sentiment, and sense, what mortal is there so dead to every thing graceful and glorious as not to have devoured thy adventures ? Who is there so unfortunate as not to have taken thee by the hand ? — who so lost as not to have cultivated thy acquaintance ? — who so stupid, as not to have enjoyed thy companionship ? — who so much of a log, as not to have laughed until he has wept for very laughter in the perusal of thine incomparable, inimitable, and inestimable eccentricities ? But we are becoming pathetic to no purpose, and supererogatively oratorical. *Everybody* has read *Cherubina*. There is no one so superlatively unhappy as not to have done this thing. But if such there be — if by any possibility such person should exist, we have only a few words to say to him. Go, silly man, and purchase forthwith “*The Heroine : or Adventures of Cherubina*.” The Heroine was first published many years ago, (we believe shortly after the appearance of *Childe Harold* ;) but although it has run through editions innumerable, and has been universally read and

admired by all possessing talent or taste, it has never, in our opinion, attracted half that notice on the part of the critical press, which is undoubtedly its due. There are few books written with more tact, spirit, *naïveté*, or grace, few which take hold more irresistibly upon the attention of the reader, and none more fairly entitled to rank among the classics of English literature than the *Heroine* of Eaton Stannard Barrett. When we say all this of a book possessing not even the remotest claim to originality, either in conception or execution, it may reasonably be supposed, that we have discovered in its matter, or manner, some rare qualities, inducing us to hazard an assertion of so bold a nature. This is actually the case. Never was anything so charmingly written: the mere style is positively inimitable. Imagination, too, of the most ethereal kind, sparkles and blazes, now sportively like the Will O' the Wisp, now dazzlingly like the Aurora Borealis, over every page — over every sentence in the book. It is absolutely radiant with fancy, and that of a nature most captivating, although, at the same time, the most airy, the most capricious, and the most intangible. Yet the *Heroine* must be considered a mere burlesque; and, being a copy from Don Quixote, is to that immortal work of Cervantes what *The School for Scandal* is to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The Plot is briefly as follows.

Gregory Wilkinson, an English farmer worth 50,000 pounds, has a pretty daughter called Cherry, whose head is somewhat disordered from romance reading. Her governess is but little more rational than herself, and is one day turned out of the house for allowing certain undue liberties on the part of the butler. In revenge she commences a correspondence with Miss

Cherry, in which she persuades that young lady that Wilkinson is not her real father — that she is a child of mystery, &c. — in short that she is actually and *bonâ fide* a heroine. In the meantime, Miss Cherry, in rummaging among her father's papers, comes across an antique parchment — a lease of lives — on which the following words are alone legible,

This Indenture
 For and in consideration of
 Doth grant, bargain, release
 Possession, and to his heirs and assigns
 Lands of Sylvan Lodge, in the
 Trees, stones, quarries, &c.
 Reasonable amends and satisfaction
 This demise
 Molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson.
 The natural life of
 Cherry Wilkinson only daughter of
 De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas
 Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.

This “excruciating MS.” brings matters to a crisis — for Miss Cherry has no difficulty in filling up the blanks.

“It is a written covenant,” says this interesting young lady in a letter to her Governess, “between this Gregory Wilkinson and the miscreant (whom my being an heiress had prevented from enjoying the title and estate that would devolve to him at my death) stipulating to give Wilkinson “Sylvan Lodge,” together with “trees, stones, &c.” as “reasonable amends and satisfaction” for being the instrument of my “demise,” and declaring that there shall be “no molestation of him the said Gregory Wilkinson” for taking away the “natural life of Cherry Wilkinson,

only daughter of ” ——— somebody “ De Willoughby eldest son of Thomas.” Then follows “ Lady Gwyn of Gwyn Castle.” So that it is evident I am a De Willoughby, and related to Lady Gwyn ! What perfectly confirms me in the latter supposition, is an old portrait which I found soon after, among Wilkinson’s papers, representing a young and beautiful female superbly dressed ; and underneath, in large letters, the name of “ Nell Gwyn.”

Fired with this idea, Miss Cherry gets up a scene, rushes with hair disheveled into the presence of the good man Wilkinson, and accuses him to his teeth of plotting against her life, and of sundry other malpractices and misdemeanors. The worthy old gentleman is astonished, as well he may be ; but is somewhat consoled upon receiving a letter from his nephew, Robert Stuart, announcing his intention of paying the family a visit immediately. Wilkinson is in hopes that a lover may change the current of his daughter’s ideas ; but in that he is mistaken. Stuart has the misfortune of being merely a rich man, a handsome man, an honest man, and a fashionable man — he is no hero. This is not to be borne : and Miss Cherry having assumed the name of the Lady Cherubina De Willoughby, makes a precipitate retreat from the house, and commences a journey on foot to London. Her adventures here properly begin, and are laughable in the extreme. But we must not be too minute. They are modelled very much after those of Don Quixote, and are related in a series of letters from the young lady herself to her governess. The principal characters who figure in the Memoirs are Betterton, an old *débauché*, who endeavors to entangle the Lady Cherubina in his toils — Jerry Sullivan, an Irish simpleton,

who is ready to lose his life at any moment for her ladyship, whose story he implicitly believes, without exactly comprehending it — Higginson, a grown baby, and a mad poet — Lady Gwyn, whom Cherubina believes to be her mortal enemy, and the usurper of her rights, and who encourages the delusion for the purpose of entertaining her guests — Mary and William, two peasants betrothed, but whom Cherry sets by the ears for the sake of an interesting episode — Abraham Grundy, a tenth rate performer at Covent Garden, who having been mistaken by Cherry for an earl, supports the character *à merveille* with the hope of eventually marrying her, and thus securing 10,000 pounds, a sum which it appears the lady possesses in her own right. He calls himself the Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. Stuart, her cousin, whom we have mentioned before, finally rescues her from the toils of Betterton and Grundy, and restores her to reason, and to her friends. Of course he is rewarded with her hand.

We repeat that Cherubina is a book which should be upon the shelves of every well-appointed library. No one can read it without entertaining a high opinion of the varied and brilliant talents of its author. No one can read it without laughter. Its wit, especially, and its humor, are indisputable — not frittered and refined away into that insipid compound which we occasionally meet with, half giggle and half sentiment — but racy, dashing, and palpable. Some of the songs with which the work is interspersed have attained a most extensive popularity, while many persons, to whom they are as familiar as household things, are not aware of the very existence of the Heroine. All our readers must remember the following :

Dear Sensibility, O la !
 I heard a little lamb cry ba !
 Says I, so you have lost mama !
 Ah !

The little lamb as I said so,
 Frisking about the fields did go,
 And frisking trod upon my toe.
 Oh !

And this also :

TO DOROTHY PULVERTAFT.

If Black-sea, White-sea, Red-sea ran
 One tide of ink to Ispahan ;
 If all the geese in Lincoln fens
 Produced spontaneous well-made pens ;
 If Holland old, or Holland new,
 One wondrous sheet of paper grew ;
 Could I, by stenographic power,
 Write twenty libraries an hour ;
 And should I sing but half the grace
 Of half a freckle on thy face ;
 Each syllable I wrote should reach
 From Inverness to Bognor's beach ;
 Each hair-stroke be a river Rhine,
 Each verse an equinoctial line.

We have already exceeded our limits, but cannot refrain from extracting Chapter XXV. It will convey some idea of the character of the Heroine. She is now at the mansion of Lady Gwyn, who, for the purpose of amusing her friends, has dressed up her nephew to represent the supposed mother of the Lady Cherubina.

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¹ THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CXXIV, FOR JULY 1835. AMERICAN EDITION, VOL. II, No. 2. NEW YORK: THEODORE FOSTER.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

ARTICLE I in this number is a *critique* upon "The History of the Revolution in England in 1688. Comprising a View of the Reign of James the Second, from his Accession to the Enterprise of the Prince of Orange. By the late Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh; and completed to the Settlement of the Crown, by the Editor. To which is prefixed, a Notice of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of Sir James Mackintosh. 4to. London, 1834." The Reviewer commences by instituting a comparison between the work of Sir James, and Fox's History of James the Second. Both books are on the same subject — both were posthumously published, and neither had received the last corrections. The authors, likewise, belonged to the same political party, and had the same opinions concerning the merits and defects of the English Constitution, and concerning most of the prominent characters and events in English History. The palm is awarded to the work of Mackintosh. "Indeed" — says the critic — "the superiority of Mr. Fox to Sir James as an orator, is hardly more clear than the superiority of Sir James to Mr. Fox as an historian. Mr. Fox with a pen in his hand, and Sir James on his legs in the House of Commons were, we think, each out of his proper element. We could never read

¹ Reprinted here as a specimen of Poe's manner in reviewing magazines. — Ed.

a page of Mr. Fox's writings — we could never listen for a quarter of an hour to the speaking of Sir James — without feeling that there was a constant effort, a tug uphill. Mr. Fox wrote debates. Sir James Mackintosh spoke essays." The style of the fragment is highly complimented, and justly. Every body must agree with the Reviewer, that a History of England written throughout, in the manner of the History of the Revolution, would be the most fascinating book in the language. The printer and editor of the work are severely censured, but the censure is, in some respects, misapplied. Such errors as making the pension of 60,000 livres, which Lord Sunderland received from France, equivalent to 2,500 pounds sterling only, when, at the time Sunderland was in power, the livre was worth more than eighteen pence, are surely attributable to no one but the author — although the editor may come in for a small portion of the blame for not correcting an oversight so palpable. On the other hand the misprinting the name of Thomas Burnet repeatedly throughout the book, both in the text and Index, is a blunder for which the editor is alone responsible. The name is invariably spelt Bennet. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charter House, and author of the *Theoria Sacra*, is a personage of whom, or of whose works, the gentleman who undertook to edit the Fragment of Sir James Mackintosh has evidently never heard. The Memoir prefixed to the History, and its Continuation to the settlement of the Crown, both by the Editor of the Fragment, are unsparingly, but indeed most righteously, condemned. The Memoir is childish and imbecile, and the Continuation full of gross inaccuracies, and altogether unworthy of being appended to any thing from the pen of Mackintosh.

Article II is a very clever Review of the “*Acharnenses* of Aristophanes, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, adapted to the Use of Schools and Universities. By T. Mitchell, A. M. 8vo. London, 1835.” Mr. Mitchell made his first appearance as a translator and commentator in 1820, and his second in 1822, upon both which occasions he was favorably noticed in the *Edinburgh*. High praise is bestowed in the present instance upon the *Acharnenses*. The *Wasps* will follow, and thus it appears the chronological order of the Comedies will not be preserved. The old fault is to be found with this Review, viz: It is more of a dissertation on the subject matter of the book in question than an analysis of its merits or defects. By far the greater part of the Article is occupied in a discussion of the character of the Athenians.

Article III is headed “a Voyage of Discovery to Africa and Arabia, performed in his Majesty’s Ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, from 1822 to 1826, under the command of Capt. F. W. W. Owen, R. N. By Capt. Thomas Boteler, R. N. 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1835.” Captain Owen sailed in 1822 in the *Leven* Frigate, accompanied by the *Barracouta*, a ten-gun brig, with instructions to survey the entire Eastern coast of Africa, the Western coast of Madagascar — the islets and shoals interjacent — together with the Western coast of the Continent from the Zaire to Benin, and from the Rio Grande to the Gambia. All this was accomplished in five years. The narrative of Boteler, who was lieutenant of the *Leven*, is nothing more than a revised edition of that originally prepared by Capt. Owen, and which was a failure in a literary sense. The Review, as usual, says very little concerning the manner in which Captain Boteler has performed his task.

Article IV. “Deontology ; or the Science of Morality : in which the Harmony and Coincidence of Duty and Self-Interest, Virtue and Felicity, Prudence and Benevolence, are explained and exemplified. From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham. Arranged and edited by John Bowring. 2 vols. octavo, London, 1834.” “This book,” says the Reviewer, “simply contains Mr. Bentham’s thrice told tale upon Utility. It furnishes us with no fresh illustrations, no better system than we had already found in his ‘Principles of Morals and Legislation.’” We heartily agree with the critic that there was no necessity for the publication of these posthumous volumes. They add nothing to the work just mentioned, and are, in many points, inferior. But the Notice concludes in the following words. “Is it to be wondered at, that the most learned, accurate, and philosophical nation in Europe — the Germans — treat with contempt ignorance and insolence like this? They admit the merits of Mr. Bentham as a juris-consult, in his analysis and classification of the *material* interests of life ; but their metaphysicians and moralists agree, we believe without any exception, in considering his speculative philosophy as undeserving even the pomp and ceremony of an argument.” We have only to add, that, in our opinion of the metaphysics of Mr. Bentham, we are, by no means, Germans to the very letter.

Article V. is an excellently well toned, and perfectly satisfactory Review of the “Journal by Frances Anne Butler, 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835.” It defends this lady from the charge of intentionally depreciating America ; cites a long list of instances in which she has spoken in terms of the greatest cordiality of our people, individually, and as a nation ; shows in

what manner she has repeatedly let slip opportunities of saying, and saying too with perfect justice, things little likely to flatter our vanity ; defends her from the ridiculous accusation of vulgarity (there is positively not an iota of vulgarity in the composition of Fanny Kemble) and very justly gives us a rap over the knuckles for our overweening vanity, self-sufficiency, and testiness of temper. The whole article is excellent, and the conclusion is particularly to our mind. "There is no chance of her return to a profession that she so cordially detested. Under these circumstances the only compensation Mr. Butler can make to us he must make. He is bound to see that she goes on with her faithful and amusing journal, and that she finishes, at her leisure, some of the sundry stories, plays, and novels, on which, it seems, she had already set to work amid the interruptions of the stage."

The sixth article is a review of "The Works of George Dalgarno, of Aberdeen. 4to. Reprinted at Edinburgh : 1834." This work is merely a reprint of the old Treatises of Dalgarno, the publication not extending beyond the sphere of the Maitland Club — a society instituted at Glasgow in imitation of the Edinburgh Ballantyne Club. The first treatise of Dalgarno is entitled "*Ars Signorum, Vulgo Character Universalis, et Lingua Philosophica. Londini 1661.*" The second is "*Didascalocophus, or the Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor : to which is added a Discourse of the Nature and Number of Double Consonants : both which Tracts being the first (for what the author knows) that have been published upon either of the subjects. Printed at the Theater in Oxford, 1680.*" The memory of Dalgarno had nearly perished when Dugald Stewart called public attention to his writings,

on account of his having anticipated, on grounds purely speculative, and *a priori*, what has now been proved *a posteriori* by Horne Tooke and others, viz : that all grammatical inflections are reducible to the noun alone.

Article VII is headed "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833. By Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. Including the reports of Commander, now Captain, James Clark Ross, R.N., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. and the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. 4to. London : 1835." The Reviewer professes himself unable to regard the observations made by Commander Ross in relation to the Magnetic Pole in the light of a discovery. "It was certainly a great satisfaction to stand upon a rock where the dip was $89^{\circ} 59'$, and where the polarity of nicely suspended needles was insensible ; but it may be questioned whether or not the place of the Magnetic Pole can be best determined by observations made at a distance or near the spot ; and we are not satisfied that the position assigned by Commander Ross is more accurate than that given by the curves of Professor Barlow, the calculations of Hansteen, and the observations of Captain Parry." The fact is that the Magnetic Pole is *moveable*, and, place it where we will, we shall not find it in the same place to-morrow. Notice is taken also by the critic that neither Captain nor Commander Ross has made the slightest reference to the fact that the Magnetic Pole is not coincident with the *Pole of maximum cold*. From observations made by Scoresby in East Greenland, and by Sir Charles Giesecké and the Danish Governors in West Greenland, and confirmed

by all the meteorological observations made by Captains Parry and Franklin, Sir David Brewster has deduced the fact that the Pole of the Equator is not the Pole of maximum cold : and as the matter is well established, it is singular, to say no more, that it has been alluded to by neither the Commander nor the Captain.

Article VIII is 1. A "History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, with a Notice of its Early History in the East, and in all quarters of the Globe ; a Description of the Great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its unexampled extension in Great Britain : and a View of the Present State of the Manufacture, and the condition of the Classes engaged in its several departments. By Edward Baines, Esq. 8vo. London : 1835."

2. "The Philosophy of Manufactures : or an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain. By Andrew Ure, M.D. 8vo. London : 1835." Mr. Baines' work is spoken of in high terms, as discovering much laborious research, and being both interesting and valuable. With the exception of Smith's *Memoirs of Wool*, published in 1747, it is said to be the only work giving a clear and copious account of the rise, progress, and actual condition of any of the great branches of industry carried on in the kingdom. Dr. Ure's work is censured for inaccuracy of detail. Its title is evidently a misnomer.

Article IX is "A Poet's Portfolio ; or Minor Poems. In Three Books. By James Montgomery, 12mo. London, 1835."

The first production of Mr. Montgomery, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," was noticed about twenty-eight years ago in the *Edinburgh*, and much fault

found with it for inflation of style, and affectation. The present volume has induced the Journal to alter its tone entirely, and the *Minor Poems* are (perhaps a little too highly) lauded. "There is," says the critic, "something in all his poetry which makes fiction the most impressive teacher of truth and wisdom ; and by which, while the intellect is gratified, and the imagination roused, the heart, if it retains any sensibility to tender or elevating emotions, cannot fail to be made better." The Reviewer, as usual, does not stick to his text, but comments, in detail, upon *all* the published poems of Montgomery.

The tenth and concluding paper is a Review of "The Second Report of his Majesty's Commissioners on Ecclesiastical Revenue and Patronage : Ireland. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed : 1834" — and "First Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction : Ireland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of his Majesty : 1835."

This article is written with great ability ; but why call that a Review which is purely a dissertation on the state of the Irish Church ? It concludes with a correspondence between the Editor of the Edinburgh, and Mr. Alan Stevenson, respecting evidence given, by the latter, before the Parliamentary Committee on Light Houses. The Journal, in No. CXXIII, accused Mr. S. of deceiving the Committee by erroneous testimony ; and, upon Mr. S. demanding an explanation, the Review not only refuses to retract its assertions, but declares that, had it known certain facts at the time of inditing the offensive article, it would have expressed itself with double severity.

NUTS TO CRACK : OR QUIPS, QUIRKS, ANECDOTE AND FACETE OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARS. BY THE AUTHOR OF FACETIÆ CANTABRIGIENSES, ETC., ETC., ETC. PHILADELPHIA : E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

ALTHOUGH this little volume is obviously intended for no other eyes than those of the "Oxford and Cambridge scholar," and although it is absolutely impossible for any American to enter fully into the spirit of its most inestimable quizzes, oddities and eccentricities, still we have no intention of quarreling with Carey & Hart, for republishing the work on this side of the Atlantic. Never was there a better thing for whiling away a few loose or unappropriated half hours — that is to say in the hands of a reader who is, even in a moderate degree, imbued with a love of classical whimsicalities. We can assure our friends — all of them who expect to find in these excellent "Nuts to Crack," a mere *rifacimento* of stale jests — that there are not more than two or three anecdotes in the book positively entitled to the appellation of antique. Some things, however, have surprised us. In the first place what is the meaning of *Anecdote* and *Facete*? In the second what are we to think of such blunders, as "one of honest Vere's classical *jeu d'esprit*," (the *jeu d'esprit* printed too in Long Primer Capitals) in a volume professing to be *Anecdote and Facete* (oh! — too bad) of Oxford and Cambridge *scholars*? And thirdly is it possible that he who wrote the *Facetiae Cantabrigienses* is not aware that the "cutting retort attributed to

the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, when a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge," may be found among the Facetiae of Hierocles—not to mention innumerable editions of Joe Miller?

We have already said enough of the *Nuts to Crack*, but we cannot, for our lives, refrain from selecting one of its good things for the benefit of our own especial readers.

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THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK NO. 3 — CONTAINING LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN. PHILADELPHIA: CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE feel it almost an act of supererogation to speak of this book, which is long since in the hands of every American who has leisure for reading at all. The matter itself is deeply interesting, but, as usual, its chief beauty is beauty of style. The Conquest of Spain by the Saracens, an event momentous in the extreme, is yet enveloped, as regards the motives and actions of the principal *dramatis personae* in triple doubt and confusion. To snatch from this uncertainty a few striking and picturesque legends possessing, at the same time, some absolute portion of verity, and to adorn them in his own magical language is all that Mr. Irving has done in the present instance. But that he has done this little well it is needless to say. He does not claim for the Legends the authenticity of history properly so

called,—yet all are partially *facts*, and however extravagant some may appear, they will all, to use the words of the author himself, “be found in the works of sage and reverend chroniclers of yore, growing side by side with long acknowledged truths, and might be supported by learned and imposing references in the margin.” Were we to instance any one of the narratives as more beautiful than the rest, it would be *The Story of the Marvellous and Portentous Tower*.

LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS : OR AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST EMINENT PERSONS IN SUCCESSIVE AGES, WHO HAVE CLAIMED FOR THEMSELVES, OR TO WHOM HAS BEEN IMPUTED BY OTHERS, THE EXERCISE OF MAGICAL POWER. BY WILLIAM GODWIN, AUTHOR OF “CALEB WILLIAMS,” &c. NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

THE name of the author of *Caleb Williams*, and of *St. Leon*, is, with us, a word of weight, and one which we consider a guarantee for the excellence of any composition to which it may be affixed.

There is about all the writings of Godwin, one peculiarity which we are not sure that we have ever seen pointed out for observation, but which, nevertheless, is his chief idiosyncrasy — setting him peculiarly apart from all other *literati* of the day. We allude to an air of mature thought — of deliberate premeditation pervading, in a remarkable degree, even his most common-place observations.

He never uses a hurried expression, or hazards either an ambiguous phrase, or a premature opinion. His style therefore is highly artificial ; but the extreme finish and proportion always observable about it, render this artificiality, which in less able hands would be wearisome, in him a grace inestimable. We are never tired of his terse, nervous, and sonorous periods — for their terseness, their energy, and even their melody, are made, in all cases, subservient to the sense with which they are invariably fraught. No English writer, with whom we have any acquaintance, with the single exception of Coleridge, has a fuller appreciation of the value of *words* ; and none is more nicely discriminative between closely-approximating meanings.

The avowed purpose of the volume now before us is to exhibit a wide view of human credulity. “To know” — says Mr. Godwin — “the things that are not, and cannot be, but have been imagined and believed, is the most curious chapter in the annals of man.” *In extenso* we differ with him.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.

There are many things, too, in the great circle of human experience, more curious than even the records of human credulity — but that they form *one* of the most curious chapters, we were at all times ready to believe, and had we been in any degree skeptical, the *Lives of the Necromancers* would have convinced us.

Unlike the work of Brewster, the Necromancy of Mr. Godwin is not a Treatise on Natural Magic. It does not pretend to show the *manner* in which delusion acts upon mankind — at all events, this is not the *object*

of the book. The design, if we understand it, is to display in their widest extent, the great range and wild extravagancy of the imagination of man. It is almost superfluous to say that in this he has fully succeeded. His compilation is an invaluable work, evincing much labor and research, and full of absorbing interest. The only drawback to the great pleasure which its perusal has afforded us, is found in the author's unwelcome announcement in the Preface, that for the present he winds up his literary labors with the production of this book. The pen which wrote Caleb Williams, should never for a moment be idle.

Were we to specify any article, in the *Necromancy*, as more particularly interesting than another, it would be the one entitled 'Faustus.' The prevalent idea that Faust the printer, and Faustus the magician, were identical, is here very properly contradicted.

THE LINWOODS ; OR, "SIXTY YEARS SINCE" IN AMERICA. BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," "REDWOOD," &c. NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

MISS SEDGWICK is one among the few American writers who have risen by merely their own intrinsic talents, and without the *a priori* aid of foreign opinion and puffery, to any exalted rank in the estimation of our countrymen. She is at the same time fully deserving of all the popularity she has attained. By those who are most fastidious in matters of literary criticism,

the author of *Hope Leslie* is the most ardently admired, and we are acquainted with few persons of sound and accurate discrimination who would hesitate in placing her upon a level with the best of our native novelists. Of American *female* writers we must consider her the first. The character of her pen is essentially feminine. No *man* could have written *Hope Leslie*; and no man, we are assured, can arise from the perusal of *The Linwoods* without a full conviction that his own abilities would have proved unequal to the delicate yet picturesque handling; the grace, warmth, and radiance; the exquisite and judicious filling in, of the volumes which have so enchanted him. Woman is, after all, the only true painter of that gentle and beautiful mystery, the heart of woman. She is the only proper Scheherazade for the fairy tales of love.

We think *The Linwoods* superior to *Hope Leslie*, and superior to *Redwood*. It is full of deep natural interest, rivetting attention without undue or artificial means for attaining that end.

It contains nothing forced, or in any degree exaggerated. Its prevailing features are equability, ease, perfect accuracy and purity of style, a manner never at *outrance* with the subject matter, pathos, and verisimilitude. It cannot, however, be considered as ranking with the master novels of the day. It is neither a Eugene Aram, nor a Contarini Fleming.

The Linwoods has few — indeed no pretensions to a connected plot of any kind. The scene, as the title indicates, is in America, and about sixty years ago. The adventures of the family of a Mr. Linwood, a resident of New York, form the principal subject of the book. The character of this gentleman is happily drawn, but we are aware of a slight discrepancy be-

tween his initial and his final character as depicted. He has two children Herbert and Isabella. Being himself a tory, the boyish impulses of his son in favor of the revolutionists are watched with anxiety and vexation; and, upon the breaking out of the war, Herbert, positively refusing to drink the king's health, is, in consequence, ejected from his father's house — an incident upon which hinges much of the interest of the narrative. Isabella is the heroine proper; a being full of lofty and generous impulses, beautiful, intellectual, and *spirituelle* — indeed a most fascinating creature. But the family of a widow Lee forms, perhaps, the true secret of that charm which pervades the novel before us. A matronly, pious and devoted mother, yielding up her son, without a murmur, to the sacred cause of her country — the son, Eliot, gallant, thoughtful, chivalrous, and prudent — and above all, a daughter, Bessie, frail-minded, susceptible of light impressions, gentle, loving, and melancholy. Indeed, in the creation of Bessie Lee, Miss Sedgwick has given evidence not to be disputed, of a genius far more than common. We do not hesitate to call it a truly beautiful and original conception, evincing imagination of the highest order. It is the old story of a meek and trusting spirit bowed down to the dust by the falsehood of a deceiver. But in the narration of Miss Sedgwick it becomes a magical tale, and bursts upon us with all the freshness of novel emotion. Deserted by her lover, (Jasper Meredith, an accomplished and aristocratical coxcomb,) the spirits of the gentle girl sink gradually from trusting affection to simple hope — from hope to anxiety — from anxiety to doubt — from doubt to melancholy — and from melancholy to madness. She escapes from her homestead and her friends in New

England, and endeavors to make her way alone to New York, with the object of restoring, to him who has abandoned her, some tokens he had given her of his love — an act which her disordered fancy assures her will effect, in her own person, a disenthralment from passion. Her piety, her madness, and her beauty stand her in the stead of the lion of Una, and she reaches the great city in safety. In that portion of the novel which embodies the narrative of this singular journey, are some passages of the purest and most exalted poetry — passages which no mind but one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the beautiful could have conceived, and which, perhaps, no other writer in this country than Miss Sedgwick could have executed. Our readers will find that what we say upon this head is very far from exaggeration.

Jasper Meredith, considered as an actual entity, is, as we have already said, a heartless, calculating coxcomb — with merely a spice of what we may call susceptibility to impressions of the beautiful, to redeem him from utter contempt. As a character in a novel, he is admirable — because he is accurately true to nature, and to himself. His perfidy to Bessie (we shall never forget Bessie) meets with poetical justice in a couple of unsuccessful courtships, (in each of which the villain's heart is in some degree concerned,) and in a final marriage with a flirt, Helen Ruthven, who fills him up, with a vengeance, the full measure of his deserts. Mrs. Meredith is a striking picture of the heartless and selfish woman of fashion and aristocracy. Kisel, the servant of Eliot Lee, is original, and, next to Bessie, the best conception in the book. He is a simple, childish, yet acute and affectionate fool, who follows his master as would a dog, and finally dies at

his feet under circumstances of the truest pathos. While Miss Sedgwick can originate such characters as these, she need apprehend few rivals near the throne.

We cannot pass over in silence a little episode in which a blind child is torn away at night from a distracted mother, by one of the notorious bands of *Skinnners* infesting the country. The mother's house is set on fire by the robbers, in their search after plunder; but her most valuable property having been previously removed to New York, the exasperated ruffians seize and bear off the fainting child, with the view of extorting money for its ransom. Eliot Lee, aided by General Putnam, rescues the child and restores it to the mother. This whole incident is worthy of Miss Sedgwick. We have mentioned the name of Putnam, — he as well as Washington, Lafayette, Clinton, and some other well-known personages are familiarly introduced in the narrative, but are simply accessories to the main interest, and very little attempt is made at portraying their historical characters. Whatever *is* done, however, is well done.

So much real pleasure have we derived from the perusal of *The Linwoods*, that we can hardly find it in our heart to pick a quarrel with the fair author, for the very few trifling inadvertences into which she has been betrayed. There were, we believe, some points at which we intended to cavil, but not having pencilled them down in the course of perusal, they have now escaped our recollection. Somewhat more energy in occasional passages — somewhat less diffusiveness in others — would operate, we think, to the improvement of Miss Sedgwick's generally excellent *style*. Now and then, we meet with a discrepancy between the words and the character of a speaker. For exam-

ple : page 38, vol. 1. “ ‘No more of my contempt for the Yankees, Hal, an’ thou lovest me,’ replied Jasper ; ‘you remember Æsop’s advice to Cræsus, at the Persian court ?’ ‘No, I am sure I do not. You have the most provoking way of resting the lever by which you bring out your own knowledge, on your friend’s ignorance.’ ” Now all this is very pretty, but it is not the language of school-boys. Again : page 226 vol. i. “ ‘Now out on you, you lazy, slavish, loons,’ cried Rose, ‘cannot you see these men are raised up, to fight for freedom, for more than themselves ? If the chain is broken at one end, the links will fall apart sooner or later. When you see the sun on the mountain top, you may be sure it will shine into the deepest valleys before long.’ ” Who would suppose this graceful eloquence, and these impressive images to proceed from the mouth of a negro-woman ? Yet such is Rose. And page 24, vol. i, we have the following. “ ‘True, I never saw her ; but I tell you, young lad, there is such a thing as seeing the shadow of things far distant and past, and never seeing the realities though they it be that cast the shadows.’ ” The speaker here, is an old woman who a few sentences before talks about her proficiency in telling *fortins*.

There are one or two other trifles with which we have, to find fault. Putnam’s deficiency in spelling is, perhaps, a little burlesqued ; and the imaginary note written to Eliot Lee, is not in accordance with that laconic epistle subsequently introduced, and which was a *bonâ fide* existence. We dislike the death of Kisel — that is we dislike its occurring so soon — indeed we see no necessity for killing him at all. His end is beautifully managed, but leaves a kind of uneasy and painful impression, which a judicious writer will be chary

of exciting. We must quarrel also, with some slight liberties taken with the King's English. Miss Sedgwick has no good authority for the use of such verbs, as "to ray." Page 117, vol. i. "They had heard of Squire Saunders, whose fame rayed through a large circle" — Also in page 118, vol. i. "The next morning he called, his kind heart raying out through his jolly face, to present me to General Washington." Nor is she justifiable in making use of the verb "incense," with the meaning attached to it in the following sentence. Page 211, vol. i. "Miss Rutheen seemed like an humble worshipper, incensing two divinities." We dislike also, the vulgarities of such a phrase as "I put in my oar" — meaning "I joined in the conversation" — especially in the mouth of so well-bred a lady as Miss Isabella Linwood — see page 61, vol. i. We do not wish either to see a marquee, called a "markee," or a *dénouement*, a *denaeument*. Miss Sedgwick should look over her proof-sheets, or, be responsible for the blunders of her printer. The plural "*genii*" at page 84, vol. ii. is used in place of the singular *genius*. "Isabella is rather *penseroso*" is likewise an error — see page 164, vol. II.; it should be *penserosa*. But we are heartily ashamed of finding fault with such trifles, and should certainly not have done so, had there been a possibility of finding fault with any thing of more consequence. We recommend *The Linwoods* to all persons of taste. But let none others touch it.

A MEMOIR OF THE REVEREND JOHN H. RICE, D.D.
 FIRST PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY IN UNION
 THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VIRGINIA. BY WILLIAM
 MAXWELL. PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY J.
 WHETHAM.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

THIS Memoir will be received and read with pleasure generally: and among those who have been so fortunate as to have seen and heard Dr. Rice, it will be perused with the deepest interest and gratification. We believe there are very many, in Virginia especially, who will be able to identify the letters of this divine, contained in the present volume, with the voice, the manner, and personal appearance of the man himself—and upon all such Mr. Maxwell has conferred an obligation of no common kind. The greater portion of the work consists of these letters, and they are valuable in every respect. Many of them are, as Mr. Maxwell himself expresses it, entirely *narrative*, and give the most authentic and minute accounts of the various movements of the writer at different periods of his life, particularly after his removal to Richmond, and during his labors in establishing the Union Theological Seminary. Others again are *pastoral*, and addressed to different members of his Church. Some are merely ordinary letters of friendship. All, however, are full of thought, and give evidence of an elevated, a healthy, cheerful, powerful, and well regulated mind.

In availing himself of the assistance afforded by these letters, Mr. Maxwell has never anticipated their contents—thus avoiding much useless repetition, and

suffering the subject of the Memoir to tell, in a great measure, his own story in his own words. The work is well — indeed even beautifully *gotten up* — is embellished with an admirably finished head of Mr. Rice, engraved by J. Sartain, from a painting by W. J. Hubbard — and is, in every respect, an acceptable and valuable publication. Among the letters in the volume is one from John Randolph of Roanoke, and several from Wm. Wirt. We select one of these latter, being well assured that it will be read with that deep interest which is attached to every thing emanating from the same pen.

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ORATION ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE
REV. JOSEPH CALDWELL, D.D. LATE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, BY
WALTER ANDERSON, A.M.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

It was within the last few days that we met with the above oration, in a pamphlet form — and we cannot refrain from expressing the very great pleasure its perusal has afforded us. Dr. Caldwell was unquestionably a great and good man — and certain are we that the task of paying tribute to his manifold qualifications and virtues, now that he is gone, could not have been committed to abler hands, than those of Professor Anderson. The tone of feeling pervading the oration is quite characteristic of its author — ardent — affectionate — consistent.

Mr. Anderson shortly after this, goes into a very interesting sketch of the family history of the deceased, portraying with great tenderness and delicacy, the maternal solicitude to which young Caldwell was so deeply indebted for his well doing in after life — and evincing as we humbly conceive, in this part of his oration, fine powers as a biographical writer. There is much force in his development of the Doctor's character throughout, but especial beauty, we think, in the way in which he treats of his religious principles. One extract more from the pamphlet, in proof of what we have just said, must close this hasty and imperfect notice of it.

A LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, IN LATIN PROSE :
 BY FRANCIS GLASS, A.M., OF OHIO. EDITED BY
 J. N. REYNOLDS. NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY
 HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE may truly say that not for years have we taken up a volume with which we have been so highly gratified, as with the one now before us. A Life of Washington, succinct in form, yet in matter sufficiently comprehensive, has been long a desideratum : but a Life of that great man Washington precisely such as a compendious Life of that great man should be — written by a native of Ohio — and written too, in Latin,

which is not one jot inferior to the Latin of Erasmus, is, to say the least of it, — a novelty.

We confess that we regarded the first announcement of this *rara avis* with an evil and suspicious eye. The thing was improbable, we thought. Mr. Reynolds was quizzing us — the brothers Harper were hoaxed — and Messieurs Anthon and Co. were mistaken. At all events we had made up our minds to be especially severe upon Mr. Glass, and to put no faith in that species of classical Latin which should emanate from the back woods of Ohio. We now solemnly make a recantation of our preconceived opinions, and so proceed immediately to do penance for our unbelief.

Mr. Reynolds is entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for his instrumentality in bringing this book before the public. It has already done wonders in the cause of the classics ; and we are false prophets if it do not ultimately prove the means of stirring up to a new life and a regenerated energy that love of the learned tongues which is the surest protection of our own vernacular language from impurity, but which, we are grieved to see, is in a languishing and dying condition in the land.

We have read Mr. R's preface with great attention ; and meeting with it, as we have done, among a multiplicity of worldly concerns, and every-day matters and occurrences, it will long remain impressed on our minds as an episode of the purest romance. We have no difficulty in entering fully with Mr. Reynolds into his kindly feelings towards Mr. Glass. We perceive at once that we could have loved and revered the man. His image is engraven upon our fancy. Indeed we behold him *now* — at this very moment — with all his oddities and appurtenances about him. We behold

the low log-cabin of a school-house — the clap-board roof but indifferently tight — the holes, ycleped windows, covered with oiled paper to keep out the air — the benches of hewn timber stuck fast in the ground — the stove, the desk, the urchins, and the Professor. We can hear the worthy pedagogue's classical 'Salves,' and our ears are still tingling with his hyper-classical exhortations. In truth he was a man after our own heart, and, were we not Alexander, we should have luxuriated in being Glass.

A word or two respecting the Latinity of the book. We sincerely think that it has been underrated. While we agree with Mr. Reynolds, for whose opinions, generally, we have a high respect, that the work can boast of none of those elegancies of diction, no rich display of those beauties and graces which adorn the pages of some modern Latinists, we think he has forgotten, in his search after the mere flowers of Latinity, the peculiar nature of that labor in which Mr. Glass has been employed. Simplicity *here* was the most reasonable, and indeed the only admissible elegance. And if this be taken into consideration, we really can call to mind, at this moment, no modern Latin composition whatever much superior to the *Washingtonii Vita* of Mr. Glass.

The clothing of modern ideas in a language dead for centuries, is a task whose difficulty can never be fully appreciated by those who have never undertaken it. The various changes and modifications, which, since the Augustan age, have come to pass in the sciences of war and legislation especially, must render any attempt similar to that which we are now criticising, one of the most hazardous and awkward imaginable. But we cannot help thinking that our author has succeeded

à merveille. His ingenuity is not less remarkable than his grammatical skill. Indeed he is never at a loss. It is nonsense to laugh at his calling Quakers *Tremebundi*. *Tremebundi* is as good Latin as *Trementes*, and more euphonical Latin than *Quackeri*—for both which latter expressions we have the authority of Schroeckh : and *glandes plumbeae*, for bullets, is something better, we imagine, than Wyttenbach's *bombarda*, for a cannon ; Milton's *globulus*, for a button ; or Grotius' *capilamentum*, for a wig. As a specimen of Mr. G's Latinity, we subjoin an extract from the work. It is Judge Marshall's announcement in Congress of the death of Washington.

The ' barbarisms ' of Mr. Glass are always so well in accordance with the genius of Latin declension, as

“The sad tidings which yesterday brought us, this day has but too surely confirmed. Washington is no more. The hero, the general, the philosopher—he, upon whom, in the hour of danger, all eyes were turned, now lives in the remembrance, only, of his illustrious actions. And although, even, it were not customary to render honor unto those who have spent their lives in promoting the welfare of their fellow men, still, so great are the deeds of Washington, that the whole American nation is bound to give a public manifestation of that grief which is so extensively prevalent.” Etc. Etc.

Having said thus much in favor of the *Washingtonii Vita*, we may now be permitted to differ in opinion with Professor Wylie and others who believe that this book will be a valuable acquisition to our classical schools, as initiatory to Caesar or Nepos. We are quite as fully impressed with the excellences of Mr.

Glass' work as the warmest of his admirers, and perhaps, even more than any of them, are we anxious to do it justice. Still the book is — as it professes to be — a Life of Washington ; and it treats, consequently, of events and incidents occurring *in a manner* utterly unknown to the Romans, and *at a period* many centuries after their ceasing to exist as a nation. If, therefore, by Latin we mean the Language spoken by the Latins, a large proportion of the work — disguise the fact as we may, is necessarily *not Latin at all*. Did we indeed design to instruct our youth in a language of possibilities — did we wish to make them proficient in the tongue which *might have been spoken* in ancient Rome, had ancient Rome existed in the nineteenth century, we could scarcely have a better book for the purpose than the Washington of Mr. Glass. But we do not perceive that, in teaching Latin, we have any similar view. And we have given over all hope of making this language the medium of universal communication — that day-dream, with a thousand others, is over. Our object then, at present, is simply to imbue the mind of the student with the idiom, the manner, the thought, and above all, with the words of antiquity. If this is not our object, what is it ? But this object cannot be effected by any such work as the *Washingtonii Vita*.

SKETCHES OF HISTORY, LIFE, AND MANNERS IN THE
WEST. BY JAMES HALL. PHILADELPHIA : HARRI-
SON HALL.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

MR. HALL has made himself extensively known by his *Tales and Legends* as well as by his labors in the editorship of the *Western Monthly Magazine*. From his long residence in the West, and from his undoubted abilities as a writer, we should suppose he would be excellently qualified to write precisely such a book as he has written. His object in the present publication seems to be not so much the furnishing of topographical or statistical details, as the sketching of character and life in the West, *prior to the close of the late war*. To those who are at all acquainted with Mr. Hall's writings, it is superfluous to say that the book is well written. Wild romance and exciting adventure form its staple.

The policy of our government in regard to the Aborigines is detailed in the commencement of the first volume — the latter portion is occupied with the manners and customs of the French in the great valley of the Mississippi, and with the adventures of the white settlers on the Ohio. The second volume is more varied, and, we think, by far more interesting. It treats, among other things, of Burr's conspiracy — of the difficulties experienced in Mississippi navigation, and of the various military operations carried on in the wilderness of the North West. An Appendix, at the end of the book, embraces some papers relative to the first settlement of Kentucky — none of which have

hitherto been published. We confidently recommend to our readers the Western Sketches of Mr. Hall, in the full anticipation of their finding in the book a fund both of information and amusement.

CLINTON BRADSHAW ; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LAWYER. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE have no doubt this book will be a favorite with many readers — but for our own parts we do not like it. While the author aims at originality, and evidently fancies himself the pioneer of a new region in fictitious literature, he has, we think, unwittingly stumbled upon that very worst species of imitation, *the paraphrasical*. *Clinton Bradshaw, or the Adventures of a Lawyer*, is intended, we humbly conceive, as a *pendant* in America, to *Henry Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, in England. There are, however, some little awkward discrepancies. When Pelham luxuriates in the drawing-room, and Bradshaw is obstreperous in the tavern, no ingenuity can sustain a parallel. The polished manners of the one are not equalled by even the self-polished pumps of the other. When the British hero is witty and *recherché*, the American fails to rival him by merely trying to be both. The exquisite's conversation is sentiment itself, and we have no stomach afterwards for the lawyer's sentiment and water.

“The plan of this novel,” says a correspondent of a contemporary Magazine, for whose *editorial* opinions

we have the highest respect, "is exceedingly simple, and the moral it unfolds, if not of the most elevated kind, is still useful and highly applicable to our existing state of society. It is the story of a young lawyer of limited means, and popular talents, whose ambition urges him to elevate himself by all the honorable methods in his power. His professional pursuits lead him among the coarsest criminals, while his political career brings him in contact with the venal and corrupt of all parties. But true alike to himself and the community of which he is a member, the stern principles of a republican, and the uncompromising spirit of a gentleman, are operative under all circumstance." These words we quote as affording, in a brief space, some idea of the plot of Clinton Bradshaw. We repeat, however, that we dislike the novel, considered *as a novel*. Some detached passages are very good. The chief excellence of the book consists in a certain Flemish caricaturing of vulgar habitudes and action. The whole puts us irresistibly in mind of *High Life below Stairs*. Its author is, we understand, a gentleman of Cincinnati.

THE RAMBLER IN NORTH AMERICA, 1832-33. BY CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE, AUTHOR OF "THE ALPENSTOCK," &C. NEW YORK: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

MR. LATROBE is connected with a lineage of missionaries. He belongs to an English family long and honorably distinguished by their exertions in the cause of Christianity. His former work, "The Alpenstock," we have not seen — but the London Quarterly Review calls it "a pleasing and useful manual for travellers in Switzerland." The present volume (dedicated to Washington Irving, whom Mr. L. accompanied in a late tour through the Prairies,) consists of thirty-seven letters addressed to F. B. Latrobe, a younger brother of the author. They form, upon the whole, one of the most instructive and amusing books we have perused for years.

By no means blind to our faults, to our foibles, or to our political difficulties, Mr. Latrobe has travelled from Dan to Beersheba without finding all barren. His observations are not confined to some one or two subjects, engrossing his attention to the exclusion, or to the imperfect examination, of all others. His wanderings among us have been apparently guided by a spirit of frank and liberal curiosity; and he deserves the good will of all Americans, (as he has most assuredly secured their esteem) by viewing us, not with a merely English eye, but with the comprehensive glance of a citizen of the world.

To speak in detail of a work so subdivided as "The

Rambler in North America," would occupy too much of our time. We can, of course, only touch, in general terms, upon its merits and demerits. The latter, we can assure our readers, are few indeed. One instance, nevertheless, of what must be considered false inference from data undeniably correct, is brought to bear so pointedly against our social and political principles, and is, at the same time, so plausible in itself, and so convincingly worded, as to demand a sentence or two of comment. We quote the passage in full, the more willingly, as we perceive it dwelt upon with much emphasis, by the London Quarterly Review.

"There are certain signs, perhaps it may be said of the times, rather than of their peculiar political arrangements, which should make men pause in their judgment of the social state in America. The people are emancipated from the thralldom of mind and body which they consider consequent upon upholding the divine right of kings. They are all politically equal. All claim to place, patronage, or respect, for the bearer of a great name is disowned. Every man must stand or fall by himself alone, and must make or mar his share in the government of the Union. You speak against the insane anxiety of the people to govern — of authority being detrimental to the minds of men raised from insignificance — of the essential vulgarity of minds which can attend to nothing but matter of fact and pecuniary interest — of the possibility of the existence of civilization without cultivation, — and you are not understood! I have said it may be the spirit of the times, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England; but there must be something in the political atmosphere of America, which is more than ordinarily congenial to that decline of just and necessary subordination,

which God has both permitted by the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word ; and to me the looseness of the tie generally observable in many parts of the United States between the master and servants — the child and the parent — the scholar and the master — the governor and the governed — *in brief, the decay of loyal feeling in all the relations of life, was the worst sign of the times.* Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest — which binds us in subjection to the law of God — will not also be weakened, if not broken ? This, and this alone, short-sighted as I am, would cause me to pause in predicting the future grandeur of America under its present system of government and structure of society.”

In the sentence beginning, “I have said it may be the spirit of the times, for we see signs of it, alas, in Old England, *but there must be something,*” &c., Mr. Latrobe has involved himself in a contradiction. By the words, *but there must be something* in the political atmosphere of America which is more than ordinarily congenial to *insubordination*, he implies (although unintentionally) that our natural impulses lead us in this direction — and that these natural impulses are permitted by God, we at all events, are not permitted to doubt. In the words immediately succeeding those just quoted, he maintains (what is very true) that “*subordination* was both permitted by God in the natural impulses of the human mind, and ordered in His word.” The question thus resolves itself into a matter of *then* and *now* — of times past and times present — of the days of the patriarchs and of the days of widely disseminated knowledge. The infallibility of the instinct of those natural impulses

which led men to obey in the infancy of all things, we have no intention of denying — we must demand the same grace for those natural impulses which prompt men to govern themselves in the senectitude of the world. In the sentence, “Who shall say but that if these bonds are distorted and set aside, the first and the greatest — which binds us in subjection to the law of God — will not also be weakened, if not broken?” the sophistry is evident; and we have only a few words to say in reply. In the first place, the writer has assumed that those bonds are “*distorted*” and “*set aside*” which are merely slackened to an endurable degree. In the second place, the “*setting aside*” these bonds, (granting them to be set aside) so far from tending to readily confirm that subjection, inasmuch as our responsibilities to man have been denied, originates through the conviction of our responsibilities to God, and — to God alone.

We recommend “The Rambler” to the earnest attention of our readers. It is the best work on America yet published. Mr. Latrobe is a scholar, a man of intellect and a gentleman.

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1. JUDGE STORY'S DISCOURSE ON CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL. 2. BINNEY'S EULOGIUM.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE have received Mr. Binney's EULOGY pronounced at Philadelphia, and Judge Story's DISCOURSE in Boston, upon our great and lamented countryman, fellow-townsmen, neighbor, and *friend*

— for by all these names did a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances, including his own kind and prideless heart, entitle us to call him. We have read them both, with an interest *created* by long admiration and love for the subject, but rendered more intense by the beauties of the *manner*, in which the subject is displayed. We do not say, “*materiem superat opus.*” To *such* a material, no human skill could be incommensurately great : and Mr. Binney speaks with no less truth than modesty, in making it the consolation alike of the humblest, and of the most gifted eulogist, “that the case of this illustrious man is one, in which to *give with simplicity the record of his life,*” is most nearly to copy “the great original ;” and to attempt more, “is

————— ‘with taper light

To seek the beauteous eye of *Heaven to garnish.*’ ”

But except Everett among the living, and Wirt and Ames among the departed of our countrymen, we doubt if any American, with the effusions of whose mind we are familiar, could have more closely rivalled by language the character and the actions attempted to be portrayed.

It is not our purpose now to review these two eulogies. A more extended notice of them and of their great subject, we defer for our next number ; in which we shall, perhaps, give also a few light personal reminiscences of Judge Marshall.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE REV. D. L. CARROLL,
D.D., PRESIDENT OF HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE,
DELIVERED ON HIS INDUCTION INTO THAT OFFICE.
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.
RICHMOND: T. W. WHITE, 1835.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

THE friends of literature in Virginia have lately been favored with several Inaugural Addresses, each of which has had its peculiar merits. It is only of that whose title has just been given, that we intend to speak. In the correspondence which is prefixed to this Address, we learn that it was “prepared with great haste, amidst anxieties and efforts to regain health, and amidst all the inquietudes of journeying and absence from home.” Apologies are seldom worth the time spent in making or reading them. Generally, an author who prints his production may be supposed to consider it of some value. To make an apology, then, similar to that of Mr. Carroll, is but a modest way of hinting that, with a fair trial, the writer could have done much better. On the whole we *wish* that there had been no apology; for the Address needs none. It is not our purpose to give an outline of this discourse, or enter into a critical examination of its merits—for merits it has. We wish merely to call the attention of the reader to a few extracts, hoping that a perusal of these will induce him to procure and read the whole Address for himself. The first of these extracts is on a subject too long overlooked, and too much neglected in all our schools. We refer to social qualities. On this subject the author’s ideas are just and timely. He says :

We are no less pleased with the following sentiments on the subject of the moral influence that should pervade a College.

The conclusion of Mr. Carroll's Address is full of fervid eloquence, rendered doubly interesting by a vein of that truest of all philosophy, the philosophy of the Christian. In the last paragraphs sentiments are expressed, which at their delivery must have produced a strong sensation. Such indeed we learn from those present on the occasion, was their effect.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE. BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE, EDITOR OF "THE AMERICAN LADIES' MAGAZINE," AND AUTHOR OF "NORTHWOOD," "FLORA'S INTERPRETER, &c. &c. PHILADELPHIA: E. L. CAREY, AND A. HART.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

THIS volume is beautifully printed — and we are happy in being able to say, conscientiously, that its neat external appearance is its very least recommendation. We are, however, at a loss to understand the Preface — can it be that its ambiguity is intentional? — "The Sketches and Stories here offered to the public" — says Mrs. Hale — "have not entirely the attraction of novelty to plead in their favor — but the author trusts that the sentiments inculcated, and principles illustrated, are such as will bear a reiteration." Does Mrs. H. mean to say that these stories have been pub-

lished in any form before? (if so, she should have said it more explicitly) — or does she allude merely to novelty of manner or of matter? We think that some of these sketches are old acquaintances of ours.

The volume consists of fourteen different articles. The Lloyds — The Catholic Convent — The Silver Mine — Political Parties — A New Year's Story — Captain Glover's Daughter — The Fate of a Favorite — The Romance of Travelling — The Thanksgiving of the Heart — The Lottery Ticket — An Old Maid — Ladies' Fairs — The Mode — and the Mysterious Box. The Silver Mine is, perhaps, the best of the whole — but they are all written with grace and spirit, and form a volume of exceeding interest. Mrs. Hale has already attained a high rank among the female writers of America, and bids fair to attain a far higher.

AN ADDRESS ON EDUCATION, AS CONNECTED WITH THE PERMANENCE OF OUR REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS. DELIVERED BEFORE THE INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION OF HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, AT ITS ANNIVERSARY MEETING, SEPTEMBER THE 24TH, 1835, ON THE INVITATION OF THE BODY. BY LUCIAN MINOR, ESQ., OF LOUISA. PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE INSTITUTE.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE earnestly call the attention of the public at large, but more especially the attention of all good citizens of Virginia, to the Address with whose title this article is headed. It will be found entire in the columns of the

Messenger — but its appearance, like-wise, in pamphlet form, simultaneously with the issuing of the present number, affords us an opportunity of noticing it editorially without deviating from established rules.

Virginia is indebted to Mr. Minor — indebted for the seasonable application of his remarks, and doubly indebted for the brilliant eloquence, and impressive energy with which he has enforced them. We sincerely wish — nay, we even confidently hope, that words so full of warning, and at the same time so pregnant with truth, may succeed in stirring up something akin to action in the legislative halls of the land. Indeed there is no time to squander in speculation. The most lukewarm friend of the State must perceive — if he perceives anything — that the glory of the Ancient Dominion is in a fainting — is in a dying condition. Her once great name is becoming, in the North, a byword for imbecility — all over the South, a type for “the things that *have been*.” And tamely to ponder upon times gone by is not to meet the exigencies of times present or to come. Memory will not help us. The recollection of our former high estate will not benefit us. Let us act. While we have a resource let us make it of avail. Let us proceed, at once, to the establishment throughout the country, of *district schools* upon a plan of organization similar to that of our New England friends. If then, in time, Virginia shall be regenerated — if she shall, hereafter, assume, as is just, that proud station from which her own supine and over-weening self-esteem has been the means of precipitating her, “it will all be owing,” (we take pleasure in repeating the noble and prophetic words of Mr. Minor,) “it will all be owing, under Providence, to the hearkening to that voice — not loud, but solemn and

earnest — which from the shrine of Reason and the tombs of buried commonwealths, reiterates and enforces the momentous precept — ‘ENLIGHTEN THE PEOPLE.’ ”

LEGENDS OF A LOG CABIN. BY A WESTERN MAN.
NEW YORK : GEORGE DEARBORN, PUBLISHER.

[*Southern Literary Messenger*, December, 1835.]

WE have been much interested in this book in spite of some very glaring faults and absurdities with which it is besprinkled. The work is dedicated to Charles F. Hoffman, Esq. the author of *A Winter in the West*, (why will our writers persist in this piece of starched and antique affectation ?) and consists of seven Tales, viz. *The Hunter's Vow*, *The Heiress of Brandsby*, *The Frenchman's Story*, *The Englishman's Story*, *The Yankee's Story*, *The Wyandot's Story*, and *the Minute Men*. The Plot will be readily conceived. A heterogeneous company are assembled by accident, on a snowy night, in the Log Cabin of a Western hunter, and, *pour passer le temps*, amuse themselves in telling Stories.

The *Hunter's Vow* is, we think, the best of the series. A dreamy student who can never be induced to forsake his books for the more appropriate toils of a backwoods' existence, is suddenly aroused from his apathy by the murder of his old father by an Indian — a murder which takes place under the scholar's own eyes, and which might have been prevented but for his ignorance in the art of handling and loading a rifle. The entire change wrought in the boy's character is

well managed. *The Heiress of Brandsby* is a tale neither so verisimilar, nor so well told. It details the love of a Virginian heiress for a Methodist of no very enticing character; and concludes by the utter subversion, through the means of all powerful love, of the lady's long cherished notions of aristocracy. *The Frenchman's Story* has appeared before in the American Monthly Magazine. It is a well imagined and well executed tale of the French Revolution. The fate of M. Girond "*who left town suddenly,*" is related with that air of naked and unvarnished truth so apt to render even a silly narrative interesting. *The Englishman's Story* is a failure — full of such palpable folly that we have a difficulty in ascribing it to the same pen which wrote the other portions of the volume. The whole tale betrays a gross ignorance of law in general — and of English law in especial. *The Yankee's Story* is much better — but not very good. We have our doubts as to the genuine Yankeeism of the narrator. His language, at all events, savors but little of *Down East*. *The Wyandot's Story* is also good (this too has appeared in the American Monthly Magazine) — but we have fault to find, likewise, with the phraseology in this instance. No Indian, let Chateaubriand and others say what they please, ever indulged, for a half hour at a time, in the disjointed and hyperbolical humbug here attributed to the Wyandot. *The Minute Men* is the last of the series, and from its being told by the author himself, is, we suppose, considered by him the best. It is a tale of the year seventy-five — but, although interesting, we do not think it equal to either *The Frenchman's Story* or *The Hunter's Vow*. We recommend the volume to the attention of our readers. It is excellently gotten up.

ZINZENDORFF, AND OTHER POEMS. BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT, LORD & Co. 1836.

POEMS — BY MISS H. F. GOULD. THIRD EDITION. BOSTON : HILLIARD, GRAY & Co. 1835.

POEMS ; TRANSLATED AND ORIGINAL. BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, PHILADELPHIA : KEY & BIDDLE. 1835.

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

MRS. SIGOURNEY has been long known as an author. Her earliest publication was reviewed about twenty years ago, in the *North American*. She was then Miss Huntley. The fame which she has since acquired is extensive ; and we, who so much admire her virtues and her talents, and who have so frequently expressed our admiration of both in this Journal — we, of all persons — are the least inclined to call in question the justice or the accuracy of the public opinion, by which has been adjudged to her so high a station among the *litterati* of our land. Some things, however, we cannot pass over in silence. There are two kinds of popular reputation, — or rather there are two roads by which such reputation may be attained : and it appears to us an idiosyncrasy which distinguishes mere fame from most, or perhaps from *all* other human ends, that, in regarding the intrinsic value of the object, we must not fail to introduce, as a portion of our estimate, the means by which the object is acquired. To speak less abstractedly. Let us suppose two writers having a reputation apparently equal — that is to say, their names *being equally in the mouths of the people* — for we take this to be the most practicable test of what we choose

to term *apparent popular reputation*. Their names then are equally in the mouths of the people. The one has written a great work — let it be either an Epic of high rank, or something which, although of seeming littleness in itself, is yet, like the *Christabelle* of Coleridge, entitled to be called *great* from its power of creating intense emotion in the minds of great men. And let us imagine that, by this single effort, the author has attained a certain quantum of reputation. We know it to be possible that another writer of very moderate powers may build up for himself, little by little, a reputation equally great — and, this too, merely by keeping continually in the eye, or by appealing continually with little things, to the ear, of that great, overgrown, and majestical gander, the critical and bibliographical rabble.

It would be an easy, although perhaps a somewhat disagreeable task, to point out several of the most popular writers in America — popular in the above mentioned sense — who have manufactured for themselves a celebrity by the very questionable means, and in the very questionable manner, to which we have alluded. But it must not be thought that we wish to include Mrs. Sigourney in the number. By no means. She has trod, however, upon the confines of their circle. She does not *owe* her reputation to the chicanery we mention, but it cannot be denied that it has been thereby greatly assisted. In a word — no single piece which she has written, and not even her collected works as we behold them in the present volume, and in the one published some years ago, would fairly entitle her to that exalted rank which she actually enjoys as the authoress, *time after time*, of her numerous, and, in most instances, very creditable compositions. The

validity of our objections to this adventitious notoriety we must be allowed to consider unshaken, until it can be proved that any multiplication of zeros will eventuate in the production of a unit.

We have watched, too, with a species of anxiety and vexation brought about altogether by the sincere interest we take in Mrs. Sigourney, the progressive steps by which she has at length acquired the title of the "American Hemans." Mrs. S. cannot conceal from her own discernment that she has acquired this title *solely by imitation*. The very phrase "American Hemans" speaks loudly in accusation: and we are grieved that what by the over-zealous has been intended as complimentary should fall with so ill-omened a sound into the ears of the judicious. We will briefly point out those particulars in which Mrs. Sigourney stands palpably convicted of that sin which in poetry is not to be forgiven.

And first, in the *character of her subjects*. Every unprejudiced observer must be aware of the almost identity between the subjects of Mrs. Hemans and the subjects of Mrs. Sigourney. The themes of the former lady are the unobtrusive happiness, the sweet images, the cares, the sorrows, the gentle affections, of the domestic hearth — these too are the themes of the latter. The Englishwoman has dwelt upon all the "tender and true" chivalries of passion — and the American has dwelt as unequivocally upon the same. Mrs. Hemans has delighted in the radiance of a pure and humble faith — she has looked upon nature with a speculative attention — she has "watched the golden array of sunset clouds, with an eye looking beyond them to the habitations of the disembodied spirit" — she has poured all over her verses the most glorious

and lofty aspirations of a redeeming Christianity, and in all this she is herself glorious and lofty. And all this too has Mrs. Sigourney not only attempted, but accomplished — yet in all this she is but, alas ! — an imitator.

And secondly — in points more directly tangible than the one just mentioned, and therefore more easily appreciated by the generality of readers, is Mrs. Sigourney again open to the charge we have adduced. We mean in the structure of her versification — in the peculiar terms of her phraseology — in certain habitual expressions (principally interjectional,) such as *yea !* *alas !* and many others, so frequent upon the lips of Mrs. Hemans as to give an almost ludicrous air of similitude to all articles of her composition — in an invincible inclination to apostrophize every object, in both moral and physical existence — and more particularly in those mottoes or quotations, sometimes of considerable extent, prefixed to nearly every poem, not as a text for discussion, nor even as an intimation of what is to follow, but to the actual subject matter itself, and of which the verses ensuing are, in most instances, merely a paraphrase. These were all, in Mrs. Hemans, mannerisms of a gross and inartificial nature ; but, in Mrs. Sigourney, they are mannerisms of the most inadmissible kind — the mannerisms of imitation.

In respect to the use of the quotations, we cannot conceive how the fine taste of Mrs. Hemans could have admitted the practice, or how the good sense of Mrs. Sigourney could have thought it for a single moment worthy of her own adoption. In poems of magnitude the mind of the reader is not, at all times, enabled to include in one comprehensive survey the proportions and proper adjustment of the whole. He is pleased

— if at all — with particular passages ; and the sum of his pleasure is compounded of the sums of the pleasurable sensations inspired by these individual passages during the progress of perusal. But in pieces of less extent — like the poems of Mrs. Sigourney — the pleasure is *unique*, in the proper acceptation of that term — the understanding is employed, without difficulty, in the contemplation of the picture *as a whole* — and thus its effect will depend, in a very great degree, upon the perfection of its finish, upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel, “the *unity or totality of interest*.” Now it will readily be seen, that the practice we have mentioned as habitual with Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney is utterly at variance with this unity. By the initial motto — often a very long one — we are either put in possession of the subject of the poem ; or some hint, historic fact, or suggestion is thereby afforded, not included in the body of the article, which, without the suggestion, would be utterly incomprehensible. In the latter case, while perusing the poem, the reader must revert, in mind at least, to the motto for the necessary explanation. In the former, the poem being a mere paraphrase of the motto, the interest is divided between the motto and the paraphrase. In either instance the *totality* of effect is annihilated.

Having expressed ourselves thus far in terms of nearly unmitigated censure, it may appear in us as somewhat equivocal to say that, as Americans, we are proud — very proud of the talents of Mrs. Sigourney. Yet such is the fact. The faults which we have already pointed out, and some others which we will point out hereafter, are but dust in the balance, when weighed

against her very many and distinguishing excellences. Among those high qualities which give her, beyond doubt, a title to the sacred name of poet are an acute sensibility to natural loveliness — a quick and perfectly just conception of the moral and physical sublime — a calm and unostentatious vigor of thought — a mingled delicacy and strength of expression — and above all, a mind nobly and exquisitely attuned to all the gentle charities and lofty pieties of life.

The volume whose title forms the heading of this article embraces one hundred and seventy-three poems. The longest, but not the best, of these is Zinzendorff. “It owes its existence,” says the author, “to a recent opportunity of personal intercourse with that sect of Christians who acknowledge Zinzendorff as their founder; and who, in their labors of self-denying benevolence, and their avoidance of the slight, yet bitter causes of controversy, have well preserved that sacred test of discipleship ‘to love one another.’ Most of the other pieces were ‘suggested by the passing and common incidents of life,’ — and we confess that we find no fault, with their ‘deficiency in the wonderful and wild.’” Not in these mountainous and stormy regions — but in the holy and quiet valley of the beautiful, must forever consent to dwell the genius of Mrs. Sigourney.

The poem of Zinzendorff includes five hundred and eighty lines. It relates, in a simple manner, some adventures of that man of God. Many passages are very noble, and breathe the truest spirit of the Muse. At page 14, for example.

The high arch
Of the *cloud-sweeping forest* proudly cast (casts)
A solemn shadow, for no sound of axe

Had taught the monarch Oak dire principles
 Of Revolution, or brought down the Pine
 Like haughty baron from his castled height.
 Thus dwelt the kings of Europe — ere the voice
 Of the crusading monk, with whirlwind tone
 Did root them from their base, with all their hosts,
Tossing the red-cross banner to the sky.

Again at page 21, we have something equally beautiful, in a very different way. The passage is however much injured by the occurrence of the word ‘that’ at the commencement of both the sixth and seventh line.

Now the infant morning raised
 Her rosy eyelids. But no soft breeze moved
 The forest lords to shake the dews of sleep
 From their green coronals. The curtaining mist
 Hung o’er the quiet river, and it seemed
That Nature found the summer night so sweet
That ’mid the stillness of her deep repose
She shunned the awakening of the King of day.

All this is exquisite, and in Zinzendorff there are many passages of a like kind. The poem, however, is by no means free from faults. In the first paragraph we have the following :

Through the *breast*
 Of that fair vale the Susquehannah roam’d,
 Wearing its *robe of silver* like a bride.
 Now with a noiseless current gliding slow,
 ’Mid the rich *velvet* of its *curtaining* banks
 It seemed to sleep.

To suppose the Susquehannah roaming through the *breast* of any thing — even of a valley — is an incon-

gruity : and to say that such false images are common, is to say little in their defence. But when the noble river is bedizened out in *robes of silver*, and made to wash with its bright waters nothing better than *curtains of velvet*, we feel a very sensible and a very righteous indignation. We might have expected such language from an upholsterer, or a *marchande des modes*, but it is utterly out of place upon the lips of Mrs. Sigourney. To liken the glorious objects of natural loveliness to the trappings and tinsel of artificiality, is one of the lowest, and at the same time, one of the most ordinary exemplifications of the *batbos*. At page 21, these verses occur :

No word was spoke,
As when the friends of desolated Job,
Finding the line of language all too short
To fathom woe like his, sublimely paid
That highest homage at the throne of grief,
Deep silence.

The image here italicised is striking but faulty. It is deduced not from any analogy between actual existences — between woe on the one hand, and the sea on the other — but from the *identity of epithet* (deep) frequently applied to both. We say the “deep sea,” and the expression “deep woe” is certainly familiar. But in the first case the sea is actually deep ; in the second, woe is but metaphorically so. Sound, therefore — not sense, is the basis of the analogy, and the image is consequently incorrect.

Some faults of a minor kind we may also discover in Zinzendorff. We dislike the use made by the poetess of antique modes of expression — here most unequivocally out of place. For example :

Where the red council-fire
Disturbed the trance of midnight, long they sate.

What time, with hatred fierce and unsubdued,
The woad-stained Briton, in his wattled boat,
Quailed 'neath the glance of Rome.

The versification of Zinzendorff is particularly good — always sweet — occasionally energetic. We are enabled to point out only one defective line in the poem, and in this the defect has arisen from an attempt to contract *enthusiasm* into a word of three syllables.

He who found
This blest enthusiasm nerve his weary heart.

There are, however, some errors of accentuation — for example :

So strong in that misanthrope's bosom wrought
A frenzied malice.

Again —

He would have made himself
A green oasis 'mid the strife of tongues.

We observe too that Mrs. Sigourney places the accent in *Wyoming* on the second syllable.

'Twas summer in Wyoming. Through the breast, &c.

And the love
Of sad Wyoming's chivalry, a part
Of classic song.

But we have no right to quarrel with her for this. The word is so pronounced by those who should know

best. Campbell, however, places the accent on the first syllable.

On Susquehannah's banks, fair *Wyoming* !

We will conclude our remarks upon Zinzendorff with a passage of surpassing beauty, energy, and poetic power. Why cannot Mrs. Sigourney write always thus ?

Not a breath
Disturbed the tide of eloquence. So fixed
Were that rude auditory, it would seem
Almost as if a nation had become
Bronzed into statues. Now and then a sigh,
The unbidden messenger of thoughts profound,
Parted the lips ; or some barbarian brow
Contracted closer in a haughty frown,
As scowled the cynic, 'mid his idol fanes,
When on Mars-Hill the inspired Apostle preached
Jesus of Nazareth.

These lines are glowing all over with the true radiance of poetry. The image in italics is perfect. Of the versification, it is not too much to say that it reminds us of Miltonic power. The slight roughness in the line commencing "When on Mars-Hill," and the discord introduced at the word "inspired," evince an ear attuned to the *delicacies* of melody, and form an appropriate introduction to the sonorous and emphatic closing—Jesus of Nazareth. Of the minor poems in the volume before us, we must be pardoned for speaking in a cursory manner. Of course they include many degrees of excellence. Their beauties and their faults are, generally, the beauties and the faults of Zinzendorff. We will particularize a few of each.

On page 67, in a poem entitled *Female Education*, occur the following lines :

Break Oblivion's sleep,
 And toil with florist's art
 To plant the scenes with virtue deep
 In childhood's fruitful heart !
 To thee the babe is given,
 Fair from its glorious Sire ;
 Go — nurse it for the King of Heaven,
 And *He* will *pay the hire*.

The conclusion of this is *batbetic* to a degree bordering upon the grotesque.

At page 160 is an error in metre — of course an oversight. We point it out merely because, did we write ourselves, we should like to be treated in a similar manner. For “centred” we should probably read ‘*concentred*.’

The wealth of every age
Thou hast center'd here,
 The ancient tome, the classic page,
 The wit, the poet, and the sage,
 All at thy nod appear.

At page 233, line 10, the expression “*Thou wert* their friend,” although many precedents may be found to justify it — is nevertheless *not English*. The same error occurs frequently in the volume.

The poem entitled *The Pholas*, at page 105, has the following introductory prose sentence : “It is a fact familiar to Conchologists, that the genus *Pholas* possesses the property of phosphorescence. It has been asserted that this may be restored, even when the animal is in a dried state, by the application of *water*, but is extinguished by the least quantity of *brandy*.”

This odd fact in Natural History is precisely what Cowley would have seized with avidity for the purpose of preaching therefrom a poetical homily on Temperance. But that Mrs. Sigourney should have thought herself justifiable in using it for such purpose, is what we cannot understand. What business has her good taste with so palpable and so ludicrous a conceit? Let us now turn to a more pleasing task.

In the *Friends of Man*, (a poem originally published in our own Messenger,) the versification throughout is of the first order of excellence. We select an example.

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
 But ere he closed his eyes,
 Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
 In meek and saintly guise;
 One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
 With thrilling music fraught,
 That chained the flying summer hour,
 And charmed the listener's thought—
 For still would its tender cadence be
 Follow me ! follow me !
 And every morn a smile shall bring,
 Sweet as the merry lay I sing.

The lines entitled Filial Grief at page 199, are worthy of high praise. Their commencement is chaste, simple, and altogether exquisite. The verse italicized contains *an unjust metaphor*, but we are forced to pardon it for the sonorous beauty of its expression.

The love that blest our infant dream,
 That dried our earliest tear,
 The tender voice, the winning smile,
 That made our home so dear,

The hand that urged our youthful thought
O'er low delights to soar,
Whose pencil wrote upon our souls,
Alas, is ours no more,

We will conclude our extracts with "*Poetry*" from page 57. The burden of the song finds a ready echo in our bosoms.

Morn on her rosy couch awoke,
Enchantment led the hour,
And Mirth and Music drank the dews
That freshened Beauty's flower —
Then from her bower of deep delight
I heard a young girl sing,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 't is a holy thing !"

The sun in noon-day heat rose high,
And on with heaving breast
I saw a weary pilgrim toil,
Unpitied and unblest —
Yet still in trembling measures flow'd
Forth from a broken string,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 't is a holy thing !"

'T was night, and Death the curtains drew,
'Mid agony severe,
While there a willing spirit went
Home to a glorious sphere —
Yet still it sighed, even when was spread
The waiting Angel's wing,
"Oh, speak no ill of Poetry,
For 't is a holy thing."

We now bid adieu to Mrs. Sigourney — yet we trust only for a time. We shall behold her again.

When that period arrives, having thrown aside the petty shackles which have hitherto enchained her, she will assume, at once, that highest station among the poets of our land which her noble talents so well qualify her for attaining.

The remarks which we made in the beginning of our critique on Mrs. Sigourney, will apply, in an equal degree, to Miss Gould. Her reputation has been greatly assisted by the *frequency* of her appeals to the attention of the public. The poems (one hundred and seventeen in number,) included in the volume now before us have all, we believe, appeared, from time to time, in the periodicals of the day. Yet in no other point of view, can we trace the remotest similarity between the two poetesses. We have already pointed out the prevailing characteristics of Mrs. Sigourney. In Miss Gould we recognize, first, a disposition, like that of Wordsworth, to seek beauty where it is not usually sought—in the *homelinesses* (if we may be permitted the word,) and in the most familiar realities of existence—secondly *abandon* of manner—thirdly a phraseology sparkling with antithesis, yet, strange to say, perfectly simple and unaffected.

Without Mrs. Sigourney's high reach of thought, Miss Gould surpasses her rival in the mere vehicle of thought—expression. “Words, words, words,” are the true secret of her strength. *Words* are her kingdom—and in the realm of language, she rules with equal despotism and *nonchalance*. Yet we do not mean to deny her abilities of a higher order than any which a mere *logocracy* can imply. Her powers of imagination are great, and she has a faculty of inestima-

ble worth, when considered in relation to effect — the faculty of holding ordinary ideas in so novel, and sometimes in so fantastic a light, as to give them all of the appearance, and much of the value, of originality. Miss Gould will, of course, be the favorite with the multitude — Mrs. Sigourney with the few.

We can think of no better manner of exemplifying these few observations than by extracting part of [Miss] G.'s little poem, *The Great Refiner*.

'T is sweet to feel that he, who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies ;
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal too destroy.

'T is good to think how well he knows
The silver's power to bear
The Ordeal to which it goes :
And that with skill and care,
He 'll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

'T is blessedness to know that he
The piece he has begun
Will not forsake, till he can see,
To prove the work well done,
And imagine by its brightness shown
The perfect likeness of his own.

The mind which could conceive the *subject* of this poem, and find poetic appropriateness in a forced analogy between a refiner of silver, over his crucible, and the Great Father of all things, occupied in the mysteries of redeeming Grace, we cannot believe a mind adapted to the loftier breathings of the lyre. On

the other hand, the delicate *finish* of the illustration, the perfect fitness of one portion for another, the epigrammatic nicety and point of the language, give evidence of a taste exquisitely alive to the *prettinesses* of the Muse. It is possible that Miss Gould has been led astray in her conception of this poem by the scriptural expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

From the apparently harsh strictures we have thought it our duty to make upon the poetry of Miss Gould, must be excepted one exquisite little *morceau* at page 59 of the volume now under review. It is entitled *The Dying Storm*. We will quote it in full :

*I am feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly furled;
I have caused a scene so dreary,
I am glad to quit the world !
With bitterness I'm thinking
On the evil I have done,
And to my caverns sinking
From the coming of the sun.*

The heart of man will sicken
In that pure and holy light,
When he feels the hopes I've stricken
With an everlasting blight !
For widely, in my madness,
Have I poured abroad my wrath,
And changing joy to sadness,
Scattered ruin on my path.

*Earth shuddered at my motion,
And my power in silence owns ;
But the deep and troubled ocean
O'er my deeds of horror moans !*

I have sunk the brightest treasure —
I've destroyed the fairest form —
I have sadly filled my measure,
And am now a dying storm.

We have much difficulty in recognizing these verses as from the pen of Miss Gould. They do not contain a single trace of her manner, and still less of the prevailing features of her thought. Setting aside the flippancy of the metre, ill adapted to the sense, we have no fault to find. All is full, forcible, and free from artificiality. The personification of the storm, in his perfect simplicity, is of a high order of poetic excellence — the images contained in the lines italicized, all of the *very highest*.

Many but not all of the poems in Mrs. Ellet's volume, likewise, have been printed before — appearing, within the last two years, in different periodicals. The whole number of pieces now published is fifty-seven. Of these thirty-nine are original. The rest are translations from the French of Alphonse de Lamartine and Béranger — from the Spanish of Quevedo and Yriarte — from the Italian of Ugo Foscolo, Alfieri, Ferlario Testi, Pindemonte, and Saverio Bettinelli, — and from the German of Schiller. As evidences of the lady's acquaintance with the modern languages, these translations are very creditable to her. Where we have had opportunities of testing the fidelity of her revisions by reference to the originals, we have always found reason to be satisfied with her performances. A too scrupulous adherence to the text is certainly not one of her faults — nor can we yet justly call her, in re-

gard to the spirit of her authors, a latitudinarian. We wish, however, to say that, in fully developing the meaning of her originals, she has too frequently neglected their *poetical characters*. Let us refer to the lady's translation of the *Swallows*. We have no hesitation in saying, that not the slightest conception of Pierre Jean de Béranger, can be obtained by the perusal of the lines at page 112, of the volume now before us.

Bring me, I pray — an exile sad —
 Some token of that valley bright,
 Where in my sheltered childhood glad,
 The future was a dream of light.
 Beside the gentle stream, where swell
 Its waves beneath the lilac tree,
 Ye saw the cot I love so well —
 And speak ye of that home to me ?

We have no fault to find with these verses in themselves — as specimens of the *manner* of the French *chansonnier*, we have no patience with them. What we have quoted, is the second stanza of the song. Our remarks, here, with some little modification, would apply to the *Sepulchres* of Foscolo, especially to the passage commencing

Yes — Pindemonte !
 The aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds
 By great men's monuments, &c.

They would apply, also, with somewhat less force, to Lamartine's *Loss of the Amio*, in the original of which by the way, we cannot perceive the lines answering to Mrs. E's verses

All that obscures thy sovereign majesty
 Degrades our glory in degrading thee.

Quevedo's Sonnet *Rome in Ruins*, we happen to have by us at this moment. The translation in this instance is faultless, and combines, happily, a close approximation to the meaning of the original, with its quaint air and pompous rhythm. The Sonnet itself is a plagiarism entire, from Girolamo Preti. The opening lines of Quevedo,

Pilgrim ! in vain thou seekest in Rome for Rome !

Alas ! the Queen of nations is no more !

Dust are her towers, that proudly frowned of yore,

And her stern hills themselves have built their tomb,

are little else than the

Roma in Roma non è :

In se stessa cadéo morta e sepolta, &c. of Girolamo. But this is no concern of Mrs. Ellet's.

Of the original poems, which form the greater part of the volume, we have hardly been able to form an opinion, during the cursory perusal we have given them. Some of them have merit. Some we think unworthy of the talents which their author has undoubtedly displayed. The epigram, for example, at page 102 is rather a silly joke upon a threadbare theme, and, however well it might have suited Mrs. Ellet's purpose to indite it, she should have had more discretion than to give it permanency in a collection of her poems.

Echo was once a love-sick maid

They say : the tale is no deceiver.

Howe'er a woman's form might fade

Her voice would be the last to leave her !

The tragedy (*Teresa Contarini*) at the end of the volume, “is founded,” says the authoress, “upon an incident well known in the history of Venice, which has formed the material for various works of fiction.” Mrs. E. has availed herself of a drama of Nicolini’s in part of the first scene of the first act, and in the commencement of the fifth act. The resemblance between the two plays is, however, very slight. In plot—in the spirit of the dialogue—and in the range of incidents they differ altogether. *Teresa Contarini* was received with approbation at the Park Theatre in March, 1835,—Miss Philips performing the heroine. We must confine ourselves to the simple remark, that the drama appears to us better suited to the closet than the stage.

In evidence that Mrs. Ellet is a poetess of no ordinary rank, we extract, from page 51 of her volume, a little poem rich in vigorous expression, and full of solemn thought. Its chief merits, however, are condensation and energy.

Hark — to the midnight bell !
The solemn peal rolls on
That tells us, with an iron tongue,
Another year is gone !
Gone with its hopes, its mockeries, and its fears,
To the dim rest which wraps our former years.

Gray pilgrim to the past !
We will not bid thee stay ;
For joys of youth and passion’s plaint
Thou bear’st alike away.
Alike the tones of mirth, and sorrows swell
Gather to hymn thy parting. — Fare thee well !

Fill high the cup — and drink
To Time's unwearied sweep !
He claims a parting pledge from us —
And let the draught be deep !
We may not shadow moments fleet as this,
With tales of baffled hopes, or vanished bliss.

No comrade's voice is here,
That could not tell of grief —
Fill up ! — we know that friendship's hours,
Like their own joys — are brief.
Drink to their brightness while they yet may last,
And drown in song the memory of the past !

The winter's leafless bough
In sunshine yet shall bloom ;
And hearts that sink in sadness now
Ere long dismiss their gloom.
Peace to the sorrowing ! Let our goblets flow,
In red wine mantling, for the tears of wo !

Once more ! A welcome strain !
A solemn sound — yet sweet !
While life is ours, Time's onward steps
In gladness will we greet !
Fill high the cup ! What prophet lips may tell
Where we shall bid another year farewell !

With this extract, we close our observations on the writings of Mrs. Ellet — of Miss Gould — and of Mrs. Sigourney. The time may never arrive again, when we shall be called upon, by the circumstances of publication, to speak of them in connexion with one another.

THE PARTISAN : A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. BY
THE AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY
RIVERS," &c. NEW YORK : PUBLISHED BY HARPER
AND BROTHERS.

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

MR. SIMMS has written, heretofore, "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea" — "Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal" — "Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia," and "The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina." Of these works, Martin Faber passed to a second edition — "Guy Rivers," and "The Yemassee" each to a third. With these evidences before us of our author's long acquaintance with the Muse, we must be pardoned if, in reviewing the volumes now upon our table, we make no allowances whatever on the score of a deficient *experience*. Mr. Simms either writes very well, or it is high time that he should.

"The Partisan" is *inscribed* to Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. of South Carolina ; and the terms in which the compliment is conveyed, while attempting to avoid Scylla, have blundered upon Charybdis. The cant of verbiage is bad enough — but the cant of laconism is equally as bad. Let us transcribe the Dedication.

TO RICHARD YEADON, JR. ESQ. *Of South Carolina.*

DEAR SIR, My earliest, and, perhaps, most pleasant rambles in the fields of literature, were taken in your company — permit me to remind you of that period by inscribing the present volumes with your name.

THE AUTHOR.

BARNWELL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

July 1, 1835.

This is, indeed, the quintessence of brevity. At all events it is meant to be something better than such things usually are. It aims at point. It affects excessive terseness, excessive appropriateness, and excessive gentility. One might almost picture to the mind's eye the exact air and attitude of the writer as he indited the whole thing. Probably he compressed his lips — possibly he ran his fingers through his hair. Now a letter, generally, we may consider as the substitute for certain oral communications which the writer of the letter would deliver in person were an opportunity afforded. Let us then imagine the author of "The Partisan" presenting a copy of that work to "Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. of South Carolina," and let us, from the indications afforded by the printed Dedication, endeavor to form some idea of the author's demeanor upon an occasion so highly interesting. We may suppose Mr. Yeadon, in South Carolina, at home, and in his study. By and bye with a solemn step, down-cast eyes, and impressive earnestness of manner, enters the author of "The Yemassee." He advances towards Mr. Yeadon, and, without uttering a syllable takes that gentleman affectionately, but firmly, by the hand. Mr. Y. has his suspicions, as well he may have, but says nothing. Mr. S. commences as above. "Dear Sir," (here follows a pause, indicated by the comma after the word "Sir" — see Dedication. Mr. Y. very much puzzled what to make of it.) Mr. S. proceeds, "My earliest," (pause the second indicated by comma the second,) "and," (pause the third, in accordance with comma the third,) "perhaps," (pause the fourth, as shewn by comma the fourth. Mr. Y. exceedingly mystified,) "most pleasant rambles in the fields of literature," (pause fifth) "were taken in your

company," (pause sixth, to agree with the dash after company ! Mr. Y.'s hair begins to stand on end, and he looks occasionally towards the door,) "*permit me to remind you of that period by inscribing the present volumes with your name.*" At the conclusion of the sentence, Mr. S. with a smile and a bow of mingled benignity and grace, turns slowly from Mr. Y. and advances to a table in the centre of the room. Pens and ink are there at his service. Drawing from the pocket of his surtout a packet carefully done up in silver paper, he unfolds it, and produces the two volumes of "The Partisan." With ineffable ease, and with an air of exquisite *haut ton*, he proceeds to inscribe in the title pages of each tome the name of Richard Yeadon, Jr. Esq. The scene, however, is interrupted. Mr. Y. feels it his duty to kick the author of "The Yemassee" down stairs.

Now, in this, all the actual burlesque consists in merely substituting things for words. There are many of our readers who will recognize in this imaginary interview between Mr. Yeadon and Mr. Simms, at least a family likeness to the written Dedication of the latter. This Dedication is, nevertheless, quite as good as one half the antique and lackadaisical courtesies with which we daily see the initial leaves of our best publications disfigured.

"The Partisan," as we are informed by Mr. Simms in his Advertisement, (Preface ?) was originally contemplated as one novel of a series to be devoted to our war of Independence. "With this object," says the author, "I laid the foundation more broadly and deeply than I should have done, had I proposed merely the single work. Several of the persons employed were destined to be the property of the series — that

part of it at least which belonged to the locality. Three of these works were to have been devoted to South Carolina, and to comprise three distinct periods of the war of the Revolution in that State. One, and the first of these, is the story now submitted to the reader. I know not that I shall complete, or even continue the series." Upon the whole we think that he had better not.

There is very little plot or connexion in the book before us ; and Mr. Simms has evidently aimed at neither. Indeed we hardly know what to think of the work at all. Perhaps, with some hesitation, we may call it an historical novel. The narrative begins in South Carolina, during the summer 1780, and comprises the leading events of the Revolution from the fall of Charleston, to the close of that year. We have the author's own words for it that his object has been principally to give a fair picture of the province — its condition, resources, and prospects — during the struggle between Gates and Cornwallis, and the period immediately subsequent to the close of the campaign in the defeat of the Southern defending army. Mr. S. assures us that the histories of the time have been continually before him in the prosecution of this object, and that, where written records were found wanting, their places have been supplied by local chronicles and tradition. Whether the idea ever entered the mind of Mr. Simms that his very laudable design, as here detailed, might have been better carried into effect by a work of a character *purely* historical, we, of course, have no opportunity for deciding. To ourselves, every succeeding page of "The Partisan" rendered the supposition more plausible. The interweaving of fact with fiction is at all times hazardous, and presupposes

on the part of general readers that degree of intimate acquaintance with fact which should never be presupposed. In the present instance, the author has failed, so we think, in confining either his truth or his fable within its legitimate individual domain. Nor do we at all wonder at his failure in performing what no novelist whatever has hitherto performed.

Some pains have been taken in the preface of "The Partisan," to bespeak the reader's favorable decision in regard to certain historical facts — or rather in regard to the coloring given them by Mr. Simms. We refer particularly to the conduct of General Gates in South Carolina. We would, generally, prefer reading an author's book, to reading his criticism upon it. But letting this matter pass, we do not think Mr. S. has erred in attributing gross negligence, headstrong obstinacy, and overweening self-conceit to the conqueror at Saratoga. These charges are sustained by the best authorities — by Lee, by Johnson, by Otho Williams, and by all the histories of the day. No apology is needed for stating the truth. In regard to the "propriety of insisting upon the faults and foibles of a man conspicuous in our history," Mr. Simms should give himself little uneasiness. It is precisely because the man *is* conspicuous in our history, that we should have no hesitation in condemning his errors.

With the events which are a portion of our chronicles, the novelist has interwoven such fictitious incidents and characters as might enable him to bind up his book in two volumes duodecimo, and call it "The Partisan." The Partisan himself, and the hero of the novel, is a Major Robert Singleton. His first introduction to the reader is as follows. "It was on a pleasant afternoon in June, that a tall, well-made youth, probably twenty-

four or five years of age, rode up to the door of the 'George,' (in the village of Dorchester,) and throwing his bridle to a servant, entered the hotel. His person had been observed, and his appearance duly remarked upon, by several persons already assembled in the hall which he now approached. The new comer, indeed, was not one to pass unnoticed. His person was symmetry itself, and the ease with which he managed his steed, and the " — but we spare our readers any farther details in relation to either the tall, well-made youth, or his steed, which latter they may take for granted was quite as tall, and equally well made. We cut the passage short with the less hesitation, inasmuch as a perfect fac-simile of it may be found near the commencement of every fashionable novel since the flood. Singleton is a partisan in the service of Marion, whose disposition, habits, and character are well painted, and well preserved, throughout the Tale. A Mr. Walton is the uncle of Singleton, and has been induced, after the surrender of Charleston (spelt Charlestown) to accept of a British protection, the price of which is neutrality. This course he has been led to adopt, principally on account of his daughter Katharine, who would lose her all in the confiscation of her father's property — a confiscation to be avoided by no other means than those of the protection. Singleton's sister resides with Col. Walton's family, at "The Oaks," near Dorchester, where the British Col. Proctor is in command. At the instigation of Singleton, who has an eye to the daughter of Col. Walton, that gentleman is induced to tear up the disgraceful protection, and levy a troop, with which he finally reaches the army of Gates. Most of the book is occupied with the ambuscades, bushfighting, and

swamp adventures of partisan warfare in South Carolina. These passages are all highly interesting — but as they have little connexion with one another, we must dismiss them *en masse*. The history of the march of Gates' army, his foolhardiness, and consequent humiliating discomfiture by Cornwallis, are as well told as any details of a like nature can be told, in language exceedingly confused, ill-arranged and ungrammatical. This defeat hastens the *dénouement*, or rather the leading incident, of the novel. Col. Walton is made prisoner, and condemned to be hung, as a rebel taken in arms. He is sent to Dorchester for the fulfilment of the sentence. Singleton, urged by his own affection, as well as by the passionate exhortations of his cousin Katharine, determines upon the rescue of his uncle at all hazards. A plot is arranged for this purpose. On the morning appointed for execution, a troop of horse is concealed in some under-wood near the scaffold. Bella Humphries, the daughter of an avowed tory, but a whig at heart, is stationed in the belfry of the village church, and her father himself is occupied in arranging materials for setting Dorchester on fire upon a given signal. This signal (the violent ringing of the church bell by Bella) is given at the moment when Col. Walton arrives in a cart at the foot of the gallows. Great confusion ensues among those not in the secret — a confusion heightened no little by the sudden conflagration of the village. During the hubbub the troop concealed in the thicket rush upon the British guard in attendance. The latter are beaten down, and Walton is carried off in triumph by Singleton. The hand of Miss Katharine is, as a matter of course, the reward of the Major's gallantry.

Of the numerous personages who figure in the book, some are really excellent — some horrible. The his-

torical characters are, without exception, well drawn. The portraits of Cornwallis, Gates, and Marion, are vivid realities — those of De Kalb and the Claverhouse-like Tarleton positively unsurpassed by any similar delineations within our knowledge. The fictitious existences in “The Partisan” will not bear examination. Singleton is about as much of a non-entity as most other heroes of our acquaintance. His uncle is no better. Proctor, the British Colonel, is cut out in buckram. Sergeant Hastings, the tory, is badly drawn from a bad model. Young Humphries is a braggadocio — Lance Frampton is an idiot — and Doctor Oakenburg is an ass. Goggle is another miserable addition to the list of those anomalies so swarming in fiction, who are represented as having vicious principles, for no other reason than because they have ugly faces. Of the females we can hardly speak in a more favorable manner. Bella, the innkeeper’s daughter is, we suppose, very much like an innkeeper’s daughter. Mrs. Blonay, Goggle’s mother, is a hag worth hanging. Emily, Singleton’s sister, is not what we would wish her. Too much stress is laid upon the interesting features of the consumption which destroys her ; and the whole chapter of abrupt sentimentality, in which we are introduced to her sepulchre before having notice of her death, is in the very worst style of times *un peu passés*. Katharine Walton is somewhat better than either of the ladies above mentioned. In the beginning of the book, however, we are disgusted with that excessive prudishness which will not admit of a lover’s hand resting for a moment upon her own — in the conclusion, we are provoked to a smile when she throws herself into the arms of the same lover, without even waiting for his consent.

One personage, a Mr. Porgy, we have not mentioned in his proper place among the *dramatis personæ*, because we think he deserves a separate paragraph of animadversion. This man is a most insufferable bore ; and had we, by accident, opened the book when about to read it for the first time, at any one of his manifold absurdities, we should most probably have thrown aside “The Partisan” in disgust. Porgy is a backwoods imitation of Sir Somebody Guloeton, the epicure, in one of the Pelham novels. He is a very silly compound of gluttony, slang, belly, and balderdash philosophy, never opening his mouth for a single minute at a time, without making us feel miserable all over. The rude and unqualified oaths with which he seasons his language deserve to be seriously reprehended. There is positively neither wit nor humor in an oath of any kind — but the oaths of this Porgy are abominable. Let us see how one or two of them will look in our columns. Page 174, vol. ii — “Then there was no tricking a fellow — persuading him to put his head into a rope without showing him first how d—d strong it was.” Page 169, vol. ii — “Tom, old boy, why d—n it, that fellow’s bloodied your nose.” Page 167, vol. ii — “I am a pacific man, and my temper is not ungente ; but to disturb my slumbers which are so necessary to the digestive organs — stop, I say — d—n ! — don’t pull so !” Page 164, vol. ii — “Well, Tom, considering how d—d bad those perch were fried, I must confess I enjoyed them.” Page 164, vol. ii — “Such spice is a d—d bad dish for us when lacking cayenne.” Page 163, vol. ii — “Dr. Oakenburg, your d—d hatchet tip is digging into my side.” Page 162, vol. ii — “The summer duck, with its glorious plumage, skims along the same muddy

lake, on the edge of which the d—d bodiless crane screams and crouches.” In all these handsome passages Porgy loquitur, and it will be perceived that they are all to be found within a few pages of each other — such attempts to render profanity less despicable by rendering it amusing, should be frowned down indignantly by the public. Of Porgy’s philosophy we subjoin a specimen from page 89, vol. ii. “A dinner once lost is never recovered. The stomach loses a day, and regrets are not only idle to recall it, but subtract largely from the appetite the day ensuing. *Tears can only fall from a member that lacks teeth; the mouth now is never seen weeping. It is the eye only; and, as it lacks tongue, teeth, and taste alike, by Jupiter, it seems to me that tears should be its proper business.*” How Mr. Simms should ever have fallen into the error of imagining such horrible nonsense as that in Italics, to be either witty or wise, is to us a mystery of mysteries. Yet Porgy is evidently a favorite with the author.

Some two or three paragraphs above we made use of these expressions. “The history of the march of Gates’ army, his fool-hardiness, &c. are as well told as any details of a like nature can be told in language exceedingly confused, ill-arranged, and ungrammatical.” Mr. Simms’ English is bad — shockingly bad. This is no mere assertion on our parts — we proceed to prove it. “Guilt,” says our author (see page 98, vol. i.) “must always *despair its charm* in the presence of the true avenger” — what is the meaning of this sentence? — after much reflection we are unable to determine. At page 115, vol. i, we have these words. “He was under the guidance of an elderly, drinking sort of a person — one of the fat, beefy class,

whose worship of the belly-god has given an unhappy distension to that ambitious, though most erring member." By the 'most erring member' Mr. S. means to say *the belly* — but the sentence implies the *belly-god*. Again, at page 126, vol. i. "It was for the purpose of imparting to Col. Walton the contents of that not yet notorious proclamation of Sir Henry Clinton, with which he demanded the performance of military duty from the persons who had been paroled; and by means of which, on departing from the province, he planted the seeds of that *revolting* patriotism which finally overthrew his authority." It is unnecessary to comment on the unauthorized use here, of the word 'revolting.' In the very next sentence we see the following. "Colonel Walton received his guests with his accustomed urbanity: *he received them alone.*" This language implies that Colonel Walton received those particular guests and no others, and should be read with an emphasis on the word '*them*' — but Mr. Simms' meaning is very different. He wishes to say that Col. Walton was alone when his guests were ushered into his presence. At page 136, vol. i, the hero, Singleton, concludes a soliloquy with the ungrammatical phrase, "And yet none love her like me!" At page 143, vol. i, we read — "'That need not surprise you, Miss Walton; you remember that ours are British soldiers' — smiling, and with a bow was the response of the Colonel." We have no great difficulty here in *guessing* what Mr. Simms wishes to say — his actual words convey no meaning whatever. The present participle 'smiling' has no substantive to keep it company; and the 'bow,' as far as regards its syntactical disposition, may be referred with equal plausibility to the Colonel, Miss Walton, to the British

soldiers, or to the author of "The Partisan." At page 147, vol. i, we are told — "She breathed more freely released from his embrace, and he then gazed upon her with a *painful sort of pleasure*, her look was so clear, so dazzling, so spiritual, so *unnaturally life-like*." The attempt at paradox has here led Mr. Simms into error. The *painful sort of pleasure* we may suffer to pass; but *life* is the most natural thing in the world, and to call any object unnaturally life-like is as much a bull proper as to style it artificially natural. At page 148, we hear "that the disease had not yet *shown* upon her system." Shown is here used as a neuter verb — shown *itself* Mr. S. meant to say. We are at a loss, too, to understand what is intended, at page 149, vol. i, by "a look so pure, so bright, so fond, so becoming of heaven, yet so hopeless of earth." Becoming heaven, not *of* heaven, we presume should be the phrase — but even thus the sentence is unintelligible. At page 156, vol. i, a countryman "loves war to the knife better than degradation to the chain." This is a pitiable antithesis. In the first clause, the expression 'to *the* knife' is idiomatic; in the second, the words 'to *the* chain' have a literal meaning. At page 88, vol. i, we read — "The half-military eye would have studiously avoided the ridge," &c. The epithet "half military" does not convey the author's meaning. At page 204, vol. i, Mrs. Blonay is represented as striding across the floor "with a rapid movement hostile to the enfeebled appearance of her frame." Here the forcing "*hostile*" to mean *not in accordance with*, is unjustifiable. At page 14, vol. ii, these words occur. "Cheerless quite, bald of house and habitation, they saw nothing throughout the melancholy waste more imposing than the plodding negro." The

“*cheerless quite*” and the “*bald of home and habitation*” would refer in strict grammatical construction to the pronoun “*they*” — but the writer means them to agree with “*melancholy waste.*” At page 224, vol. i, we find the following. “The moon, obscured during the early part of the night, had now sunk *wester-ing* so far,” &c. At page 194, vol. ii, we are informed that “General Gates *deigned* no general consultation.” At page 13, vol. ii, “Major Singleton *bids the boy Lance Frampton in attendance*” — and at page 95, vol. ii, we have the singular phenomenon of “*an infant yet unborn adding its prayer to that of its mother for the vengeance to which he has devoted himself*” — a sentence which we defy his Satanic Majesty to translate.

Mr. Simms has one or two pet words which he never fails introducing every now and then, with or without an opportunity. One of these is “*coil*” — another, “*bug*” — another, and a still greater favorite, is the compound “*old-time.*” Let us see how many instances of the latter we can discover in looking over the volumes at random. Page 7, vol. i — “And with the revival of many *old-time* feelings, I strolled through the solemn ruins.” Page 18, vol. i — “The cattle graze along the clustering bricks that distinguish the *old-time* chimney places.” Page 20, vol. i — “He simply cocked his hat at the *old-time* customer.” Page 121, vol. i — “The Oaks was one of those *old-time* residences.” Page 148, vol. i — “I only wish for mommer as we wish for *old-time* prospect.” Page 3, vol. ii —

“Unfold — unfold — the day is going fast,
And I would know this *old-time* history.”

Page 5, vol. ii — “The Carolinian well knows these *old-time* places.” Page 98, vol. ii — “Look, before we shall have gone too far to return to them, upon these *old-time* tombs of Dorchester.” Here are eight *old-times* discovered in a cursory glance over “The Partisan” — we believe there are ten times as many interspersed throughout the work. The *coils* are equally abundant, and the *bugs* innumerable.

One or two other faults we are forced to find. The old affectation of beginning a chapter abruptly has been held worthy of adoption by our novelist. He has even thought himself justifiable in imitating this silly practice in its most reprehensible form — we mean the form habitual with Bulwer and D’Israeli, and which not even their undoubted and indubitable genius could render anything but despicable — that of commencing with an “And,” a “But,” or some other conjunction — thus rendering the initial sentence of the chapter in question, a continuation of the final sentence of the chapter preceding. We have an instance of this folly at page 102, vol. ii, where Chapter XII commences as follows: “*But*, though we turn aside from the highway to plant or to pluck the flower, we may not linger there idly or long.” Again at page 50 of the same volume, Chapter VII begins — “*And* two opposing and mighty principles were at fearful strife in that chamber.” This piece of frippery need only be pointed out to be despised.

Instances of bad taste — villainously bad taste — occur frequently in the book. Of these the most reprehensible are to be found in a love for that mere *physique* of the horrible which has obtained for some Parisian novelists the title of the “French convulsives.” At page 97, vol. ii, we are entertained with the minutest

details of a murder committed by a maniac, Frampton, on the person of Sergeant Hastings. The madman suffocates the soldier by thrusting his head in the mud of a morass — and the yells of the murderer, and the kicks of the sufferer, are dwelt upon by Mr. Simms with that species of delight with which we have seen many a ragged urchin spin a cockchafer upon a needle. At page 120, vol. i, another murder is perpetrated by the same maniac in a manner too shockingly horrible to mention. The victim in the case is a poor tory, one Clough. At page 217, vol. i, the booby Goggle receives a flogging for desertion, and Mr. S. endeavors to interest us in the screeches of the wretch — in the cries of his mother — in the cracking of the whip — in the number of the lashes — in the depth, and length, and color of the wounds. At page 105, vol. ii, our friend Porgy has caught a terrapin, and the author of “The Yemassee” luxuriates in the manner of torturing the poor reptile to death, and more particularly in the writhings and spasms of the head, which he assures us with a smile “*will gasp and jerk long after we have done eating the body.*”

One or two words more. Each chapter in “The Partisan” is introduced (we suppose in accordance with the good old fashion) by a brief poetical passage. Our author, however, has been wiser than his neighbors in the art of the initial motto. While others have been at the trouble of extracting, from popular works, quotations adapted to the subject-matter of their chapters, he has manufactured his own headings. We find no fault with him for so doing. The manufactured mottoes of Mr. Simms are, perhaps, quite as convenient as the extracted mottoes of his contemporaries. All, we think, are abominable. As regards the fact of the

manufacture there can be no doubt. None of the verses have we ever met with before — and they are altogether too full of *coils*, *bugs*, and *old-times*, to have any other parent than the author of “The Yemassee.”

In spite, however, of its manifest and manifold blunders and impertinences, “The Partisan” is no ordinary work. Its historical details are replete with interest. The concluding scenes are well drawn. Some passages descriptive of swamp scenery are exquisite. Mr. Simms has evidently the eye of a painter. Perhaps, in sober truth, he would succeed better in sketching a landscape than he has done in writing a novel.

THE YOUNG WIFE’S BOOK ; A MANUAL OF MORAL,
RELIGIOUS, AND DOMESTIC DUTIES. PHILADELPHIA :
CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

WE can conscientiously recommend this little book, not only to that particular class of our fair friends for whom it is most obviously intended, but, in general, to all lovers of good reading. We had expected to find in it a series of mere homilies on the Duties of a Wife, but were agreeably disappointed. Such things are, no doubt, excellent in their way, but unhappily are rarely of much service, for the simple reason that they are rarely read. Unless strikingly novel, and well written, they are too apt to be disregarded. The present volume is made up of mingled amusement and instruction. Short and pithy *Lessons on Moral Duties*, on the *Minor Obligations of Married Life*, on *Manners*, on

Fashion, on Dress — Dialogues, and Anecdotes connected with subjects of a similar nature — form the basis of the book.

In one respect we must quarrel with the publication. Neither the title page, nor the Preface, gives us any information in regard to the biblical history of the work. It may be taken for granted that every reader, in perusing a book, feels some solicitude to know, for example, *who wrote it*; or (if this information be not attainable,) at least *where it was written* — whether in his native country, or in a foreign land — whether it be original, or a compilation — whether it be a new publication or a re-publication of old matter — whether we are indebted for it to one author, or to more than one — in short, all those indispensable details which appertain to a book *considered merely as a book*. The habit of neglecting these things, is becoming very prevalent in America. Works are daily *re-published*, from foreign copies, without any *primâ facie* evidence by which we may distinguish them from original publications; and many a reader, of light literature especially, finds himself in the dilemma of praising or condemning unjustly as American, what, most assuredly, he has no good reason for supposing to be English.

In the *Young Wife's Book* now before us, are *seventy-three* articles. Of these, *one* is credited to the thirty-first chapter of *Proverbs* — *nine* to *Stanford's Lady's Gifts* — and *two* to an *Old English Divine*. Some *four* or *five* belong to the *Spectator*. Seven or eight we recognize as old acquaintances without being able to call to mind where we have seen them; and about fifteen or twenty bear internal evidence of a foreign origin. Of the balance we know nothing whatever beyond their intrinsic merit, which is, in all instances,

very great. Judgment and fine taste have been employed, undoubtedly, in the book. As a whole it is excellent—but, for all we know to the contrary, it may have been originally written, translated, or compiled, in Philadelphia, in London, or in Timbuctoo.

TALES AND SKETCHES. BY MISS SEDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE LINWOODS," "HOPE LESLIE," &c. &c. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

THIS volume includes — A Reminiscence of Federalism — The Catholic Iroquois — The Country Cousin — Old Maids — The Chivalric Sailor — Mary Dyre — Cacoëthes Scribendi — The Eldest Sister — St. Catharine's Eve — Romance in Real Life — and the Canary Family.

All of these pieces, we believe, have been published before. Of most of them we can speak with certainty—for having, in earlier days, been enamored of their pervading spirit of mingled chivalry and pathos, we cannot now forget them even in their new habiliments. Old Maids — The Country Cousin — and one or two others, we have read before—and should be willing to read again. These, our ancient friends, are worthy of the pen which wrote "Hope Leslie" and "The Linwoods." "Old Maids," in spite of the equivocal nature of its title, is full of noble and tender feeling—a specimen of fine writing, involving in its melancholy details what we must consider the beau-ideal of feminine disinterestedness—the *ne plus ultra* of sisterly

devotion. The "Country Cousin" possesses all the peculiar features of the tale just spoken of, with something more of serious and even solemn thought. The "Chivalric Sailor" is full of a very different, and of a more exciting, although less painful interest. We remember its original appearance under the title of "Modern Chivalry." The "Romance of Real Life" we now read for the first time—it is a tale of striking vicissitudes, but not the best thing we have seen from the pen of Miss Sedgwick—that a story is "founded on fact," is very seldom a recommendation. "The Catholic Iroquois" is also new to us—a stirring history of Christian faith and martyrdom. The "Reminiscence of Federalism" relates to a period of thirty years ago in New England—is a mingled web of merriment and gloom—and replete with engrossing interest. "Mary Dyre" is a veracious sketch of certain horrible and bloody facts which are a portion of the History of Fanaticism. Mary is slightly mentioned by Sewal, the annalist of "the people called Quakers," to which sect the maiden belonged. She died in vindicating the rights of conscience. This piece originally appeared in one of our Souvenirs. "St. Catharine's Eve" is "*une histoire touchante qui montre à quel point l'enseignement religieux pouvoit être perverti, et combien le Clergé étoit loin d'être le gardien des mœurs publiques*"—the tale appertains to the thirteenth century. "Cacoëthes Scribendi" is told with equal grace and vivacity. "The Canary Family" is a tale for the young—brief, pointed and quaint. But the best of the series, in every respect, is the sweet and simple history of "The Eldest Sister."

While we rejoice that Miss Sedgwick has thought proper to condense into their present form these evi-

dences of her genius which have been so long floating at random before the eye of the world — still we think her rash in having risked the publication so immediately after “The Linwoods.” None of these “Sketches” have the merit of an equal number of pages in that very fine novel — and the descent from good to inferior (although the inferior be very far from bad) is most generally detrimental to literary fame. *Facilis descensus Averni.*

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERCOURSE WITH MR. NIEBUHR, THE HISTORIAN, DURING A RESIDENCE WITH HIM IN ROME, IN THE YEARS 1822 AND 1823. BY FRANCIS LIEBER, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY IN SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

MR. NIEBUHR has exercised a very powerful influence on the spirit of his age. One of the most important branches of human science has received, not only additional light, but an entirely novel interest and character from his exertions. Those historiographers of Rome who wrote before him, were either men of insufficient talents, or, possessing talents, were not practical statesmen. Niebuhr is the only writer of Roman history who unites intellect of a high order with the indispensable knowledge of what may be termed the art, in contradistinction to the science of government. While, then, we read with avidity even

common-place memorials of common-place men, (a fact strikingly characteristic of a period not inaptly denominated by the Germans "the age of wigs,") it cannot be supposed that a book like the one now before us, will fail to make a deep impression upon the mind of the public.

Beyond his *Roman History*, our acquaintance extends to only one or two of Mr. Niebuhr's publications. We remember the *Life of his Father*, of which an English translation was printed some time ago, in one of the tracts of the Library of Useful Knowledge, issued under the direction of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge — and, we have seen *The Description of the City of Rome*, (one volume of it) which appeared in 1829 or '30, professedly by Bunsen and Platner, but in the getting up of which there can be no doubt of Mr. Niebuhr's having had the greater share. *The Representation of the Internal Government of Great Britain*, by Baron Von Vincke, Berlin, 1815, was also written, most probably, by Mr. N. who, however, announced himself as editor alone. "I published," says he, in the *Reminiscences* we are now reviewing, "I published the work on Great Britain after that unfortunate time when a foreign people ruled over us (Germans) with a cruel sword, and a heartless bureaucracy, in order to show what liberty is. Those who oppressed us called themselves all the time the harbingers of liberty, at the very moment they sucked the heart blood of our people; and we wanted to show what liberty in reality is." A translation of an *Essay on the Allegory in the first canto of Dante*, written by our historian during his perusal of the poet, and intended to be read, or perhaps actually read, in one of the learned societies of Rome, is ap-

pended to the present volume. Mr. L. copied it, by permission of the author, from the original in Italian, which was found in a copy of Dante belonging to Mr. Niebuhr. This Essay, we think, will prove of deeper interest to readers of Italian than even Mr. Lieber has anticipated. Its opinions differ singularly from those of all the commentators on Dante — the most of whom maintain that the wood (*la selva*) in this famous Allegory, should be understood as the condition of the human soul, shrouded in vice ; the hill (*il colle*) encircled by light, but difficult of access, as virtue ; and the furious beasts (*le fere*) which attack the poet in his attempt at ascending, as carnal sins — an interpretation, always putting us in mind of the monk in the *Gesta Romanorum*, who, speaking of the characters in the Iliad, says — “ My beloved, Ulysses is Christ, and Achilles the Holy Ghost : Helen represents the Human Soul — Troy is Hell — and Paris the Devil.”

Dr. Francis Lieber himself is well known to the American public as the editor of the *Encyclopaedia Americana*, in which compilation he was assisted by Edward Wigglesworth, and T. G. Bradford, Esqrs. The first original work of our author, we believe, was called *Journal of my Residence in Greece*, and was issued at Leipzig in 1823. This book was written at the instigation of Mr. Niebuhr, who personally superintended the whole ; Mr. L. reading to the historian and his wife, every morning at breakfast, what had been completed in the preceding afternoon. Since that period we have seen, from the same pen, only *The Stranger in America*, in two volumes, full of interest and extensively circulated — and the book whose title forms the heading of this article.

Not the least striking portion of this latter work, is

its Preface, embracing forty-five pages. Niebuhr's noble nature is, herein, rendered hardly more apparent than the mingled simplicity and enthusiasm of his biographer. The account given by Mr. L. of his first introduction to the Prussian minister — of the perplexing circumstances which led to that introduction — of his invitation to dinner, and consequent embarrassment on account of his scanty nether habiliments — of his final domestication in the house of his patron, and of the great advantage accruing to himself therefrom — are all related without the slightest attempt at prevarication, and in a style of irresistibly captivating *bonhomie* and *naïveté*.

Mr. Lieber went, in 1821, to Greece — led, as he himself relates, “by youthful ardor, to assist the oppressed and struggling descendants of that people, whom all civilized nations love and admire.” With a thousand others, he was disappointed in the hope of rendering any assistance to the objects of his sympathy. He found it impossible either to fight, or to get a dinner — either to live or to die. In 1822, therefore, he resolved, with many other Philhellenes, to return. Money, however, was scarce, and the adventurer had sold nearly every thing he possessed — but to remain longer was to starve. He accordingly “bargained with a Greek,” and took passage at Missolonghi (Messalunghi) in a small vessel bound for Ancona. After a rough passage, during which the “tartam” was forced to seek shelter in the bay of Gorzola, the wished-for port was finally reached. Here, being altogether without money, Mr. Lieber wrote to a friend in Rome, enclosing the letter to an eminent artist. “My friend,” says Mr. L. “happened to be at Rome, and to have money, and with the promptness of a German student

sent me all he possessed at the time." This assistance came very seasonably. It enabled the Philhellenist to defray the expenses of his quarantine at Ancona. Had he failed in paying them, the Captain would have been bound for the sum, and Mr. L. would have been obliged finally to discharge the debt, by serving as a sailor on board the Greek vessel.

Having, at length, obtained his *pratica*, he determined upon visiting Rome ; and the anxiety with which he appears to have contemplated the defeat of his hopes in this respect is strikingly characteristic of the man. His passport was in bad order, and provisional, and he had to make his way with it through the police office at Ancona. He was informed too, that orders had been received from Rome forbidding the signature of passports in the possession of persons coming from Greece, except for a direct journey home. "You are a Prussian," said the officer, "and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence : your minister there may direct it back to Rome. Or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose ; for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany." Mr. L. assures us he never felt more wretched than on hearing this announcement. He had made his way round Rome without seeing the Eternal City. The examination of a map of Italy however, gave him new hope. It pointed out to him how near the south-western frontier line of Tuscany approaches to Rome. The road from Ancona to Orbitello, he thought, was nearly the same as that to the object of his desires, and he therefore requested the officer to direct his passport to Orbitello. "Italians generally," says Mr. Lieber, "are exceedingly poor geographers." The gentleman

whom he addressed, inquired of another in the adjoining room, whether Orbitello was in Tuscany, or belonged to the Papal territory. Mr. L. pointed out the place on the map: it was situated just within the colors which distinguished Tuscany from the other states of Italy. This satisfied the police, and the passport was made out.

Having hired a vetturino our traveller proceeded towards Orbitello. A few miles beyond Nepi, at the Colonneta, the road divides, and the coachman was desired to pursue the path leading to Rome. A bribe silenced all objections, and when near the city, Mr. L. jumped out of the carriage, and entered the Porta del Popolo.

But it was impossible to dwell in Rome without the sanction of the police, and this sanction could not be obtained without a certificate from the Prussian minister that our friend's passport was in order. Mr. Lieber therefore "hoping that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive away thence a pilgrim without allowing him time to see and study it," resolved on disclosing his situation frankly to Mr. Niebuhr.

The Prussian minister resided at the Palazzo Orsini — he was engaged and could not be seen — but the secretary of the legation received the visiter kindly, and having learned his story, retired to an inner apartment. Soon afterwards he returned with a paper written in Mr. Niebuhr's own hand. It was the necessary permission to reside in Rome. A sum of money was at the same time presented to Mr. L. which the secretary assured him was part of a sum Prince Henry (brother to the reigning king,) had placed at the minister's disposal for the assistance of gentlemen who might

return from Greece. Mr. L. was informed also that Niebuhr would see him on the following day. The result of the interview we must give in the words of our author.

Mr. Lieber became the constant companion of Niebuhr in his daily walks after dinner, during one of which the proposition was discussed to which we have formerly referred — that of our author's writing an account of his journey in Greece. In March 1823, the minister quitted Rome, and took Mr. Lieber with him to Naples. By way of Florence, Pisa, and Bologna, they afterwards went to the Tyrol — and in Innspruck they parted. A correspondence of the most familiar and friendly nature was, however, kept up, with little intermission, until the death of the historian in 1831.

Mr. Lieber disclaims the design of any thing like a complete record of all the interesting or important sentiments of Niebuhr during his own residence with him. He does not profess to give even all the most important facts or opinions. He observes, with great apparent justice, that he lived in too constant a state of excitement to record regularly all he saw or heard. His papers too were seized by the police — and have undergone its criticism. Some have been lost by this process, and others in a subsequent life of wandering. Still we can assure our readers that those presented to us in the present volume, are of the greatest interest. They enable us to form a more accurate idea of the truly great man to whom they relate than we have hitherto entertained, and have moreover, not unfrequently, an interest altogether their own.

THE LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, OF YORK, MARINER: WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF DEFOE. ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY CHARACTERISTIC CUTS, FROM DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HARVEY, ESQ. AND ENGRAVED BY ADAMS. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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

THIS publication is worthy of the Harpers. It is an honor to the country — not more in the fine taste displayed in its getting up, than as evincing a just appreciation of an invaluable work. How fondly do we recur, in memory, to those enchanted days of our boyhood when we first learned to grow serious over Robinson Crusoe! — when we first found the spirit of wild adventure enkindling within us; as by the dim fire light, we labored out, line by line, the marvellous import of those pages, and hung breathless and trembling with eagerness over their absorbing — over their enchainning interest! Alas! the days of desolate islands are no more! “Nothing farther,” as Vapid says, “can be done in that line.” Wo, henceforward, to the Defoe who shall prate to us of “undiscovered bournes.” There is positively not a square inch of new ground for any future Selkirk. Neither in the Indian, in the Pacific, nor in the Atlantic, has he a shadow of hope. The Southern Ocean has been incontinently ransacked, and in the North — Scoresby, Franklin, Parry, Ross & Co. have been little better than so many salt water Paul Prys.

While Defoe would have been fairly entitled to im-

mortality had he never written Robinson Crusoe, yet his many other very excellent writings have nearly faded from our attention, in the superior lustre of the Adventures of the Mariner of York. What better possible species of reputation could the author have desired for that book than the species which it has so long enjoyed? It has become a household thing in nearly every family in Christendom. Yet never was admiration of any work — universal admiration — more indiscriminately or more inappropriately bestowed. Not one person in ten — nay, not one person in five hundred, has, during the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation! Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts — Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought! We read, and become perfect abstractions in the intensity of our interest — we close the book, and are quite satisfied that we could have written as well ourselves? All this is effected by the potent magic of verisimilitude. Indeed the author of Crusoe must have possessed, above all other faculties, what has been termed the faculty of *identification* — that dominion exercised by volition over imagination which enables the mind to lose its own, in a fictitious, individuality. This includes, in a very great degree, the power of abstraction; and with these keys we may partially unlock the mystery of that spell which has so long invested the volume before us. But a complete analysis of our interest in it cannot be thus afforded. Defoe is largely indebted to his subject. The idea of man in a state of perfect isolation, although

often entertained, was never before so comprehensively carried out. Indeed the frequency of its occurrence to the thoughts of mankind argued the extent of its influence on their sympathies, while the fact of no attempt having been made to give an embodied form to the conception, went to prove the difficulty of the undertaking. But the true narrative of Selkirk in 1711, with the powerful impression it then made upon the public mind, sufficed to inspire Defoe with both the necessary courage for his work, and entire confidence in its success. How wonderful has been the result !

Besides *Robinson Crusoe*, Defoe wrote no less than *two hundred and eight* works. The chief of these are the *Speculum Crape-Gownorum*, a reply to Roger L'Estrange, and characterized principally by intemperate abuse — a *Treatise against the Turks*, written for the purpose of showing England “that if it was the interest of Protestantism not to increase the influence of a Catholic power, it was infinitely more so to oppose a Mohammedan one” — an *Essay on Projects*, displaying great ingenuity, and mentioned in terms of high approbation by our own Franklin — the *Poor Man's Plea*, a satire levelled against the extravagances of the upper ranks of British society — the *Trueborn Englishman*, composed with a view of defending the king from the abuse heaped upon him as a foreigner — the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a work which created strong excitement, and for which the author suffered in the pillory — the *Reformation of Manners*, a satirical poem, containing passages of uncommon force, that is to say, uncommon for Defoe, who was no poet — *More Reformation*, a continuation of the above — *Giving Alms no Charity*, an excellent treatise — a *Preface to a translation of Drelincourt on Death*, in

which is contained the “true narrative” of Mrs. Veal’s apparition — the *History of the Union*, a publication of much celebrity in the days of its author, and even now justly considered as placing him among the “soundest historians of his time” — the *Family Instructor*, “one of the most valuable systems of practical morality in the language” — the *History of Moll Flanders*, including some striking but coarsely executed paintings of low life — the *Life of Colonel Jaque*, in which an account is given of the hero’s residence in Virginia — the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, a book belonging more properly to history than to Fictitious Biography, and which has been often mistaken for a true narrative of the civil wars in England and Germany — the *History of the Plague*, which Dr. Mead considered an authentic record — and *Religious Courtship*, which acquired an extensive popularity, and ran through innumerable editions. In the multiplicity of his other publications, and amid a life of perpetual activity, Defoe found time, likewise to edit his *Review*, which existed for more than nine years, commencing in February 1704, and ending in May 1713. This periodical is justly entitled to be considered the original of the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, which were afterwards so fashionable. Political intelligence, however, constituted the greater portion of its *material*.

The edition of *Robinson Crusoe* now before us is worthy of all praise. We have seldom seen a more beautiful book. It is an octavo of 470 pages. The fifty wood cuts with which it is ornamented are, for the most part, admirable. We may instance, as particularly good, those on pages 6, 27, 39, 49, 87, 88, 92, 137, 146, 256, and 396. The design on the title page is superlative. In regard to the paper, typog-

raphy, and binding of the work, that taste must be fastidious indeed which can find any fault with either.

THE POETRY OF LIFE. BY SARAH STICKNEY, AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE." PHILADELPHIA: REPUBLISHED BY CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

THESE two volumes are subdivided as follows. Characteristics of Poetry — Why certain objects are, or are not poetical — Individual Associations — General Associations — The Poetry of Flowers — The Poetry of Trees — The Poetry of Animals — The Poetry of Evening — The Poetry of the Moon — The Poetry of Rural Life — The Poetry of Painting — The Poetry of Sound — The Poetry of Language — The Poetry of Love — The Poetry of Grief — The Poetry of Woman — The Poetry of the Bible — The Poetry of Religion — Impression — Imagination — Power — Taste — Conclusion.

In a Preface remarkable for neatness of style and precision of thought, Miss Stickney has very properly circumscribed within definite limits the design of her work — whose title, without such explanation, might have led us to expect too much at her hands. It would have been better, however, had the fair authoress, by means of a *different* title, which her habits of accurate thinking might have easily suggested, rendered this explanation unnecessary. Except in some very rare instances, where a context may be tolerated, if not altogether justified, a work, either of the pen or the

pencil should contain within itself every thing requisite for its own comprehension. "The design of the present volumes," says Miss Stickney, "is to treat of poetic feeling, rather than poetry; and this feeling I have endeavored to describe as the great connecting link between our intellects and our affections; while the customs of society, as well as the license of modern literature, afford me sufficient authority for the use of the word *life* in its widely extended sense, as comprehending all the functions, attributes, and capabilities peculiar to sentient beings."

We remember having read the "Pictures of Private Life" with interest of no common kind, and with a corresponding anxiety to know something more of the author. In them were apparent the calm enthusiasm, and the *analytical love of beauty*, which are now the distinguishing features of the volumes before us. We have perused the "Poetry of Life," with an earnestness of attention, and a degree of real pleasure very seldom excited in our minds. It is a work giving evidence of more profundity than discrimination — with no ordinary quantum of either. What is said, if not always indisputable, is said with a simplicity, and a scrupulous accuracy which leave us, not for one moment, in doubt of what is intended and impress us, at the same time, with a high opinion of the author's ability. Miss Stickney's manner is very good — her English pure, harmonious, in every respect unexceptionable. With a strong understanding, and withal a keen relish for the minor forms of poetic excellence — a *strictness* of conception which will ever prevent her from running into gross error — she is still, we think, insufficiently alive to the *delicacies* of the beautiful — unable fully to appreciate the *energies* of the sublime.

We were forcibly impressed with these opinions, in looking over, for the second time, the chapter of our fair authoress, "On the Poetry of Language." What we have just said in relation to her accuracy of thought and expression, and her appreciation of the minor forms of poetic excellence, will be exemplified in the passage we now quote, beginning at page 187, vol. i.

"There can scarcely be a more beautiful and appropriate arrangement of words, than in the following stanza from Childe Harold :

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home ;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam ;
And then it may be of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

"Without committing a crime so heinous as that of entirely spoiling this verse, it is easy to alter it so as to bring it down to the level of ordinary composition ; and thus we may illustrate the essential difference between poetry and mere versification.

The sails were *trimm'd* and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to *force* him from his native home,
And fast the white rocks *vanish'd* from his view,
And soon were lost *amid the* circling foam :
And then, *perchance, of his fond wish* to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The *wish*, nor from his *silent* lips did come
One *mournful word*, whilst others sat and wept,
And to *the heedless breeze their fruitless* moaning kept.

“It is impossible not to be struck with the harmony of the original words as they are placed in this stanza. The very sound is graceful, as well as musical ; like the motions of the winds and waves, blended with the majestic movement of a gallant ship. ‘The sails were filled’ conveys no association with the work of man ; but substitute the word *trimmed*, and you see the busy sailors at once. The word ‘waft’ follows in perfect unison with the whole of the preceding line, and maintains the invisible agency of the ‘light winds’ ; while the word ‘glad’ before it, gives an idea of their power as an unseen intelligence. ‘Fading’ is also a happy expression, to denote the gradual obscurity and disappearing of the ‘white rocks ;’ but the ‘circum-ambient foam’ is perhaps the most poetical expression of the whole, and such as could scarcely have proceeded from a low or ordinary mind.”

All this is well — but what follows is not so. “It may be amusing” — says Miss Stickney, at page 189, “to see how a poet, and that of no mean order, can undesignedly murder his own offspring” — and she proceeds to extract, from Shelley, in illustration, some passages, of whose exquisite beauty she has evidently not the slightest comprehension. She commences with

“Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory —
Odours, when sweet violets *sicken*,
Live within the sense they quicken.”

“*Sicken*” is here italicized ; and the author of the “Poetry of Life” thinks the word so undeniably offensive as to render a farther allusion to it unnecessary. A few lines below, she quotes, in the same tone of criticism, the terrific image in the Ode to Naples :

“ Naples ! — thou heart of men, which ever pantest
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of Heaven ! ”

And again, on the next page, from the same author —

“ Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love ! ”

Miss Stickney should immediately burn her copy of Shelley — it is to her capacities a sealed book.

THE CHRISTIAN FLORIST ; CONTAINING THE ENGLISH
AND BOTANICAL NAMES OF DIFFERENT PLANTS,
WITH THEIR PROPERTIES BRIEFLY DELINEATED AND
EXPLAINED. ILLUSTRATED BY TEXTS FROM VARIOUS
AUTHORS. FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE SECOND
LONDON EDITION. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA &
BLANCHARD.

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

THE title, which our readers will perceive is a long one, sufficiently explains the nature and design of this little book. It is very well adapted for a Christmas present, to those especially whose minds are imbued at the same time with a love of flowers — and of him who is a God of flowers, as well as of mightier things. The mechanical execution of the volume is unexceptionable, and the rich colors of the Dahlia show to no little advantage in the frontispiece. The poetical selections are, for the most part, excellently chosen, and the prose commentaries on each article in good taste, and often of great interest.

Speaking of alterations made in the Second London Edition, the Authors of the work say in their Preface "We believe it will be found that most of those suggested have been adopted, with the exception of one, which proposed the rejection of the first piece of Poetry attached to the Sun Flower." These words excited our curiosity, and turning to page 42, we found six lines from Moore. It seems these had been objected to, not on account of any thing intrinsically belonging to the verses themselves, (what fault indeed could be found there?) but (will it be believed?) on account of the author who wrote them. The Christian Florist deserves the good will of all sensible persons, if for nothing else — for the spirit with which its authors have disregarded a bigotry so despicable.

PAUL ULRIC: OR THE ADVENTURES OF AN ENTHUSIAST. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

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

THESE two volumes are by Morris Mattson, Esq. of Philadelphia, and we presume that Mr. Mattson is a very young man. Be this as it may, when we called Norman Leslie the silliest book in the world we had certainly never seen Paul Ulric. One sentence in the latter, however, is worthy of our serious attention. "We want a few faithful laborers in the vineyard of literature, to root out the noxious weeds which infest it." See page 116, vol. ii.

In itself, the book before us is too purely imbecile to

merit an extended critique — but as a portion of our daily literary food — as an American work published by the Harpers — as one of the class of absurdities with an inundation of which our country is grievously threatened — we shall have no hesitation, and shall spare no pains, in exposing fully before the public eye its four hundred and forty-three pages of utter folly, bombast, and inanity.

“My name,” commences Mr. Mattson, “is Paul Ulric. Thus much, gentle reader, you already know of one whose history is about to be recorded for the benefit of the world. I was always an enthusiast, but of this I deem it inexpedient to say much at present. I will merely remark that I possessed by nature a wild and adventurous spirit which has led me on blindly and hurriedly, from object to object, without any definite or specific aim. My life has been one of continual excitement, and in my wild career I have tasted of joy as well as of sorrow. [Oh remarkable Mr. Ulric !] At one moment I have been elevated to the very pinnacle of human happiness, at the next I have sunk to the lowest depths of despair. Still I fancied there was always an equilibrium. This may seem a strange philosophy to some, but is it the less true ? The human mind is so constituted as always to seek a level — if it is depressed it will be proportionately elevated, if elevated it will be proportionately depressed. But” says Mr. U., interrupting himself, “I am growing metaphysical !” We had thought he was only growing absurd.

He proceeds to tell us of his father who was born in Lower Saxony — who went, when only a year old, to England — who, being thrown upon the parish, was initiated into the mysteries of boot cleaning — who, at

the age of ten, became a vender of newspapers in the city of London — at twelve sold potatoes in Covent Garden — at fifteen absconded from a soap-boiler in the Strand to whom he had been apprenticed — at eighteen sold old clothes — at twenty became the proprietor of a mock auction in Cheapside — at twenty-five was owner of a house in Regent Street, and had several thousand pounds in the Funds — and before thirty was created a Baronet, with the title of Sir John Augustus Frederick Geoffry Ulric, Bart., for merely picking up and carrying home his Majesty King George the Fourth, whom Mr. U. assures us upon his word and honor, his father found lying beastly drunk, one fine day, in some gutter, in some particular thoroughfare of London.

Our hero himself was born, we are told, on the borders of the Thames, not far from Greenwich. When a well grown lad he accompanies his father to the continent. In Florence he falls in love with a Countess in her thirty-fifth year, who curls his hair and gives him sugar-plums. The issue of the adventure with the Countess is thus told :

“ You have chosen them with much taste,” said the Countess ; “ a beautiful flower is this ! ” she continued, selecting one from among the number, “ its vermillion is in your cheeks, its blue in your eyes, and for this pretty compliment I deserve a — you resist eh ! My pretty, pretty lad, I *will* ! There ! Another, and you may go free. Still perverse ? Oh, you stubborn boy ! How can you refuse ? One — two — three ! I shall *devour* you with kisses ! ”

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We have printed the passage precisely as we find it

in the book — notes of admiration — dashes — italics — and all. Two rows of stars wind up the matter, and stand for the catastrophe — for we hear no more of the Countess. Now if any person over curious should demand why Morris Mattson, Esq. has mistaken notes of admiration for sense — dashes, kisses, stars and Italics for sentiment — the answer is very simple indeed. The author of Vivian Grey made the same mistake before him.

Indeed we have made up our minds to forward Ben D'Israeli a copy of Paul Ulric. He will read it, and if he do not expire upon the spot, it will do him more real service than the crutch. Never was there a more laughable burlesque of any man's manner. Had Mr. Mattson only *intended* it as a burlesque we would have called him a clever fellow. But unfortunately this is not the case. No jackdaw was ever more soberly serious in fancying herself a peacock, than our author in thinking himself D'Israeli the second.

“Every day,” says Paul after the kissing scene, “filled me with a new spirit of romance. I had sailed upon the winding streams of Germany; I had walked beneath the bright skies of Italy; I had clambered the majestic mountains of Switzerland.” His father, however, determines upon visiting the United States, and taking his family with him. His reasons for so doing should be recorded. “His republicanism,” says Paul, “had long rendered him an object of aversion to the aristocracy. He had had the hardihood to compare the *salary* of the President with the *civil list* of the King — *consequently he was threatened with an indictment for treason!* My mother suggested the propriety of immediately quitting the country.”

Mr. Mattson does not give us an account of the

voyage. "I have no disposition," says his hero, "to describe a trip across the Atlantic — particularly as I am not in a sentimental mood — otherwise I might turn over the poets, and make up a long chapter of extracts from Moore, Byron, and Rogers of the Old World, or Percival, Bryant, and Halleck of the New." A range of stars, accordingly, is introduced at this crisis of affairs, and we must understand them to express all the little matters which our author is too fastidious to detail. Having sufficiently admired the stars, we turn over the next leaf and "Land ho!" shouted one of the seamen on the fore-topsail yard.

Arrived in Philadelphia, Mr. Ulric (our hero's father) "is divided," so says Mr. Mattson, "between the charms of a city and country life." His family at this time, we are told, consisted of five persons; and Mr. U. Jr. takes this opportunity of formally introducing to us, his two sisters Eleanor and Rosaline. This introduction, however, is evidently to little purpose, for we hear no more, throughout the two volumes, of either the one young lady or the other. After much deliberation the family fix their residence in "Essex, a delightful country village in the interior of Pennsylvania;" and we beg our readers to bear in mind that the surprising adventures of Paul Ulric are, for the most part, perpetrated in the immediate vicinity of this village.

The young gentleman (notwithstanding his late love affair with the Countess) is now, very properly, sent to school — or rather a private tutor is engaged for him — one Lionel Wafer. A rapid proficiency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, music, dancing, and fencing, is the result; "and with these accomplishments," says the young calf, "I believed myself fitted for the noise

and bustle of the world.” Accordingly, his father having given him a flogging one afternoon, he determines upon running away. In two days he “arrives in one of the Atlantic cities.” Rambling about the streets he enters into conversation with a sharper who succeeds in selling him, for forty dollars, a watch made of tinsel and put together with paste. This and subsequent adventures in the city form the best portion of the book — if *best* should be applied, in any way, to what is altogether abominable. Mr. Ulric goes to the Theatre, and the play is *Romeo and Juliet*. The orchestra “breaks forth in full chorus” and our hero soliloquizes. We copy his soliloquy with the end of placing before our readers what we consider the finest passage in Mr. Mattson’s novel. We wish to do that gentleman every possible act of justice; and when we write down the few words to which we allude, and when we say that they are not absolutely intolerable, we have done all, in the way of commendation, which lies in our power. We have not one other word of praise to throw away upon Paul Ulric.

“Oh music! — the theme of bards from time immemorial — who can sing of thee as thou deservest? What wondrous miracles hast thou not accomplished? The war-drum beats — the clarion gives forth its piercing notes — and legions of armed men rush headlong to the fierce and devastating battle. Again, the drum is muffled, and its deep notes break heavily upon the air, while the dead warrior is borne along upon his bier, and thousands mingle their tears to his memory. The tender lute sounds upon the silvery waters, and the lover throws aside his oar, and imprints a kiss upon the lips of his beloved. The bugle rings in the mountain’s recesses, and a thousand spears are uplifted for a

fearful and desperate conflict. And now the organ peals, and with its swelling notes, the soul leaps into the very presence of the Deity."

Our hero decides upon adopting the stage as a profession, and with this view takes lessons in elocution. Having perfected himself in this art, he applies to a manager, by note, for permission to display his abilities, but is informed that the nights are engaged for two months ahead, and it would be impossible for him to appear during the season. By the influence, however, of some hanger-on of the theatre, his wishes are at length gratified, and he is announced in the bills as "the celebrated Master Le Brun, the son of a distinguished English nobleman, whose success was so unprecedented in London as to have performed fifty nights in succession at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane" — a sentence in which we are at a loss to discover whether the English nobleman, or the English nobleman's son, or the success of the English nobleman's son is the distinguished performer in question.

Our adventurer succeeds in his début, and is in a fair way of becoming a popular performer, when his prospects are suddenly nipped in the bud. His valet one morning announces a Sir Thomas Le Brun, and Sir Thomas Le Brun proves to be that worthy gentleman, Sir John Augustus Frederick Geoffry Ulric, Baronet. A scene ensues. Paul screams, and Sir John clenches his fist. The father makes a speech, and the son makes a speech and a bow. At length they fly into each other's arms, and the drama closes by the old personage taking the young personage home in his carriage. In all this balderdash about the stage, there is not one original incident or idea. The same anecdotes are told, but in infinitely better lan-

guage, in every book of dramatic reminiscences since the flood.

Our author now indulges in what we suppose to be satire. The arrows of his wit are directed, with much pertinacity at least, against one Borel Bunting, by which name it strikes us that Mr. M. wishes to indicate some poor devil of an editor in bonâ fide existence — perhaps some infatuated young person who could not be prevailed upon, by love or money, to look over the MS. of Paul Ulric. If our supposition be true, we could wish Mr. Borel Bunting no better revenge than what the novelist has himself afforded by this public exposure of his imbecility. We must do our readers the favor of copying for their especial perusal, a portion of this vehement attack.

“There has been much speculation as to the birth-place of Borel ; (in this respect he somewhat resembled Homer) but if I have been correctly informed it was in one of the New England States. Further than this I cannot particularize. When he came to Essex he managed to procure a situation in a counting-house, which afforded him the means of support as well as leisure for study. He did not overlook these advantages, and gradually rose in public estimation until he became the editor of the Literary Herald. This gentleman was deeply read in the classics, and had also perused every novel and volume of poetry from the earliest period of English literature down to the present. Such had been his indefatigable research, that there was not a remarkable passage in the whole range of the Waverley fictions, or indeed any other fictions, to which he could not instantly turn. As to poetry, he was an oracle. He could repeat the whole of Shelley, Moore and Wordsworth, *verbatim*. He

was a very Sidrophel in his acquirements. He could tell

“How many scores a flea would jump ;” he could prove, also, “that the man in the moon’s a sea Mediterranean,” and

“In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black pudding.”

He composed acrostics extempore by the dozen ; we say *extempore*, though it was once remarked that he was months in bringing them to maturity. He was inimitable, moreover, in his pictures of natural scenery. When a river, or a mountain, or a waterfall was to be sketched, Borel Bunting, of all others, was the man to guide the pencil. He had the rare faculty of bringing every thing distinctly before the mind of the reader—a compliment to which a majority of his brother scribes are not entitled.

Borel Bunting possessed also a considerable degree of critical acumen. Southey was a mere doggerelist ; Cooper and Irving were not men of genius : so said Borel. Pope, he declared, was the first of poets, because Lord Byron said so before him. Tom Jones, he contended, was the most perfect specimen of a novel extant. He was also willing to admit that Goldsmith had shown some talent in his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

In a word, Borel’s wonderful acquirements secured him the favorable attention of many distinguished men ; and at length (as a reward of his industry and merit) he was regularly installed in the chair editorial of the “*Literary Herald*,” an important weekly periodical, fifteen inches in diameter. His salary, it is supposed,

was something less than that received by the President of the United States.

The Literary Herald, Borel (or rather, Mr. Bunting — we beg his pardon) considered the paragon of perfection. No one could ever hope to be distinguished in literature who was not a contributor to its columns. It was the only sure medium through which young Ambition could make its way to immortality. In short (to use one of Bunting's favorite words,) it was the "*nonpareil*" of learning, literature, wit, philosophy, and science.

Mr. Bunting corresponded regularly with many distinguished individuals in Europe. I called upon him one morning just after the arrival of a foreign mail, when he read me portions of seven letters which he had just received. One was from Lafayette, another from Charles X., a third from the author of a fashionable novel, a fourth from Miss L—, a beautiful poetess in London, a fifth from a German count, a sixth from an Italian prince, and a seventh from Stpqrstmospтрsm, (I vouch not for the orthography, not being so well acquainted with the art of spelling as the learned Borel,) a distinguished Russian general in the service of the great "Northern Bear."

The most unfortunate charge that was ever preferred against Borel, in his editorial capacity, was that of *plagiarism*. He had inserted an article in his paper over his acknowledged signature, entitled "*Desultory Musings*," which some one boldly asserted was an extract from Zimmerman on Solitude; and, upon its being denied by the editor, reference was given to the identical page whence it was taken. These things boded no good to the reputation of the scribe; nevertheless, he continued his career without interruption,

and, had he lived in the days of Pope, the latter might well have asked,

“Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again —

 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.”

Mr. Ulric now indulges us with another love affair, beginning as follows: “Oh thou strange and incomprehensible passion! to what canst thou be compared? At times thou art gentle as the zephyr; at others thou art mighty as the tempest. Thou canst calm the throbbing bosom, or thou canst fill it with wilder commotion. A single smile of thy benign countenance calleth new rapture to the anguished heart, and scattereth every doubt, every fear, every perplexity. But enough of this.” True.

A young lady falls into a river or a ditch, (our author says she was fishing for a water-lily) and Mr. Ulric is at the trouble of pulling her out. “What a charming incident!” says Mr. Mattson. Her name is Violet, and our susceptible youth falls in love with her. “Shall I ever,” quoth Paul, “shall I ever forget my sensations at that period? — never!!” Among other methods of evincing his passion he writes a copy of verses “To Violet,” and sends them to the *Literary Herald*. All, however, is to little purpose. The lady is no fool, and very properly does not wish a fool for a husband.

Our hero now places his affections upon the wife of a silk-dyer. He has a rival, however, in the person of the redoubted editor, Borel Bunting, and a duel

ensues, in which, although the matter is a hoax, and the pistols have no load in them, Mr. Mattson assures us that the editor "in firing, lodged the *contents* of his weapon in the ground a few inches from his feet." The chapter immediately following this adventure is headed with poetical quotations occupying two-thirds of a page. One is from *Byron* — another from *All's Well that Ends Well* — and the third from *Brown's Lecture on Perpetual Motion*. The chapter itself would form not quite half a column such as we are now writing, and in it we are informed that Bunting, having discovered the perpetual motion, determines upon a tour in Europe.

The editor being thus disposed of, Mr. Mattson now enters seriously upon the business of his novel. We beg the attention of our readers while we detail a tissue of such absurdity, as we did not believe it possible, at this day, for any respectable bookseller to publish, or the very youngest of young gentlemen to indite.

Let us bear in mind that the scene of the following events is in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and the epoch, the present day. Mr. Ulric takes a stroll one May morning with his gun. "Nature seems to be at rest," &c. — "the warbling of birds," &c. — "perched among trees," &c. was all very fine, &c. "While gazing," says Paul, "upon these objects," (that is to say, the warbling of the birds) "I beheld a young and beautiful female trip lightly over the grass, and seat herself beneath a willow which stood in the middle of a park." Whereupon our adventurer throws himself into an attitude, and soliloquizes as follows.

"It seems that there is an indescribable something in the features of many women — a look, a smile, or a

glance of the eye — that sends the blood thrilling to the heart, and involuntarily kindles the flame of love upon its altar. It is no wonder that sages and philosophers have worshipped with such mad devotion at the shrine of beauty ! It is no wonder that the mighty Pericles knelt at the feet of his beloved Aspasia. It is no wonder that the once powerful Antony sacrificed his country to the fatal embraces of the bewitching Cleopatra ! It is no wonder that the thirst for glory cooled in the heart of the philosophic Abelard, when he beheld the beauty of the exquisite Heloise ! It is no wonder, indeed, that he quitted the dry maxims of Aristotle to practice the more pleasing precepts of Ovid ! But this is rhapsody !” It is.

The lady is dressed in white, (probably cambric muslin,) and Mr. Mattson assures us that her features he shall not attempt to describe. He proceeds, however, to say that her “eyes are hazel, but very dark,” “her complexion pure as alabaster,” her lips like the lips of Canova’s Venus, and her forehead like — something very fine. Mr. Ulric attempts to speak, but his embarrassment prevents him. The young lady “turns to depart,” and our adventurer goes home as he came.

The next chapter commences with “How mysterious is human existence !” — which means, when translated, “How original is Mr. Mattson !” This initial paragraph concludes with a solemn assurance that we are perishable creatures, and that it is very possible we may all die — every mother’s son of us. But as Mr. M. hath it — “to our story.” Paul has discovered the mansion of the young lady — but can see no more of the young lady herself. He therefore stands sentinel before the door, with the purpose “of making observations.” While thus engaged, he per-

ceives a tall fellow, "with huge black whiskers and a most forbidding aspect," enter the house, in a familiar manner. Our hero is, of course, in despair. The tall gentleman could be no other than the accepted lover of the young lady. Having arrived at this conclusion, Paul espies a column of smoke in the woods, and after some trouble discovers it to proceed from "a log dwelling which stood alone, with its roof of moss, amid the silence and solitude of nature." A dog barks, and an old woman makes her appearance.

This old lady is a most portentous being. She is, however, a little given to drinking; and offers our hero a dram, of which Mr. Mattson positively assures us that gentleman did not accept.

"Can you tell me," says Paul, "who lives in the stone house?"

"Do you mean the Florence mansion?" she asked.

"Very like — who is its owner?"

"A man of the same name — Richard Florence."

"Who is Richard Florence?"

"An Englishman; he came to this country a year or two ago."

"Has he a wife?"

"Not that I know of."

"Children?"

"An only daughter."

"What is her name?"

"Emily."

"Emily! — Is she beautiful?"

"Very beautiful!"

"And amiable?"

"Her like is not to be found."

"What," [exclaims our hero, perhaps starting back and running his fingers through his hair] — "what are

all the fleeting and fickle pleasures of the world ! what the magnificent palaces of kings, with their imperial banquetings and gorgeous processions ! what, indeed, are all the treasures of the earth or the sea, in comparison with the pure, the bright, the beautiful object of our young and innocent affections ! ! !”

The name of the old hag is Meg Lawler, and she favors Mr. Ulric with her private history. The morality of her disclosures is questionable — but “morals, at the present day,” quoth Mr. Mattson, “are rarely sought in works of fiction, and perhaps *less* rarely found.” The gentleman means *more* rarely. But let us proceed. Meg Lawler relates a tale of seduction. It ends in the most approved form. “I knew,” says she, “that the day of sorrow and tribulation was at hand, but alas, there was no saving power.” Here follows a double range of stars — after which, the narrative is resumed as follows.

“Dame Lawler paused, and turning upon me her glaring and blood-shot eyes exclaimed —

“Do you think there is a punishment hereafter for the evil deeds done in the body ?”

“Such,” I replied, “the divines have long taught us.”

“*Then is my destroyer writhing in the agonies of hell ! !*”

Mr. Ulric is, of course, electrified, and the chapter closes.

Our hero, some time after this, succeeds in making the acquaintance of Miss Emily Florence. The scene of the first interview is the cottage of Meg Lawler. Mr. U. proposes a walk — the lady at first refuses, but finally consents.

“There were two paths,” says our hero, “either

of which we might have chosen : one led into the forest, the other towards her father's house. I struck into the latter — but she abruptly paused."

"Shall we continue our walk?" I asked, observing that she still hesitated.

"Yes," she at length answered; "but I would prefer the other path"—that is to say the path through the woods—O fi, Miss Emily Florence! During the walk, our hero arrives at the conclusion that his beloved is "some unfortunate captive whose fears, or whose sense of dependence, might render it imprudent for her to be seen in the society of a stranger. In addition to all this, Dame Lawler has told Mr. U. that "she did not believe Emily was the daughter of Mr. Florence"—hereby filling the interesting youth with suspicions, which Mr. Mattson assures us "were materials for the most painful reflection."

On their way home our lovers meet with an adventure. Mr. Ulric happened to espy a — man. Miss Emily Florence thus explains this momentous occurrence. "*There is a band of robbers who have their retreat in the neighboring hills—and this was no doubt one of them. They are headed by a brave and reckless fellow of the name of Elmo—Captain Elmo I think they call him. They have been the terror of the inhabitants for a long time. My father went out some-time ago with an armed force in pursuit of them, but could not discover their hiding place. I have heard it said that they steal away the children of wealthy parents that they may exact a ransom.*" Once more we beg our readers to remember that Mr. Mattson's novel is a Tale of the Present Times, and that its scene is in the near vicinity of the city of Brotherly Love.

Having convinced her lover that the man so portentously seen can be nobody in the world but "that brave and reckless fellow" Captain Elmo, Miss Florence proceeds to assure Mr. U. that she (Miss Florence) is neither afraid of man nor of devil — and forthwith brandishes in the eyes of the adventurer an ivory-hilted dagger, or a carving-knife or some such murderous affair. "Scarcely knowing what I did," says our gallant friend, "I imprinted a kiss (the first — burning, passionate, and full of rapture) upon her innocent lips, and — *darted into the woods!!!*" It was impossible to stand the carving-knife.

As Mr. U. takes his way home after this memorable adventure, he is waylaid by an old woman, who turns out to be a robber in disguise. A scuffle ensues, and our hero knocks down his antagonist — what less could such a hero do? Instead however of putting an end at once to his robbiership, our friend merely stands over him and requests him to recite his adventures. This the old woman does. Her name is Dingee O'Dougherty, or perhaps Dingy O'Dirty — and she proves to be one and the same personage with the little man in gray who sold Mr. U. the tinsel watch spoken of in the beginning of the history. During the catechism, however, a second robber comes up, and the odds are now against our hero. But on account of his affectionate forbearance to Dingy O'Dirty no farther molestation is offered — and the three part with an amicable understanding.

Mr. Ulric is now taken ill of a fever — and during his illness a servant of Mr. Florence having left that gentleman's service, calls upon his heroship to communicate some most astounding intelligence. Miss Florence, it appears, has been missing for some days, and her father

receives a letter (purporting to be from the captain of the banditti) in which it is stated that they have carried her away, and would only return her in consideration of a ransom. Florence is requested to meet them at a certain spot and hour, when they propose to make known their conditions. Upon hearing this extraordinary news our adventurer jumps out of bed, throws himself into attitude No. 2, and swears a round oath that he will deliver Miss Emily himself. Thus ends the first volume.

Volume the second commences with spirit. Mr. U. hires "three fearless and able-bodied men to accompany and render him assistance in the event of danger. Each of them was supplied with a belt containing a brace of pistols, and a large Spanish knife." With these terrible desperadoes, our friend arrives at the spot designated by the bandit. Leaving his companions near at hand, he advances, and recognizes the redoubted Captain Elmo, who demands a thousand pounds as the ransom of Miss Emily Florence. Our hero considers this too much, and the Captain consents to take five hundred. This too Mr. U. refuses to give, and with his three friends makes an attack upon the bandit. But a posse of robbers coming to the aid of their leader, our hero is about to meet with his deserts when he is rescued by no less a personage than our old acquaintance Dingy O'Dirty, who proves to be one of the banditti. Through the intercession of this friend, Mr. U. and his trio are permitted to go home in safety—but our hero, in a private conversation with Dingy, prevails upon that gentleman to aid him in the rescue of Miss Emily. A plot is arranged between the two worthies, the most important point of which is that Mr. U. is to become one of the robber fraternity.

In a week's time, accordingly, we behold Paul Ulric, Esq. in a cavern of banditti, somewhere in the neighborhood of Philadelphia !! His doings in this cavern, as related by Mr. Mattson, we must be allowed to consider the most laughable piece of plagiarism on record — with the exception perhaps of something in this same book which we shall speak of hereafter. Our author, it appears, has read Gil Blas, Pelham, and Anne of Geierstein, and has concocted, from diverse passages in the three, a banditti scene for his own especial use, and for the readers of Paul Ulric. The *imitations* (let us be courteous !) from Pelham are not so palpable as those from the other two novels. It will be remembered that Bulwer's hero introduces himself into a nest of London rogues with the end of proving his friend's innocence of murder. Paul joins a band of robbers *near Philadelphia*, for the purpose of rescuing a mistress — the chief similarity will be found in the circumstances of the blindfold introduction, and in the slang dialect made use of by either novelist. The slang in Pelham is stupid enough — but still very natural in the mouths of the cutthroats of Cockaigne. Mr. Mattson, however, has thought proper to bring it over, will I nill I, into Pennsylvania, and to make the pickpockets of Yankeeland discourse in the most learned manner of nothing less than “*flat-catching*,” “*velvet*,” “*dubbing up possibles*,” “*shell-ing out*,” “*twisting French lace*,” “*wakeful winkers*,” “*white wood*,” “*pig's whispers*,” and “*horses' night-caps*.”

Having introduced his adventurer *à la* Pelham, Mr. Mattson entertains him *à la* Gil Blas. The hero of Santillana finds his cavern a pleasant residence, and so does the hero of our novel. Captain Rolando is a

fine fellow, and so is Captain Elmo. In Gil Blas, the robbers amuse themselves by reciting their adventures — so they do in Paul Ulric. In both the Captain tells his own history first. In the one there is a rheumatic old cook — in the other there is a rheumatic old cook. In the one there is a porter who is the main obstacle to escape — in the other ditto. In the one there is a lady in durance — in the other ditto. In the one the hero determines to release the lady — in the other ditto. In the one Gil Blas feigns illness to effect his end, in the other Mr. Ulric feigns illness for the same object. In the one, advantage is taken of the robbers' absence to escape — so in the other. The cook is sick, at the time, in both.

In regard to Anne of Geierstein the plagiarism is still more laughable. We must all remember the proceedings of the *Secret Tribunal* in Scott's novel. Mr. Mattson has evidently been ignorant that the Great Unknown's account of these proceedings was principally based on fact. He has supposed them imaginary *in toto*, and, seeing no good reason to the contrary, determined to have a Secret Tribunal of his own manufacture, and could think of no better location for it than a cavern somewhere about the suburbs of Philadelphia. We must be pardoned for giving Mr. Mattson's account of this matter in his own words.

“Dingee disappeared,” [this is our old friend Dingy O'Dirty], “Dingee, [quoth Mr. Mattson,] disappeared — leaving me for a time alone. When he returned, he said everything was in readiness for the ceremony, [the ceremony of Mr. Ulric's initiation as a robber.] The place appointed for this purpose was called the ‘Room of Sculls’ — and thither, blindfolded, I was led.

‘ A candidate for our order ! ’ said a voice, which I recognized as O’Dougherty’s.

‘ Let him see the light ! ’ exclaimed another in an opposite direction. The mandate was obeyed, and I was restored to sight.

“ I looked wildly and fearfully around — but no living object was perceptible. Before me stood an altar, hung about with red curtains, and ornamented with fringe of the same color. Above it, on a white Banner, was a painting of the human heart, with a dagger struck to the hilt, and the blood streaming from the wound. Directly under this horrible device, was written, in large letters,

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE UNFAITHFUL.

“ Around, wherever I turned my eyes, there was little else to be seen but skeletons of human bodies — with their arms uplifted, and stretching forward — suspended in every direction from the walls. One of them I involuntarily touched, and down it came with a fearful crash — its dry bones rattling upon the granite floor, until the whole cavern reverberated with the sound. I turned from this spectacle, and opposite beheld a guillotine — the fatal axe smeared with blood ; and near it was a head — looking as if it had just been severed from the body — with the countenance ghastly — the lips parted — and the eyes staring wide open. There, also, was the body, covered, however, with a cloth, so that little was seen except the neck, mangled and bloody, and a small portion of the hand, hanging out from its shroud, grasping in its fingers a tablet with the following inscription :

THE END OF THE BETRAYER.

“I sickened and fell. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in the arms of O’Dougherty. He was bathing my temples with a fragrant liquor. When I had sufficiently recovered, he put his mouth close to my ear and whispered — ‘Where is your courage man? Do you know there is a score of eyes upon you?’

‘Alas ! I am unused to such scenes’ — &c. &c. &c.”

We have only to say, that if our readers are not absolutely petrified after all this conglomeration of horrors, it is no fault either of Paul Ulric’s, Morris Mattson’s, or Dingy O’Dirty’s.

Miss Emily Florence is at length rescued, and with her lover, is rowed down some river in a skiff by Dingy, who thus discourses on the way. We quote the passage as a specimen of exquisite morality.

“Had I the sensibility of many men, a recollection of my crimes would sink me into the dust — but as it is, I can almost fancy them to be so many virtues. I see you smile ; but is it not a truth, that everything of good and evil exists altogether in idea? The highwayman is driven by necessity to attack the traveller, and demand his purse. This is a crime — so says the law — so says society — and must be punished as our wise men have decreed. Nations go to war with each other — they plunder — burn — destroy — and murder — yet there is nothing wrong in this, because nations sanction it. But where is the difference between the highwayman, in the exercise of a profession by which he is to obtain a livelihood, and a nation, with perhaps less adequate cause, which despoils an-

other of its treasures, and deluges it in blood ? Is not this a proof that our ideas of immorality and wickedness are derived in a great measure from habit and education ? ” “ The metaphysical outlaw,” [says our hero,] “ the metaphysical outlaw here concluded his discourse.” [What an excessively funny idea Mr. Mattson must have of metaphysics !]

Having left the boat, taking leave of Dingy O’ Dirty, and put on a pair of breeches, Miss Florence now accompanies our adventurer to a village hard by. Entering a tavern the lovers seat themselves at the breakfast table with two or three other persons. The conversation turns upon one Mr. Crawford, a great favorite in the village. In the midst of his own praises the gentleman himself enters — “ and lo ! ” says Mr. Ulric, “ in the person of Mr. Crawford, I recognized the notorious Captain Elmo ! ” The hue and cry is immediately raised, but the Captain makes his escape through a window. Our hero pursues him to no purpose, and in returning from the pursuit is near being run over by a carriage and six. The carriage doors happen to be wide open, and in the vehicle Mr. Ulric discovers — oh horrible ! — Miss Emily Florence in the embrace of the fellow with the big whiskers !

Having lost his sweetheart a second time, our adventurer is in despair. But despair, or indeed any thing else, is of little consequence to a hero. “ It is true,” says Paul, “ I was sometimes melancholy ; but melancholy with me is as the radiant sunlight, imparting a hue of gladness to everything around ! ! ” Being, therefore, in excellent spirits with his melancholy, Mr. Ulric determines upon writing a novel. The novel is written, printed, published, and puffed. Why not ? — we have even seen “ *Paul Ulric* ” puffed. But let

us hasten to the *dénouement* of our tale. The hero receives a letter from his guardian angel, Dingy O'Dirty, who, it appears, is in England. He informs Mr. U. that Miss Florence is in London, for he (Dingy O'Dirty) has seen her. Hereupon our friend takes shipping for that city. Of course he is shipwrecked — and, of course every soul on board perishes but himself. He, indeed, is a most fortunate young man. Some person pulls him on shore, and this person proves to be the very person he was going all the way to London to look for — it was Richard Florence himself. What is more to the purpose, Mr. F. has repented of promising Miss Emily to the fellow with the big whiskers. Every thing now happens precisely as it should. Miss E. is proved to be an heiress, and no daughter of Florence's after all. Our hero leads her to the altar. Matters come rapidly to a crisis. All the good characters are made excessively happy people, and all the bad characters die sudden deaths, and go, post haste, to the devil.

Mr. Mattson is a very generous young man, and is not above patronizing a fellow-writer occasionally. Some person having sent him a MS. poem for perusal and an opinion, our author consigns the new candidate for fame to immortality at once, by heading a chapter in Paul Ulric with four entire lines from the MS., and appending the following note at the bottom of the page.

“From a MS. poem entitled ‘*Drusilla*,’ with which we have been politely favored for perusal. It is a delightful work, and shows the writer to be a man of genius and reflection. We hope it will not be long before the lovers of poetry are favored with this production ; it will win deserved celebrity for its author.”

And as a farther instance of disinterestedness, see this conversation between Mr. Mattson's hero, and a young lady in London who wrote for the annuals.

"What do you think of D'Israeli's novels?" — asked she. "Excellent! Excellent!" I replied, "especially Vivian Grey; take for example the scene in the long gallery between Vivian and Mrs. Felix Lorraine."

"Admirable!" — returned the young lady, "but, by the way, how do you like Bulwer?"

"Well enough," I answered.

"Pray, Mr. Ulric, how many female writers of distinction have you in America?" "Honest old Blackwood tells us of but two or three."

"And who are they?"

"Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, and Mrs. Sigourney."

"He should have added another — Miss Leslie."

We fancy it is long since Miss Leslie, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, Lytton Bulwer, and Ben D'Israeli have been so affectionately patted on the back.

Of Mr. Mattson's *style* the less we say the better. It is quite good enough for Mr. Mattson's matter. Besides — all fine writers have pet words and phrases. Mr. Fay had his "*blisters*" — Mr. Simms had his "*coils*," "*bugs*," and "*old-times*" — and Mr. M. must be allowed his "*suches*" and "*so muches*." Such is genius! — and so much for the Adventures of an Enthusiast! But we must positively say a word in regard to Mr. Mattson's *erudition*. On page 97, vol. ii, our author is discoursing of the novel which his hero is about to indite. He is speaking more particularly of *titles*. Let us see what he says.

“ An ill-chosen title is sufficient to condemn the best of books. Never does an author exhibit his taste and skill more than in this particular. Just think for a moment of *the Frenchman's version of Doctor Johnson's ' Rambler ' into Le Chevalier Errant, and what was still more laughable, his innocently addressing the author by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond!* By the way, the modern fanatics were somewhat remarkable in the choice of their titles. Take for example the following — ‘ *The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary* ’ and ‘ *Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.* ’ ”

Having admired this specimen of deep research, let us turn to page 125, vol. ii. Mr. Ulric is here vindicating himself from some charges brought against his book. Have patience, gentle reader, while we copy what he says.

“ In the first place we are accused of *vulgarity*. In this respect we certainly bear a strong resemblance to Plautus, who was censured by the satirical Horace for the same thing. Next come *Ignorance, Vanity, and Stupidity*. Of the first two, the classic reader will not forget that Aristotle (who wrote not less than four hundred volumes) was calumniated by Cicero and Plutarch, both of whom endeavored to make it appear that he was *ignorant* as well as *vain*. But what of our stupidity? Socrates himself was treated by Athenæus as *illiterate*: the divine Plato, called by some the philosopher of the Christians,” &c. &c.

What a learned man is Morris Mattson, Esq.! He is intimately versed not only in Horace, Aristotle, Cicero, Plutarch, Virgil, Homer, Plato, Pliny, and Aristophanes — but (*credat Judæus!*) in Nicander,

Aulus Gellius, Naucrates, Athenæus, Theopompus, and Apollonius Rhodius ! I. D'Israeli, however, the father of Ben D'Israeli aforesaid, is (we have no hesitation in saying it,) one of the most scoundrelly plagiarists in Christendom. He had not scrupled to steal entire passages verbatim from Paul Ulric ! On page 1, vol. ii, second edition, of 'The Curiosities of Literature,' in a chapter on *Titles*, we have all about Dr. Johnson, Le Chevalier Errant, and Mr. Vagabond, precisely in the language of Mr. Mattson. O thou abandoned robber, D'Israeli ! Here is the sentence. It will be seen, that it corresponds with the first sentence italicized in the paragraph (above) beginning 'an ill-chosen title,' &c. "The Rambler was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist has translated it 'Le Chevalier Errant,' and a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently addressing him by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond !" And on page 11, of the same volume, we perceive the following, which answers to the *second* sentence italicized in the paragraph above mentioned. "A collection of passages from the Fathers is called 'The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary' — one of these works bears the elaborate title, 'Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.' There can be no doubt whatever of D'Israeli's having pilfered this thing from Paul Ulric, for Mr. Mattson having, inadvertently we suppose, written *Baskets* for *Biscuits*, the error is adopted by the plagiarist. But we have a still more impudent piece of robbery to mention. The whole of the *erudition* and two-thirds of the *words* in the paragraph

above, beginning 'In the first place we are accused of vulgarity,' &c. is to be found on page 42, vol. i, second edition, of the 'Curiosities !' Let us transcribe some of D'Israeli's words in illustration of our remark. We refer the reader for more particular information to the book itself.

Well, Mr. Mattson, what have you to say for yourself? Is not I. D'Israeli the most impudent thief since the days of Prometheus?

In summing up an opinion of Paul Ulric, it is by no means our intention to mince the matter at all. The book is despicable in every respect. Such are the works which bring daily discredit upon our national literature. We have no right to complain of being laughed at abroad when so villainous a compound, as the thing we now hold in our hand, of incongruous folly, plagiarism, immorality, inanity, and bombast, can command at any moment both a puff and a publisher. To Mr. Mattson himself we have only one word to say before throwing his book into the fire. Dress it up, good sir, for the nursery, and call it the "Life and Surprising Adventures of Dingy O'Dirty." Humph! — only think of Plato, Pliny, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Nicander, Aulus Gellius, Naucrates, Athenæus, Theopompus, and Apollonius Rhodius!!

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY. BY PETER MARK ROGET, M.D. SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY, &C. &C. 2 VOLS. LARGE OCTAVO. PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY CAREY, LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

As we have no doubt that the great majority of our readers are acquainted with the circumstances attending the publication of the Bridgewater Treatises, we shall content ourselves with a very brief statement of those circumstances, by way of introduction to some few observations respecting this, the fifth of the Series.

Francis Henry, Earl of Bridgewater, who died some time in the beginning of the year 1829, directed certain Trustees mentioned in his will, to invest eight thousand pounds sterling in the public funds, which eight thousand pounds, with the interest accruing, was to be under the control of the President, for the time being, of the Royal Society of London. The money thus invested, was to be paid by the President to such person or persons as he, the President, should appoint to “write, print, and publish, one thousand copies of a work, *On the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation; illustrating such work by all reasonable arguments, as, for instance, the variety and formation of God’s creatures, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; the effect of digestion, and thereby of conversion; the construction of the hand of man and an infinite variety of other argu-*

ments ; as also by discoveries ancient and modern, in arts, sciences and the whole extent of literature." The profits of the works were to be paid to the authors.

Davies Gilbert, Esq. being President of the Royal Society, advised with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and "*a nobleman immediately connected with the deceased,*" in regard to the best mode of carrying into effect the design of the testator. It was finally resolved to divide the eight thousand pounds among eight gentlemen, who were to compose eight Treatises as follows. Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, was to write on "*The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man.*"—John Kidd, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford, on "*The Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man.*"—William Whewell, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on "*Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology.*"—Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S., L. and E., on "*The Hand : its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evincing Design.*"—Peter Mark Roget, M.D., Fellow of and Secretary to the Royal Society, on "*Animal and Vegetable Physiology.*"—William Buckland, D.D. F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford, on "*Geology and Mineralogy.*"—William Kirby, M.A., F.R.S., on "*The History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals*"—and William Prout, M.D., F.R.S., on "*Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with Reference to Natural Theology.*"

However excellent and praiseworthy the intention of the Earl of Bridgewater, and however liberal the sum bequeathed, there can be little doubt that in the wording of his bequest, in the encumbering of the work so nobly proposed with a *specification of the arguments to be employed in its execution*, he has offered a very serious impediment to the fulfilment of the spirit of his design. It is perhaps, too, a matter of regret, that the introduction of the words "person or persons" in the paragraph touching the contemplated publication, should have left it optional with the President of the Royal Society to divide the eight thousand pounds among so many. We are sorry that the eight treatises were determined upon for several reasons. First, we do not believe any such arrangement to have been contemplated by the testator — his words "write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work," &c., inducing the opinion that one single book or treatise was intended : and we the rather hold to this belief, as it might easily be proved (we will speak farther of this hereafter,) that the whole argument set forth in the words of the Testament, and indeed the whole arguments of the whole eight Treatises now published might have been readily discussed in one connected work of no greater bulk than the *Physiology* whose title forms the heading of this article. In the second place the bequest of the eight thousand pounds, which *en masse*, is magnificent, and which might thus have operated as a sufficient inducement for some one competent person to devote a *sufficiency of time* to the steady and gradual completion of a noble and extraordinary work — this bequest we say, is somewhat of a common-place affair when we regard it in its subdivision. Thirdly, one thousand pounds is but little for the labor necessary in a work like

any one of the Treatises, and we are mistaken if the “profits of the sales” meet in any degree either the merits or the expectations of the respective authors. If they do, however, it is a matter altogether foreign to and apart from the liberality of the testator — a liberality whose proper development should have been scrupulously borne in view by the Trustee. Fourthly, the result of the combination of a number of intellects is seldom in any case — never in a case like the present — equal to the sum of the results of the same intellects laboring individually — the difference, generally, being in precise ratio with the number of the intellects engaged. It follows that each writer of a Bridgewater Treatise has been employed at a disadvantage. Lastly — an accurate examination of the nature and argument of each Treatise as allotted, will convince one *a priori* that the whole must, in any attempt at a full discussion, unavoidably run one into the other — this indeed in so very great a degree that each Treatise respectively would embody a vast quantity of matter, (handled in a style necessarily similar) to be found in each and all of the remaining seven Treatises. Here again is not only labor wasted by the writers — but, by the readers of the works, much time and trouble unprofitably thrown away. We say that this might have been proved *a priori* by an inspection of the arguments of the Treatises. It has been fully proved, *a posteriori*, by the fact: and this fact will go far in establishing what we asserted in our first reason for disapproving of the subdivisions — to wit: that the whole argument of the whole eight Treatises might have been readily discussed in one connected work of no greater bulk than the *Physiology* now before us.

We cannot bring ourselves to think Dr. Roget's book the *best* of the Bridgewater series, although we have heard it so called. Indeed in the very singular and too partial arrangement of the subjects it would have been really a matter for wonder if Dr. Whewell had not written the *best*, and Sir Charles Bell the worst of the Treatises. We are grieved to learn from the Preface that his progress has been greatly impeded by "long protracted anxieties and afflictions, and by the almost overwhelming pressure of domestic calamity."

The chief difficulty of the Physiologist in handling a subject of so vast and almost interminable extent as the science to which his labors have been devoted — a science comprehending all the animal and vegetable beings in existence — has evidently been the difficulty of selection from an exuberance of materials. He has excluded from the Treatise — (it was necessary to exclude a great deal) — "all those particulars of the natural history both of animals and plants, and all description of those structures, of which the relation to final causes cannot be distinctly traced." In a word, he has admitted such facts alone as afford palpable evidence of Almighty design. He also abstained from entering into historical accounts of the progress of discovery — the present state of Physiological science being his only aim. The work is illustrated by nearly 500 wood cuts by Mr. Byfield, and references in the Index to passages in the volumes where terms of mere technical science have been explained. Appended are also a catalogue of the engravings, and a tabular view of the classification of animals adopted by Cuvier in his "*Règne Animal*" with examples included. This Table is reprinted from that in the author's "Intro-

ductory Lecture on Human and Comparative Physiology," published in 1826. Such alterations, however, have been introduced as were requisite to make the Table correspond with Cuvier's second edition.

A NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE GAZETTEER OF VIRGINIA, AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA : CONTAINING A COPIOUS COLLECTION OF GEOGRAPHICAL, STATISTICAL, POLITICAL, COMMERCIAL, RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION, COLLECTED AND COMPILED FROM THE MOST RESPECTABLE, AND CHIEFLY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES ; BY JOSEPH MARTIN. TO WHICH IS ADDED A HISTORY OF VIRGINIA, FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE YEAR 1754 : WITH AN ABSTRACT OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS FROM THAT PERIOD TO THE INDEPENDENCE OF VIRGINIA, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK, BY A CITIZEN OF VIRGINIA. CHARLOTTESVILLE: PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH MARTIN. 1835.

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

WE ought to have noticed this book sooner. Mr. Martin deserves well of the country for having laid the foundation, amidst numerous obstacles, of a work of great utility and importance. In his preface, he disavows all pretension to literary attainment, and claims only the merit of enterprise and perseverance in the execution of his design. He is entitled to all the rewards of a bold pioneer, struggling with pecuniary difficulties, and, we might add, with public indifference, in amassing a large amount of valuable information —

interesting to almost every man in the Commonwealth. It is one of the evils attendant upon a high state of political excitement in any country, that what is really and substantially good, is forgotten or neglected. The resources of our great Commonwealth are immense, and if we could once get the public mind into a condition favorable to their full development, the most important consequences might be expected to follow. Societies and associations for collecting information in the various departments of moral and physical science, have abounded in most countries having the least pretension to civilization ; and even in some of the States of our confederacy, it is known that an enlightened spirit of inquiry exists on the same subject. Our state indeed, boastful as it is of its early history, the renown of some of its sons, and its abundant natural advantages, has nevertheless, we are pained to admit, manifested too little of that public spirit which has animated other communities. Of late, indeed, some signs have been exhibited of a more liberal and resolute course of action, and we are not without hope that these efforts will be crowned by highly useful and practical results.

It is because Mr. Martin has been obliged to rely principally upon individual contributions, in order to obtain which he must necessarily have used great diligence, and submitted to much pecuniary sacrifice, that we think him entitled to a double portion of praise. Few individuals would, under such circumstances, have incurred the risk of failure ; and our wonder is, not that the work is not perfect, but that, contending with so many disadvantages, it should have so nearly accomplished what has been long a *desideratum* in Virginia literature. Our limits will not permit any thing like a

minute analysis of its contents. The arrangement of the volume strikes us as superior to the ordinary alphabetical plan ; and although there is much repetition even in its present form, much more we think has been avoided. That part of the General Description of the State, which especially treats of the climate, is admirably well written ; and, considering the scantiness of the author's materials, owing to the general neglect of meteorological observations in Virginia, his reasoning is clear, forcible, and philosophical. In the Sketch which is given of the county of Louisa, we think we can recognize a pen which has not unfrequently adorned the pages of the "Messenger" — and the History of the State from its earliest settlement, appended to the work, is written with vigor and ability, and, as far as we can judge, with accuracy. If Mr. Martin is sustained by public liberality, which we earnestly hope will be the case, he will not only be enabled, in the next edition, to correct such imperfections as may be found to exist in the present, but to engraft a large amount of additional information, derived from authentic sources. The report of Professor Rogers, on the Geology of Virginia, made to the present Legislature, will shed much light on the mineral resources of the State ; and the report of the President and Directors of the Literary Fund, embracing as it does, detailed information with respect to all our literary institutions, will greatly illustrate the means in operation for diffusing the blessings and benefits of education. The statistical tables, too, can be revised and corrected in another edition ; and we doubt not that many individuals into whose hands the work may fall, will voluntarily contribute such suggestions and improvements as their means of information will authorize. Such a work to

the man of business and to the traveller, and indeed to the general reader, is invaluable and we heartily recommend it to public patronage.

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. BY THE AUTHOR OF
“A YEAR IN SPAIN.” 2 VOLS. NEW YORK.
HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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

LIEUTENANT SLIDELL's very excellent book, “A Year in Spain,” was in some danger of being overlooked by his countrymen when a benignant star directed Murray's attention to his merits. Fate and Regent Street prevailed. Cockney octavos carried the day. A man is nothing if not hot-pressed; and the clever young writer who was cut dead in his Yankee-land habiliments, met with bows innumerable in the gala dress of a London *imprimatur*. The “Year in Spain” well deserved the popularity thus inauspiciously attained. It was the work of a man of genius; and passing through several editions, prepared the public attention for any subsequent production of its author. As regards “The American in England,” we have not only read it with deep interest from beginning to end, but have been at the trouble of seeking out and perusing a great variety of critical *dicta* concerning it. Nearly all of these are in its favor, and we are happy in being able to concur heartily with the popular voice — if indeed these *dicta* be its echoes.

We have somewhere said — or we should have

somewhere said — that the old adage about “Truth in a well” (we mean the adage in its modern and improper — not in its antique and proper acceptance) should be swallowed *cum grano salis* at times. To be profound is not always to be sensible. The depth of an argument is not, necessarily, its wisdom — this depth lying where Truth is sought more often than where she is found. As the touches of a painting which, to minute inspection, are “confusion worse confounded” will not fail to start boldly out to the cursory glance of a connoisseur — or as a star may be seen more distinctly in a sidelong survey than in any direct gaze however penetrating and intense — so there are, not unfrequently, times and methods, in which, and by means of which, a richer philosophy may be gathered on the surface of things than can be drawn up, even with great labor, *e profundis*. It appears to us that Mr. Slidell has written a wiser book than his neighbors merely by not disdaining to write a more superficial one.

The work is dedicated to John Duer, Esq. The Preface is a very sensible and a sufficiently well-written performance, in which the Lieutenant while “begging, at the outset, to be acquitted of any injurious prejudices” still pleads guilty to “that ardent patriotism which is the common attribute of Americans, a feeling of nationality inherited with the laws, the language, and the manners of the country from which we derive our origin, and which is sanctioned not less by the comparison of the blessings we enjoy with those of other lands, than by the promptings of good feeling, and the dictates of good taste.” It is in the body of the book, however, that we must seek, and where we shall most assuredly find, strong indications of a genius not the less

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rich, rare, and altogether estimable for the simplicity of its *modus operandi*.

Commencing with his embarkation at New York, our author succeeds, at once, in rivetting the attention of his readers by a *succession of minute details*. But there is this vast difference between the details of Mr. Slidell, and the details of many of his contemporaries. They — the many — impressed, apparently, with the belief that mere minuteness is sufficient to constitute force, and that to be accurate is, of necessity, to be verisimilar — have not hesitated in putting in upon their canvass all the *actual* lines which might be discovered in their subject. This Mr. Slidell has known better than to do. He has felt that the apparent, not the real, is the province of a painter — and that *to give* (speaking technically) *the idea of any desired object, the toning down, or the utter neglect of certain portions of that object is absolutely necessary to the proper bringing out of other portions — portions by whose sole instrumentality the idea of the object is afforded*. With a fine eye then for the picturesque, and with that strong sense of propriety which is inseparable from true genius, our American has crossed the water, dallied a week in London, and given us, as the result of his observations, a few masterly sketches, with all the spirit, vigor, raciness and illusion of a panorama.

Very rarely have we seen any thing of the kind superior to the “American in England.” The interest begins with the beginning of the book, and abides with us, unabated, to the end. From the scenes in the Yankee harbor, to the departure of the traveller from England, his arrival in France, and installment among the comforts of the Hotel Quillacq, all is terse,

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nervous, brilliant and original. The review of the ship's company, in the initial chapter of the book is exceedingly entertaining. The last character thus introduced is so peculiarly sketched that we must copy what the author says about him. It will serve to exemplify some of our own prior remarks.

"Let me not forget to make honorable mention of the white-headed little ragamuffin who was working his passage, and who, in this capacity, had the decks to sweep, ropes to haul, chickens and pigs to feed, the cow to milk, and the dishes to wash," &c. &c.

Some incidents at sea — such as the narrow escape from running down a brig, and the imminent danger incurred by an English pilot — are told with all the gusto of a seaman. Among other fine passages we may particularize an account of British sailors on shore at Portsmouth — of a family group on board a steamer — of the appearance of the Kentish coast — of the dangers of the Thames — of the Dover coach — of some groups in a London coffee-room — of a stand of hackney-coaches — of St. James' Park — of a midnight scene in the streets — of the Strand — of Temple-Bar — of St. Paul's and the view from the summit — of Rothschild — of Barclay and Perkins' Brewery — of the Thames' Tunnel — of the Tower — of the Zoological Gardens — of Robert Owen — of the habits of retired citizens — and of the rural tastes of Englishmen. A parallel between Regent Street and Broadway brings the two thoroughfares with singular distinctness to the eye of the mind — and in the way of animated and vivid description we can, at this moment, remember nothing in the whole range of fact or fiction much superior to the Lieutenant's

narrative of his midnight entrance into London. Indeed we can almost pardon a contemporary for speaking of this picture as sublime. A small portion of it we copy — but no just idea of its total effect can be thus gathered — an effect depending in a great measure upon the gradual manner in which it is brought about.

“I know nothing more exhilarating than to be suddenly ushered in the night into a populous quarter of a great city. My recollection readily conjures up the impressions made upon me,” &c. &c. &c.

There are some few *niaiseries* in the work before us, which, although insufficient to affect its character as a whole, yet constitute a weak point in what otherwise is beautiful, and cause us to regret sincerely, the accidents which have admitted them. We may mention in especial, the too frequent introduction of the monosyllable “*how*,” in such sentences as “they told how” — “it was related how” — “I was informed how,” &c. Mr. Slidell will find, upon self-scrutiny, that he has fallen into this habit through the sin of imitation. The Lieutenant, too, suffers his work to savor far too strongly of the ship, and lets slip him no opportunity of thrusting upon the public attention the fact of his particular vocation — insisting, indeed, upon this matter with a pertinacity even ludicrous — a pertinacity which will be exemplified in the following passage :

Again. Although the author evinces, in theory, a very laudable contempt for that silly vanity so often inducing men to blazon forth their intimacy with the distinguished ; and although, in the volumes now before us, he more than once directs the arrows of his

satire at the infirmity — still he is found not altogether free from it himself; and, in one especial instance, is even awkwardly uneasy, lest we should remain ignorant of his acquaintance with Washington Irving. “I thought,” quoth the Lieutenant, when there was no necessity for thinking about any such matter, “I thought of the ‘spectral box-coats’ of my inimitable friend Geoffrey Crayon; and would have given the world in that moment of despondency, for one of his quiet unwritten jokes, or one friendly pressure of his hand.”

Upon Mr. Slidell’s mechanical style we cannot bring ourselves to look with favor. Indeed while running over, with some astonishment, a few of his singularly ill-constructed sentences, we begin to think that the sentiments expressed in the conclusion of his Preface are not, as we at first suspected, merely the common cant of the *littérateur*, and that his book is actually, as he represents it to be, “the result of an up-hill journey,” and “one which he regards with a feeling of aversion.” What else than great tedium and utter weariness with his labor, could have induced our author to trust such passages as the following to the critical eye of the public?

“The absence of intellectual and moral culture, in occupations which rendered it unnecessary for those who worked only to administer food to themselves and profit or luxury to the class of masters, could only account for the absence of forehead, of the ornamental parts of that face which was moulded after a divine model.”

We perused this sentence more than once before we could fathom its meaning. Mr. Slidell wishes to say, that *narrowness of forehead in the rabble is owing to want*

of mental exercise — they being laborers not thinkers. But from the words of our author we are led to conclude that some occupations (certainly very strange ones) rendered it unnecessary for those who worked, to administer food to themselves — that is, to eat. The pronoun “it,” however, will be found, upon examination, to refer to “moral culture.” “The repetition of the word “only” is also disagreeable, and the entire passage is overloaded with verbiage. A rigid scrutiny will show that all essential portions of the intended idea are embodied in the lines *Italicised*. In the original sentence are *fifty-four* words — in our own *eighteen* — or precisely one third. It follows, that if all the Lieutenant’s sentences had been abridged in a similar manner — a process which would have redounded greatly to their advantage — we might have been spared much trouble, and the public much time, trouble, and expense — the “American in England” making its appearance in a duodecimo of one hundred and ninety-two pages, rather than in two octavos of five hundred and seventy-six.

At page 122, vol. 1, we have what follows.

“My situation here was uncomfortable enough ; if I were softly cushioned on one side, this only tended, by the contrast, to increase the obduracy of a small iron rod,” &c.

‘*If I were,*’ in this sentence, is not English — but there are few persons who will believe that “*if*” does not in *all* instances require the subjunctive. In the words “*a small iron rod which served as a parapet to protect me from falling off the precipice over which I hung, and against which I was forced,*” &c. let us say nothing of the injudicious use of the word *parapet* as applied to a *small iron rod*. Passing over this, it is evident, that the

second relative pronoun "*which*" has for its antecedent, in strict syntactical arrangement, the same noun as the first relative pronoun "*which*"—that is to say, it has the word "*precipice*" for its antecedent. The sentence would thus imply that Mr. Slidell was forced against the precipice. But the actual meaning (at which we arrive by guessing) is, that Mr. Slidell was forced against the iron rod. In the words "*I was forced with a pressure proportioned to the circumstances of my being compressed into a space,*" &c. let us again be indulgent, and say as little as possible of the tautology in "*pressure*" and "*compressed.*" But we ask where are the *circumstances* spoken of? There is only *one* circumstance—the circumstance of being compressed. In the conclusion of the passage where the Lieutenant speaks of "a seat having doubtless been contrived to accommodate five men, and there being no greater anatomical mistake than to suppose there would be more room because four of them were women," it is quite unnecessary to point out the "bull egregious"—a bull which could have been readily avoided by the simple substitute of "*persons*" for "*men.*"

We must be pardoned for copying yet another sentence. We will do so with the single remark that it is one of the most ludicrously ill-arranged, and altogether ungainly pieces of composition which it has ever been our ill fortune to encounter.

"I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennui," &c.

Such passages as the foregoing may be discovered *passim* in "The American in England." Yet we have heard Mr. Slidell's English called equal to the English of Mr. Irving — than which nothing can be more improbable. The Lieutenant's book is an excellent book — but then it is excellent *in spite of its style*. So great are the triumphs of genius.

RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES. BY THE AUTHOR OF "EUGENE ARAM," "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," &c. &c. TWO VOLUMES IN ONE. PHILADELPHIA: REPUBLISHED BY E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

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

WE have long learned to reverence the fine intellect of Bulwer. We take up any production of his pen with a positive certainty that, in reading it, the wildest passions of our nature, the most profound of our thoughts, the brightest visions of our fancy, and the most ennobling and lofty of our aspirations will, in due turn, be enkindled within us. We feel sure of rising from the perusal a wiser if not a better man. In no instance are we deceived. From the brief Tale — from the "Monos and Daimonos" of the author — to his most ponderous and beloved novels — all is richly, and glowingly intellectual — all is energetic, or astute, or brilliant, or profound. There *may* be men now living who possess the power of Bulwer — but it is quite evident that very few have made that power so palpably manifest. Indeed we know of *none*.

Viewing him as a novelist — a point of view exceedingly unfavorable (if we hold to the common acceptance of “the novel”) for a proper contemplation of his genius — he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead. Why should we hesitate to say this, feeling, as we do, thoroughly persuaded of its truth? Scott has excelled him in *many* points, and “The Bride of Lammermuir” is a better book than any individual work by the author of Pelham — “Ivanhoe” is, perhaps, equal to any. Descending to particulars, D’Israeli has a more brilliant, a more lofty, and a more delicate (we do not say a *wilder*) imagination. Lady Dacre has written Ellen Wareham, a more forcible tale of Passion. In some species of wit Theodore Hook rivals, and in broad humor our own Paulding surpasses him. The writer of “Godolphin” equals him in energy. Banim is a better sketcher of character. Hope is a richer colonist. Captain Trelawney is as original — Moore is as fanciful, and Horace Smith is as learned. But who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a vivid wit — in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought — in style — in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose — in industry — and above all in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequalled — he is unapproached.

As Rienzi is the last, so it is the best novel of Bulwer. In the Preface we are informed that the work was commenced two years ago at Rome, but abandoned upon the author’s removing to Naples, for the “Last Days of Pompeii” — a subject requiring more than

Rienzi, the advantage of a personal residence within reach of the scenes described. The idea of the present work, however, was never dismissed from the writer's mind, and soon after the publication of "Pompeii" he resumed his original undertaking. We are told that having had occasion to look into the original authorities whence are derived all the accounts of modern historians touching Rienzi, Mr. B. was induced to believe that no just picture of the Life or Times of that most remarkable man was at present in the hands of the people. Under this impression the novelist had at first meditated a work of History rather than of Fiction. We doubt, however, whether the spirit of the author's intention is not better fulfilled as it is. He has adhered with scrupulous fidelity to all the main events in the *public* life of his hero; and by means of the relief afforded through the personages of pure romance which form the filling in of the picture, he has been enabled more fully to develop the *private* character of the noble Roman. The reader may indeed be startled at the vast difference between the Rienzi of Mr. Bulwer, and the Rienzi of Sismondi, of Gibbon, and of Miss Mitford. But by neither of the two latter are we disposed to swear — and of Sismondi's impartiality we can at no moment be certain. Mr. B., moreover, very justly observes that as, in the work before us, all the *acts* are given from which is derived his interpretation of the principal agent, the public, having sufficient data for its own judgment, may fashion an opinion for itself.

Generally, the true chronology of Rienzi's life is preserved. In regard to the story — or that chain of fictitious incident usually binding up together the constituent parts of a Romance — there is very little of it in the book. This follows necessarily from the char-

acter of the composition — which is essentially Epic rather than Dramatic. The author's apology seems to us therefore supererogative when he says that a work which takes for its subject the crimes and errors of a nation and which ventures to seek the actual and the real in the highest stage of action or passion can rarely adopt with advantage the melo-dramatic effects produced by a vulgar mystery. In his pictures of the Roman populace, and in those of the Roman nobles of the fourteenth century — pictures full at all times of an enthralling interest — Mr. B. professes to have followed literally the descriptions left to us.

Miss Mitford's *Rienzi* will of course be remembered in reading that of Bulwer. There is however but one point of coincidence — a love-intrigue between a relative of the hero and one of the party of the nobles. This, it will be recollected, forms the basis of the plot of *Miss M.* In the *Rienzi* of Bulwer, it is an Episode not affecting in any manner either the story itself, or the destinies of the Tribune.

It is by no means our intention to give an analysis of the volume before us. Every person who reads at all will read *Rienzi*, and indeed the book is already in the hands of many millions of people. Any thing, therefore, like our usual custom of a digest of the narrative would be superfluous. The principal characters who figure in the novel are *Rienzi* himself — his brother, whose slaughter by a noble at the commencement of the story, is the immediate cause of *Rienzi's* change of temper and consequent exaltation — *Adrian di Castello*, a young noble of the family of *Colonna* but attached to the cause of the people — *Martino di Porto* the chief of the house of *Orsini* — *Stephen Colonna*, chief of the house of the *Colonna* — *Walter*

de Montreal, a gentleman of Provence, a knight of St. John, and one of the formidable freebooters who at the head of large "Companies" invaded states and pillaged towns at the period of Rienzi's Revolution — Pandulfo di Guido, a student, whom, under the appellation of Pandolficcio di Guido, Gibbon styles "the most virtuous citizen of Rome" — Cecco del Vecchio, a smith — Giles D'Albornoz of the royal race of Arragon — Petrarch the poet, and the friend of Rienzi — Angelo Villani — Irene, the sister of the Tribune and betrothed to Adrian di Castello — Nina, Rienzi's wife — and Adeline, the mistress of Walter de Montreal.

But as was said before, we should err radically if we regard Rienzi altogether in the light of Romance. Undoubtedly as such — as a fiction, and coming under the title of a novel, it is a glorious, a wonderful conception, and not the less wonderfully and gloriously carried out. What else could we say of a book over which the mind so delightedly lingers in perusal. In its delineations of passion and character — in the fine blending and contrasting of its incidents — in the rich and brilliant tints of its feudal paintings — in a pervading air of chivalry, and grace, and sentiment — in all that can throw a charm over the pages of Romance, the last novel of Bulwer is equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions. Still we would look at the work in a different point of view. It is History. We hesitate not to say that it is History in its truest — in its only true, proper, and philosophical garb. Sismondi's works — were not. There is no greater error than dignifying with the name of History a tissue of dates and details, though the dates be ordinarily correct, and the details indisputably true. Not even with the aid

of acute comment will such a tissue satisfy our individual notions of History. To the effect let us look — to the impression rather than to the seal. And how very seldom is any definite impression left upon the mind of the historical reader! How few bear away — even from the pages of Gibbon — Rome and the Romans. Vastly different was the genius of Niebuhr — than whom no man possessed a more discriminative understanding of the uses and the purposes of the pen of the historiographer. But we digress. Bearing in mind that “to contemplate” — *ιστορεῖν*¹ — should and must be allowed a more noble and a more expansive acceptance than has been usually given it, we shall often discover in Fiction the essential spirit and vitality of Historic Truth — while Truth itself, in many a dull and lumbering Archive, shall be found guilty of all the inefficiency of Fiction.

Rienzi, then, is History. But there are other aspects in which it may be regarded with advantage. Let us survey it as a profound and lucid exposition of the *morale* of Government — of the Philosophies of Rule and Misrule — of the absolute incompatibility of Freedom and Ignorance — Tyranny in the few and Virtue in the many. Let us consider it as something akin to direct evidence that a people is not a mob, nor a mob a people, nor a mob's idol the idol of a people — that in a nation's self is the only security for a nation — and that it is absolutely necessary to model upon the *character* of the governed, the machinery,

¹ History, from *ιστορεῖν*, to contemplate, seems, among the Greeks, to have embraced not only the knowledge of past events, but also Mythology, Esopian and Milesian fables, *Romance*, Tragedy and Comedy. But our business is with things, not words.

whether simple or complex, of the governmental legislation.

It is proper — we are persuaded — that Rienzi should be held up in these many different points of view, if we desire fully to appreciate its own merits and the talents of Mr. Bulwer. But regard it as we will, it is an extraordinary work — and one which leaves nothing farther to accomplish in its own particular region. It is vastly superior to the “*Last Days of Pompeii*” — more rich — more glowing, and more vigorous. With all and more than all the distinguishing merits of its noble predecessor, it has none of its *chilliness* — none of that platitude which (it would not be difficult to say why) is the inevitable result of every attempt at infusing warmth among the marble wildernesses, and vitality into the statue-like existences, of the too-distantly antique.

We will conclude our notice of Rienzi with an Extract. We choose it not with any view of commending it above others — for the book has many equally good and some better — but to give our readers — such of them as have not yet seen the novel, an opportunity of comparing the passage with some similar things in Boccaccio. We may as well say that in all which constitutes good writing the Englishman is infinitely the superior. What we select is Chapter V, of the sixth Book. Irene, the betrothed of the noble Roman Adrian di Castello being in Florence during the time of the Great Plague, is sought by her lover at the peril of his life. Overpowered by a fever he meets with Irene — but his delirium prevents a recognition. She conveys him to one of the deserted mansions, and officiates as his nurse. Having thrown aside her mantle, under the impression that it retained the

infection of the Pestilence, it is found and worn by another.

Here, in many incidents of extraordinary force — in the call of the Beechini on the third night — in the most agonizing circumstance of Irene's abandonment of Adrian — in the bodily weakness and mental prostration of that young nobleman — in the desolation of the streets — in the meeting with Rienzi — in the colossal dignity of the words, "I am he that was Rienzi!" — in the affectionate attention of the fallen hero — and lastly, in the appalling horror of the vault and its details — may be seen and will be felt much, but not all, of the exceeding power of the "*Last of the Tribunes.*"

CONTI THE DISCARDED: WITH OTHER TALES AND FANCIES, BY HENRY F. CHORLEY. 2 VOLS. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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

MR. CHORLEY has hitherto written nothing of any great length. His name, however, is familiar to all readers of English Annals, and in whatever we have seen from his pen, evidences of a rare genius have been perceptible. In *Conti*, and in the "other Tales and Fancies" which accompany it, these evidences are more distinct, more brilliant, and more openly developed. Neither are these pieces wanting in a noble, and, to us, a most thrillingly interesting *purpose*. In

saying that our whole heart is with the author — that the deepest, and we trust, the purest emotions are enkindled within us by his chivalric and magnanimous *design* — we present but a feeble picture of our individual feelings as influenced by the perusal of *Conti*. We repeat it — our whole heart is with the author. When *shall* the artist assume his proper situation in society — in a society of thinking beings? How long shall he be enslaved? How long shall mind succumb to the grossest materiality? How long shall the veriest vermin of the Earth, who crawl around the altar of Mammon, be more esteemed of men than they, the gifted ministers to those exalted emotions which link us with the mysteries of Heaven? To our own query we may venture a reply. Not long. Not long will such rank injustice be committed or permitted. A spirit is already abroad at war with it. And in every billow of the unceasing sea of Change — and in every breath, however gentle, of the wide atmosphere of Revolution encircling us, is that spirit steadily yet irresistibly at work.

“Who has not looked,” says Mr. Chorley in his Preface, “with painful interest on the unreckoned-up account of misunderstanding and suspicion which exists between the World and the Artist? Who has not grieved to see the former willing to degrade Art, into a mere plaything — to be enjoyed without respect, and then cast aside — instead of receiving her high works as among the most humanizing blessings ever vouchsafed to man by a beneficent Creator? Who has not suffered shame in observing the Artist bring his own calling into contempt by coarsely regarding it as a mere engine of money getting, or holding it up to reproach by making it the excuse for such

eccentricities or grave errors as separate him from the rest of society ? ”

That genius should not and indeed cannot be bound down to the vulgar common-places of existence, is a maxim which, however true, has been too often repeated ; and there have appeared on earth enough spirits of the loftiest and most brilliant order who have worthily taken their part in life, as useful citizens, affectionate husbands, faithful friends, to deprive of their excuse all such as hold, that to despise and alienate the world is the inevitable and painfully glorious destiny of the highly gifted.

Very few of our readers, it may be, are acquainted with a particular class of works which has long exercised a very powerful influence on the private habits and character, as well as on the literature of the Germans. We speak of the *Art Novels* — the *Kunstromanen* — books written not so much in immediate defence, or in illustration, as in personification of individual portions of the Fine Arts — books which, in the guise of Romance, labor to the sole end of reasoning men into admiration and study of the beautiful, by a tissue of *bizarre* fiction, partly allegorical, and partly metaphysical. In Germany alone could so mad — or perhaps so profound — an idea have originated. From the statement of Mr. Chorley, we find that his original intention was to attempt something in the style of the *Kunstromanen*, with such modifications as might seem called for by the peculiar spirit of the British national tastes and literature. “ It occurred to me, however,” says he, “ that the very speculations and reveries which appeared to myself so delicious and significant, might be rejected by the rest of the world as fantastic and overstrained.” Mr. C. could have persevered in

a scheme so radically erroneous for more than a dozen pages ; and neither the world nor myself will have cause to regret that he thought proper to abandon the *Art Novels*, and embody his fine powers and lofty design in so stirring and so efficient a series of paintings as may be found in the present volumes.

A single passage near the commencement of *Conti*, will afford to all those who feel and think, direct evidence of the extraordinary abilities of Mr. Chorley. Madame Zerlini is an Italian *prima donna*, who becoming enamored of Colonel Hardwycke, an Englishman, accompanies him to England as his mistress, and after living with him for twelve years, and bearing him a son, Julius, dies suddenly upon hearing of his intention to marry.

“ A strange scene greeted his eyes (those of Julius) as he entered the spacious hall, which, as its windows fronted the east, was already beginning to be dusky with the shadows of twilight. On the lowest step of the stairs lay, in violent hysterics, one of the women servants — she was raving and weeping, half supported by two others, themselves trembling so as to be almost powerless.

“ ‘ And here ’s Master Julius, too ! ’ exclaimed one of the groups which obstructed his passage, ‘ and my master gone away — no one knows for how long. Lord have mercy upon us ! — what are we to do, I wonder ? ’

“ ‘ Don’t go up stairs ! ’ shrieked the other, leaving her charge, and endeavoring to stop him. ‘ Don’t go up stairs — it is all over ! ’

“ But the boy, whose mind was full of other matters, and who, having wandered away in the morning, before the delirium became so violent, had no idea of

his mother's imminent danger, broke from them without catching the meaning of their words, and forced his way up stairs, towards the great drawing-room, the folding doors of which were swinging open.

“He went in. Madame Zerlini was there — flung down upon a sofa, in an attitude which, in life, it would have been impossible for her to maintain for many moments. Her head was cast back over one of the pillows, so far, that her long hair, which had been imperfectly fastened, had disengaged itself by its own weight, and was now sweeping heavily downward, with a crushed wreath of passion flowers and myrtles half buried among it. Everything about her told how fiercely the spirit had passed. Her robe of scarlet muslin was entirely torn off on one shoulder, and disclosed its exquisitely rounded proportions. Her glittering *négligé* was unclasped, and one end of it clenched firmly in the small left hand, which there was now hardly any possibility of unclosing. Her glazed eyes were wide open — her mouth set in an unnatural, yet fascinating smile ; her cheek still flushed with a more delicate, yet intense red than belongs to health ; and the excited boy, who was rushing hastily into the room, with the rapid inquiry, ‘Where is Father Vanezzi ?’ stood as fixed on the threshold, with sudden and conscious horror, as if he had been a thing of marble.”

It is not our intention to analyze, or even to give a compend of the Tale of Conti. Such are not the means by which any idea of its singular power can be afforded. We will content ourselves with saying that, in its prevailing tone, it bears no little resemblance to that purest, and most enthralling of fictions, the *Bride of Lammermuir* ; and we have once before expressed

our opinion of this, the master novel of Scott. It is not too much to say that no modern composition, and perhaps no composition whatever, with the single exception of Cervantes' *Destruction of Numantia*, approaches so nearly to the proper character of the dramas of Æschylus, as the magic tale of which Ravenswood is the hero. We are not aware of being sustained by any authority in this opinion — yet we do not believe it the less intrinsically correct.

The other pieces in the volumes of Mr. Chorley are *Margaret Sterne*, or *The Organist's Journey* — an *Essay on the Popular Love of Music* — *Rossini's Otello* — *The Imaginative Instrumental Writers*, Haydn, Beethoven, etc. — *The Village Beauty's Wedding* — *Handel's Messiah* — and *A few words upon National Music* — all of which papers evince literary powers of a high order, an intimate acquaintance with the science of music, and a lofty and passionate devotion to its interests.

THE CONFESSIONS OF EMILIA HARRINGTON. BY
LAMBERT A. WILMER. BALTIMORE.

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

THIS is a duodecimo of about two hundred pages. We have read it with that deep interest always excited by works written in a similar manner — be the subject matter what it may — works in which the author utterly loses sight of himself in his theme, and, for the time, identifies his own thoughts and feelings with the thoughts and feelings of fictitious existences. Than the power of accomplishing this perfect identification, there is

no surer mark of genius. It is the spell of Defoe. It is the wand of Boccaccio. It is the proper enchantment of the Arabian Tales — the gramarye of Scott, and the magic of the Bard of Avon. Had, therefore, the Emilia Harrington of Mr. Wilmer not one other quality to recommend it, we should have been satisfied of the author's genius from the simple *verisimilitude* of his narrative. Yet, unhappily, books thus written are not the books by which men acquire a contemporaneous reputation. What we said on this subject in the last number of the Messenger, may be repeated here without impropriety. We spoke of the Robinson Crusoe. "What better possible species of fame could the author have desired for that book than the species which it has so long enjoyed? It has become a household thing in nearly every family in Christendom. Yet never was admiration of any work — universal admiration — more indiscriminately or more inappropriately bestowed. Not one person in ten — nay, not one person in five hundred has, during the perusal of Robinson Crusoe, the most remote conception that any particle of genius, or even of common talent, has been employed in its creation. Men do not look upon it in the light of a literary performance. Defoe has none of their thoughts; Robinson all. The powers which have wrought the wonder, have been thrown into obscurity by the very stupendousness of the wonder they have wrought. We read, and become perfect abstractions in the intensity of our interest — we close the book, and are quite satisfied we could have written as well ourselves."

Emilia Harrington will render essential services to virtue in the unveiling of the deformities of vice. This is a deed of no questionable utility. We fully agree with

our author that ignorance of wrong is not security for the right ; and Mr. Wilmer has obviated every possible objection to the “ Confessions,” by a so cautious wording of his disclosures as not to startle, in warning, the virtuous. That the memoirs are not wholly fictitious is more than probable. There is much internal evidence of authenticity in the book itself, and the preface seems to hint that a portion at least of the narrative is true — yet for the sake of human nature it is to be hoped that *some* passages are overcolored. The *style* of Mr. Wilmer is not only good in itself, but exceedingly well adapted to his subjects. The letter to *Augustus Harrington* is vigorously written, and many long extracts might be taken from the book evincing powers of no ordinary kind.

Within a circle of *private* friends, whom Mr. Wilmer’s talents and many virtues have attached devotedly to himself, and among whom we are very proud in being ranked, his writings have been long properly appreciated, and we sincerely hope the days are not far in futurity when he will occupy that full station in the *public* eye to which his merits so decidedly entitle him. Our readers must all remember the touching lines *To Mira*, in the first number of our second volume — lines which called forth the highest encomiums from many whose opinions are of value. Their exquisite tenderness of sentiment — their vein of deep and *unaffected* melancholy — and their antique strength, and high polish of versification, struck us, upon a first perusal, with force, and subsequent readings have not weakened the impression. Mr. W. has written many other similar things. Among his longer pieces we may particularize *Merlin*, a drama — some portions of which are full of the truest poetic fire. His prose tales and

other short publications are numerous ; and as Editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, he has boldly and skilfully asserted the rights of independent criticism, speaking, in all instances — the truth. His Satiric Odes in the Post, over the signature of *Horace in Philadelphia*, have attracted great attention, and have been deservedly admired.

We copy with true pleasure from the editorial columns of a Baltimore contemporary, (for whose opinions we have the highest respect, even when they differ from our own,) the following notice of *Emilia Harrington*. It will supersede the necessity of any farther comment from ourselves.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN. 2 VOLS. PHILADELPHIA :
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

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

THESE are two neat little volumes devoted to a theme of rich interest. From the Preface, or rather from the date and place of date of the Preface, we may form a guess that the work was originally published in London, and that the present edition is merely a reprint. There is nothing in the title-page or in the body of the book indicative of its derivation. But be the "Noble Deeds of Woman" English or American, we recommend them heartily to public attention.

The content-table is thus subdivided : Maternal Affection — Filial Affection — Sisterly Affection — Conjugal Affection — Humanity — Integrity — Benevolence — Fortitude. Under each of these separate heads are collected numerous anecdotes in the manner of the Brothers Percy. Of course it will be impossible to speak of them as a whole. Some are a little *passés* — for the most part they are piquant and well selected — a few are exceedingly entertaining and *recherchés*. From page 139, vol. i, we select one or two paragraphs which will be sure to find favor with all our readers. We rejoice in so excellent an opportunity of transferring to our columns a document well deserving preservation.

[Here follows a letter from Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Secretary of the Greek Committee of Hartford, Connecticut.]

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA — VIRGINIA. A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN VIRGINIA. TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING THE JOURNALS OF THE CONVENTIONS IN VIRGINIA, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. BY THE REVEREND FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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

THIS is a large and handsome octavo of 620 pages. The very cursory examination which we have as yet been able to give it, will not warrant us in speaking of the work in other than general terms. A word or two, however, we may say in relation to the plan, the object, and circumstances of publication, with some few observations upon points which have attracted our especial attention.

From the Preface we learn that, more than five years ago, the author, in conjunction with the Rev. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, first conceived the idea of gathering together such materials for the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, as might still exist either in tradition or in the manuscripts of the earlier clergy. That these materials were abundant might rationally be supposed — still they were to be collected, if collected at all, at the expense of much patience, time, and labor, from a wide diversity of sources. Dr. Hawks and his associate, however,

were stimulated to exertion by many of the bishops and clergy of the church. The plan originally proposed was merely, if we understand it, the compilation of an annalistic journal — a record of naked facts, to be subsequently arranged and shaped into narrative by the pen of the historiographer. In the prosecution of the plan thus designed, our author and his coadjutor were successful beyond expectation, and a rich variety of matter was collected. Death, at this period, deprived Dr. Hawks of his friend's assistance, and left him to pursue his labor alone. He now, very properly, determined upon attempting, himself, the execution of the work for which his *Annals* were intended as *matériel*. He began with Virginia — selecting it as the oldest State. The present volume is simply an experiment. Should it succeed, of which there can be no doubt whatever, we shall have other volumes in turn — and that, we suppose, speedily, for there are already on hand sufficient *data* to furnish a history of “each of the older dioceses.”

For the design of this work — if even not for the manner of its execution — Dr. Hawks is entitled to the thanks of the community at large. He has taken nearly the first step (a step, too, of great decision, interest and importance) in the field of American Ecclesiastical History. To that church, especially, of which he is so worthy a member, he has rendered a service not to be lightly appreciated in the extraordinary dearth of materials for its story. In regard to Protestant Episcopatism in America it may be safely said that, prior to this publication of Dr. Hawks, there were no written memorials extant, with the exception of the Archives of the General and Diocesan Meetings, and the Journal of Bishop White. For other religious denominations

the *matériel* of history is more abundant, and it would be well, if following the suggestions and example of our author, Christians of all sects would exert themselves for the collection and preservation of what is so important to the cause of our National Ecclesiastical Literature.

The History of any Religion is necessarily a very large portion of the History of the people who profess it. And regarded in this point of view the "*Narrative*" of Dr. Hawks will prove of inestimable value to Virginia. It commences with the first settlement of the colony — with the days when the first church was erected in Virginia — that very church whose hoary ruins stand so tranquilly to-day in the briar-encumbered grave-yard at Jamestown — with the memorable epoch when Smith, being received into the council, partook, with his rival, the President, of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and Virginia "commenced its career of civilization" with the most impressive of Christian solemnities. Bringing down the affairs of the church to the appointment of the Reverend William Meade, D.D. as Assistant Bishop of Virginia, the narration concludes with a highly gratifying account of present prosperity. The diocese is said to possess more than one hundred churches "some of them the fruit of reviving zeal in parishes which once flourished, but have long been almost dead." Above seventy clergymen are in actual service. There is a large missionary fund, a part of which lies idle, because missionaries are not to be had. Much reliance is placed, however, upon the Seminary at Alexandria. This institution has afforded instruction, during the last three years, to sixty candidates for orders, and has given no less than thirty-six ministers to the Episcopalty.

We will mention, briefly, a few of the most striking points of the History before us. At page 48, are some remarks in reply to Burk's insinuation of a persecuting and intolerant spirit in the early colonial religion of the State — an insinuation based on no better authority than a statement in "certain ancient records of the province" concerning the trial, condemnation, and execution by fire, of a woman, for the crime of witchcraft. Dr. Hawks very justly observes, that even if the supposed execution did actually take place, it cannot sanction the inferences which are deduced from it. Evidence is wanting that the judgment was rendered by an ecclesiastical power. Witchcraft was an offence cognizable by the common courts of law, having been made a felony, without benefit of clergy, by the twelfth chapter of the first statute of James I, enacted in 1603. So that, allowing the prisoner to have suffered, her death, says our author, cannot more properly be charged to the ecclesiastical, than to the civil, authority. But in point of fact, the trial alluded to by Burk, (see Appendix, XXXI,) can be no other than that of the once notorious Grace Sherwood. And this trial, we are quite certain, took place before a civil tribunal. Besides, (what is most especially to the purpose) the accused though found guilty, and condemned, was *never executed*.

Some observations of our author upon a circumstance which History has connected with the secular feelings of the colony, will be read with pleasure by all men of liberal opinions. We allude to the fact that when one of the colony's agents in England (George Sandys, we believe) took it upon himself to petition Parliament, *in the name of his constituents*, for the restoration of the old company, the colony formally disavowed the act

and begged permission to remain under the royal government. Now, Burk insists that this disavowal was induced solely by attachment to the Church of England, for whose overthrow the Puritans were imagined to be particularly zealous. With Dr. Hawks we protest against the decision of the historian. It can be viewed in no other light than that of an effort (brought about, perhaps, by love of our political institutions, yet still exceedingly disingenuous) to *apologise* for the loyalty of Virginia—to apologise for our forefathers having felt what not to have felt would have required an apology indeed! By faith, by situation, by habits and by education they had been taught to be loyal—and with them, consequently, loyalty was a virtue. But if it was indeed a crime—if Virginia has committed an inexpressible offence in resisting the encroachments of the Dictator, (we shall not say of the Commonwealth) let not the Church—in the name of every thing reasonable—let not the Church be saddled with her iniquity—let not political prejudices, always too readily excited, be now enlisted against the religion we cherish, by insinuations artfully introduced, that the loyalty of the State was involved in its creed—that through faith alone it remained a slave—and that its love of monarchy was a mere necessary consequence of its attachment to the Church of England.

While upon this subject we beg leave to refer our readers to some remarks, (from the pen of Judge Beverley Tucker) which appeared under the Critical head of our Messenger before the writer of this article assumed the Editorial duties. The remarks of which we speak, are in reply to the aspersions of Mr. George Bancroft, who, in his late History of the United States, with every intention of paying Virginia a compliment,

accuses her of disloyalty, immediately before, and during the Protectorate. Of such an accusation, (for Hening's suggestions, upon pages 513 and 526, of the Statutes at Large cannot be considered as such) we had never seriously dreamed prior to the publication of Mr. Bancroft's work, and that Mr. Bancroft himself should never have dreamed of it, we were sufficiently convinced by the arguments of Judge Tucker. We allude to these arguments now, with the view of apprizing such of our readers as may remember them, that the author of the history in question, in a late interview with Dr. Hawks, has "disclaimed the intention of representing Virginia as wanting loyalty." All parties would have been better pleased with Mr. B. had he worked his disclaimer so as merely to assure us that in representing Virginia as disloyal he has found himself in error.

We will take the liberty of condensing here such of the leading points on both sides of the debated question as may either occur to us personally, or be suggested by those who have written on the subject. In proof of Virginia's *disloyalty* it is said :

1. There is a deficiency of evidence to establish the fact, (a fact much insisted upon) that on the death of the governor, Matthews, in the beginning of 1659, a tumultuous assemblage resolved to throw off the government of the Protectorate, and repairing to the residence of Sir William Berkeley, then living in retirement, requested him to resume the direction of the colony. If such had been the fact, existing records would have shown it—but they do not. Moreover, these records show that Berkeley was elected precisely as the other governors had been, in Virginia, during the Protectorate.
2. After the battle of Dunbar, and the fall of

Montrose, Virginia passed an act of surrender — she was therefore in favor of the Parliament.

3. The Colonial Legislature claimed the supreme power as residing within itself. In this it evinced a wish to copy the Parliament — to which it was therefore favorable.

4. Cromwell acted magnanimously towards Virginia. The terms of the article in the Treaty of Surrender by which Virginia stipulated for a trade free as that of England, were faithfully observed till the Restoration. The Protector's Navigation Act was not enforced in Virginia. Cromwell being thus lenient, Virginia must have been satisfied.

5. Virginia elected her own governors. Bennett, Digges, and Matthews were commonwealth's men. Therefore Virginia was republican.

6. Virginia was infected with republicanism. She wished to set up for herself. Thus intent, she demands of Berkeley a distinct acknowledgment of her assembly's supremacy. His reply was "I am but the servant of the assembly." Berkeley, therefore, was republican, and his tumultuous election proves nothing but the republicanism of Virginia.

These arguments are answered in order, thus :

1. The fact of the "tumultuous assemblage," &c. might have existed without such fact appearing in the records spoken of. For these records are manifestly incomplete. Some whole documents are lost, and parts of many. Granting that Berkeley was *elected* precisely in the usual way, it does not disprove that a multitude urged him to resume his old office. The election is all of which these records would speak. But *the call to office* might have been a popular movement — the election quite as usual. This latter was

left to go on in the old mode, probably because it was well known "that those who were to make it were cavaliers."

Moreover — Beverley, Burk, Chalmers and Holmes are all direct testimony in favor of the "tumultuous assemblage."

2. The act of surrender was in self-defence, when resistance would have availed nothing. Its terms evince no acknowledgment of authority, but mere submission to force. They contain *not one word* recognizing the rightful power of Parliament, nor impeaching that of the king.

3. The "Claiming the supreme power," &c. proves any thing but the fealty of the Colonial Legislature to the Commonwealth. According to Mr. Bancroft himself, Virginians in 1619 "first set the world the example of equal representation." "From that time" (we here quote the words of Judge Tucker,) "they held that the supreme power was in the hands of the Colonial Parliament, then established, and of the king as king of Virginia. Now the authority of the king being at an end, and no successor being acknowledged, it followed, as a corollary from their principles, that no power remained but that of the assembly," — and this is precisely what they mean by claiming the supreme power as residing in the Colonial Legislature.

4. Chalmers, Beverley, Holmes, Marshall and Robertson speak, positively, of great discontents occasioned by restrictions and oppressions upon Virginian commerce : and a Memorial in behalf of the trade of the State presented to the Protector, mentions "*the poor planters' general complaints that they are the merchants' slaves,*" as a consequence of "*that Act of Navigation.*"

5. It is probable that Bennett, Digges, and Matthews, (granting Bennett to have been disloyal) were forced upon the colony by Cromwell, whom Robertson (on the authority of Beverley and Chalmers,) asserts to have named the governors during the Protectorate. The election was possibly a mere form. The use of the equivocal word *named*, is, as Judge Tucker remarks, a proof that the historian was not speaking at random. He does not say *appointed*. They were *named* — with no possibility of their nomination being rejected — as the speaker of the House of Commons was frequently named in England. But Bennett was a staunch loyalist — a fact too well known in Virginia to need proof.

6. The reasoning here is reasoning in a circle. Virginia is first declared republican. From this assumed fact, deductions are made which prove Berkeley so — and Berkeley's republicanism, thus proved, is made to establish that of Virginia. But Berkeley's answer (from which Mr. Bancroft has extracted the words "I am but the servant of the assembly") runs thus.

"You desire me to do that concerning your titles and claims to land in this northern part of America, which I am in no capacity to do ; for I am but the servant of the assembly : *neither do they arrogate to themselves any power farther than the miserable distractions in England force them to.* For when God shall be pleased to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, *they will immediately return to their professed obedience.*" Smith's New York. It will be seen that Mr. Bancroft has been disingenuous in quoting only a portion of this sentence. The *whole* proves incontestably that neither Berkeley

nor the assembly *arrogated to themselves any power beyond what they were forced to assume by circumstances* — in a word, it proves their loyalty. But Berkeley was loyal beyond dispute. *Norwood*, in his “*Journal of a Voyage to Virginia*,” states that “*Berkeley showed great respect to all the royal party who made that colony their refuge. His house and purse were open to all so qualified.*” The same journalist was sent over, at Berkeley’s expense, to find out the King in Holland, and have an interview with him.”

To these arguments in favor of Virginia’s loyalty may be added the following.

1. Contemporaries of Cromwell — men who were busy in the great actions of the day — have left descendants in Virginia — descendants in whose families the loyalty of Virginia is a cherished *tradition*.

2. The question, being one of *fact*, a mistake could hardly have been made originally — or, if so made, could not have been perpetuated. Now all the early historians call Virginia loyal.

3. The cavaliers in England (as we learn from British authorities) looked upon Virginia as a place of refuge.

4. Holmes’ Annals make the population of the state, at the commencement of the civil wars in England, about 20,000. Of these let us suppose only 10,000 loyal. At the Restoration the same Annals make the population 30,000. Here is an increase of 10,000, which increase consisted altogether, or nearly so, of loyalists, *for few others had reason for coming over*. The loyalists are now therefore double the republicans, and Virginia must be loyal.

5. Cromwell was always suspicious of Virginia. Of this there are many proofs. One of them may be

found in the fact that when the state sympathizing with the victims of Claiborne's oppression, (a felon employed by Cromwell to "root out popery in Maryland") afforded them a refuge, she was sternly reprimanded by the Protector, and admonished to keep a guard on her actions.

6. A pamphlet called "Virginia's Cure, an Advisive Narrative concerning Virginia," printed in 1661, speaks of the people as "men which generally bear a great love to the stated constitutions of the Church of England in her government and public worship; which gave us the advantage of liberty to use it constantly among them, after the naval force had reduced the colony under the power (*but never to the obedience*) of the usurpers."

7. John Hammond, in a book entitled "Leah and Rachell, or the two fruitful Sisters of Virginia and Maryland," printed in 1656, speaking of the State during the Protectorate, has the words "*Virginia being whole for monarchy.*"

8. Immediately after the fall of Charles I, Virginia passed an Act making it *high treason* to justify his murder, or to acknowledge the Parliament. The Act is not so much as the terms of the Act.

Lastly. The distinguishing features of Virginian character at present — features of a marked nature — not elsewhere to be met with in America — and evidently akin to that chivalry which denoted the Cavalier — can be in no manner so well accounted for as by considering them the *débris* of a devoted loyalty.

At page 122 of the work before us, Dr. Hawks has entered into a somewhat detailed statement (involving much information to us entirely new) concerning the celebrated "Parson's cause" — the church's contro-

versy with the laity on the subject of payments in money substituted for payments in tobacco. It was this controversy which first elicited the oratorical powers of Patrick Henry, and our author dwells with much emphasis, and no little candor, upon the fascinating abilities which proved so unexpectedly fatal to the clerical interest.

On page 160 are some farther highly interesting reminiscences of Mr. Henry. The opinion of Wirt is considered unfounded, that the great orator was a believer in Christianity without having a preference for any of the forms in which it is presented. We are glad to find that Mr. Wirt was in error. The Christian religion, it has been justly remarked, must assume a *distinct form of profession* — or it is worth little. An avowal of a merely general Christianity is little better than an avowal of none at all. Patrick Henry, according to Dr. Hawks, was of the Episcopalian faith. That at any period of his life he was an unbeliever is explicitly denied, on the authority of a MS. letter, in possession of our author, containing information of Mr. H. derived from his widow and descendants.

It is with no little astonishment that we have seen Dr. Hawks accused of illiberality in his few remarks upon “that noble monument of liberty,” the *Act for the Establishment of Religious Freedom*. If there is any thing beyond simple justice in his observations we, for our own parts, cannot perceive it. No respect for the civil services or the unquestionable mental powers of Jefferson, shall blind us to his iniquities. That our readers may judge for themselves we quote in full the sentences which have been considered as objectionable.

In Chapter xii, the whole history of the Glebe Law

of 1802 — a law the question of whose constitutionality is still undetermined — is detailed with much candor, and in a spirit of calm inquiry. A vivid picture is exhibited of some desecrations which have been consequent upon the sale.

In Chapter xiii, is an exceedingly well-written memoir of our patriarchal bishop the Right Reverend Richard Channing Moore. From this memoir we must be permitted to extract a single passage of peculiar interest.

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The historical portion of the work before us occupies about one half of its pages. The other half embraces “Journals of the Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Virginia — from 1785 to 1835, inclusive.” It is, of course, unnecessary to dwell upon the great value to the church of such a compilation. Very few, if any, complete sets of diocesan Journals of Conventions are in existence. We will conclude our notice, by heartily recommending the entire volume, as an important addition to our Civil as well as Ecclesiastical History.

PHRENOLOGY, AND THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF PHRENOLOGY : ARRANGED FOR GENERAL STUDY, AND THE PURPOSES OF EDUCATION, FROM THE FIRST PUBLISHED WORKS OF GALL AND SPURZHEIM, TO THE LATEST DISCOVERIES OF THE PRESENT PERIOD. BY MRS. L. MILES. PHILADELPHIA : CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

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

PHRENOLOGY is no longer to be laughed at. It is no longer laughed at by men of common understanding. It has assumed the majesty of a science ; and, as a science, ranks among the most important which can engage the attention of thinking beings — this too, whether we consider it merely as an object of speculative inquiry, or as involving consequences of the highest practical magnitude. As a study it is very extensively accredited in Germany, in France, in Scotland, and in both Americas. Some of its earliest and most violent opposers have been converted to its doctrines. We may instance George Combe who wrote the “ Phrenology.” Nearly all Edinburgh has been brought over to belief in spite of the Review and its ill sustained opinions. Yet these latter were considered of so great weight that Dr. Spurzheim was induced to visit Scotland for the purpose of refuting them. There, with the Edinburgh Review in one hand, and a brain in the other, he delivered a lecture before a numerous assembly, among whom was the author of the most virulent attack which perhaps the science has ever received. At this single lecture he is said to have gained five hundred converts to Phrenology, and the Northern Athens is now the stronghold of the faith.

In regard to the uses of Phrenology — its most direct, and, perhaps, most salutary, is that of *self-examination and self-knowledge*. It is contended that, with proper caution, and well-directed inquiry, individuals may obtain, through the science, a perfectly accurate estimate of their own moral capabilities — and, thus instructed, will be the better fitted for decision in regard to a choice of offices and duties in life. But there are other and scarcely less important uses too numerous to mention — at least here.

The beautiful little work before us was originally printed in London in a manner sufficiently quaint. The publication consisted of forty cards contained in a box resembling a small pocket volume. An embossed head accompanied the cards, giving at a glance the relative situations and proportions of each organ, and superseding altogether the necessity of a bust. This head served as an Index to the explanations of the system. The whole formed a lucid, compact, and portable compend of Phrenology. The present edition of the work, however, is preferable in many respects, and is indeed exceedingly neat and convenient — we presume that it pretends to be nothing more.

The Faculties are divided into *Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments* and *Intellectual Faculties*. The Instinctive Propensities and Sentiments are subdivided into *Domestic Affections*, embracing Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Inhabitiveness, and Attachment — *Preservative Faculties*, embracing Combactiveness, Destructiveness, Gustativeness — *Prudential Sentiments*, embracing Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautionness — *Regulating Powers*, including Self-Esteem, Love of Approbation, Conscientiousness, and Firmness — *Imaginative Faculties*, containing Hope,

Ideality, and Marvellousness — and *Moral Sentiments*, under which head comes Benevolence, Veneration, and Imitation. The *Intellectual Faculties* are divided into *Observing Faculties*, viz: Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Color, Order, and Number — *Scientific Faculties*, viz: Constructiveness, Locality, Time, and Tune — *Reflecting Faculties*, viz: Eventuality, Comparison, Causality and Wit — and lastly, the *Subservient Faculty*, which is Language. This classification is arranged with sufficient clearness, but it would require no great degree of acumen to show that to mere perspicuity points of vital importance to the science have been sacrificed.

At page 17 is a brief chapter entitled a *Survey of Contour*, well conceived and well adapted to its purpose which is — to convey by a casual or superficial view of any head, an idea of what propensities, sentiments, or faculties, most distinguish the individual. It is here remarked that “any faculty may be possessed in perfection without showing itself in a prominence or bump,” (a fact not often attended to) “it is only where *one* organ predominates above those nearest to it, that it becomes singly perceptible. Where a number of contiguous organs are large, there will be a general fulness of that part of the head.”

Some passages in Mrs. Miles’ little book have a very peculiar interest. At page 26 we find what follows.

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In the chapter on *Combativeness*, we meet with the very sensible and necessary observation that we must not consider the possession of particular and instinctive propensities, as acquitting us of responsibility in the indulgence of culpable actions. On the contrary it is the perversion of our faculties which causes the greatest

misery we endure, and for which (having the free exercise of *reason*) we are accountable to God.

The following is quoted from *Edinensis, vol. iv.*

The words annexed occur at page 102.

And again at page 159.

“By appealing to Nature herself, it can scarcely be doubted that certain forms of the head denote particular talents or dispositions; and anatomists find that *the surface of the brain* presents the same appearance in shape which the skull exhibits during life. Idiocy is invariably the consequence of the brain being too small, while in such heads the animal propensities are generally very full.”

To this may be added the opinion of Gall, that a skull which is large, which is elevated or high above the ears, and in which the head is well developed and thrown forward, so as to be nearly perpendicular with its base, may be presumed to lodge a brain of greater power (whatever may be its propensities) than a skull deficient in such proportion.

MAHMOUD. NEW YORK. PUBLISHED BY HARPER
AND BROTHERS.

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

OF this book — its parentage or birth-place — we know nothing beyond the scanty and equivocal information derivable from the title-page, and from the brief Advertisement prefixed to the narrative itself. From the title-page we learn, or rather we do *not* learn that Harper and Brothers are the publishers — for although we are informed, in so many direct words that such is the fact, still we are taught by experience that, in the bookselling vocabulary of the day, the word *published* has too expansive, too variable, and altogether too convenient a meaning to be worthy of very serious attention. The volumes before us are, we imagine, (although really without any good reason for so imagining,) a reprint from a London publication. It is quite possible, however, that the work is by an American writer, and now, as it professes to be, for the first time actually published. From the Advertisement we understand that the book is a combination of *facts* derived from private sources; or from personal observation. We are told that “with the exception of a few of the inferior characters, and the trifling accessories necessary to blend the materials, and impart a unity to the rather complex web of the narrative, the whole may be relied upon as perfectly true.”

Be this as it may, we should have read “*Mahmoud*” with far greater pleasure had we never seen the Anastasius of Mr. Hope. That most excellent and vivid (although somewhat immoral) series of Turkish paint-

ings is still nearly as fresh within our memory as in the days of perusal. The work left nothing farther to be expected, or even to be desired, in rich, bold, vigorous, and accurate delineation of the scenery, characters, manners, and peculiarities of the region to which its pages were devoted. Nothing less than the consciousness of superior power could have justified any one in treading in the steps of Mr. Hope. And, certainly, nothing at all, under any circumstances, whatsoever, could have justified a direct and palpable copy of Anastasius. Yet Mahmoud is no better.

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GEORGIA SCENES, CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, &c. IN
THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC. BY
A NATIVE GEORGIAN. AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

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

THIS book has reached us anonymously — not to say anomalously — yet it is most heartily welcome. The author, whoever he is, is a clever fellow, imbued with a spirit of the truest humor, and endowed, moreover, with an exquisitely discriminative and penetrating understanding of *character* in general, and of Southern character in particular. And we do not mean to speak of *human* character exclusively. To be sure, our Georgian is *au fait* here too — he is learned in all things appertaining to the biped without feathers. In regard, especially, to that class of southwestern mam-

malia who come under the generic appellation of "savageous wild cats," he is a very Theophrastus in duodecimo. But he is not the less at home in other matters. Of geese and ganders he is the La Bruyère, and of good-for-nothing horses the Rochefoucault.

Seriously — if this book were printed in England it would make the fortune of its author. We positively mean what we say — and are quite sure of being sustained in our opinion by all proper judges who may be so fortunate as to obtain a copy of the "*Georgia Scenes*," and who will be at the trouble of sifting their peculiar merits from amid the *gaucheries* of a Southern publication. Seldom — perhaps never in our lives — have we laughed as immoderately over any book as over the one now before us. If these *scenes* have produced such effect upon *our* cachinnatory nerves — upon *us* who are not "of the merry mood," and, moreover, have not been used to the perusal of somewhat similar things — we are at no loss to imagine what a hubbub they would occasion in the uninitiated regions of Cockaigne. And what would Christopher North say to them? — ah, what would Christopher North say? that is the question. Certainly not a word. But we can fancy the pursing up of his lips, and the long, loud, and jovial resonation of his wicked, uproarious ha! ha's!

From the Preface to the Sketches before us we learn that although they are, generally, nothing more than fanciful combinations of real incidents and characters, still, in some instances, the narratives are literally true. We are told also that the publication of these pieces was commenced, rather more than a year ago, in one of the Gazettes of the State, and that they were favorably received. "For the last six months," says

the author, "I have been importuned by persons from all quarters of the State to give them to the public in the present form." This speaks well for the Georgian taste. But that the publication will *succeed*, in the bookselling sense of the word, is problematical. Thanks to the long-indulged literary supineness of the South, her presses are not as apt in putting forth a *saleable* book as her sons are in concocting a wise one.

From a desire of concealing the author's name, two different signatures, Baldwin and Hall, were used in the original *Sketches*, and, to save trouble, are preserved in the present volume. With the exception, however, of one scene, "The Company Drill," all the book is the production of the same pen. The first article in the list is "Georgia Theatrics." Our friend *Hall*, in this piece, represents himself as ascending, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a June day, "a long and gentle slope in what was called the Dark Corner of Lincoln County, Georgia." Suddenly his ears are assailed by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, proceeding, apparently, from a large company of ragamuffins, concealed in a thick covert of undergrowth about a hundred yards from the road.

And now the sounds assume all the discordant intonations inseparable from a Georgia "rough and tumble" fight. Our traveller listens in dismay to the indications of a quick, violent, and deadly struggle. With the intention of acting as pacificator, he dismounts in haste, and hurries to the scene of action. Presently, through a gap in the thicket, he obtains a glimpse of one, at least, of the combatants. This one appears to

have his antagonist beneath him on the ground, and to be dealing on the prostrate wretch the most unmerciful blows. Having overcome about half the space which separated him from the combatants, our friend Hall is horror-stricken at seeing “the uppermost make a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and hearing, at the same instant, a cry in the accent of keenest torture, ‘Enough! my eye’s out!’”

Rushing to the rescue of the mutilated wretch the traveller is surprised at finding that all the accomplices in the hellish deed have fled at his approach—at least so he supposes, for none of them are to be seen.

All that had been seen or heard was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which all the parts of all the characters of a Georgian Court-House fight had been sustained by the youth of the plough *solus*. The whole anecdote is told with a raciness and vigor which would do honor to the pages of Blackwood.

The second Article is “The Dance, a Personal Adventure of the Author” in which the oddities of a backwood reel are depicted with inimitable force, fidelity and picturesque effect. “The Horse-swap” is a vivid narration of an encounter between the wits of two Georgian horse-jockies. This is most excellent in every respect—but especially so in its delineations of Southern bravado, and the keen sense of the ludicrous evinced in the portraiture of the steeds. We think the following free and easy sketch of a *boss* superior, in joint humor and verisimilitude, to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

“The character of a Native Georgian” is amusing, but not so good as the scenes which precede and succeed it. Moreover the character described (a practical humorist) is neither very original, nor appertaining exclusively to Georgia.

“*The Fight*” although involving some horrible and disgusting details of southern barbarity is a sketch unsurpassed in dramatic vigor, and in the vivid truth to nature of one or two of the personages introduced. *Uncle Tommy Loggins*, in particular, an oracle in “rough and tumbles,” and Ransy Sniffle, a misshapen urchin “who in his earlier days had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries,” and all the pleasures of whose life centre in a love of fisticuffs — are both forcible, accurate and original generic delineations of real existences to be found sparsely in Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana, and very plentifully in our more remote settlements and territories. This article would positively make the fortune of any British periodical.

“The Song” is a burlesque somewhat overdone, but upon the whole a good caricature of Italian bravura singing. The following account of Miss Aurelia Emma Theodosia Augusta Crump’s execution on the piano is inimitable.

The “*Turn Out*” is an excellent — a second edition of Miss Edgeworth’s “*Barring Out*,” and full of fine touches of the truest humor. The scene is laid in Georgia, and in the good old days of *fescues*, *abbiselfas*, and *anpersants* — terms in very common use, but whose derivation we have always been at a loss to understand. Our author thus learnedly explains the riddle.

“The *fescue* was a sharpened wire, or other instrument, used by the preceptor, to point out the letters to the children. *Abbiselfa* is a contraction of the words ‘a, by itself, a.’ It was usual, when either of the vowels constituted a syllable of a word, to pronounce it, and denote its independent character, by the words first mentioned, thus: ‘a by itself *a*, c-o-r-n corn, *acorn*’ — *e* by itself *e*, v-i-l, evil. The character which stands for the word *and* (∫) was probably pronounced with the same accompaniments, but in terms borrowed from the Latin language, thus: ‘∫ *per se* (by itself) &.’ Hence ‘*anpersant*.’”

This whole story forms an admirable picture of school-boy democracy in the woods. The *master* refuses his pupils an Easter holiday; and upon repairing, at the usual hour of the fatal day, to his school house, “a log pen about twenty feet square,” finds every avenue to his ingress fortified and barricadoed. He advances, and is assailed by a whole wilderness of sticks from the cracks. Growing desperate, he seizes a fence rail, and finally succeeds in effecting an entrance by demolishing the door. He is soundly flogged however for his pains, and the triumphant urchins suffer him to escape with his life, solely upon condition of their being allowed to do what they please as long as they shall think proper.

“*The Charming Creature as a Wife*,” is a very striking narrative of the evils attendant upon an ill-arranged marriage — but as it has nothing about it peculiarly Georgian, we pass it over without further comment.

“*The Gander Pulling*” is a gem worthy, in every respect, of the writer of “*The Fight*,” and “*The Horse Swap*.” What a “*Gander Pulling*” is, how-

ever, may probably not be known by a great majority of our readers. We will therefore tell them. It is a piece of unprincipled barbarity not infrequently practised in the South and West. A circular horse path is formed of about forty or fifty yards in diameter. Over this path, and between two posts about ten feet apart, is extended a rope which, swinging loosely, vibrates in an arc of five or six feet. From the middle of this rope, lying directly over the middle of the path, a gander, whose neck and head are well greased, is suspended by the feet. The distance of the fowl from the ground is generally about ten feet — and its neck is consequently just within reach of a man on horseback. Matters being thus arranged, and the mob of vagabonds assembled, who are desirous of entering the chivalrous lists of the “Gander Pulling,” a hat is handed round, into which a quarter or half dollar, as the case may be, is thrown by each competitor. The money thus collected is the prize of the victor in the game — and the game is thus conducted. The ragamuffins mounted on horseback, gallop round the circle in Indian file. At a word of command, given by the proprietor of the gander, the pulling, properly so called, commences. Each villain as he passes under the rope, makes a grab at the throat of the devoted bird — the end and object of the tourney being to pull off his head. This of course is an end not easily accomplished. The fowl is obstinately bent upon retaining his caput if possible — in which determination he finds a powerful adjunct in the grease. The rope, moreover, by the efforts of the human devils, is kept in a troublesome and tantalizing state of vibration, while two assistants of the proprietor, one at each pole, are provided with a tough cowhide, for the purpose of

preventing any horse from making too long a sojourn beneath the gander. Many hours, therefore, not unfrequently elapse before the contest is decided.

“*The Ball*” — a Georgia ball — is done to the life. Some passages, in a certain species of sly humor, wherein intense observation of character is disguised by simplicity of relation, put us forcibly in mind of the Spectator. For example.

“*The Mother and her Child*,” we have seen before — but read it a second time with zest. It is a laughable burlesque of the baby gibberish so frequently made use of by mothers in speaking to their children. This sketch evinces, like all the rest of the Georgia scenes — a fine dramatic talent.

“*The Debating Society*” is the best thing in the book — and indeed one among the best things of the kind we have ever read. It has all the force and freedom of some similar articles in the Diary of a Physician — without the evident straining for effect which so disfigures that otherwise admirable series. We will need no apology for copying *The Debating Society* entire.

“*The Militia Company Drill*,” is not by the author of the other pieces but has a strong family resemblance, and is very well executed. Among the innumerable descriptions of Militia musters which are so rife in the land, we have met with nothing at all equal to this in the matter of broad farce.

“*The Turf*” is also capital, and bears with it a kind of dry and sarcastic morality which will recommend it to many readers.

“*An Interesting Interview*” is another specimen of

exquisite dramatic talent. It consists of nothing more than a facsimile of the speech, actions, and *thoughts* of two drunken old men — but its air of truth is perfectly inimitable.

“*The Fox-Hunt*,” “*The Wax Works*,” and “*A Sage Conversation*,” are all good — but neither as good as many other articles in the book.

“*The Shooting Match*,” which concludes the volume, may rank with the best of the Tales which precede it. As a portraiture of the manners of our South-Western peasantry, in especial, it is perhaps better than any.

Altogether this very humorous, and very clever book forms an æra in our reading. It has reached us per mail, and without a cover. We will have it bound forthwith, and give it a niche in our library as a sure omen of better days for the literature of the South.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. BY J. K. PAULD-
ING. NEW YORK : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE SOUTH VINDICATED FROM THE TREASON AND
FANATICISM OF THE NORTHERN ABOLITIONISTS.
PHILADELPHIA : PUBLISHED BY H. MANLY.

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

IT is impossible to look attentively and understandingly on those phenomena that indicate public sentiment in regard to the subject of these works, without deep and anxious interest. “*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*,” is a saying fearfully applicable to what is called the “march of mind.” It is an unquestionable truth.

The absolute and palpable impossibility of ever unlearning what we know, and of returning, even by forgetfulness, to the state of mind in which the knowledge of it first found us, has always afforded flattering encouragement to the hopes of him who dreams about the perfectibility of human nature. Sometimes one scheme, and sometimes another is devised for accomplishing this great end ; and these means are so various, and often so opposite, that the different experiments which the world has countenanced would seem to contradict the maxim we have quoted. At one time human nature is to be elevated to the height of perfection, by emancipating the mind from all the restraints imposed by Religion. At another, the same end is to be accomplished by the universal spread of a faith, under the benign influence of which every son of Adam is to become holy, "even as God is holy." One or the other of these schemes has been a cardinal point in every system of perfectibility which has been devised since the earliest records of man's history began. At the same time the progress of knowledge (subject indeed to occasional interruptions) has given to each successive experiment a seeming advantage over that which preceded it.

But it is lamentable to observe, that let research discover, let science teach, let art practice what it may, man, in all his mutations, never fails to get back to some point at which he has been before. The human mind seems to perform, by some invariable laws, a sort of cycle, like those of the heavenly bodies. We may be unable, (and, for ourselves, we profess to be so) to trace the *causes* of these changes ; but we are not sure that an accurate observation of the history of the various nations at different times, may not detect the *laws*

that govern them. However eccentric the orbit, the comet's place in the heavens enables the enlightened astronomer to anticipate its future course, to tell when it will pass its perihelion, in what direction it will shoot away into the unfathomable abyss of infinite space, and at what period it will return. But what especially concerns us, is to mark its progress through our planetary system, to determine whether in coming or returning it may infringe upon us, and prove the messenger of that dispensation which, in the end of all things, is to wrap our earth in flames.

Not less eccentric, and far more deeply interesting to us, is the orbit of the human mind. If, as some have supposed, the comet in its upward flight is drawn away by the attraction of some other sun, around which also it bends its course, thus linking another system with our own, the analogy will be more perfect. For while man is ever seen rushing with uncontrollable violence toward one or the other of his opposite extremes, fanaticism and irreligion — at each of these we find placed an attractive force identical in its nature and in many of its effects. At each extreme, we find him influenced by the same prevailing interest — devoting himself to the accomplishment of the same great object. Happiness is his purpose. The sources of that, he may be told, are within himself — but his eye will fix on the external means, and these he will labor to obtain. Foremost among these, and the equivalent which is to purchase all the rest, is property. At this all men aim, and their eagerness seems always proportioned to the excitement, which, from whatever cause, may for the time prevail. Under such excitement, the many who want, band themselves together against the few that possess ; and the lawless appetite of the mul-

titude for the property of others calls itself the spirit of liberty.

In the calm, and, as we would call it, the healthful condition of the public mind, when every man worships God after his own manner, and Religion and its duties are left to his conscience and his Maker, we find each quietly enjoying his own property, and permitting to others the quiet enjoyment of theirs. Under that state of things, those modes and forms of liberty which regulate and secure this enjoyment, are preferred. Peace reigns, the arts flourish, science extends her discoveries, and man, and the sources of his enjoyments, are multiplied. But in this condition things never rest. We have already disclaimed any knowledge of the causes which forbid this — we only know that such exist. We know that men are always passing, with fearful rapidity, between the extremes of fanaticism and irreligion, and that at either extreme, property and all governmental machinery provided to guard it, become insecure. “Down with the Church! Down with the Altar!” is at one time the cry. “Turn the fat bigots out of their styes, sell the property of the Church and give the money to the poor!” “Behold our turn cometh,” says the Millenarian. “The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of God and his Christ. Sell what you have and give to the poor, and let all things be in common!”

It is now about two hundred years since this latter spirit showed itself in England with a violence and extravagance which accomplished the overthrow of all the institutions of that kingdom. With that we have nothing to do; but we should suppose that the striking resemblance between the aspect of a certain party in that country then and now, could hardly escape the

English statesman. Fifty years ago, in France, this eccentric comet, "public sentiment," was in its opposite node. Making allowance for the difference in the characters of the two people, the effects were identical, the apparent causes were the opposites of each other. In the history of the French Revolution, we find a sort of symptomatic phenomenon, the memory of which was soon lost in the fearful exacerbation of the disease. But it should be remembered now, that in that war against property, the first object of attack was property in slaves; that in that war on behalf of the alleged right of man to be discharged from all control of law, the first triumph achieved was in the emancipation of slaves.

The recent events in the West Indies, and the parallel movement here, give an awful importance to these thoughts in our minds. They superinduce a something like despair of success in any attempt that may be made to resist the attack on all our rights, of which that on Domestic Slavery (the basis of all our institutions) is but the precursor. It is a sort of boding that may belong to the family of superstitions. All vague and undefined fears, from causes the nature of which we know not, the operations of which we cannot stay, are of that character. Such apprehensions are alarming in proportion to our estimate of the value of the interest endangered; and are excited by every thing which enhances that estimate. Such apprehensions have been awakened in our minds by the books before us. To Mr. Paulding, as a Northern man, we tender our grateful thanks for the faithful picture he has drawn of slavery as it appeared to him in his visit to the South, and as exhibited in the information he has carefully derived from those most capable of giving it.

His work is executed in the very happiest manner of an author in whom America has the greatest reason to rejoice, and will not fail to enhance his reputation immeasurably as a writer of pure and vigorous English, as a clear thinker, as a patriot, and as a man. The other publication, which we take to be from a Southern pen, is more calculated to excite our indignation against the calumnies which have been put forth against us, and the wrongs meditated by those who come to us in the names of our common Redeemer and common country — seeking our destruction under the mask of Christian Charity and Brotherly Love. This, too, is executed with much ability, and may be read with pleasure as well as profit. While we take great pleasure in recommending these works to our readers, we beg leave to add a few words of our own. We are the more desirous to do this, because there is a view of the subject most deeply interesting to us, which we do not think has ever been presented, by any writer, in as high relief as it deserves. We speak of the moral influences flowing from the relation of master and slave, and the moral feelings engendered and cultivated by it. A correspondent of Mr. Paulding's justly speaks of this relation as one partaking of the patriarchal character, and much resembling that of clanship. This is certainly so. But to say this, is to give a very inadequate idea of it, unless we take into consideration the peculiar character (I may say the peculiar nature) of the negro. Let us reason upon it as we may, there is certainly a power, in causes inscrutable to us, which works essential changes in the different races of animals. In their physical constitution this is obvious to the senses. The color of the negro no man can deny, and therefore, it was but the

other day, that they who will believe nothing they cannot account for, made this manifest fact an authority for denying the truth of holy writ. Then comes the opposite extreme — they are, like ourselves, the sons of Adam, and must therefore, have like passions and wants and feelings and tempers in all respects. This, we deny, and appeal to the knowledge of all who know. But their authority will be disputed, and their testimony falsified, unless we can devise something to show how a difference might and should have been brought about. Our theory is a short one. It was the will of God it should be so. But the means — how was this effected? We will give the answer to any one who will develop the causes which might and should have blackened the negro's skin and crisped his hair into wool. Until that is done, we shall take leave to speak, as of things *in esse*, in a degree of loyal devotion on the part of the slave to which the white man's heart is a stranger, and of the master's reciprocal feeling of parental attachment to his humble dependant, equally incomprehensible to him who drives a bargain with the cook who prepares his food, the servant who waits at his table, and the nurse who dozes over his sick bed. That these sentiments in the breast of the negro and his master, are stronger than they would be under like circumstances between individuals of the white race, we believe. That they belong to the class of feelings “by which the heart is made better,” we know. How come they? They have their rise in the relation between the infant and the nurse. They are cultivated between him and his foster brother. They are cherished by the parents of both. They are fostered by the habit of affording protection and favors to the younger offspring of the

same nurse. They grow by the habitual use of the word “my,” used in the language of affectionate appropriation, long before any idea of value mixes with it. It is a term of endearment. That is an easy transition by which he who is taught to call the little negro “his,” in this sense and *because he loves him*, shall love him *because he is his*. The idea is not new, that our habits and affections are reciprocally cause and effect of each other.

But the great teacher in this school of feeling is sickness. In this school we have witnessed scenes at which even the hard heart of a thorough bred philanthropist would melt. But here, we shall be told, it is not humanity, but interest that prompts. Be it so. Our business is not with the cause but the effect. But is it interest, which, with assiduous care, prolongs the life of the aged and decrepid negro, who has been, for years, a burthen? Is it interest which labors to rear the crippled or deformed urchin, who can never be any thing but a burthen — which carefully feeds the feeble lamp of life that, without any appearance of neglect, might be permitted to expire? Is not the feeling more akin to that parental *στοργή*, which, in defiance of reason, is most careful of the life which is, all the time, felt to be a curse to the possessor? Are such cases rare? They are as rare as the occasions; but let the occasion occur, and you will see the case. How else is the longevity of the negro proverbial? A negro who does no work for thirty years! (and we know such examples) is it interest which has lengthened out his existence?

Let the philanthropist think as he may — by the negro himself, his master’s care of him in sickness is not imputed to interested feelings. We know an instance

of a negress who was invited by a benevolent lady in Philadelphia to leave her mistress. The lady promised to secrete her for a while, and then to pay her good wages. The poor creature felt the temptation and was about to yield. "You are mighty good, madam," said she "and I am a thousand times obliged to you. And if I am sick or any thing, I am sure you will take care of me, and nurse me, like my good mistress used to do, and bring me something warm and good to comfort me, and tie up my head and fix my pillow." She spoke in the simplicity of her heart, and the tempter had not the heart to deceive her. "No," said she "all *that* will come out of your wages — for you will have money enough to hire a nurse." The tears had already swelled in the warm hearted creature's eyes, at her own recital of her mistress' kindness. They now gushed forth in a flood, and running to her lady who was a lodger in the house, she threw herself on her knees, confessed her fault, was pardoned, and was happy.

But it is not by the bedside of the sick negro that the feeling we speak of is chiefly engendered. They who would view it in its causes and effects must see him by the sick bed of his master — must see *her* by the sick bed of her *mistress*. We have seen these things. We have seen the dying infant in the lap of its nurse, and have stood with the same nurse by the bed side of her own dying child. Did mighty nature assert her empire, and wring from the mother's heart more and bitterer tears than she had shed over her foster babe? None that the eye of man could distinguish. And he who sees the heart — did he see dissimulation giving energy to the choking sobs that *seemed* to be rendered more vehement by her attempts

to repress them? *Philanthropy* may think so if it pleases.

A good lady was on her death bed. Her illness was long and protracted, but hopeless from the first. A servant, (by no means a favorite with her, being high tempered and ungovernable) was advanced in pregnancy, and in bad health. Yet she could not be kept out of the house. She was permitted to stay about her mistress during the day, but sent to bed at an early hour every night. Her reluctance to obey was obvious, and her master found that she evaded his order, whenever she could escape his eye. He once found her in the house late at night, and kindly reproving her, sent her home. An hour after, suddenly going out of the sick room, he stumbled over her in the dark. She was crouched down at the door, listening for the groans of the sufferer. She was again ordered home, and turned to go. Suddenly she stopped, and bursting into tears, said, "Master, it aint no use for me to go to bed, Sir. It don't do me no good, I cannot sleep, Sir."

Such instances prove that in reasoning concerning the moral effect of slavery, he who regards man as a unit, the same under all circumstances, leaves out of view an important consideration. The fact that he is not so, is manifest to every body — but the application of the fact to this controversy is not made. The author of "*The South Vindicated*" quotes at page 228 a passage from Lamartine, on this very point, though he only uses it to show the absurdity of any attempt at amalgamation. The passage is so apt to our purpose that we beg leave to insert it.

There is much truth here, though certainly not what

passes for truth with those who study human nature wholly in the closet, and in reforming the world address themselves exclusively to the faults of *others*, and the evils of which they know the least, and which least concern themselves.

We hope the day has gone by when we are to be judged by the testimony of false, interested, and malignant accusers alone. We repeat that we are thankful to Mr. Paulding for having stepped forward in our defence. Our assailants are numerous, and it is indispensable that we should meet the assault with vigor and activity. Nothing is wanting but manly discussion to convince our own people at least, that in continuing to command the services of their slaves, they violate no law divine or human, and that in the faithful discharge of their reciprocal obligations lies their true duty. Let these be performed, and we believe (with our esteemed correspondent Professor Dew) that society in the South will derive much more of good than of evil from this much abused and partially-considered institution.

THE CULPRIT FAY, AND OTHER POEMS, BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. NEW YORK : GEORGE DEARBORN.

ALNWICK CASTLE, WITH OTHER POEMS, BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK. NEW YORK: GEORGE DEARBORN

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

BEFORE entering upon the detailed notice which we propose of the volumes before us, we wish to speak a few words in regard to the present state of American

criticism. It must be visible to all who meddle with literary matters, that of late years a thorough revolution has been effected in the censorship of our press. That this revolution is infinitely for the worse we believe. There was a time, it is true, when we cringed to foreign opinion — let us even say when we paid a most servile deference to British critical dicta. That an American book could, by any possibility, be worthy perusal, was an idea by no means extensively prevalent in the land ; and if we were induced to read at all the productions of our native writers, it was only after repeated assurances from England that such productions were not altogether contemptible. But there was, at all events, a shadow of excuse, and a slight basis of reason for a subserviency so grotesque. Even now, perhaps, it would not be far wrong to assert that such basis of reason may still exist. Let us grant that in many of the abstract sciences — that even in Theology, in Medicine, in Law, in Oratory, in the Mechanical Arts, we have no competitors whatever, still nothing but the most egregious national vanity would assign us a place, in the matter of Polite Literature, upon a level with the elder and riper climes of Europe, the earliest steps of whose children are among the groves of magnificently endowed Academies, and whose innumerable men of leisure, and of consequent learning, drink daily from those august fountains of inspiration which burst around them everywhere from out the tombs of their immortal dead, and from out their hoary and trophied monuments of chivalry and song. In paying then, as a nation, a respectful and not undue deference to a supremacy rarely questioned but by prejudice or ignorance, we should, of course, be doing nothing more than acting in a rational manner. The *excess* of our

subserviency was blamable — but, as we have before said, this very excess might have found a shadow of excuse in the strict justice, if properly regulated, of the principle from which it issued. Not so, however, with our present follies. We are becoming boisterous and arrogant in the pride of a too speedily assumed literary freedom. We throw off, with the most presumptuous and unmeaning hauteur, *all* deference whatever to foreign opinion — we forget, in the puerile inflation of vanity, that *the world* is the true theatre of the biblical histrio — we get up a hue and cry about the necessity of encouraging native writers of merit — we blindly fancy that we can accomplish this by indiscriminate puffing of good, bad, and indifferent, without taking the trouble to consider that what we choose to denominate encouragement is thus, by its general application, rendered precisely the reverse. In a word, so far from being ashamed of the many disgraceful literary failures to which our own inordinate vanities and misapplied patriotism have lately given birth, and so far from deeply lamenting that these daily puerilities are of home manufacture, we adhere pertinaciously to our original blindly conceived idea, and thus often find ourselves involved in the gross paradox of liking a stupid book the better, because, sure enough, its stupidity is American.¹

Deeply lamenting this unjustifiable state of public feeling, it has been our constant endeavor, since assuming the Editorial duties of this Journal, to stem, with

¹ This charge of indiscriminate puffing will, of course, only apply to the *general* character of our criticism — there are some noble exceptions. . We wish also especially to discriminate between those *notices* of new works which are intended merely to call public attention to them, and deliberate criticism on the works themselves.



what little abilities we possess, a current so disastrously undermining the health and prosperity of our literature. We have seen our efforts applauded by men whose applauses we value. From all quarters we have received abundant private as well as public testimonials in favor of our *Critical Notices*, and, until very lately, have heard from no respectable source one word impugning their integrity or candor. In looking over, however, a number of the New York Commercial Advertiser, we meet with the following paragraph.

“ ‘The last number of the Southern Literary Messenger is very readable and respectable. The contributions to the Messenger are much better than the original matter. The critical department of this work — much as it would seem to boast itself of impartiality and discernment, — is in our opinion decidedly *quacky*. There is in it a great assumption of acumen, which is completely unsustained. Many a work has been slashingly condemned therein, of which the critic himself could not write a page, were he to die for it. This affectation of eccentric sternness in criticism, without the power to back one’s suit withal, so far from deserving praise, as some suppose, merits the strongest reprehension.’ — *Philadelphia Gazette*.

“ We are entirely of opinion with the Philadelphia Gazette in relation to the Southern Literary Messenger, and take this occasion to express our total dissent from the numerous and lavish encomiums we have seen bestowed upon its critical notices. Some few of them have been judicious, fair and candid ; bestowing praise and censure with judgment and impartiality ; but by far the greater number of those we have read, have been flippant, unjust, untenable and uncritical. The duty of the critic is to act as judge, not as enemy, of

the writer whom he reviews ; a distinction of which the Zoilus of the Messenger seems not to be aware. It is possible to review a book severely, without bestowing opprobrious epithets upon the writer : to condemn with courtesy, if not with kindness. The critic of the Messenger has been eulogized for his scorching and scarifying abilities, and he thinks it incumbent upon him to keep up his reputation in that line, by sneers, sarcasm, and downright abuse ; by straining his vision with microscopic intensity in search of faults and shutting his eyes, with all his might, to beauties. Moreover, we have detected him, more than once, in blunders quite as gross as those on which it was his pleasure to descant.¹”

In the paragraph from the Philadelphia Gazette (which is edited by Mr. Willis Gaylord Clark, one of the Editors of the Knickerbocker) we find nothing at which we have any desire to take exception. Mr. C. has a right to think us *quacky* if he pleases, and we do not remember having assumed for a moment that we could write a single line of the works we have reviewed. But there is something equivocal, to say the least, in the remarks of Col. Stone. He acknowledges that “*some* of our notices have been judicious, fair, and candid, bestowing praise and censure with judgment

¹ In addition to these things we observe, in the New York Mirror, what follows : “Those who have read the notices of American books in a certain Southern Monthly, which is striving to gain notoriety by the loudness of its abuse, may find amusement in the sketch on another page, entitled ‘The Successful Novel.’ The Southern Literary Messenger knows  by experience  what it is to write a successful novel.” We have, in this case, only to deny, flatly, the assertion of the Mirror. The Editor of the Messenger never in his life wrote or published, or attempted to publish, a novel either successful or *successful*.

and impartiality.” This being the case, how can he reconcile his *total* dissent from the public verdict in our favor, with the dictates of justice? We are accused too of bestowing “opprobrious epithets” upon writers whom we review, and in the paragraph so accusing us we are called nothing less than “flippant, unjust, and uncritical.”

But there is another point of which we disapprove. While in our reviews we have at all times been particularly careful *not* to deal in generalities, and have never, if we remember aright, advanced in any single instance an unsupported assertion, our accuser has forgotten to give us any better evidence of our flippancy, injustice, personality, and gross blundering, than the solitary *dictum* of Col. Stone. We call upon the Colonel for assistance in this dilemma. We wish to be shown our blunders that we may correct them—to be made aware of our flippancy, that we may avoid it hereafter—and above all to have our personalities pointed out that we may proceed forthwith with a repentant spirit, to make the *amende honorable*. In default of this aid from the Editor of the Commercial we shall take it for granted that we are neither blundersers, flippant, personal, nor unjust.

Who will deny that in regard to individual poems no definitive opinions can exist, so long as to Poetry in the abstract we attach no definitive idea? Yet it is a common thing to hear our critics, day after day, pronounce, with a positive air, laudatory or condemnatory sentences, *en masse*, upon material works of whose merits or demerits they have, in the first place, virtually confessed an utter ignorance, in confessing ignorance of all determinate principles by which to regulate a decision. Poetry has never been defined to the satis-

faction of all parties. Perhaps, in the present condition of language it never will be. Words cannot hem it in. Its intangible and purely spiritual nature refuses to be bound down within the widest horizon of mere sounds. But it is not, therefore, misunderstood—at least, not by all men is it misunderstood. Very far from it. If, indeed, there be any one circle of thought distinctly and palpably marked out from amid the jarring and tumultuous chaos of human intelligence, it is that evergreen and radiant Paradise which the true poet knows, and knows alone, as the limited realm of his authority—as the circumscribed Eden of his dreams. But a definition is a thing of words—a conception of ideas. And thus while we readily believe that Poesy, the term, it will be troublesome, if not impossible to define—still, with its image vividly existing in the world, we apprehend no difficulty in so describing Poesy, the Sentiment, as to imbue even the most obtuse intellect with a comprehension of it sufficiently distinct for all the purposes of practical analysis.

To look upwards from any existence, material or immaterial, to its *design*, is, perhaps, the most direct, and the most unerring method of attaining a just notion of the nature of the existence itself. Nor is the principle at fault when we turn our eyes from Nature even to Nature's God. We find certain faculties, implanted within us, and arrive at a more plausible conception of the character and attributes of those faculties, by considering, with what finite judgment we possess, the *intention* of the Deity in so implanting them within us, than by any actual investigation of their powers, or any speculative deductions from their visible and material effects. Thus, for example, we discover in all men a disposition to look with reverence upon supe-

riority, whether real or supposititious. In some, this disposition is to be recognized with difficulty, and, in very peculiar cases, we are occasionally even led to doubt its existence altogether, until circumstances beyond the common routine bring it accidentally into development. In others again it forms a prominent and distinctive feature of character, and is rendered palpably evident in its excesses. But in all human beings it is, in a greater or less degree, finally perceptible. It has been, therefore, justly considered a primitive sentiment. Phrenologists call it Veneration. It is, indeed, the instinct given to man by God as security for his own worship. And although, preserving its nature, it becomes perverted from its principal purpose, and although swerving from that purpose, it serves to modify the relations of human society — the relations of father and child, of master and slave, of the ruler and the ruled — its primitive essence is nevertheless the same, and by a reference to primal causes, may at any moment be determined.

Very nearly akin to this feeling, and liable to the same analysis, is the Faculty of Ideality — which is the sentiment of Poesy. This sentiment is the sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, and of the mystical.¹ Thence spring immediately admiration of the fair flowers, the fairer forests, the bright valleys and rivers and mountains of the Earth — and love of the gleaming stars and other burning glories of Heaven — and, mingled up inextricably with this love and this admiration of Heaven and of Earth, the unconquerable

¹ We separate the sublime and the mystical — for, despite of high authorities, we are firmly convinced that the latter *may* exist, in the most vivid degree, without giving rise to the sense of the former.

desire — *to know*. Poesy is the sentiment of Intellectual Happiness here, and the Hope of a higher Intellectual Happiness hereafter.¹

Imagination is its soul.² With the *passions* of mankind — although it may modify them greatly — although it may exalt, or inflame, or purify, or control them — it would require little ingenuity to prove that it has no inevitable, and indeed no necessary co-existence. We have hitherto spoken of poetry in the abstract : we

¹ The consciousness of this truth was possessed by no mortal more fully than by Shelley, although he has only once especially alluded to it. In his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* we find these lines.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead :
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :
I was not heard : I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life at that sweet time when birds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of buds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me —
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave : they have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night :
They know that never joy illum'd my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free,
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful *Loveliness*,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

² Imagination is, possibly in man, a lesser degree of the creative power in God. What the Deity imagines, *is*, but *was not* before. What man imagines, *is*, but *was* also. The mind of man cannot imagine what *is not*. This latter point may be demonstrated. — See *Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle, par M. Le Baron de Bielfeld, 1767*.

come now to speak of it in its every-day acceptation — that is to say, of the practical result arising from the sentiment we have considered.

And now it appears evident, that since Poetry, in this new sense, *is* the practical result, expressed in language, of this Poetic Sentiment in certain individuals, the only proper methods of testing the merits of a poem is by measuring its capabilities of exciting the Poetic Sentiments in others.

And to this end we have many aids — in observation, in experience, in ethical analysis, and in the dictates of common sense. Hence the *Poeta nascitur*, which is indisputably true if we consider the Poetic Sentiment, becomes the merest of absurdities when we regard it in reference to the practical result. We do not hesitate to say that a man highly endowed with the powers of Causality — that is to say, a man of metaphysical acumen — will, even with a very deficient share of Ideality, compose a finer poem (if we test it, as we should, by its measure of exciting the Poetic Sentiment) than one who, without such metaphysical acumen, shall be gifted, in the most extraordinary degree, with the faculty of Ideality. For a poem is not the Poetic faculty, but the *means* of exciting it in mankind. Now these means the metaphysician may discover by analysis of their effects in other cases than his own, without even conceiving the nature of these effects — thus arriving at a result which the unaided Ideality of his competitor would be utterly unable, except by accident, to attain. It is more than possible that the man who, of all writers, living or dead, has been most successful in writing the purest of all poems — that is to say, poems which excite most purely, most exclusively, and most powerfully the imaginative faculties in

men — owed his extraordinary and almost magical pre-eminence rather to metaphysical than poetical powers. We allude to the author of *Christabel*, of the *Rime of the Auncient Mariner*, and of *Love* — to Coleridge — whose head, if we mistake not its character, gave no great phrenological tokens of Ideality, while the organs of Causality and Comparison were most singularly developed.

Perhaps at this particular moment there are no American poems held in so high estimation by our countrymen, as the poems of Drake, and of Halleck. The exertions of Mr. George Dearborn have no doubt a far greater share in creating this feeling than the lovers of literature for its own sake and spiritual uses would be willing to admit. We have indeed seldom seen more beautiful volumes than the volumes now before us. But an adventitious interest of a loftier nature — the interest of the living in the memory of the beloved dead — attaches itself to the few literary remains of Drake. The poems which are now given to us with his name are nineteen in number; and whether all, or whether even the best of his writings, it is our present purpose to speak of these alone, since upon this edition his poetical reputation to all time will most probably depend.

It is only lately that we have read *The Culprit Fay*. This is a poem of six hundred and forty irregular lines, generally iambic, and divided into thirty-six stanzas, of unequal length. The scene of the narrative, as we ascertain from the single line,

The moon looks down on old *Cronest*,

is principally in the vicinity of West Point on the

Hudson. The plot is as follows. An Ouphe, one of the race of Fairies, has “broken his vestal vow,”

He has loved an earthly maid
And left for her his woodland shade ;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fann'd her cheek with his wing of air,
Play'd with the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest —

in short, he has broken Fairy-law in becoming enamored of a mortal. The result of this misdemeanor we could not express so well as the poet, and will therefore make use of the language put into the mouth of the Fairy-King who reprimands the criminal.

Fairy ! Fairy ! list and mark,
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain,
Thy flame-wood lamp is quench'd and dark
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain.

The Ouphe being in this predicament, it has become necessary that his case and crime should be investigated by a jury of his fellows, and to this end the “shadowy tribes of air” are summoned by the “sentry elfe” who has been awakened by the “wood-tick”—are summoned we say to the “elfin-court” at midnight to hear the doom of the *Culprit Fay*.

“Had a stain been found on the earthly fair” whose blandishments so bewildered the little Ouphe, his punishment had been severe indeed. In such case he would have been (as we learn from the Fairy judge's exposition of the criminal code,)

Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
 With the lazy worm in the walnut shell ;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim
 His jailer a spider huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie
 Of the worm and the bug and the murdered fly —

Fortunately, however, for the Culprit, his mistress is proved to be of "sinless mind" and under such redeeming circumstances the sentence is, mildly, as follows —

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin land,
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.

.
 If the spray-bead gem be won
 The stain of thy wing is washed away,
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye ;
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
 Thou must re-illumine its spark.
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heaven's blue canopy ;
 And when thou seest a shooting star
 Follow it fast and follow it far —
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.

Upon this sin, and upon this sentence, depends the web of the narrative, which is now occupied with the

elfin difficulties overcome by the Ouphe in washing away the stain of his wing, and re-illuming his flame-wood lamp. His soiled pinion having lost its power, he is under the necessity of wending his way on foot from the Elfin court upon Cronest to the river beach at its base. His path is encumbered at every step with "bog and briar," with "brook and mire," with "beds of tangled fern," with "groves of night-shade," and with the minor evils of ant and snake. Happily, however, a spotted toad coming in sight, our adventurer jumps upon her back, and "bridling her mouth with a silk-weed twist" bounds merrily along

Till the mountain's magic verge is past
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Alighting now from his "courser-toad" the Ouphe folds his wings around his bosom, springs on a rock, breathes a prayer, throws his arms above his head,

Then tosses a tiny curve in air
And plunges in the waters blue.

Here, however, a host of difficulties await him by far too multitudinous to enumerate. We will content ourselves with simply stating the names of his most respectable assailants. These are the "spirits of the waves" dressed in "snail-plate armor" and aided by the "mailed shrimp," the "prickly prong," the "blood-red leech," the "stony star-fish," the "jellied quarl," the "soldier-crab," and the "lancing squab." But the hopes of our hero are high, and his limbs are strong, so

He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling.

All, however is to no purpose.

On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him roll'd,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubb'd him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;
He bawls with rage, and he shrieks with pain
He strikes around but his blows are vain —

So then,

He turns him round and flies amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again.

Arrived safely on land our Fairy friend now gathers the dew from the “sorrel-leaf and henbane-bud ” and bathing therewith his wounds, finally ties them up with cobweb. Thus recruited, he

— treads the fatal shore
As fresh and vigorous as before.

At length espying a “purple-muscle shell ” upon the beach, he determines to use it as a boat, and thus evade the animosity of the water spirits whose powers extend not above the wave. Making a “sculler's notch ” in the stern, and providing himself with an oar of the bootle-blade, the Ouphe a second time ventures upon the deep. His perils are now diminished, but still great. The imps of the river heave the billows up before the prow of the boat, dash the surges against her side, and strike against her keel. The quarl uprears “his island-back ” in her path, and the scallop, floating in the rear of the vessel, spatters it all over with water. Our adventurer however, bails it out with the

colen bell (which he has luckily provided for the purpose of catching the drop from the silver bow of the sturgeon,) and keeping his little bark warily trimmed, holds on his course undiscomfited.

The object of his first adventure is at length discovered in a "brown-backed sturgeon," who

Like the heaven-shot javelin
Springs above the waters blue,
And, instant as the star-fall light
Plunges him in the deep again,
But leaves an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.

From this rainbow our Ouphe succeeds in catching, by means of his colen bell cup, a "droplet of the sparkling dew." One half of his task is accordingly done —

His wings are pure, for the gem is won.

On his return to land, the ripples divide before him, while the water-spirits, so rancorous before, are obsequiously attentive to his comfort. Having tarried a moment on the beach to breathe a prayer, he "spreads his wings of gilded blue" and takes his way to the elfin court — there resting until the cricket, at two in the morning, rouses him up for the second portion of his penance.

His equipments are now an "acorn-helmet," a "thistle-down plume," a corslet of the "wild-bee's" skin, a cloak of the "wings of butterflies," a shield of the "shell of the lady-bug," for lance "the sting of a wasp," for sword a "blade of grass," for horse "a fire-fly," and for spurs a couple of "cockle seed." Thus accoutred,

Away like a glance of thought he flies
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

In the Heavens he has new dangers to encounter.
The "shapes of air" have begun their work — a
"drizzly mist" is cast around him — "storm, dark-
ness, sleet and shade" assail him — "shadowy
hands" twitch at his bridle-rein — "flame-shot
tongues" play around him — "fiendish eyes" glare
upon him — and

Yells of rage and shrieks of fear
Come screaming on his startled ear.

Still our adventurer is nothing daunted.

He thrusts before, and he strikes behind,
Till he pierces the cloudy bodies through
And gashes the shadowy limbs of mind.

and the Elfin makes no stop, until he reaches the "bank
of the milky way." He there checks his courser, and
watches "for the glimpse of the planet shoot." While
thus engaged, however, an unexpected adventure
befalls him. He is approached by a company of
the "sylphs of Heaven attired in sunset's crimson
pall." They dance around him, and "skip before
him on the plain." One receiving his "wasp-sting
lance," and another taking his bridle-rein,

With warblings wild they lead him on,
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.

A glowing description of the queen's beauty follows : and as the form of an earthly Fay had never been seen before in the bowers of light, she is represented as falling desperately in love at first sight with our adventurous Ouphe. He returns the compliment in some measure, of course ; but, although "his heart bent fitfully," the "earthly form imprinted there" was a security against a too vivid impression. He declines, consequently, the invitation of the queen to remain with her and amuse himself by "lying within the fleecy drift," "hanging upon the rainbow's rim," having his "brow adorned with all the jewels of the sky," "sitting within the Pleiad ring," "resting upon Orion's belt," "riding upon the lightning's gleam," "dancing upon the orb'd moon," and "swimming within the milky way."

Lady, he cries, I have sworn to-night
On the word of a fairy knight
To do my sentence task aright.

The queen, therefore, contents herself with bidding the Fay an affectionate farewell — having first directed him carefully to that particular portion of the sky where a star is about to fall. He reaches this point in safety, and in despite of the "fiends of the cloud," who "bellow very loud," succeeds finally in catching a "glimmering spark" with which he returns triumphantly to Fairy-land. The poem closes with an Io Pæan chaunted by the elves in honor of these glorious adventures.

It is more than probable that from ten readers of the *Culprit Fay*, nine would immediately pronounce it a poem betokening the most extraordinary powers of

imagination, and of these nine, perhaps five or six, poets themselves, and fully impressed with the truth of what we have already assumed, that Ideality is indeed the soul of the Poetic Sentiment, would feel embarrassed between a half-consciousness that they *ought* to admire the production, and a wonder that they *do not*. This embarrassment would then arise from an indistinct conception of the results in which Ideality is rendered manifest. Of these results some few are seen in the *Culprit Fay*, but the greater part of it is utterly destitute of any evidence of imagination whatever. The general character of the poem will, we think, be sufficiently understood by any one who may have taken the trouble to read our foregoing compendium of the narrative. It will be there seen that what is so frequently termed the imaginative power of this story, lies especially — we should have rather said is thought to lie — in the passages we have quoted, or in others of a precisely similar nature. These passages embody, principally, mere specifications of qualities, of habiliments, of punishments, of occupations, of circumstances &c., which the poet has believed in unison with the size, firstly, and secondly with the nature of his Fairies. To all which may be added specifications of other animal existences (such as the toad, the beetle, the lance-fly, the fire-fly and the like) supposed also to be in accordance. An example will best illustrate our meaning upon this point — we take it from page 20.

He put his acorn helmet on ;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down :
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;
His cloak of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;

His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;¹
 And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.

We shall now be understood. Were any of the admirers of the *Culprit Fay* asked their opinion of these lines, they would most probably speak in high terms of the *imagination* they display. Yet let the most stolid and the most confessedly unpoetical of these admirers only try the experiment, and he will find, possibly to his extreme surprise, that he himself will have no difficulty whatever in substituting for the equipments of the Fairy, as assigned by the poet, other equipments equally comfortable, no doubt, and equally in unison with the pre-conceived size, character, and other qualities of the equipped. Why we could accoutre him as well ourselves — let us see.

His blue-bell helmet, we have heard
 Was plumed with the down of the humming-bird,
 The corslet on his bosom bold
 Was once the locust's coat of gold,
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled hues,
 Was the velvet violet, wet with dews,
 His target was the crescent shell
 Of the small sea Sidrophel,
 And a glittering beam from a maiden's eye
 Was the lance which he proudly wav'd on high.

The truth is, that the only requisite for writing verses of this nature, *ad libitum*, is a tolerable acquaintance with the qualities of the objects to be

¹ Chestnut color, or more slack,
 Gold upon a ground of black.

detailed, and a very moderate endowment of the faculty of Comparison — which is the chief constituent of *Fancy* or the powers of combination. A thousand such lines may be composed without exercising in the least degree the Poetic Sentiment, which is Ideality, Imagination, or the creative ability. And, as we have before said, the greater portion of the *Culprit Fay* is occupied with these, or similar things, and upon such, depends very nearly, if not altogether, its reputation. We select another example from page 25.

But oh ! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright,
She seem'd to the entranced Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light ;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar ;
'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,
And button'd with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue ;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

Here again the faculty of Comparison is alone exercised, and no mind possessing the faculty in any ordinary degree would find a difficulty in substituting for the materials employed by the poet other materials equally as good. But viewed as mere efforts of the *Fancy* and without reference to Ideality, the lines just quoted are much worse than those which were taken from page 20. A congruity was observable in the

accoutrements of the Ouphe, and we had no trouble in forming a distinct conception of his appearance when so accoutred. But the most vivid powers of Comparison can attach no definitive idea to even "the loveliest form of light," when habited in a mantle of "rolled purple tied with threads of dawn and buttoned with a star," and sitting at the same time under a rainbow with "beamlet" eyes and a visage of "lily roon."

But if these things evince no Ideality in their author, do they not excite it in others?—if so, we must conclude, that without being himself imbued with the Poetic Sentiment, he has still succeeded in writing a fine poem—a supposition as we have before endeavored to show, not altogether paradoxical. Most assuredly we think not. In the case of a great majority of readers the only sentiment aroused by compositions of this order is a species of vague wonder at the writer's *ingenuity*, and it is this indeterminate sense of wonder which passes but too frequently current for the proper influence of the Poetic power. For our own part we plead guilty to a predominant sense of the ludicrous while occupied in the perusal of the poem before us—a sense whose promptings we sincerely and honestly endeavored to quell, perhaps not altogether successfully, while penning our compend of the narrative. That a feeling of this nature is utterly at war with the Poetic Sentiment, will not be disputed by those who comprehend the character of the sentiment itself. This character is finely shadowed out in that popular although vague idea so prevalent throughout all time, that a species of melancholy is inseparably connected with the higher manifestations of the beautiful. But with the numerous and seriously-adduced incongruities of the Culprit Fay, we find it generally impossible to connect other ideas

than those of the ridiculous. We are bidden, in the first place, and in a tone of sentiment and language adapted to the loftiest breathings of the Muse, to imagine a race of Fairies in the vicinity of West Point. We are told, with a grave air, of their camp, of their king, and especially of their sentry, who is a wood-tick. We are informed that an Ouphe of about an inch in height has committed a deadly sin in falling in love with a mortal maiden, who may, very possibly, be six feet in her stockings. The consequence to the Ouphe is — what? Why, that he has “dyed his wings,” “broken his elfin chain,” and “quenched his flame-wood lamp.” And he is therefore sentenced to what? To catch a spark from the tail of a falling star, and a drop of water from the belly of a sturgeon. What are his equipments for the first adventure? An acorn-hemlet, a thistle-down plume, a butterfly cloak, a lady-bug shield, cockle-seed spurs, and a fire-fly horse. How does he ride to the second? On the back of a bull-frog. What are his opponents in the one? “Drizzly-mists,” “sulphur and smoke,” “shadowy hands and flame-shot tongues.” What in the other? “Mailed shrimps,” “prickly prongs,” “blood-red leeches,” “jellied quarls,” “stony star fishes,” “lancing squabs” and “soldier crabs.” Is that all? No — Although only an inch high he is in imminent danger of seduction from a “sylphid queen,” dressed in a mantle of “rolled purple,” “tied with threads of dawning gold,” “buttoned with a sparkling star,” and sitting under a rainbow with “beamlet eyes” and a countenance of “lily roon.” In our account of all this matter we have had reference to the book — and to the book alone. It will be difficult to prove us guilty in any degree of distortion or exaggeration. Yet

such are the puerilities we daily find ourselves called upon to admire, as among the loftiest efforts of the human mind, and which not to assign a rank with the proud trophies of the matured and vigorous genius of England, is to prove ourselves at once a fool, a maligner, and no patriot.¹

As an instance of what may be termed the sublimely ridiculous we quote the following lines from page 17.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.

Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged into the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright
The rainbow of the moony main.

*It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there ;
He seemed an angel form of light
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair
Circled with blue and edged with white
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.*

The verses here italicized, if considered without their context, have a certain air of dignity, elegance, and chastity of thought. If however we apply the

¹ A review of Drake's poems, emanating from one of our proudest Universities, does not scruple to make use of the following language in relation to the *Culprit Fay*. "It is, to say the least, an elegant production, the purest specimen of Ideality we have ever met with, sustaining in each incident a most bewitching interest. Its very title is enough," &c. &c. We quote these expressions as a fair specimen of the general unphilosophical and adulatory tenor of our criticism.

context, we are immediately overwhelmed with the grotesque. It is impossible to read without laughing, such expressions as "It was a strange and lovely sight"—"He seemed an angel form of light"—"And sitting at the fall of even, beneath the bow of summer heaven" to a Fairy—a goblin—an Ouphe—half an inch high, dressed in an acorn helmet and butterfly-cloak, and sitting on the water in a muscle-shell, with a "brown-backed sturgeon" turning somersets over his head.

In a world where evil is a mere consequence of good, and good a mere consequence of evil—in short where all of which we have any conception is good or bad only by comparison—we have never yet been fully able to appreciate the validity of that decision which would debar the critic from enforcing upon his readers the merits or demerits of a work by placing it in juxta-position with another. It seems to us that an adage based in the purest ignorance has had more to do with this popular feeling than any just reason founded upon common sense. Thinking thus, we shall have no scruple in illustrating our opinion in regard to what *is not* Ideality or the Poetic Power, by an example of what *is*.¹

We have already given the description of the Sylphid Queen in the *Culprit Fay*. In the *Queen Mab* of Shelley a Fairy is thus introduced—

¹ As examples of entire poems of the purest ideality, we would cite the *Prometheus Vincit* of Aeschylus, the *Inferno* of Dante, Cervantes' *Destruction of Numantia*, the *Comus* of Milton, Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, Burns' *Tam O' Shanter*, the *Auncient Mariner*, the *Christabel*, and the *Kubla Khan* of Coleridge; and most especially the *Sensitive Plant* of Shelley, and the *Nightingale* of Keats. We have seen American poems evincing the faculty in the highest degree.

Those who had looked upon the sight
 Passing all human glory,
 Saw not the yellow moon,
 Saw not the mortal scene,
 Heard not the night wind's rush,
 Heard not an earthly sound,
 Saw but the fairy pageant,
 Heard but the heavenly strains
 That filled the lonely dwelling—

and thus described —

The Fairy's frame was slight ; yon fibrous cloud
 That catches but the faintest tinge of even,
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
 Were scarce so thin, so slight ; but the fair star
 That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.

In these exquisite lines the Faculty of mere Comparison is but little exercised — that of Ideality in a wonderful degree. It is probable that in a similar case the poet we are now reviewing would have formed the face of the Fairy of the “fibrous cloud,” her arms of the “pale tinge of even,” her eyes of the “fair stars,” and her body of the “twilight shadow.” Having so done, his admirers would have congratulated him upon his *imagination*, not taking the trouble to think that they themselves could at any moment *imagine* a Fairy of materials equally as good, and conveying an equally distinct idea. Their mistake would be precisely

analogous to that of many a school boy who admires the imagination displayed in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and is finally rejoiced at discovering his own imagination to surpass that of the author, since the monsters destroyed by Jack are only about forty feet in height, and he himself has no trouble in imagining some of one hundred and forty. It will be seen that the Fairy of Shelley is not a mere compound of incongruous natural objects, inartificially put together, and unaccompanied by any *moral* sentiment — but a being, in the illustration of whose nature some physical elements are used collaterally as adjuncts, while the main conception springs immediately *or thus apparently springs*, from the brain of the poet, enveloped in the moral sentiments of grace, of color, of motion — of the beautiful, of the mystical, of the august — in short of *the ideal*.¹

It is by no means our intention to deny that in the *Culprit Fay* are passages of a different order from those to which we have objected — passages evincing a degree of imagination not to be discovered in the plot, conception, or general execution of the poem. The opening stanza will afford us a tolerable example.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night —
The earth is dark but the heavens are bright
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue
A river of light on the welkin blue.

¹ Among things, which not only in our opinion, but in the opinion of far wiser and better men, are to be ranked with the mere prettinesses of the Muse, are the positive similes so abundant in the writings of antiquity, and so much insisted upon by the critics of the reign of Queen Anne.

The moon looks down on old Cronest,
 She mellows the shades of his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge grey form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below ;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bow and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark —
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest rack.

There is Ideality in these lines — but except in the case of the words italicised — it is Ideality *not of a high order*. We have, it is true, a collection of natural objects, each individually of great beauty, and, if actually seen as in nature, capable of exciting in any mind, through the means of the Poetic Sentiment more or less inherent in all, a certain sense of the beautiful. But to view such natural objects as they exist, and to behold them through the medium of words, are different things. Let us pursue the idea that such a collection as we have here will produce, of necessity, the Poetic Sentiment, and we may as well make up our minds to believe that a catalogue of such expressions as moon, sky, trees, rivers, mountains, &c, shall be capable of exciting it, — it is merely an extension of the principle. But in the line “the earth is dark, *but* the heavens are bright” besides the simple mention of the “dark earth” “and the bright heaven,” we have, directly, the moral sentiment of the brightness of the sky compensating for the darkness of the earth — and thus, indirectly, of the happiness of a future state compensating for the miseries of the present. All this is effected by the simple introduction of the word *but* between the “dark earth” and the “bright heaven”

— this introduction, however, was prompted by the Poetic Sentiment, and by the Poetic Sentiment alone. The case is analogous in the expression “glimmers and dies,” where the imagination is exalted by the moral sentiment of beauty heightened in dissolution.

In one or two shorter passages of the *Culprit Fay* the poet will recognize the purely ideal, and be able at a glance to distinguish it from that baser alloy upon which we have descanted. We give them without farther comment.

The winds *are* *whist*, and the owl is still
 The bat in the shelvy rock *is hid*
 And naught is heard on the *lonely* hill
 But the cricket's chirp and the answer *shrill*
 Of the gauze-winged katy-did ;
 And the plaint of the *wailing* whippoorwill
 Who mourns *unseen*, and ceaseless sings
 Ever a note of wail and wo —

Up to the vaulted firmament
 His path the fire-fly courser bent,
 And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind.

He blessed the force of the charmed line
 And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
 For he saw around in the *sweet moonshine*,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
 At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

The poem “To a Friend” consists of fourteen Spenserian stanzas. They are fine spirited verses, and probably were not supposed by their author to be more. Stanza the fourth, although beginning nobly, concludes

with that very common exemplification of the bathos, the illustrating natural objects of beauty or grandeur by reference to the tinsel of artificiality.

Oh ! for a seat on Appalachia's brow,
That I might scan the glorious prospects round,
Wild waving woods, and rolling floods below,
Smooth level glades and fields with grain embrowned,
High heaving hills, with tufted forests crowned,
Rearing their tall tops to the heaven's blue dome,
And emerald isles, *like banners green unwound,*
Floating along the lake, while round them roam
Bright helms of billowy blue, and plumes of dancing foam.

In the *Extracts from Leon*, are passages not often surpassed in vigor of passionate thought and expression — and which induce us to believe not only that their author would have succeeded better in prose romance than in poetry, but that his attention would have naturally fallen into the former direction, had the Destroyer only spared him a little longer.

This poem contains also lines of far greater poetic power than any to be found in the *Culprit Fay*. For example —

The stars have lit in heaven their lamps of gold,
The *viewless* dew falls lightly on the world ;
The gentle air *that softly sweeps the leaves*
A strain of faint unearthly music weaves :
As when the harp of heaven *remotely* plays,
Or cygnets *wail* — or song of *sorrowing* fays
That *float amid the moonshine glimmerings pale,*
On wings of woven air in some enchanted vale.¹

¹ The expression "woven air," much insisted upon by the friends of Drake, seems to be accredited to him as original. It is to be found in many English writers — and can be traced back to Apuleius, who calls fine drapery *ventum textilem*.

Niagara is objectionable in many respects, and in none more so than in its frequent inversions of language, and the artificial character of its versification. The invocation,

Roar, raging torrent ! and thou, mighty river,
Pour thy white foam on the valley below !
Frown ye dark mountains, &c.

is ludicrous — and nothing more. In general, all such invocations have an air of the burlesque. In the present instance we may fancy the majestic Niagara replying, “ Most assuredly I will roar, whether, worm ! thou tellest me or not.”

The American Flag commences with a collection of those bald conceits, which we have already shown to have no dependence whatever upon the Poetic Power — springing altogether from Comparison.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Let us reduce all this to plain English, and we have — what ? Why, a flag, consisting of the “ azure robe of night,” “ set with stars of glory,” interspersed with “ streaks of morning light,” relieved with a few

pieces of "the milky way," and the whole carried by an "eagle bearer," that is to say, an eagle ensign, who bears aloft this "symbol of our chosen land" in his "mighty hand," by which we are to understand his claw. In the second stanza, "the thunder-drum of Heaven" is bathetic and grotesque in the highest degree — a commingling of the most sublime music of Heaven with the most utterly contemptible and common-place of Earth. The two concluding verses are in a better spirit, and might almost be supposed to be from a different hand. The images contained in the lines

When Death careering on the gale
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

are of the highest order of Ideality. The deficiencies of the whole poem may be best estimated by reading it in connection with "Scots wha hae," with the "Mariners of England," or with "Hohenlinden." It is indebted for its high and most undeserved reputation to our patriotism — not to our judgment.

The remaining poems in Mr. Dearborn's edition of Drake, are three Songs ; Lines in an Album ; Lines to a Lady ; Lines on leaving New Rochelle ; Hope ; A Fragment ; To — ; To Eva ; To a Lady ; To Sarah ; and Bronx. These are all poems of little compass, and with the exception of Bronx and a portion of the Fragment, they have no character distinctive from the mass of our current poetical literature. Bronx, however, is in our opinion, not only the best of the writings of Drake, but altogether a lofty and beautiful poem, upon which his admirers would do better to found a hope of the writer's ultimate reputation than

upon the *niaiseries* of the *Culprit Fay*. In the *Fragment* is to be found the finest individual passage in the volume before us, and we quote it as a proper finale to our review.

Yes ! thou art lovelier now than ever ;
 How sweet 't would be *when all the air*
In moonlight swims, along thy river
 To couch upon the grass, and hear
 Niagara's everlasting voice
 Far in the deep blue west away ;
 That dreamy and poetic noise
 We mark not in the glare of day,
 Oh ! how unlike its torrent-cry,
 When o'er the brink the tide is driven,
 As if the vast and sheeted sky
 In thunder fell from Heaven.

Halleck's poetical powers appear to us essentially inferior, upon the whole, to those of his friend Drake. He has written nothing at all comparable to *Bronx*. By the hackneyed phrase, *sportive elegance*, we might possibly designate at once the general character of his writings and the very loftiest praise to which he is justly entitled.

Alnwick Castle is an irregular poem of one hundred and twenty-eight lines — was written, as we are informed, in October 1822 — and is descriptive of a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in Northumberlandshire, England. The effect of the first stanza is materially impaired by a defect in its grammatical arrangement. The fine lines,

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle and their grave !

are of the nature of an invocation, and thus require a continuation of the address to the "Home, &c." We are consequently disappointed when the stanza proceeds with —

Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state
 As in *his* proud departed hours ;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"
 Above *his* princely towers.

The objects of allusion here vary, in an awkward manner, from the castle to the Lion, and from the Lion to the towers. By writing the verses thus the difficulty would be remedied.

Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Thy house's Lion stands in state,
 As in his proud departed hours ;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"
 Above *thy* princely towers.

The second stanza, without evincing in any measure the loftier powers of a poet, has that quiet air of grace, both in thought and expression, which seems to be the prevailing feature of the Muse of Halleck.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,
 To meet the quiet stream which winds
 Through this romantic scene
 As silently and sweetly still,
 As when, at evening, on that hill,
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side

His Katherine was a happy bride
A thousand years ago.

There are one or two brief passages in the poem evincing a degree of rich imagination not elsewhere perceptible throughout the book. For example —

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile :
Does not the succoring Ivy keeping,
Her watch around it seem to smile
As o'er a lov'd one sleeping ?

and,

One solitary turret gray
Still tells in melancholy glory
The legend of the Cheviot day.

The commencement of the fourth stanza is of the highest order of Poetry, and partakes, in a happy manner, of that quaintness of expression so effective an adjunct to Ideality, when employed by the Shelleys, the Coleridges and the Tennysons, but so frequently debased, and rendered ridiculous, by the herd of brainless imitators.

Wild roses by the abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom :
They were born of a race of funeral flowers,
That garlanded in long-gone hours,
A Templar's knightly tomb.

The tone employed in the concluding portions of Alnwick Castle, is, we sincerely think, reprehensible, and unworthy of Halleck. No true poet can unite in any manner the low burlesque with the ideal, and not be conscious of incongruity and of a profanation. Such verses as

Men in the coal and cattle line
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle upon Tyne.

may lay claim to oddity — but no more. These things are the defects and not the beauties of *Don Juan*. They are totally out of keeping with the graceful and delicate manner of the initial portions of *Alnwick Castle*, and serve no better purpose than to deprive the entire poem of all unity of effect. If a poet must be farcical, let him be just that, and nothing else. To be drolly sentimental is bad enough, as we have just seen in certain passages of the *Culprit Fay*, but to be sentimentally droll is a thing intolerable to men, and Gods, and columns.

Marco Bozzaris appears to have much lyrical without any high order of *ideal* beauty. *Force* is its prevailing character — a force, however, consisting more in a well ordered and sonorous arrangement of the metre, and a judicious disposal of what may be called the circumstances of the poem, than in the true *material* of lyric vigor. We are introduced, first, to the Turk who dreams, at midnight, in his guarded tent,

of the hour
 When Greece her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power —

He is represented as revelling in the visions of ambition.

In dreams through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;

Then wore his monarch's signet ring :
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king ;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

In direct contrast to this we have Bozzaris watchful in the forest, and ranging his band of Suliotes on the ground, and amid the memories of Plataea. An hour elapses, and the Turk awakes from his visions of false glory — to die. But Bozzaris dies — to awake. He dies in the flush of victory to awake, in death, to an ultimate certainty of Freedom. Then follows an invocation to death. His terrors under ordinary circumstances are contrasted with the glories of the dissolution of Bozzaris, in which the approach of the Destroyer is

welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

The poem closes with the poetical apotheosis of Marco Bozzaris as

One of the few, the immortal names
That are not born to die.

It will be seen that these arrangements of the subject are skilfully contrived — perhaps they are a little too evident, and we are enabled too readily by the perusal of one passage, to anticipate the succeeding. The rhythm is highly artificial. The stanzas are well adapted for vigorous expression — the fifth will afford a just specimen of the versification of the whole poem.

Come to the bridal Chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother's, when she feels
 For the first time her first born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine ;
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

Granting, however, to *Marco Bozzaris*, the minor excellences we have pointed out, we should be doing our conscience great wrong in calling it, upon the whole, any more than a very ordinary matter. It is surpassed, even as a lyric, by a multitude of foreign and by many American compositions of a similar character. To Ideality it has few pretensions, and the finest portion of the poem is probably to be found in the verses we have quoted elsewhere —

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land ;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind from woods of palm
 And orange groves, and fields of balm
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

The verses entitled *Burns* consist of thirty-eight quatrains — the three first lines of each quatrain being

of four feet, the fourth of three. This poem has many of the traits of *Alnwick Castle*, and bears also a strong resemblance to some of the writings of Wordsworth. Its chief merit, and indeed the chief merit, so we think, of all the poems of Halleck is the merit of *expression*. In the brief extracts from *Burns* which follow, our readers will recognize the peculiar character of which we speak.

Wild Rose of Alloway ! my thanks :
 Thou mind'st me of *that autumn noon*
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon" —

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
 My sunny hour was glad and brief —
 We've crossed the winter sea, *and thou*
Art withered — flower and leaf.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall
 All passions in our frames of clay
 Come thronging at his call.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

*They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy Sepulchres, Dumfries !
The Poet's tomb is there.*

Wyoming is composed of nine Spenserian stanzas. With some unusual excellences, it has some of the worst faults of Halleck. The lines which follow are of great beauty.

I then but dreamed : thou art before me now,
In life — a vision of the brain no more,
I 've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er ;
And now, *where winds thy river's greenest shore,*
Within a bower of sycamores am laid ;
And winds as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head.

The poem, however, is disfigured with the mere burlesque of some portions of Alnwick Castle — with such things as

he would look *particularly droll*
In his Iberian boot and Spanish plume ;
and

A girl of sweet sixteen
Love-darting eyes and tresses like the morn
Without a shoe or stocking — hoeing corn,

mingled up in a pitiable manner with images of real beauty.

The Field of the Grounded Arms contains twenty-four quatrains, without rhyme, and, we think, of a

disagreeable versification. In this poem are to be observed some of the finest passages of Halleck. For example —

“Strangers ! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit world of dreams.

and again —

O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are flowers.

Red-Jacket has much power of expression with little evidence of poetical ability. Its humor is very fine, and does not interfere, in any great degree, with the general tone of the poem.

A Sketch should have been omitted from the edition as altogether unworthy of its author.

The remaining pieces in the volume are *Twilight* ; *Psalm cxxxvii* ; *To . . .* ; *Love* ; *Domestic Happiness* ; *Magdalen* ; *From the Italian* ; *Woman* ; *Connecticut* ; *Music* ; *On the Death of Lieut. William Howard Allen* ; *A Poet's Daughter* ; and *On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake*. Of the majority of these we deem it unnecessary to say more than that they partake, in a more or less degree, of the general character observable in the poems of Halleck. The *Poet's Daughter* appears to us a particularly happy specimen of that general character, and we doubt whether it be not the favorite of its author. We are glad to see the vulgarity of

I'm busy in the cotton trade
And sugar line,

omitted in the present edition. The eleventh stanza is certainly not English as it stands — and besides it is altogether unintelligible. What is the meaning of this ?

But her who asks, though first among
The good, the beautiful, the young,
The birthright of a spell more strong
Than these have brought her.

The Lines on the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake,
we prefer to any of the writings of Halleck. It has that rare merit in composition of this kind — the union of tender sentiment and simplicity. This poem consists merely of six quatrains, and we quote them in full.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine —

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply,
 That mourns a man like thee.

If we are to judge from the subject of these verses, they are a work of some care and reflection. Yet they abound in faults. In the line,

Tears fell when thou wert dying ;

wert is not English.

Will tears the cold turf steep,

is an exceedingly rough verse. The metonymy involved in

There should a wreath be woven
 To *tell* the world their worth,

is unjust. The quatrain beginning,

And I who woke each morrow,

is ungrammatical in its construction when viewed in connection with the quatrain which immediately follows. "Weep thee" and "deeply" are inaccurate rhymes — and the whole of the first quatrain,

Green be the turf, &c.

although beautiful, bears too close a resemblance to the still more beautiful lines of William Wordsworth,

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love.

As a versifier Halleck is by no means equal to his friend, all of whose poems evince an ear finely attuned to the delicacies of melody. We seldom meet with more inharmonious lines than those, generally, of the author of *Alnwick Castle*. At every step such verses occur as,

And *the* monk's hymn and minstrel's song —
 True *as* the steel of *their* tried blades —
 For him the joy of *her* young years —
 Where *the* Bard-peasant first drew breath —
 And withered *my* life's leaf like thine —

in which the proper course of the rhythm would demand an accent upon syllables too unimportant to sustain it. Not unfrequently, too, we meet with lines such as this,

Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,

in which the multiplicity of consonants renders the pronunciation of the words at all, a matter of no inconsiderable difficulty.

But we must bring our notice to a close. It will be seen that while we are willing to admire in many respects the poems before us, we feel obliged to dissent materially from that public opinion (perhaps not fairly ascertained) which would assign them a very brilliant rank in the empire of Poesy. That we have among us poets of the loftiest order we believe — but we do *not* believe that these poets are Drake and Halleck.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU. BY AN
OLD MAN. NEW YORK: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

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

THIS "old man" is the present Governor of Canada, and a very amusing "old man" is he. A review of his work, which appeared a year ago in the *North American*, first incited us to read it, a pleasure which necessity has compelled us to forego until the present time — there not having been an American edition put to press until now, and the splendid hot-pressed, calf-bound, gilt-edged edition from Albemarle-street being too costly for very general circulation here.

The "bubbles" are blown into being by a gentleman who represents himself as having been sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to drink the mineral waters of Nassau; and who, upon arriving at the springs, found that, in order to effect the cure designed by his physicians, the mind was to be relaxed as the body was being strengthened. The result of this regimen was the production of "The Bubbles," or hasty sketches of whatever chanced for the moment to please either the eyes or the mind of the patient. He anticipates the critic's verdict as to his book — that it is empty, light, vain, hollow and superficial: "but then," says he, "it is the nature of 'bubbles' to be so."

He describes his voyage from the Custom House Stairs in the Thames, by steamboat to Rotterdam, and thence his journey to the Nassau springs of *Langenschwalbach*, *Schlangen-bad*, *Nieder-selters*, and *Wiesbaden*. Here he spends a season, bathing and drinking the waters of those celebrated springs, and describing

such incidents as occurred to relieve the monotony of his somewhat idle life, in a most agreeable and *taking* way. To call this work facetious, as that term is commonly used, were not perhaps to give so accurate an idea of its style as might be conveyed by the adjective whimsical. Without subjecting the "old man" to the imputation of *copyism*, one may describe the manner as being an agreeable mixture of *Charles Lamb's* and *Washington Irving's*. The same covert conceit, the same hidden humor, the same piquant allusion, which, while you read, place the author bodily before you, a quiet old gentleman fond of his ease, but fonder of his joke — not a broad, forced, loud, vacant-minded joke, but a quiet, pungent, sly, laughter-moving conceit, which, at first stirring the finest membranes of your *pericardium*, at length sets you out into a broad roar of laughter, honest fellow as you are, and which you must be, indeed, a very savage, if you can avoid.

Our bubble-blower observes everything within the sphere of his vision, and even makes a most amusing chapter out of "The schwein-general," or pig-drover of Schlangen-bad, which we wish we had space for entire. As it is, we give some reflections upon "the pig," as being perfectly characteristic of the author's peculiar style.

The author thus speaks in relation to the mineral water of Wiesbaden.

Here is a characteristic *crayoning*:

DIDACTICS — SOCIAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL.
BY ROBERT WALSH. PHILADELPHIA: CAREY,
LEA, AND BLANCHARD.

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

HAVING read these volumes with much attention and pleasure, we are prepared to admit that their author is one of the finest writers, one of the most accomplished scholars, and when not in too great a hurry, one of the most accurate thinkers in the country. Yet had we never seen this collection of *Didactics*, we should never have entertained these opinions. Mr. Walsh has been peculiarly an anonymous writer, and has thus been instrumental in cheating himself of a great portion of that literary renown which is most unequivocally his due. We have been not unfrequently astonished in the perusal of the book now before us, at meeting with a variety of well-known and highly esteemed acquaintances, for whose paternity we had been accustomed to give credit where we now find it should not have been given. Among these we may mention in especial the very excellent Essay on the acting of Kean, entitled "*Notices of Kean's principal performances during his first season in Philadelphia*," to be found at page 146, volume i. We have often thought of the unknown author of this Essay, as of one to whom we might speak, if occasion should at any time be granted us, with a perfect certainty of being understood. We have looked to the article itself as to a fair oasis in the general blankness and futility of our customary theatrical notices. We read it with that thrill of pleasure with which we always welcome

our own long-cherished opinions, when we meet them unexpectedly in the language of another. How absolute is the necessity now daily growing, of rescuing our stage criticism from the control of illiterate mountebanks, and placing it in the hands of gentlemen and scholars !

The paper on *Collegiate Education*, beginning at page 165, volume ii, is much more than a sufficient reply to that Essay in the *Old Bachelor* of Mr. Wirt, in which the attempt is made to argue down colleges as seminaries for the young. Mr. Walsh's article does not uphold Mr. Barlow's plan of a National University — a plan which is assailed by the Attorney General — but comments upon some errors in point of fact, and enters into a brief but comprehensive examination of the general subject. He maintains with undeniable truth, that it is illogical to deduce arguments against universities which are to exist at the present day, from the inconveniences found to be connected with institutions formed in the dark ages — institutions similar to our own in but few respects, modelled upon the principles and prejudices of the times, organized with a view to particular ecclesiastical purposes, and confined in their operations by an infinity of Gothic and perplexing regulations. He thinks, (and we believe he thinks with a great majority of our well educated fellow citizens) that in the case either of a great national institute or of State universities, nearly all the difficulties so much insisted upon will prove a series of mere chimeras — that the evils apprehended might be readily obviated, and the acknowledged benefits uninterruptedly secured. He denies, very justly, the assertion of the *Old Bachelor* — that, in the progress of society, funds for collegiate establishments will no

doubt be accumulated, independently of government, when their benefits are evident, and a necessity for them felt — and that the rich who have funds will, whenever strongly impressed with the necessity of so doing, provide, either by associations or otherwise, proper seminaries for the education of their children. He shows that these assertions are contradictory to experience, and more particularly to the experience of the State of Virginia, where, notwithstanding the extent of private opulence, and the disadvantages under which the community so long labored from a want of regular and systematic instruction, it was the government which was finally compelled, and not private societies which were induced, to provide establishments for effecting the great end. He says (and therein we must all fully agree with him) that Virginia may consider herself fortunate in following the example of all the enlightened nations of modern times rather than in hearkening to the counsels of the Old Bachelor. He dissents (and who would not ?) from the allegation, that “the most eminent men in Europe, particularly in England, have received their education neither at public schools or universities,” and shows that the very reverse may be affirmed — that on the continent of Europe by far the greater number of its great names have been attached to the rolls of its universities — and that in England a vast majority of those minds which we have revered so long — the Bacons, the Newtons, the Barrows, the Clarkes, the Spensers, the Miltons, the Drydens, the Addisons, the Temples, the Hales, the Clarendons, the Mansfields, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, &c. were educated among the venerable cloisters of Oxford or of Cambridge. He cites the Oxford Prize Essays, so

well known even in America, as direct evidence of the energetic ardor in acquiring knowledge brought about through the means of British Universities, and maintains that “when attention is given to the subsequent public stations and labors of most of the writers of these Essays, it will be found that they prove also the ultimate practical utility of the literary discipline of the colleges for the students and the nation.” He argues, that were it even true that the greatest men have not been educated in public schools, the fact would have little to do with the question of their efficacy in the instruction of the mass of mankind. Great men cannot be *created*—and are usually independent of all particular schemes of education. Public seminaries are best adapted to the generality of cases. He concludes with observing that the course of study pursued at English Universities, is more liberal by far than we are willing to suppose it—that it is, demonstrably, the best, inasmuch as regards the preference given to classical and mathematical knowledge—and that upon the whole it would be an easy matter, in transferring to America the general principles of those institutions, to leave them their obvious errors, while we avail ourselves as we best may, of their still more obvious virtues and advantages.

We must take the liberty of copying an interesting paper on the subject of Oxford.

“The impression made on my mind by the first aspect of Paris was scarcely more lively or profound, than that which I experienced on entering Oxford. Great towns were already familiar to my eye, but a whole city sacred to the cultivation of science, composed of edifices no less venerable for their antiquity than magnificent in their structure, was a novelty

which at once delighted and overpowered my imagination. The entire population is in some degree appended and ministerial to the colleges. They comprise nearly the whole town, and are so noble and imposing, although entirely Gothic, that I was inclined to apply to the architecture of Oxford what has been said of the schools of Athens :

“The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And graced with noblest pomp her earliest stage.

Spacious gardens laid out with taste and skill are annexed to each college, and appropriated to the exercises and meditations of the students. The adjacent country is in the highest state of cultivation, and watered by a beautiful stream, which bears the name of Isis, the divinity of the Nile and the Ceres of the Egyptians. To you who know my attachment to letters, and my veneration for the great men whom this university has produced, it will not appear affectation, when I say that I was most powerfully affected by this scene, that my eyes filled with tears, that all the enthusiasm of a student burst forth.

“After resting, I delivered next morning, my letter of introduction to one of the professors, Mr. V——, and who undertook to serve as my *cicerone* through the university. The whole day was consumed in wandering over the various colleges and their libraries, in discoursing on their organization, and in admiring the Gothic chapels, the splendid prospects from their domes, the collection of books, of paintings, and of statuary, and the portraits of the great men who were nursed in this seat of learning. Both here and at Cambridge, accurate likenesses of such as have by

their political or literary elevation, ennobled their *alma mater*, are hung up in the great halls, in order to excite the emulation of their successors, and perpetuate the fame of the institution. I do not wish to fatigue you by making you the associate of all my wanderings and reflections, but only beg you to follow me rapidly through the picture-gallery attached to the celebrated Bodleian library. It is long indeed, and covered with a multitude of original portraits, but from them I shall merely select a few, in which your knowledge of history will lead you to take a lively interest.

“I was struck with the face of Martin Luther the reformer. It was not necessary to have studied Lavater to collect from it, the character of his mind. His features were excessively harsh though regular, his eye intelligent but sullen and scowling, and the whole expression of his countenance, that of a sour, intemperate, overbearing controversialist. Near him were placed likenesses of Locke, Butler, and Charles II., painted by Sir Peter Lely; with the countenance of Locke you are well acquainted, that of Butler has nothing sportive in it—does not betray a particle of humor, but is, on the contrary, grave, solemn, and didactic in the extreme, and must have been taken in one of his splenetic moods, when brooding over the neglect of Charles, rather than in one of those moments of inspiration, as they may be styled, in which he narrated the achievements of Hudibras. The physiognomy of Charles is, I presume, familiar to you, lively but not ‘spiritual.’ Lord North is among the number of heads, and I was caught by his strong resemblance to the present king; so strong as to remind one of the scandalous chronicles of times past.

“The face of Mary queen of Scots next attracted

my notice. It was taken in her own time, and amply justifies what historians have written, or poets have sung, concerning her incomparable beauty. If ever there was a countenance meriting the epithet of lovely in its most comprehensive signification, it was this, which truly "vindicated the veracity of Fame," and in which I needed not the aid of imagination to trace the virtues of her heart. In reading Hume and Whitaker I have often wept over her misfortunes, and now turned with increased disgust from an original portrait of Elizabeth, her rival and assassin, which was placed immediately above, and contributed to heighten the captivations of the other by the effect of contrast. The features of Elizabeth are harsh and irregular, her eye severe, her complexion bad, her whole face, in short, just such as you would naturally attach to such a mind.

"Among the curiosities of the gallery may be ranked a likeness of Sir Philip Sidney, done with a *red hot poker*, on wood, by a person of the name of Griffith, belonging to one of the colleges. It is really a monument of human patience and ingenuity, and has the appearance of a good painting. I cannot describe to you without admiration another most extraordinary *freak* of genius exhibited here, and altogether *unique* in its kind. It is a portrait of Isaac Tuller, a celebrated painter in the reign of Charles II., executed by *himself when drunk*. Tradition represents it as an admirable likeness, and of inebriety in the abstract, there never was a more faithful or perfect delineation. This anecdote is authentic, and must amuse the fancy, if we picture to ourselves the artist completely intoxicated, inspecting his own features in a mirror, and hitting off, with complete success, not only the general

character, but the peculiar stamp, which such a state must have impressed upon him. His conception was as full of humor as of originality, and well adapted to the system of manners which the reigning monarch introduced and patronized. As I am on the subject of portraits, permit me to mention three to which my attention was particularly called on my visit to the University of Dublin. They were those of Burke, Swift, and Bishop Berkeley, done by the ablest masters. The latter must have had one of the most impressive physiognomies ever given to man, "*the human face divine.*" That of Burke is far inferior, but strongly marked by an indignant smile ; a proper expression for the feelings by which his mind was constantly agitated towards the close of his life. The face of Swift from which you would expect every thing, is dull, heavy and unmeaning.

"Portrait painting is the *forte*, as it has always been the passion of this country. Happily for the inquisitive stranger, every rich man has all his progenitors and relatives on canvas. The walls of every public institution are crowded with benefactors and pupils, and no town hall is left without the heads of the corporation, or the representatives of the borough. The same impulse that prompts us to gaze with avidity on the persons of our contemporaries, if there be any thing prominent in their character, or peculiar in their history, leads us to turn a curious and attentive eye on the likenesses of the "*mighty dead*," whose souls as well as faces are thus in some degree transmitted to posterity. Next to my association with the living men of genius who render illustrious the names of Englishmen, no more sensible gratification has accrued to me from my residence in the country, than that of study-

ing the countenances of their predecessors ; no employment has tended more efficaciously to improve my acquaintance with the history of the nation, to animate research, and to quicken the spirit of competition.

“ I quitted Oxford with a fervent wish that such an establishment might one day grace our country. I have uttered an ejaculation to the same effect whenever the great monuments of industry and refinement which Europe displays exclusively, have fallen under my observation. We have indeed just grounds to hope that we shall one day eclipse the old world.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves.”

The only paper in the *Didactics*, to which we have any decided objection, is a tolerably long article on the subject of *Phrenology*, entitled “ Memorial of the Phrenological Society of ——— to the Honorable the Congress of ——— sitting at ———.” Considered as a specimen of mere burlesque the *Memorial* is well enough — but we are sorry to see the energies of a scholar and an editor (who should be, if he be not, a man of metaphysical science) so wickedly employed as in any attempt to throw ridicule upon a question, (however much maligned, or however apparently ridiculous) whose merits he has never examined, and of whose very nature, history, and assumptions, he is most evidently ignorant. Mr. Walsh is either ashamed of this article now, or he will have plentiful reason to be ashamed of it hereafter.

APPENDIX.

POE'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS.

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

IN compliance with the suggestion of many of our friends, and at the request of a majority of our contributors, we again publish a supplement consisting of *Notices of the "Messenger."* We have duly weighed the propriety and impropriety of this course, and have concluded that when we choose to adopt it, there can be no good reason why we should not. Heretofore we have made selections from the notices received — only taking care to publish what we conceived to be a fair specimen of the general character of all — and, with those who know us, no suspicion of unfairness in this selection would be entertained. Lest, however, among those who do *not* know us, any such suspicion should arise, we now publish every late criticism received. This supplement is, of course, not considered as a portion of the *Messenger* itself, being an extra expense to the publisher.

We commence with the *Newbern (North Carolina) Spectator* — a general dissenter from all favorable opinions of our Magazine.

"*Southern Literary Messenger*. — The May number of this periodical has been on our table for some days, but our avocations have prevented us from look-

ing into it before to-day. It is as usual, a beautiful specimen of typography, and sustains Mr. White's acknowledged mechanical taste. Its contents are various, as may be seen by referring to another column of to-day's paper, and not more various than unequal. Some of the articles are creditable to their authors, while others — indeed a majority of them — would better suit an ephemeral sheet like our own, which makes no great literary pretensions, than the pages of a magazine that assumes the high stand of a critical censor and a standard of correct taste in literature. While its pretensions were less elevated, we hailed the Messenger as an attempt, and a successful one, to call forth southern talent and to diffuse a taste for chaste and instructive reading ; and had its conductors been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence which the work attained almost immediately, the Messenger would not only have had a more extensive circulation, but its labors would have been more beneficial to the community — the great end at which every periodical should aim. With the talent available in any particular spot in the southern country, it is out of the question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood or a Jeffries ; and to attempt it, without the means to support the pretension, tends to accelerate the downfall of so indiscreet an attempt. We do not wish to be misunderstood in this remark. We believe, indeed we know, that the south possesses talent, and cultivated talent too, in as great abundance perhaps as any population of the same extent so situated ; but the meaning which we intend to convey is, that this talent is neither sufficiently concentrated, nor sufficiently devoted to literary pursuits, to be brought forth in support of any single publication in strength adequate to

establish an indisputable claim to superiority. Without these advantages, however, the Messenger has boldly put itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme ; and with a severity and an indiscreetness of criticism, — especially on American works, — which few, if any, of the able and well established Reviews have ventured to exercise, has been not only unmerciful, but savage. We admit that the number before, as well as the one preceding, is more moderate ; and this change encourages the hope that justness of judgment and a dignified expression of opinion will hereafter characterise the work. The May number, however, is over captious, unnecessarily devoted to faultfinding, in a few cases. In criticising “Spain Revisited,” this spirit shows itself. About ninety lines are occupied in condemnation of the Author’s dedication, a very unpretending one too, and one which will elevate Lieutenant Slidell in the estimation of all who prefer undoubted evidences of personal friendship to the disposition which dictates literary hypercriticism. The errors of composition that are to be found in the work, grammatical and other, are also severely handled, we will not say ably. The following is a specimen.

“ ‘ And now, too, we began ’ — says Spain Revisited — ‘ 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 ’ — says the Messenger, ‘ 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 speaking of individual horsemen, where

the plural is required. The participle "*reining*" probably refers to "*spatterdashes*," 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 construed by the rigid rules of grammar, would imply that the horsemen were dressed in spatterdashes — which spatterdashes reined the coursers — and which coursers had each a carbine.'

"With all deference to the Messenger, we would ask, if it never entered into the critick's mind that 'slouched hat' 'and embroidered jacket' are here used as generick terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received: but that he entertained the same intention respecting 'horsemen,' the whole context disproves. Had the reviewer placed a comma after the word 'horsemen,' in the first line of the paragraph which he dissects, (the relative and verb — *who were* — being elided, there is authority for so doing,) considered as parenthetical and illustrative all that follows between that comma and the one which comes after 'spatterdashes,' supplied the personal relative and the proper verb, which are plainly understood before the participle 'reining,' we presume that this sentence, ill-constructed as it undoubtedly is, would have escaped the knife, from a conviction that there are many as bad in the Messenger itself. The only critical notice which we have had leisure to read since the reception of the number, is the one which we have named. We may resume the subject in connexion with the Juné number."

We are at a loss to know who is the editor of the Spectator, but have a shrewd suspicion that he is the identical gentleman who once sent us from Newbern

an unfortunate copy of verses. It seems to us that he wishes to be taken notice of, and we will, for the once, oblige him with a few words — with the positive understanding, however, that it will be inconvenient to trouble ourselves hereafter with his opinions. We would respectfully suggest to him that his words, “*while its pretensions were less elevated we hailed the Messenger as a successful attempt, &c. and had its conductors been satisfied with the useful and creditable eminence, &c. we would have had no objection to it,*” &c. are a very fair and candid acknowledgment that he can find no fault with the Messenger but its success, and that to be as stupid as itself is the only sure road to the patronage of the Newbern Spectator. The paper is in error — we refer it to any decent school-boy in Newbern — in relation to the only sentence in our Magazine upon which it has thought proper to comment specifically, viz. the sentence above (by Lieutenant Slidell) beginning “And now too we began to see horsemen jauntily dressed in slouched hat, embroidered jacket, &c.” The *Spectator* says, “We would ask if it never entered into the critic’s mind that ‘slouched hat’ and ‘embroidered jacket’ are here used as generic terms? Lieutenant Slidell evidently intended that they should be so received; but that he entertained the same intention respecting ‘horsemen,’ the whole context disproves.” We reply, (and the Spectator should imagine us smiling as we reply) that it is precisely because “slouched hat” and “embroidered jacket” are used as generic terms, while the word “horsemen” is not, that we have been induced to wish the sentence amended. The *Spectator* also says, “With the talent available in any particular spot in the Southern country, it is out of the

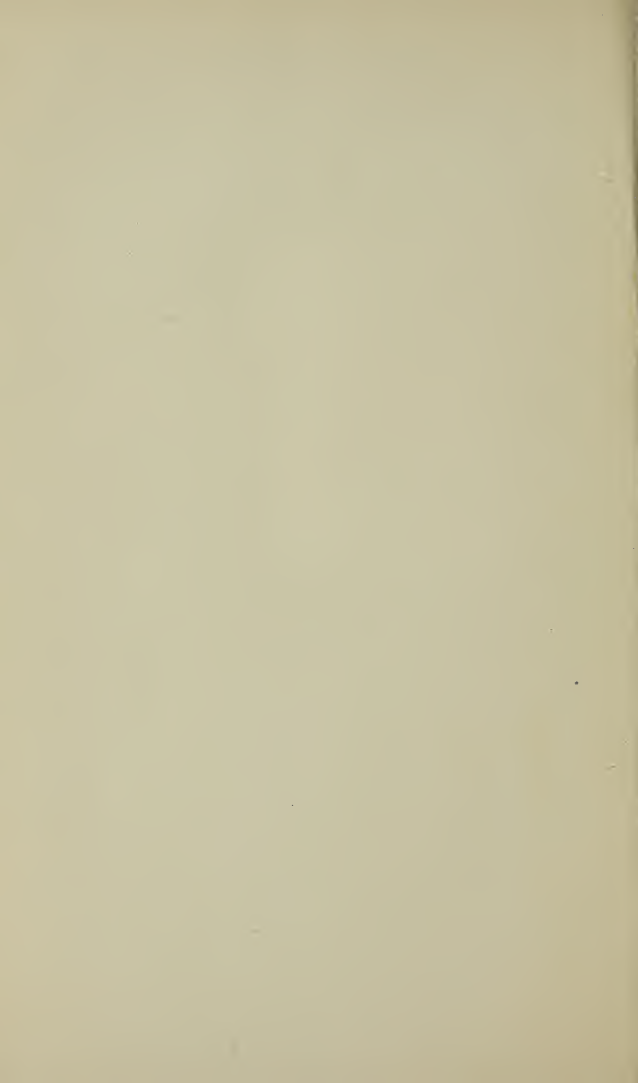
question, truly ridiculous, to assume the tone of a Walsh, a Blackwood, or a Jeffries." We believe that either Walsh, or (*Blackwood?*) or alas Jeffries, would disagree with the Newbern Spectator in its opinion of the talent of the Southern country — that is, if either Walsh or Blackwood or Jeffries could have imagined the existence of such a thing as a Newbern Spectator. Of the opinion of Blackwood and Jeffries, however, we cannot be positive just now. Of that of Walsh we can, having heard from him very lately with a promise of a communication for the Messenger, and compliments respecting our Editorial course, which we should really be ashamed of repeating. From *Slidell*, for whom the Spectator is for taking up the cudgels, we have yesterday heard in a similar strain and with a similar promise. From *Prof. Anthon*, ditto, *Mrs. Sigourney*, also lately reviewed, has just forwarded us her compliments and a communication. *Halleck*, since our *abuse* of his book, writes us thus: "There is no place where I shall be more desirous or seeing my humble writings than in the publication you so ably support and conduct. It is full of sound, good literature, and its frank, open, independent manliness of spirit, is characteristic of the land it hails from." *Paulding*, likewise, has sent us something for our pages, and is so kind as to say of us in a letter just received, "I should not hesitate in placing the "Messenger" decidedly at the head of our periodicals, nor do I hesitate in expressing that opinion freely on all occasions. It is gradually growing in the public estimation, and under your conduct, and with your contributions, must soon, if it is not already, be known all over the land." Lastly, in regard to the disputed matter of Drake and Halleck, we have just received

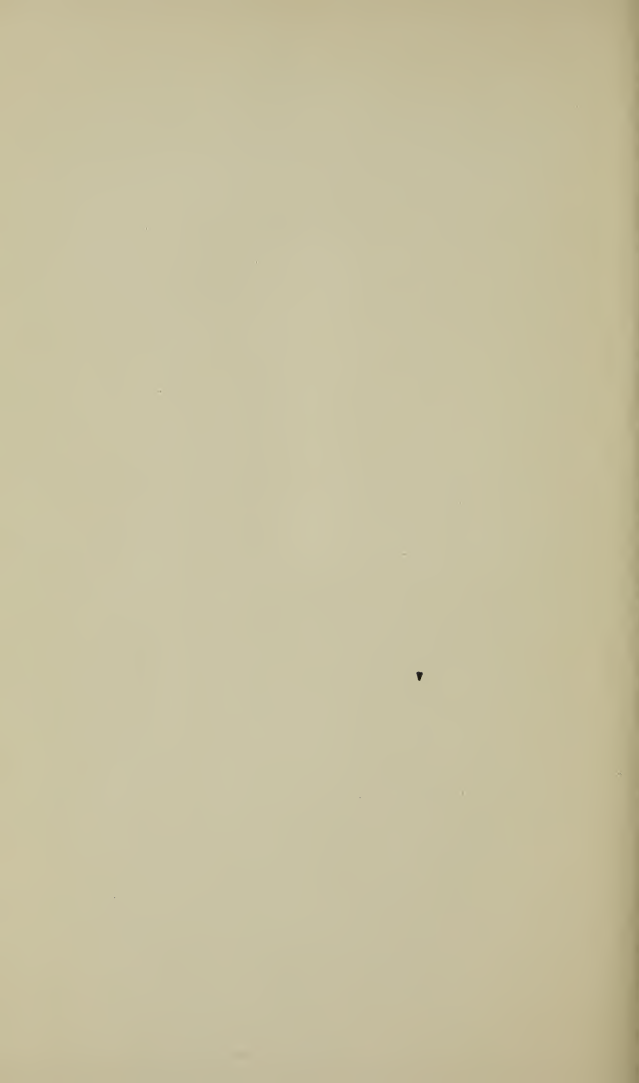
the following testimony from an individual second to no American author in the wide-spread popularity of his writings, and in their universal appreciation by men of letters, both in the United States and England. "You have given sufficient evidence on various occasions, not only of critical knowledge but of high independence ; your praise is therefore of value, and your censure not to be slighted. Allow me to say that I think your article on Drake and Halleck one of the finest pieces of criticism ever published in this country."

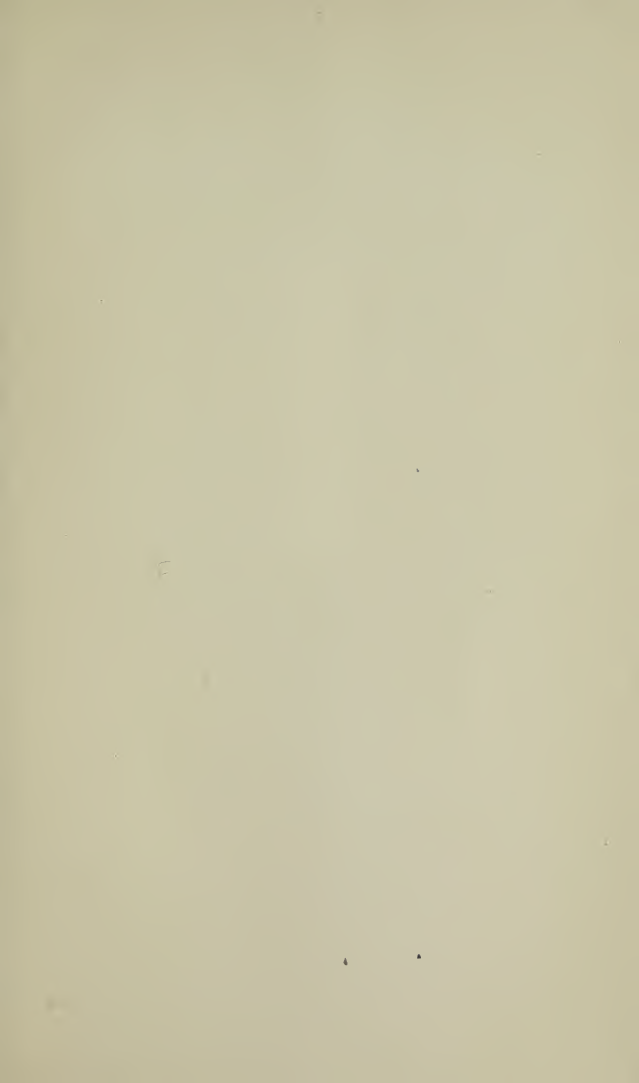
These decisions, on the part of such men, it must be acknowledged, would be highly gratifying to our vanity, were not the decision vetoed by the poet of the *Newbern Spectator*. We wish only to add that the poet's assertion in regard to the Messenger "putting itself forth as an arbiter whose dicta are supreme," is a slight deviation from the truth. The Messenger merely expresses its particular opinions in its own particular manner. These opinions no person is bound to adopt. They are open to the comments and censures of even the most diminutive things in creation — of the very *Newbern Spectators* of the land. If the Editor of this little paper does not behave himself we will positively publish his verses. —*Ed. Messenger.*

[Here come the names of the following newspapers, with extracts : *Augusta Chronicle*, *Courier and Enquirer*, *National Intelligencer*, *Richmond Compiler*, *Baltimore Gazette*, *Norfolk Herald*, *National Gazette*, *Baltimore American*, *Baltimore Athenæum*, (2) *Baltimore Patriot*, (2) *New Yorker*, (2) *Charlottesville Advocate*, *National Gazette*, *Boston Galaxy*, *United States Gazette*, *Methodist Conference Sentinel*,

*Petersburg Constellation, Winchester Virginian, (2)
New Hampshire Patriot, (2) Charleston Courier,
Louisville City Gazette, Oxford Examiner, Columbia
(S.C.) Times, Richmond Whig, New York Weekly
Messenger, Norfolk Herald.]*







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