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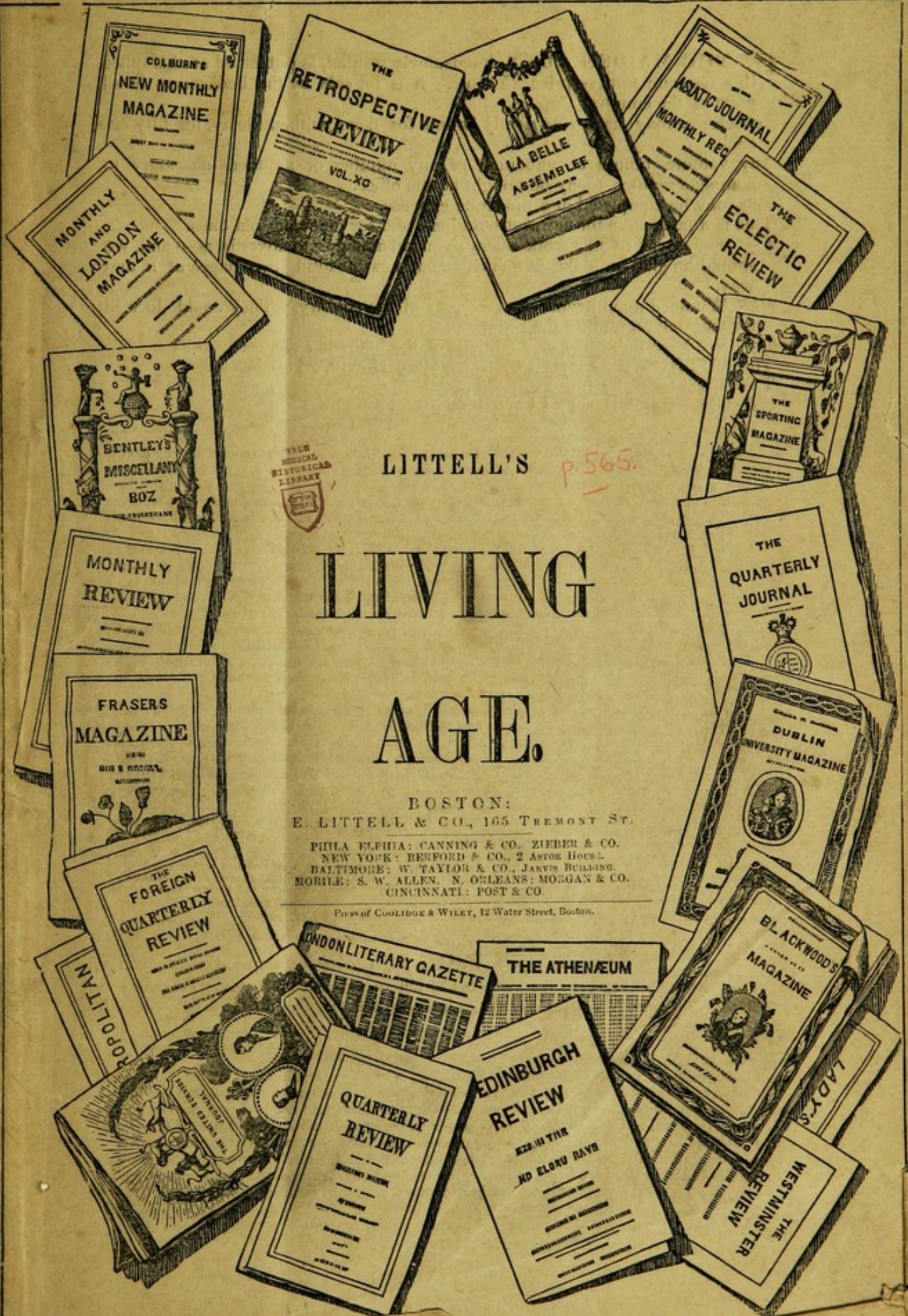
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
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
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
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
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
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From the Springfield Republican.

LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

The following is a copy of a letter received by Messrs. Merriam, of this town, Publishers of Webster's Dictionary, from Hon. Henry Clay, acknowledging the receipt of a splendidly bound copy of that work :

Messrs. G. & C. Merriam :

ASHLAND, 15th May, 1848.

I have received your friendly letter, with a copy of your new edition of Webster's Quarto Dictionary. I thank you for the very acceptable present. The paper, the type and the binding are all excellent. Indeed I never saw a better or neater bound book. I was once an agent and correspondent of the author, and no one can appreciate more highly than I do, his laborious and valuable life, and the many interesting contributions which he made to education and literature. I think his dictionary of the English language the most useful one extant, and am glad to possess, through your goodness, a copy of the last revised, enlarged and beautiful edition.

With my grateful acknowledgments, I am your friend and ob't serv't,

HENRY CLAY.

From the British Quarterly Review.

The Works of Charles Lamb, including his Life and Letters, collected into one volume. Moxon.

EARLY in the present century, there was, every Wednesday evening, in very humble quarters in the Temple, a snug little *réunion*, to which one would rather have been admitted than to any dozen brilliant conversaziones which London could offer. Nothing could be simpler than the entertainment; it had none of the attractions of wealth, of fashion, or of celebrity. It was never chronicled in the *Morning Post*. What was said and done there, afforded no food to idle *on dits*. No magnificent flunkies lined the staircase, and roared your name from one to the other, trumpeting your arrival. You were not ushered into a blaze of light, amidst jewels, plumes, and rustling dresses, crowding beneath chandeliers. It was a very small room, dimly lighted, modest in its appearance, the walls graced with an engraving or two, and a famous head of Milton, the possessor's pride. A quiet rubber, the solemnity of which was from time to time relieved by quaint "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;" a plain clay pipe; a crust of bread and cheese—perhaps oysters; a foaming tankard of porter; a glass of ginger wine, and a glass or so of grog: these were all that hospitality could offer, but they were offered hospitably. The champagne was in the talk—and to hear them was worth the sacrifice of any entertainment.

The guests were various, but all "choice spirits." There you might see gentle George Dyer, as scholarly and simple as Parson Adams. There also, Manning, with his burning ardor, and great mathematical science. There Leigh Hunt, with overflowing animal spirits, quoting, misquoting, punning, and criticising—bold, yet timid; his audacity in speculation always restrained by constitutional timidity, which made him do away (in a parenthesis) with the very purpose of his opinion. There his fierce, irascible, dogmatic, acute, honest-hating, honest-loving, paradoxical friend Hazlitt, by turns giving vent to some political vehemence, and to some delicate criticism on painting—describing with gusto, and analyzing with startling acuteness. There also Coleridge, fat, florid, indolent, dreaming, silver-haired, and silver-tongued, pouring forth rivers of talk, on the banks of which grew lovely wild flowers of all kinds; discoursing blandly and poetically on all the "high arguments" which can interest mankind, but coming to no definite conclusion on any one of them: always intending to accomplish great works, never writing them; weak, selfish, and dreamy; his fascinating talents somewhat tinged with moral *cant*; a great powerless power, an amorphous genius. There Words-

worth, rough in manner, stern in morals, cold, prosing, didactic, but surrounded by a halo of poetic glory; having left his mountains for a few weeks of London fog and sociality. There Godwin, the audacious theorist, dreaming of perfectibility and political justice; cold, grave, and oracular; uttering paradoxes with the passionless air of deliberative wisdom; rigid at the whist table; admitting no aristocracy but that of letters; receiving all opinions opposed to his own with silent scorn and exasperating superiority; unmoved by the convulsions of society; "a ruler of the spirits"—"the central calm at the heart of all agitation." There Talfourd, then a struggling barrister and flowery essayist, soon to become an eminent barrister and flowery poet. There also Holcroft, the author of the "Road to Ruin," having risen from the bottom of the social scale to an eminent position in the world of letters—having passed the strangest and most chequered of lives; the son of a hawking pedlar, always roaming, always changing his means of livelihood; now employed as an infant to lead a donkey to the coal pit, there to get it loaded, and then conduct it home; now taken as a stable boy at a trainer's, there to store up materials for "Goldfinch;" now setting up a school with one scholar; now trying to be a cobbler; now joining strolling players, and at last succeeding as a dramatic author; marrying four wives; indicted for high treason on the most frivolous grounds, owing to the arbitrary measures "when George the Third was king;" acquitted, but ever afterwards damaged in reputation, being looked upon as an "acquitted felon;" and now finally having passed through all these vicissitudes, and settled into old age, still writing feeble comedies, translating from the German, and dabbling in pictures.

The central figure of this group—the host, who numbered all these various men of genius and talent as his friends, and who differing from all, yet sympathized with all, was Charles Lamb, perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of the set.

"Charles Lamb, to those who know thee justly dear
For rarest genius, for sterling worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought birth."

So sang Robert Southey, with more truth than felicity; and so would every heart respond. As a writer, whose place is forever conquered in our literature; and as a character, full of piquant contrast and matter for study, we shall not be blamed, we trust, for occupying the reader's time for a brief while, in endeavoring to present some of the characteristics of his genius.

"*Die Gestalt des Menschen*," says Göthe, "*ist der Text zu allem was sich über ihn empfinden*"

und sagen lässt."* This is peculiarly applicable to Charles Lamb. The contrasts of his organization were reflected in his mind. He was an oddity in appearance and in manner; uniting contrasts in the subtlest way imaginable. He had a head worthy of Aristotle, but it was placed upon a *shadowy stem*, (to use Talfourd's happy description,) so fragile, so puny was the body which sustained it. His features were strongly, yet delicately cut. Over an expanded forehead black hair crisply curled. His dark eyes twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sadness. His nose was of the Jewish cut; indeed, clad in his clerk-like black, with his oriental style of feature, his delicate organization, and sweetness of demeanor, he presented an appearance very much like what he describes Braham's to be, "a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel."

Hitherto we have taken only the favorable view of him—the painter's view. But, besides what the artist transfers to his canvass, there is always an indefinite something which he cannot transfer; and hence the reason why painters are said to flatter, and also why they always fail in representing wholly those whom we greatly admire or greatly love. Charles Lamb is only half portrayed as yet. To the above must be added a certain oddity of look and manner—a something tantamount to his stammering. It was not disagreeable; rather let us call it quaint—individual.

Good simple King Duncan says—

"There is no art
To read the mind's construction in the face," &c.

It is a subtle touch of Shakspeare's to make the man just deceived by one he trusted, draw a general conclusion from a particular instance, such as the above; but no one could look in Charles Lamb's face without reading there the lineaments of the "mind's construction." The mixture of intellect and feeling; of reasoning and sensibility; of wit, humor, and sadness; of innocence and knowingness; of gentleness and brusquerie, stamped itself legibly upon his features.

The affection he inspired, together with the real unobtrusive kindness of his nature, has led his friends and critics into an oversight which it is necessary we should notice. So much stress has been laid upon his "gentleness," that the other part of his character—his recklessness and brusquerie—has been overlaid.

"My gentle-hearted Charles!"

is the apostrophe of Coleridge, in one of his poems; and to show how deserved was the epithet, let us recall the testimony of his school-fellow, Mr. Le Grice, who says, "I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited kindness." Gentle he

undoubtedly was; and a gentle spirit lends its grace to all his writings. But there was also a whimsical recklessness which would occasionally beset him. To give an instance: he dined one day at the house of a friend of ours, and on entering the drawing-room, after dinner, saw a gentleman standing in the middle of the room, whose bent shoulders, in schoolboy leapfrog phrase, "made a back;" the temptation was too great for Lamb; he placed his hands on the unconscious victim, and "flew" over his head, to the astonished indignation of many, and amusement of the few. This, perhaps, may be called a mere disregard to the proprieties of time and place; but Lamb was at times less excusably aggressive. He was fond of startling people on sacred subjects; though really religious himself, he liked to play with the religious scruples of others. In the same way he reversed the process on those who held sceptical opinions. We have heard a friend of his say, that whenever Godwin broached any infidel doctrines in Lamb's room, Lamb would check him by pointing to a volume of sermons on the shelf, which Godwin had written early in life. But to return to his aggressiveness: his love of practical joking is surely a strong proof. His jokes were more ludicrous than malicious, and in this they differ from ordinary practical jokes; nor do we wish much stress to be laid on them, but they indicate, as we said, a certain aggressive tendency, which must be taken as a set-off against his gentleness. While on this subject, and because, like the former anecdotes, it has not been made public, we may relate the story of his first meeting with Thomas Carlyle. Lamb was never partial to the Scotch,* and on this evening he was more than usually offensive in his remarks on their character; but when supper appeared, and a bowl of porridge was placed before Carlyle, Lamb's jokes and remarks upon it were so insulting, as almost to lead to an open quarrel. Even Lamb's friend, from whom we had the story, could say nothing in his justification; his behavior was wantonly offensive.

The epithet "gentle" was not the less merited because of these occasional outbreaks; and we should be sorry if our endeavor to represent more accurately the man, should lead any one to suppose that he was not as kind and gentle as his writings. Even in his writings there are outbreaks:

"And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words."

So Wordsworth. Leigh Hunt gives another and truer explanation:—"His sensibility to strong contrasts is the foundation of his humor, which is that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He will beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he does it. One

* "A man's personal appearance is the text for all that can be said of him or felt about him."—*Stella*.

* "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair."—*Essays of Elia: On Imperfect Sympathies*.

could imagine him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and melting into thin air himself out of sympathy with the awful."

Lamb was heart and soul a Londoner. Dr. Johnson himself was not more so. Although he passed the greater part of his life as clerk in the India House—doomed to the desk in murky Leadenhall-street, yet had he no yearnings for the country. He was not the man to sing—

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of sweet Nature's face," &c.

Johnson said, "When you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Sir, I like to look upon mankind: let us walk down Fleet street." Lamb said the same; he was, as Talfourd prettily says of him, "formed to nestle rather than to roam." In a letter to Southey, he says:

I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs, or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travels, at least, not further than Paris or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connection as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervises, and all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well-known face, (Mr. Cook or Mr. Maddox, whom I see another day good Christian and English waiters, innkeepers, &c.,) does not give me pleasure unalloyed. I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*.

And again, in a letter from Enfield to Wordsworth:

Here we have nothing to do with our victuals but to eat them; with the garden but to see it grow; with the tax-gatherer but to hear him knock; with the maid but to hear her scolded. Scot and lot, butcher, baker, are things unknown to us, save as spectators of the pageant. We are fed we know not how; quietists—*confiding ravens*. We have the *otium pro dignitate*, a respectable insignificance. Yet in the self-condemned obliviousness, in the stagnation, some molesting yearnings of life, not quite killed, rise, prompting me that there was London, and that I was of that old Jerusalem. In dreams I am in Fleet Market, but I wake and cry to sleep again. I die hard, a stubborn Eloisa in this detestable Paroclete. What have I gained by health?—Intolerable dullness. What by early hours and moderate meals?—A total blank. O! never let the lying poets be believed, who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village. In the ruins of Palmyra I could gird myself up to solitude, or muse to the snorings of the Seven Sleepers; but to have a little teasing image of a town about one; country folks that do not look like country folks; shops two yards square, half a dozen apples and two penn'orths of overlooked gingerbread for the lofty fruiterers of Oxford street; and for the immortal book and print stalls, a circulating library that stands still, where the show picture is a last year's valentine, and whither the fame of the last ten Scotch novels has not yet travelled—(marry, they just begin to be conscious of the Redgauntlet;) to have a new plastered flat church, and to be wishing that it was but a cathedral! The very blackguards here are degenerate; the topping gentry

stock-brokers; the passengers too many to insure your quiet, or let you go about whistling or gaping; too few to be the fine indifferent pageants of Fleet street. Confining, room-keeping, thickest winter, is yet more bearable here than the gaudy months. Among one's books at one's fire, by candle, one is soothed into an oblivion that one is not in the country; but with the light the green fields return, till I gaze, and in a calenture can plunge myself into St. Giles'. O! let no native Londoner imagine that health, and rest, and innocent occupation, interchange of converse sweet, and recreative study, can make the country anything better than altogether odious and detestable. A garden was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, playhouses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and the thither side of innocence.

Nor was this the feeling of a moment; it was his taste through life. He had no eye for the picturesque. Human nature, in its miseries, infirmities, its virtues, and socialities, was what lovingly attracted him; and he liked towns because they spoke of man. In the same way he loved books. Mere descriptive passages, mere caprices of fancy, except in the authors he loved, were lost upon him. He cared nothing for theories; speculations on the great questions of philosophy and religion never troubled him, and he humorously describes Proclus (Coleridge having asked him to procure a copy) as one of those books the lid of which he shut faster than he opened it. But the dramatists were his especial favorites. He saw no flaws in them. To his guileless mind their reckless disregard of the boundaries of morality and decency was nothing but the sportive freedom of imagination. He has written a most elaborate and ingenious defence of the comic dramatists of the restoration, upon the ground that they were dealing with the fictitious world of wit, and ought not to be measured by the ordinary standards of morality, because they treated not of actual life. No one but himself could have written this; no one but himself could believe it. Besides the dramatists, he also loved the old humorists and moralists; was fond of Quaker folios, because they led him into a quaint, honest world; and had an especial regard for all *old* books. He had the spirit of an antiquary, not the grubbing patience, not the inordinate appreciation of minute points, which accompanies the antiquarian spirit. He was not a Cockletope; he was not a Ritson. To discover that some obscure man was born on the 16th of May, and not, as generally supposed, on the 18th, inspired him with no thrill of delight, nor did it make him assume contemptuous airs towards the ignorant rest of mankind.

A book was not better in his eyes than all other books, because it was older and more illegible; but in that affectionate regard for the mysterious past, in that lingering over the fragments of the ruined edifice, in that endeavor to reanimate in his mind the times which had been, and were no more, he showed the antiquarian spirit in its true aspect.

He loved to recall the scenes of his boyhood, to live over again the emotions which had agitated his youthful heart; and in the same backward-looking spirit he threw himself into the bygone years of his country's life. It was no affectation in him; it was the bias of his mind. Without the strong pulse of hope, without the forward-looking speculations of philosophy, he was more prone to recall than to prophesy.* His very style was tinged with an archaic hue; and this, not as a matter of literary artifice, but because his thoughts themselves had that color. His careless letters show it quite as plainly as his studied essays.

A great reader, he cared little for modern books; the only contemporary writings which interested him were those of his personal friends. Scott's novels had no attraction for him; but Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson he read over and over again. Shelley could not win a word from him. Byron moved him not. But how he fondled an old folio! how he hugged some time-hallowed quarto! Wisdom only spoke to him authoritatively when gray hairs gave it authority.

The feeling which lies at the bottom of our great admiration for old books, and which causes us to exaggerate their merits, has yet to be analyzed. There cannot be a doubt that we are more struck by a shrewd remark in an ancient writer, than by a profound remark in a modern. Is not this the effect of *unconscious surprise*? Do we not, in reading an old treatise, sit down prepared to make all sorts of allowances, which we never accord to a modern? The modern writer speaks, or ought to speak, from the fulness of all time; his predecessors ought to have enriched him by the legacy of their wealth, and this makes us critical in our demands. But the ancient writer we read *as ancient*; his prosianness we forgive, his mistakes seem excusable, his very infirmities have something of the veneration due to age, while his beauties not only stand out prominent from the dull background, but surprise us with their existence. The other day we were looking over our Plato, and the passages marked by an approving pencil, though certainly often happy, and sometimes remarkable, were assuredly passages which in a modern author few pencils would have paused to indicate; moreover, compared with the quantity of unmarked passages, and its small *intrinsic* value, (apart from the charm of language and the *historical* value of these remnants of antiquity,) it seemed to us that the passages admired owed no little to the effect of contrast.† This led us into the train of thought expressed above. If it be just—if we do read ancient authors with a secret understanding that they had not the same advantages as moderns, we shall easily understand how the detection of great beauties in an old book

leads the reader into an exaggerated estimate of its superiority. And this was Charles Lamb's feeling. He liked old books because he forgave their faults and admired their beauties; and he liked them because they were old. He liked the nonsense of Sir Thomas Browne (set off as it was by glorious glimpses of wisdom) better than any modern sense; it was old, quaint, and had a perfume of antiquity about it. This feeling is amusingly exhibited in a letter to Bernard Barton—the charming Quaker poet—who wrote to him about a proposed edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Martin:—

A splendid edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim! (he exclaims;) why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cocked hat and staff transformed to a smart cocked beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hand. Nothing can be done for B. but to reprint the old cuts in as homely, but good a style as possible. The Vanity Fair and the pilgrims there—the lily-smoothness in his setting out countenance—the Christian idiocy (in a good sense) of his admiration of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; the Lions so *truly allegorical and remote from any similitude to Pidcock's*.

Here the unintentional imperfections of the old book are transmuted by affection into absolute merits; and so we may say of all other drawbacks which an unprejudiced eye might detect. It is worth noting that this thorough-going partisanship was carried by Lamb into his friendships. He did not love his friends in spite of their faults—he loved them, faults and all. While on the subject of his antiquarianism, we cannot resist one witticism he uttered, when his sonnet was rejected as not sufficiently delicate for Annual readers: "Hang the age!" he exclaimed, "*I will write for antiquity!*" As a wind-up of this subject, let us give what he says on Burnet's History:—

I am reading "Burnet's Own Times." Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions, when his "old cap was new." Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the *momentum* to national actors. Quite the prattle of age and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*. Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far from me.

As a humorist, Lamb takes a high place. His

* Compare his beautiful essay on New Year's Eve.

† No one, we hope, will misinterpret this into any disparagement of Plato; it is only saying, that read by the light which Plato himself helped to spread abroad, his works are less important to us than they were to those for whom he wrote them.

humor was essentially his own—the quaint, ludicrous expression of his own strange nature. It is not necessary to refer to his works in illustration, because his letters teem with it. Here is a passage we just stumbled on in a letter to Bernard Barton, in which the humor runs riot:—

I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am *flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it*; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher—an 0! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis 12 o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it!" I have not *volition enough left to dot my i's*, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub street attic to let—not so much as a joint stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; *just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off*. O for a vigorous fit of gout, of colic, toothache!—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything! Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. *I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment!*

The passages to which we have given the emphasis of italics are in the richest style of Lamb's quiet humor—a twinkling laugh peering through the sober gravity of style. Of his grave humor, there is an example in his letters which inexpressibly delights us. It is where, speaking of the Persian ambassador, who was then in London, the great "lion" of the day, he says—"I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are almost extinct in Persia." The splendid hoax of sending people out, on a dull, foggy November morning, to see the Persian worship the sun, and the droll seriousness of the conclusion he draws respecting the extinction of the race of fire-worshippers, are irresistibly ludicrous. Lamb did not jest merely with his intellect—his whole heart was in the joke. His perception of the ludicrous was not purely an intellectual perception, but carried with it the whole of his feelings. Thus, when his farce was hissed at Drury Lane, he joined in the hiss, and was among the loudest;

and it was always a standing joke with him ever afterwards. He congratulated himself upon the fact of being free of the house, though the house had been pretty free with him.

Hang 'em! (he wrote,) how they hissed. It was not a hiss neither, it was a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness. 'T was like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us! that God should give his favorite children mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to praise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyænas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures desirous to please them.

It was the same thorough-going enjoyment of a joke which made him submit to have his personal identity merged into that of the persecuted Guy Fawkes. One evening, it was the 5th of November, he was with some old friends, who, particularly struck with the large flapping brim of his round hat, pinned up the sides. Lamb made no objection, but stuck it on his head, and sauntered towards his home in the Temple. On his way, he was met by a party of young men, "flushed with insolence and wine," who exclaimed, "A Guy! a veritable Guy! no man of straw!" and, making a chair of their hands, carried him in triumph into St. Paul's church-yard, where they seated him on a post and left him, there to await the fagots of traditionary patriotism and juvenile anti-catholicism. Lamb quietly enjoyed the proceedings. It was an *historical* joke; it threw him, by a humorous identification, back into the past he loved so well, and he always told the story with immense relish.

There was not only heart in Lamb's wit, there was also imagination; and hence its exquisite perfection. The wits and word-catchers of the present day are, unhappily, too *mechanical* in their efforts; they bring together ideas remote enough to raise a laugh by the suddenness of the collision; but these ideas have only remoteness as the primary quality for wit, and the juxtaposition is a mechanical process. Sydney Smith's famous witticisms have almost always some exquisite flavor of imagination or sterling wisdom, beyond the mere felicity of expression and juxtaposition of antagonistic ideas. Thus, descanting on the prodigies of railway travelling, he said, "The early Scotchman, scratching himself in the mist of his mountain tops, may that very afternoon dine in Pall Mall." There is a fine pictorial feeling in this joke which gives it an immense value; had he merely said, "The Scotchman scratching himself in the morning may dine in London that very afternoon," what a poor joke it would have been! One of Lamb's most imaginative touches of humor is where deploring that being no longer a clerk, he has no gratis pens and paper. The comparison of his banishment

from the plenty of the India House with that of Adam from paradise—the ludicrous assimilation of ideas connected with Adam and the apple-stall “in Mesopotamia,” are so wonderfully represented, that we scarcely know of any witticism to surpass it, while the delicate manner in which any irreverence is avoided has made even strict persons enjoy its humor without misgivings. It would have made Sydney Smith roll with delight. Since his name has again been mentioned, let us notice Lamb’s anticipation of the famous joke which Sydney Smith made to the Bishop of New Zealand, with respect to the civilities he would receive from his new parishioners, who would offer him luncheon, adding, “there is *cold clergyman* on the *sideboard*.” Lamb, dissuading Manning from going to China, adds, “Some say they are cannibals, and then conceive a Tartar fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! * * * ‘T is terrible to be *weighed out at fivepence the pound*.”

Lamb’s repartees were often brilliant, and were greatly heightened in effect by his stammer, which delayed and kept the mind in suspense for the joke which the eye plainly told you was coming. Many of them have been quoted; but they want the aid of his manner, as well as that of the circumstances which called them forth. Here is a story which has not yet been printed. On one occasion he was very inconsiderately invited to a party where the room was crowded with children. Their noise and tricks plagued him not a little, and at supper, when toasts were flying to and fro, he rose to propose the health “of the m-m-much ca-ca-calumniated g-g-good King Herod!”

In the letters we are constantly stumbling upon passages of grave humor, which we can imagine him uttering, as where he says, “I sometimes think the lower notes of my voice resemble those of Mrs. Bland;” or where quoting a pretended passage in German, he erases it and says, “The English meaning is, ‘Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid a fire or a precipice,’ which I think is a sensible observation. *The Germans are certainly profounder than we.*” His writings are full of such sly hits. Here is a very ludicrous opening of a letter (it relates to a dog, to whom for some time he had been a perfect slave, and was forced at last to consign to the care of a friend):—

Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. P——e kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke’s with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won’t lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in

Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can’t be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot; and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder-Ally’s* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you, (and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways.

The touch about shooting the children, and keeping the dog for scientific purposes, is admirable. Indeed, it is the peculiarity of all real humor, that it does not arise from words alone, but has intense meanings underneath the grotesque sound, and therefore the more we ponder on it, the more we are amused. How different is the humor now current in our comic writers! Perhaps there never was before so much joking at any one period of our literary history, and yet how little of it is above worthlessness! Joking has become a trade. The cap and bells are assumed with deliberate calculation. Wit is manufactured, like Sheffield hardware, at a fixed tariff. With dismal jocosity men drudge at jokes. Shall we wonder at the produce? Shall we wonder that men called upon to be facetious at so much per sheet, pestered by impatient editors for comic “copy,” should, in the dearth of spontaneous humor, resort to any artifice to supply “the demand?” When subjects do not suggest themselves they must be invented. What invention is easier than to turn into ridicule everything which men hold sacred? It is not wit, it is parody, and of the vulgarest kind.

Charles Lamb, like most other wits, the most religious men included, was prone to play with sacred subjects; his very seriousness gave intensity to his perception of the contrast. But there was an implied reverence in his sportiveness which never shocked any but the most fastidious. You felt all the while that there was earnestness in him. He did not manufacture his jokes. On another point he is in striking contrast to the jokers of our day. He did not think it necessary to prowl about the disreputable haunts of London dissipation, nor to enter into the shambles of London civilization, to seek subjects for his mirth. He did not breathe the hot air of casinos and masked balls, nor the fetid air of “back slums” and pothouses, to move our mirth. On his pages there are no stains of beer, no cinders of cigars, no distorted humor of slang. He cared only for London, yet as delicate a breath rises from his page as from a bank of violets. He neither herded with the fashionable nor with the reprobate. From human life in its eternal truth, and not its conventional vulgarities, he drew his pictures, and they are painted “for all time.” Thus he excels his successors not less in the healthy, pleasant tone of his writings than in the depth of wit and felicity of expression.

He was eminently a *genial* writer; Dickens is

not more so. Amidst all the quips and sports of humor—all the exaggerations of fun—all the licensed riot of wit, you never lose sight of the kindly, loving, honest, enjoying nature of the writer. So distinctly is this personality impressed, and so lovable the personality, that few have read his works without forming an attachment to the man: in this also resembling Dickens. But who ever formed any attachment (on the mere grounds of their writings) to the writers we are contrasting him with? These writers, as far as the mere readers can judge, have no personality; they are joke manufacturers, having no sympathy with anything—no pity for anything—no hearty laugh at anything. They use the poor because of their dirt, rags, and misery; they use them as contrasts.

Lamb, in truth, belonged to the highest class of humorists; Cervantes, Molière, Sterne, and Jean Paul would have called him brother; and, like them all, he made humor the safety-valve of a sad, earnest heart. It has been said that all true humor rests upon melancholy, and that without a keen sense of the contradictions and the wrongs which disturb the stream of life, no real humor is possible. Humor is not levity—not inane laughter. It does not result from a fortuitous juxtaposition of words or ideas, but from deep sense of the contrasts of life, and the subtle harmony which may unite the jarring discords. Thus is pathos inseparable from humor. There are tears in its smile; in its laughter there are convulsive sobs.

Charles Lamb was by nature of a serious and reflective turn; and the accidents of his life, acting upon a sensitive organization, made him peculiarly alive to the tragic under-currents which flowed beneath the grotesque and farcical incidents and characters passing before him. Little did the majority of those who saw this social, punning, gentle, frolicsome, stammering, quaint humorist, imagine the awful shadow which forever rested upon his spirit, mingling with and deepening by contrast the brightness of its sunshine. Yes, in that queer-looking clerk—in the gentle-hearted Charles—in the delicate Elia, underneath the lightsome wit and playful fancy, there was shrouded a dark tragedy, such as would have broken many a robust spirit. The story is known but to few, and those few have hitherto, from obvious motives of delicacy, refrained from speaking of it. The time has now come, we believe, when the grave, having closed over all whom it may concern, the story ought to be told as a noble example of unobtrusive heroism.

Lamb's parents were very poor. Lamb himself, at the time we speak of, being a mere clerk, and unable to afford them much assistance, the weight of their maintenance fell upon his sister, the well-known Mary Lamb. By her needle she contrived to support them. She had taken a young girl into the house as an apprentice, and things went on smoothly enough till the increasing infirmities of the old lady, and the incessant watching thereby rendered necessary, made great inroads

upon Mary Lamb's health. Having in the earlier part of her life suffered temporary insanity from harassment, Mary's present state was alarming, and her brother went to Dr. Pitcairn in the morning to consult about her, but unhappily did not find him at home. On that very afternoon—it was the 22d Sept. 1796—while the family were preparing for dinner, Mary seized a knife which lay on the table, and making a rush at her little apprentice, pursued her round the room with fearful menaces. Her infirm old mother, with eager and terrified calls upon her to desist, attempted to interfere. With wild shrieks Mary turned upon her mother, and stabbed her to the heart! She then madly hurled the knives and forks about the room, one of which struck her helpless old father on the forehead. The shrieks of the girl, and her own wild cries, brought up the landlord of the house; but it was too late; he stood aghast at the terrible spectacle of the old woman lifeless on the chair, her daughter fiercely standing over her with the fatal knife still in her hand; her father bleeding at the forehead, and weeping by the side of his murdered wife; the girl cowering in a corner!

An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury, without hesitation, brought in the verdict of lunacy. Here there is a blank in our narrative. We do not know whether Mary Lamb was confined for any period in an asylum, and released on being pronounced sane, or whether Charles from the first undertook that watchful care of her which formed the heroism of his subsequent life. It is difficult to get at the details of an event which occurred fifty years ago, and which even at the time seems to have been carefully hushed up; for in the account of the inquest reported in the "Annual Register" of that year, from some inexplicable cause, *no name whatever is mentioned*, except Dr. Pitcairn. It merely says, "The coroner's jury sat on the body of an *old lady*, in the neighborhood of Holborn." But that the matter was not wholly unknown, is proved by the curious fact of the name being mentioned in the *index* to the "Annual Register," (compiled in 1826—that is to say, thirty years after the account was originally published,) where it stands thus—"Murder of Mrs. Lamb by her insane daughter."

This ghastly incident gave a new shape to all Lamb's subsequent career. At that time he was in love—the only time he ever felt the passion—and it inspired "a few sonnets of very delicate feeling and exquisite music;" but he felt that his sister demanded all his care, and to her he sacrificed love, marriage, everything. Like a brave, suffering, unselfish man, he, at twenty-one, renounced the dream of love for the stern austerity of duty:—

"And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have
clung

Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,*
 Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
 Was given a sister. * * * *
 In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
 Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
 All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers—
 More than sufficient recompense."

If singleness of heart, and unshaken constancy of affection, could make a recompense for all he had renounced, then truly did Charles Lamb reap his reward. But we have only to put it to the reader's consideration, and he will at once acknowledge how noble a sacrifice it was which Lamb performed. We do not mean the mere renouncement of his hopes—it is not any one act—it is his whole life which we call heroic. To his sister he devoted himself, in the most absolute sense of the term; and that, in spite of recurring fits of insanity. Curiously enough, Mary Lamb was, as a friend of hers once said to us, "the last woman in the world whom you could have suspected, under any circumstances, of becoming insane, so calm, so judicious, so rational was she;" and Hazlitt used to say, "Mary Lamb is the only truly sensible woman I ever met with." Nevertheless, she was at no time free from the danger of a relapse, and they never left home without her brother's taking a strait waistcoat with him!

No one will read this story without an increased tenderness towards Lamb, upon whose life and writings it sheds a flood of light. Perhaps the very extremity of his suffering, the very intensity of passion which had been revealed to him in this unhappy incident, may have led him to enter with such relish into the reckless horrors of our old English drama. Unquestionably, it must have led him to those deep reflections upon our moral nature, of which from time to time his writings give us glimpses. That he was somewhat morbid in self-scrutiny cannot be denied—perhaps this also was a result of that great moral shock he had received; and a curious instance of his self-condemnation is given in a letter to Bernard Barton:—

There is Southey, whom I ought to have thanked a fortnight ago for a present of the "Church Book." I have never had courage to chuckle myself in earnest to acknowledge it; yet I am accounted by some people a good man! How cheap that character is acquired! Pay your debts, don't borrow money, nor twist your kitten's neck off, nor disturb a congregation, &c., and the business is done. I know things (for thoughts are things) of myself which would make every friend I have fly me as a plague patient. I once set a dog upon a crab's leg that was shoved out under a mass of sea-weeds—a pretty little feeler! Oh, pah! how sick I am of that. And a lie, a mean one, I once told. I stink in the midst of respect.

How well he felt the "uses of adversity," the eloquent preachings of sorrow, may be seen in various passages, in none better than in *John Woodvil*—

* It is Lamb whom Wordsworth is addressing.

"My spirits turn to fire, they mount so fast.
 My joys are turbulent, my hopes show like fruition
 These high and gusty relishes of life, sure
 Have no allayings of mortality in them.
 I am too hot now and o'ercreable
 For the tedious processes and creeping wisdom
 Of human acts and enterprises of man.
 I want some seasonings of adversity—
 Some strokes of the old mortifier, Calamity,
 To take those swellings down divines call Vanity."

From what has gone before, it will be apparent that the serious side of human nature was not shut against Lamb's penetrating gaze, and that his pathos springs from the depths of real feeling. Hence his works will be enduring.

Another most important element in a writer's vitality, is style, and Lamb possessed it. Unlike that of all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors, it is peculiarly his own: quaint, delicately picked, with a sweet simplicity, joined to an archaic and artificial air, which, however, only *seemed* artificial; singularly easy and idiomatic in its flow, and unencumbered by superfluous words—never rising to the height of eloquence, but never turbid with ambitious rhetoric; felicitous in illustration and in potent words; sounding the very depths of pathos with the simplest phrase, and seldom breaking up a sentence for the sake of an antithesis or an epigram. It has not force—it has not rapidity—it has not heat—but it is always luminous, always suited to the subject, and in tenderness and delicate gusto has never perhaps been surpassed. As a sample of the gusto which he could infuse into language, we may recommend our readers to his famous *Dissertation on Roast Pig*.

If, from considering the general characteristics of the man, we descend to his particular works, we shall find no less matter for comment and applause. The single volume which contains these is, altogether, perhaps one of the most charming we could stand upon our shelves; it is a casket of gems of small size, but of the first water. It is not a book profoundly to influence the mind; it will make no epoch in a man's intellectual history; it will teach him nothing respecting his destiny, give him no clue wherewith to thread the labyrinth of doubt, furnish him with no great principles of action, open for him no new tracks of thought on which discoveries can be made. But it is, nevertheless, a book to be studied with profit, to be read, re-read, and loved. In the whole range of our literature, we can point to no book so purely charming. Lamb is the first of all our humorists, and the one most deserving of a place in our regard. Others may excel him in particular points, but, taken as a whole, he is incomparable.

Of his poems we will say but little. They have a personal interest which prevents their being wholly disregarded, but they have not much intrinsic value. The best is perhaps the tragedy of "John Woodvil," which, though feeble as a tragedy, is a sweet poem: an echo of the gentler music of the old dramatists, whom he loved so

well. There is one splendid passage descriptive of forest enjoyments, which we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing :—

“To see the sun to bed, and to arise
Like some hot amonist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy hands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop, and gaze, and turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngers in society.”

Here is a bit which might have had a place in his specimens of the elder dramatists :—

“He is not of that sort
Which haunt my house, snorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine
Spend vows as fast as vapors, which go off
Even with the fumes, their fathers.”

But descriptive passages and poetical writing will not suffice to make a tragedy, and in the great requisites of a drama, “John Woodvil” is deficient.

It is on the “Essays of Elia” that Lamb's fame must rest. The foundation is strong enough to last forever. There all moods are reflected; every chord is touched, and by a master spirit. Wit, humor, extravagance, quaintness, egotism, pathos, criticism, mental analysis, taste, reverie, fancy, are by turns exhibited; while the writing is generally exquisite. To read these essays is to retain forever after a pleasant flavor lingering in the mind, as of some dreamy day in childhood. Who ever forgot Mrs. Battle, the pragmatic disciplinarian, at whist? Who does not remember hospitable Captain Jackson, whose magnificent imagination transmuted poverty into splendor—a poor platter into Althea's horn, at whose table “wine we had none, but the *sensation of wine was there*. Some kind of thin ale, I remember, ‘British beverage,’ he would say! ‘Push about, my boys. Drink to your sweethearts, girls.’ At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, and none of the effects were wanting. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.”

In another style, how pensively beautiful are “Blakesmoor,” “Poor Relations,” “The Superannuated Man,” “New Year's Eve,” “Witches, and other Night Fears!” How fine and subtle the criticisms on poets and painters! How pregnant the many observations carelessly thrown in, leading the mind to muse upon the perplexities of our nature! What Charles Lamb's

readers may owe to him, beyond the mere delight, is not easily to be estimated; assuredly no mind, but the vulgarest, can commune with his, and not feel itself strengthened and enlarged.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Baronet. With Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his son, CHARLES BUXTON, Esq. Murray.

THIS is a plain and unaffected record of the life of one of that class of men which it is our boast to think peculiar to England; a merchant of good family, engaged zealously in trade, representing a numerous constituency in parliament, devoting himself to one or two questions of great social interest, and by dint of strong convictions and steady perseverance rather than more brilliant qualities, largely helping to effect important legislative changes. Mr. Buxton's position in childhood, on his father's death, seems to have determined his later life and character. He might have succeeded his father as a popular, hospitable, hunting high sheriff of a county, but for the complete control of his mother in those tender years, and the adaptation of his mind and temper to hers. She was a Quaker; and a robust, resolute, thoughtful, self-denying woman. Her son never lost the quiet religious ways of thinking, though he never adopted the language and dress, of the Society of Friends. He selected his wife, too, from the family of Mr. Gurney of Norwich; and early distinguished himself by speeches at auxiliary Bible societies, and by what we may call the Exeter Hall philosophy. Those were the days of that small but active party which Mr. Stephen has celebrated as the Clapham Sect.

The habit of speaking had been taught Mr. Buxton in Ireland. Dublin University was his Alma Mater. He was educated there because of expectations from an Irish inheritance; and, with John Henry North and other men not quite forgotten yet, made a figure in the Historical Society, (where, curious enough, his first speech was on the slave-trade.) But his expected inheritance failed; and much of his early life, happily for him, had to be passed in strenuous labor to retrieve this vanished fortune. He did not lose ambition, and he cultivated means to pursue it with success. His uncle was partner in Trueman's brewery, where a situation was found for him; his labors here soon obtained him a partnership; and while most strenuously engaged in the business of the concern, he found time for attendance at the academics, (a debating club of the time,) and for occasional dips into literature and political economy. He was forty-two years old before (in 1818) he entered parliament as member for Weymouth; but he had then made himself extensively known by active exertions in several religious societies, by occasional efforts connected with West Indian slavery, and by writing as well as speaking zealously on the subject of prisons, to which the disinterested labors of his sister-in-law (Mrs. Fry)

were directing public attention. He had procured the formation of a Prison Discipline Society; and to advance the same object, with such a reform of the criminal code as it was impossible to disconnect from it, he labored earnestly and exclusively in the first three years of his parliamentary life.

Romilly, Denman, Mackintosh, and the small but select band who voted with them on such subjects, found a welcome and unexpectedly efficient ally in the member for Weymouth. Buxton had invincible earnestness, steady, practical abilities, and the not unpersuasive eloquence which these create in a man. On the occasion of the motion to humanize the forgery laws, in May, 1821, he made a capital speech, opening up the whole question of adequate and inadequate penalties; and on the evening of the day after delivering it he received a letter from Wilberforce, describing the age and infirmities which disqualified himself from continuing his parliamentary leadership of the slave emancipation party, and inviting Buxton to become his successor. A circumstance which strongly operated upon Buxton's mind in the same direction occurred in a later month of that year. The dying injunction of his favorite sister-in-law, whose influence during her life had been extraordinarily great with him, urged him to the same field of exertion. Accordingly, after a laborious study of the subject for a year and a half, he accepted Wilberforce's invitation; exactly two years from the date of which, in May, 1823, he made his first speech in the house of commons on negro slavery.

It is not necessary that we should trace his subsequent career, fresh in the recollection of most readers as it probably is, and mostly occupied as it was in following up to successful and unsuccessful issues the various branches of this one great theme. In the course of it he exemplified the favorite doctrine of his life; that by persevering energy, by invincible and unrelaxing determination, by that which when a man takes up *any* subject enables him to take it up thoroughly, the things worth doing in this world can alone expect to be done. We must say of his speeches that they were always marked by sensible and manly expression, by strong religious feeling without cant, and by clear honesty of purpose. It was unlucky that, on the achievement of emancipation, he should have thrown himself into the agitation against foreign slave-trade with an imperfect apprehension of all the difficulties and dangers it involved. Here he received many checks; and the issue of the ill-fated Niger expedition, of which he was the most active promoter, threw a sad and irrecoverable gloom over the close of his life. He received his baronetcy in 1840, and died four years afterwards.

His son's narrative, as we have said, is plainly and unaffectedly related; his own letters forming its most important passages. These give us an extremely pleasing picture of the man, in his various private relations; and show all the qualities which obtained him his position in public life. He had undoubtedly an excellent common-sense understanding, unwearied patience in the pursuit of what

he thought right, great simplicity of religious character, and undaunted courage and resolution. Let us illustrate the latter quality by not the least striking anecdote contained in the volume. It is related by himself in a letter to his wife immediately after its occurrence, and may be introduced without comment. To the man who could dare to grapple with a mad dog rather than suffer him to rush into the crowded streets, it was of course a necessity as well as duty of life to grapple as he could with abuses and wrongs. The circumstance occurred two years before he entered parliament. We should observe that horses and dogs were a sort of passion with Buxton at this time; and that he was a man of powerful make and stature, six feet four in height, and with chest and shoulders in proportion. His strength and gentleness united had got him the nickname in early life of "Elephantine Buxton."

An incident which occurred during the summer of 1816 is thus mentioned by Mr. Buxton in a letter to his wife, who fortunately was absent at the time:

"Spitalfields, July 15, 1816.

"As you must hear the story of our dog Prince, I may as well tell it you. On Thursday morning, when I got on my horse at S. Hoare's, David told me that there was something the matter with Prince, that he had killed the cat, and almost killed the new dog, and had bit at him and Elizabeth. I ordered him to be tied up and taken care of, and then rode off to town. When I got into Hampstead, I saw Prince covered with mud, and running furiously, and biting at everything. I saw him bite at least a dozen dogs, two boys, and a man.

"Of course I was exceedingly alarmed, being persuaded he was mad. I tried every effort to stop him or kill him, or to drive him into some outhouse, but in vain. At last he sprang up at a boy, and seized him by the breast; happily I was near him, and knocked him off with my whip. He then set off towards London, and I rode by his side, waiting for some opportunity of stopping him. I continually spoke to him, but he paid no regard to coaxing or scolding. You may suppose I was seriously alarmed, dreading the immense mischief he might do, having seen him do so much in the few preceding minutes. I was terrified at the idea of his getting into Camden Town and London, and at length, considering that if ever there was an occasion that justified a risk of life, this was it, I determined to catch him myself. Happily he ran up to Pryor's gate, and I threw myself from my horse upon him, and caught him by the neck; he bit at me and struggled, but without effect, and I succeeded in securing him without his biting me. He died yesterday, raving mad.

"Was there ever a more merciful escape? Think of the children being gone! I feel it most seriously, but I cannot now write more fully. I have not been at all nervous about it, though certainly rather low, occasioned partly by this, and partly by some other things.

"I do not feel much fit for our Bible meeting on Wednesday—but I must exert myself.

"P. S. Write me word whether Fowell has any wound on his fingers, and if he has one made by the dog, let it be cut out immediately; mind, these are my positive orders."

He afterwards mentioned some particulars which he had omitted in this hurried letter.

"When I seized the dog," he said, "his struggles were so desperate that it seemed at first almost impossible to hold him, till I lifted him up in the air, when he was more easily managed, and I contrived to ring the bell. I was afraid that the foam, which was pouring from his mouth in his furious efforts to bite me, might get into some scratch, and do me injury; so with great difficulty, I held him with one hand, while I put the other into my pocket and forced on my glove; then I did the same with my other hand, and at last the gardener opened the door, saying, 'What do you want?' 'I've brought you a mad dog,' replied I; and telling him to get a strong chain, I walked into the yard, carrying the dog by his neck. I was determined not to kill him, as I thought, if he should prove not to be mad, it would be such a satisfaction to the three persons whom he had bitten. I made the gardener (who was in a terrible fright) secure the collar round his neck and fix the other end of the chain to a tree, and then walking to its furthest range, with all my force, which was nearly exhausted by his frantic struggles, I flung him away from me, and sprang back. He made a desperate bound after me, but finding himself foiled, he uttered the most fearful yell I ever heard. All that day he did nothing but rush to and fro, champing the foam which gushed from his jaws; we threw him meat, and he snatched at it with fury, but instantly dropped it again.

"The next day, when I went to see him, I thought the chain seemed worn, so I pinned him to the ground between the prongs of a pitchfork, and then fixed a much larger chain round his neck; when I pulled off the fork, he sprang up and made a dash at me, which snapped the old chain in two! He died in forty-eight hours from the time he went mad."

Other letters contain interesting memoranda of the house of commons at the time Buxton entered it. Here is a notice of the famous debate on the Peterloo affair. The conscientious but somewhat formal scruples which gave the writer's mind its peculiar tone are also illustrated in it.

I must give you a line to tell you how things have gone on in the house. We have had a wonderful debate; really it has raised my idea of the capacity and ingenuity of the human mind. All the leaders spoke, and almost all outdid themselves. But Burdett stands first; his speech was absolutely the finest, and the clearest, and the fairest display of masterly understanding that ever I heard; and with shame I ought to confess it, he did not utter a sentence to which I could not agree. Canning was second; if there be any difference between eloquence and sense, this was the difference between him and Burdett. He was exquisitely elegant, and kept the tide of reason and argument, irony, joke, invective, and declamation flowing, without abatement, for nearly three hours. Plunkett was third; he took hold of poor Mackintosh's argument, and gripped it to death; ingenious, subtle, yet clear and bold, and putting with the most logical distinctness to the house the errors of his antagonist. Next came Brougham—and what do you think of a debate, in which the fourth man could keep alive the attention of the house from three to five in the morning, after a twelve hours' debate. Now, what was the impression made on my mind? you will ask. First, I voted with ministers, because I cannot bring myself to subject the Manchester magistrates to a parliamentary inquiry; but nothing has shaken my

conviction that the magistrates, ministers, and all, have done exceedingly wrong. I am clear I voted right; and, indeed, I never need have any doubts when I vote with ministers, the bias being on the other side.

In a subsequent letter to his old friend North he hits off rather happily the style of speaking then most native to the house of commons, and indeed always flourishing there. It is a different sort of plant, he tells his friend, from that which used to flourish in their old historical society.

Perhaps you will like to hear the impression the house makes upon me. I do not wonder that so many distinguished men have failed in it. The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the house loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which may be called Philipian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated; all attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling, forcible, plain sense, is indispensable; and this, combined with great powers of sarcasm, gives Brougham his station. Canning is an exception to this rule. His reasoning is seldom above mediocrity; but then, it is recommended by language so wonderfully happy, by a manner so exquisitely elegant, and by wit so clear, so pungent, and so unpremeditated, that he contrives to beguile the house of its austerity. Tierney has never exerted himself much in my hearing. Wilberforce has more native eloquence than any of them, but he takes no pains, and allows himself to wander from his subject; he holds a very high rank in the estimation of the house.

And now let me tell you a secret; these great creatures turn out, when viewed closely, to be but men, and men with whom *you* need not fear competition. I again, therefore, say, "Come among us, and I shall be greatly deceived if you do not hold a foremost place."

No one could doubt, who knew the habits of sincere conviction which, in spite of many old-world notions, Buxton never was ashamed to indulge, into which of the ranks of the house he would subsequently fall. He became a steady voter with the whigs, occasionally breaking out into a vote somewhat in advance of them; and hence his loss of Weymouth in 1838, when the tories began to recover ground at the elections. Nor was it without occasional hints of caution from his early friends and advisers that he had persisted in taking this line; but it was matter of conviction with him. We quote a characteristic passage from one of the letters of the celebrated Charles Simeon—high in the confidence of the Clapham Sect, we need not say. The, in the same breath, "savor of love" and propensity to "thrash," are Simeon all over.

Certainly if I should live to visit your house again, I shall do it with no little joy, for I do not expect to see in this world a brighter image of heaven than I was there privileged to behold. A sweet savor of love remained upon my spirit for a long time after, and I am not sure that it has quite evaporated yet. But I do not know that I shall not trash you for supporting the radicals. I look

to you, under God, to be an instrument of great good in the house of commons; and I would not that you should subvert the influence which your habits and talents are so calculated to command.

But the most characteristic bit of description in the book is not in Mr. Buxton's letters. It is to be found in a letter of his father-in-law, Mr. J. J. Gurney, who gives a narrative of a famous dinner at Buxton's brewery in June, 1831, the guests at which were the principal members of the new whig government. The entertainment was beef-steaks "cooked in one of the furnaces;" and the clown to the entertainment, "in a shabby black coat and very old hat," was Brougham, of course.

* * * * The premier, grave and thoughtful as he seemed, did great justice to our dinner. "Milord Grey," cried the Spanish General Alava to him, as he was availing himself of a fresh supply of beef-steaks (pronounced by the lord chancellor to be "perfect")—"Milord Grey, vous êtes à votre sixième."

The contrast between Lord Grey and Alava was curious; the former, the dignified, stiff, sedate British nobleman of the old school; the latter, the entertaining, entertained and voluble foreigner. He had been the faithful companion of the Duke of Wellington through most of his campaigns, and now had displayed his usual energy by coming up all the way from Walmer Castle, near Dover, in order to help in devouring the product of the stoke-hole in Spitfields.

The lord chancellor was in high glee: he came in a shabby black coat, and very old hat; strangely different from the starred, gartered, and cocked-hat dignity of the venerable premier. * * * * It was my agreeable lot to sit between Lord Grey and Dr. Lushington, and the latter being occupied by his friend on the other side, I was left to converse with the premier, which I had the pleasure of doing for nearly two hours. * * * * We talked of his long political course, and Lord Shaftesbury, who sat next to him, on the other side, complimented him on the subject.

Lord Grey. "I came into parliament for Northumberland when I was two-and-twenty, and I have been forty-five years a senator." Of course it was easy to draw the inference that he was sixty-seven years of age. On my expressing the interest I felt for him, and even sympathy, under the burthen he was bearing, he replied, "I am much too old for it. I would have refused the undertaking, if I could have done so consistently with my duty."

Our next subject was parliamentary eloquence. I asked him who, amidst the vast variety of orators whom he had been accustomed to hear, appeared to him to be the best speaker and most able debater.

Lord Grey. "Beyond all doubt and comparison, Fox. His eloquence was irresistible. It came from his heart, and produced a corresponding effect on the hearts of his hearers."

I asked his opinion of Sheridan. The answer was, "He was very able, but could not speak without preparation."

I ventured to insinuate that there was no part of a premier's office more responsible than that of making bishops.

He assented, adding, "You know I have had none to make at present." We talked of the Bishop of Norwich. Lord Grey expressed his admiration of his conduct and character, though he only knew

him in his public capacity. "I fear the bishop is too old to accept any offer that I can make him but I assure you that the very first and best thing that I have to give away shall be at his service."

This declaration has since been fully verified, by his offering to the bishop the see of Dublin, which the latter, as had been anticipated, refused; observing, in the words of old Erasmus to the Emperor of Austria, that dignity conferred upon him would be like a burden laid on a falling horse: "*Sarcina equo collabenti imposita.*"

When the dinner was ended, I quitted my post by Lord Grey, and joined Buxton, Lord Brougham and the Duke of Richmond, at the top of the table. Buxton was telling a story on the subject of reform (the only way in which that subject could be mentioned, as the dinner was not political, and Tories were present.) "A stage coachman," said he, "was driving a pair of sorry horses, the other day, from London to Greenwich. One of them stumbled, and nearly fell. 'Get up, you *borough-mongering* rascal, you!' said the coachman to the poor beast, as he laid the whip across his back." The chancellor laughed heartily at this story. "How like my Lord—there was the old horse!" said he to me, laughing and putting his hands before his face—Lord — sitting opposite to us.

Buxton now left us, to talk with Lord Grey, whom he very much delighted by praising Lord Howick's speech upon slavery. It was a speech which deserved praise for its honesty and feeling, as well as for its talent. But the old premier seemed to think that his son had been carried by his zeal rather too far.

Something led us (Lord Brougham and myself) to talk about Paley, and I mentioned the story of his having on his death-bed condemned his "*Moral Philosophy*," and declared his preference of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*," above all his other works. This led Brougham to speak of both those works. "Did you ever hear that King George III. was requested by Mr. Pitt to make Paley a bishop? The king refused; and taking down the '*Moral Philosophy*' from the shelf, he showed Pitt the passage in which he justifies subscription to articles not fully credited, on the ground of expediency. 'This,' said the king, 'is my reason for not making him a bishop.'" Lord Grey overheard the chancellor's story and confirmed it; "but," added the chancellor, "I believe the true reason why George III. refused to make Paley a bishop was, that he had compared the divine right of kings to the divine right of constables!" * * * * The chancellor was very cordial, and we were all delighted with his entertaining rapidity of thought, ready wit, and evident good feeling. Nor was it possible to be otherwise than pleased with all our guests, with whom we parted, about eleven o'clock at night, after a flowing, exhilarating, and not altogether unproductive day.

Mr. Buxton's own account, though less graphic and minute than this, is also clever and curious; and the Brougham is brought out even more effectively. What a true touch is that of his admiration for the Dutch grace. It arises, you see, from a sort of hopeless envy. "They sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two." This is what Brougham has been vainly trying to do, all his days. One or two perfectly still and quiet minutes would have made all the difference between success and failure in his pantomimic life.

Our party at the brewery went off in all respects to my satisfaction. Talleyrand could not come, having just received an account of Prince Leopold being elected king of Belgium. Brougham said this was a severe disappointment, as his excellency never eats or drinks but once a day, and had depended on my beef-steaks.

The party arrived at about six o'clock, and consisted of the lord chancellor, Lord Grey, Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Cleveland, Lords Shaftesbury, Sefton, Howick, Durham, and Ducannon, General Alava, S. Gurney, Dr. Lushington, Spring Rice, W. Brougham, J. J. Gurney, R. Hanbury, &c., twenty-three in all.

I first led them to the steam-engine; Brougham ascended the steps and commenced a lecture upon steam-power, and told many entertaining anecdotes; and when we left the engine, he went on lecturing as to the other parts of the machinery, so that Joseph Gurney said that he understood brewing better than any person on the premises. I had Mr. Gow up with his accounts, to explain how much our horses each cost per annum; and Brougham entered into long calculations upon this subject. To describe the variety of his conversation is impossible—

“From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

At dinner I gave but two toasts, “The King,” and “The memory of George III.,” whose birthday it was. We had no speeches, but conversation flowed, or rather roared, like a torrent, at our end of the table. The chancellor lost not a moment; he was always eating, drinking, talking, or laughing; his powers of laughing seemed on a level with his other capacities. * * *

Talking of grace before dinner he said, “I like the Dutch grace best; they sit perfectly still and quiet for a minute or two. I thought it very solemn.”

He inquired the wages of the draymen. I told him about 45s. weekly, and we allow them to provide substitutes for a day or two in the week, but we insist on their paying them at the rate of 26s. per week. “Yes,” said he, “I understand; these rich and benefited gentry employ curates, and the curates of the draymen get about as much salary as those of the clergy.”

After dinner we took them to the stables to see the horses. Somebody said, “Now the lord chancellor will be at a loss; at all events he knows nothing about horses.” However, fortune favored him, for he selected one of the best of them, and pointed out his merits. Some one proposed that he should get upon his back and ride him round the yard, which he seemed very willing to do; and thus ends my history of the lord chancellor.

Lord Grey looked care-worn, but was remarkably cordial.

Though the prevailing tone of Mr. Buxton's memoir of his father is necessarily a grave and somewhat serious one, many private anecdotes are touched lightly and pleasantly, and the book is by no means wanting in the amusement that we commonly look for in biography. Here is a capital glimpse of a venerable historic sportsman and professor.

Once, when he was staying with Mr. Coke at Holkam, a well-known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr.

Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting-party; care, however, was taken to place him at a corner of the covert, where it was thought that the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him, “Well, what sport? You have been firing pretty often!” “Hush!” said the professor, “there it goes again;” and he was just raising his gun to his shoulder, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been set to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters, dimly seen through the bushes, had been mistaken for a hare by the professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. “But,” said Mr. Buxton, “the man had never discovered that the professor was shooting at him!”

Buxton's letters to his children are for the most part admirable. He had a passion for little children, as most good men have; and such letters as he writes to them are the perfection of plain truth and affectionate good sense. To his sons he is continually inculcating the necessity of knowing thoroughly what they profess to know at all; and no one can acquire a more valuable lesson than that. One of his illustrations is well worth quoting:

What you do know, know thoroughly. There are few instances in modern times of a rise equal to that of Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success; his answer was, “I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection.”

Mr. Charles Buxton has discharged himself of his duty to his father's memory and good fame, with great modesty, good feeling, and success. The book is not too big; nor have we that complaint to make of the praises bestowed upon its hero.

GLASS IN DAIRIES.—The attention of dairymen has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results: and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harris' Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favor of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedge-ware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer*

From the English Review.

Erinnerungen an Wilhelm von Humboldt. VON GUSTAV SCHLESIER. Stuttgart: Köhler.
Reminiscences of William von Humboldt. By GUSTAVUS SCHLESIER. Stuttgart.

LITERATURE has known a speedy development in Germany, and almost as speedy a decline. Lessing and Klopstock were the first great names. Then followed the graceful Wieland, and the serious Herder. Then arose the two great boasts of the German language and nation, the ideal Schiller and the almost-universal Goethe. In the train of these, though partially opposed to them in the literary battles of the day, and ranged under another standard, came the romantic Tieck, the two Schlegels, the mystic Werner, the gloomy Kleist, and last, though not least, the eminently-artistic bard of Austria, Grillparzer. Such names as Müllner, or Kotzebue, or even Körner, cannot be cited in this roll of high degree; nor can we recognize the more modern lyric bards, some of whose earliest creations, however, date from the Augustan age of Germany, as worthy of admission into this category of literary aristocrats. Rückert, though kindly, and sweet, and graceful, has not sufficient power; Freiligrath, though animated, and vigorous, and picturesque, is too deficient in thought; Uhland, though generally pleasing, is too essentially common-place; and neither Karl Simrock, nor Chamisso, nor Gutzkow the dramatist, and still less Herwegh or Lenau, despite their various degrees of merit, can be classed with those master-minds, which wrought together in Germany towards the commencement of the nineteenth century.

It will be seen that we allude mainly to the poets among our Teutonic brethren. But these are also its greatest prose writers, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Tieck, being the classic prosaists of Germany; whilst Frederic von Schlegel has little merit as a bard, and can only live by his Philosophy of History, and other kindred works. In novel literature, however, our friends the Germans are not poor. The names most worthy of citation, besides those already given, including Kleist, are Jean Paul, Hoffman, Fouqué, and perhaps Zschöcke; for neither Hauff nor Spindler, nor other moderns, can lay claim to more than a secondary degree of merit. Their historians, including even Johannes von Müller, have not exercised a powerful influence on the national mind; and certainly their philosophers, or pseudo-philosophers, from Kant to Hegel, have not been of much service to German literature.

But to resume. Of all these really great men, (though in writing this, we feel that we are scarcely entitled to honor Augustus von Schlegel with such an appellation, despite his admirable translations,) two alone survive; Tieck, and the author of "Sappho," "The Golden Fleece," and "The Dream a Life," to whom we may possibly on some future occasion devote a special inquiry, one of the most classical of dramatists, severely chaste in design and execution, and yet intensely real, the partially unrecognized, but undoubtedly

great, Grillparzer. He lives still, and not only lives, but writes: three of his most beautiful dramas have appeared within the last few years; but from various causes, mainly political, which it were too tedious to develop here, they have not attracted that attention, and excited that sympathy, which were due to their intrinsic merits. Grillparzer stands as a giant among a race of dwarfs, apparently more or less incapable to conceive his greatness: he will not yield his homage to all the petty tendencies of the hour; he is not content to swell the vulgar party cry which Gutzkow and his colleagues are shouting at the pitch of their voices; and he is neglected, accordingly, as our own great Southey has too long been among ourselves. Nevertheless, his time will come. But, with this remarkable exception, and that of Tieck, whose last work, "Vittoria Acorombona," has much merit, the great luminaries of Germany now shine only in the reflected glory of those works which have secured their earthly immortality.

We have before us the biography of a man who was the intimate friend, and even counsellor, of both Goethe and Schiller; of William von Humboldt, elder brother of the still living Alexander, author of "Kosmos;" one of the most remarkable thinkers, critics, practical statesmen, and diplomatists of his time, which was that of the great burst of literary genius above alluded to. As critic and thinker he more especially engages our attention: we see in him a contemporary of the greatest German authors, recognized by them as their coëqual; as "ebenbürtig" (the Germans would express it) with themselves. And although the English reader may not pursue the inquiries into the æsthetic value of "the ideal" and "the natural," as philosophically conducted on Kantian and other recondite principles by Humboldt and Schiller, with the same minute attention which German thinkers no doubt bestow on them, nevertheless all who are in any degree interested in German literature cannot but feel pleasure in entering as it were the workshops of the great artists of a foreign land, penetrating into the recesses of their minds, and tracing their creations to their source; all which they may well do in the perusal of the work before us.

Charles William von Humboldt, generally known by the name of William only, was born on the 22nd of June, 1767, at Potsdam. His father was the Baron von Humboldt, a major in the Prussian army, and gentleman of the bedchamber to the king, generally reputed to be a man of sound sense and superior capacity. An interesting account is given of William's education with his brother Alexander. From the first both brothers, but more especially William, displayed an uncommon degree of ability. Their literary tendencies are clearly indicated in the following interesting passage, which we accordingly render at length.

It may be safely asserted, that the education of both brothers was at once singularly many-sided and thoroughly solid. For, although both the desire exhibited for universality of knowledge, and the

exactness with which inquiries on any special subject were conducted, were natural instincts of the Humboldts, still such instincts require to be developed by education and guidance, favor and opportunity. By the side of this universality, which went so far in the elder brother, William, that he expressed his wish to leave nothing on earth unknown, the eagerness appears the more remarkable, with which either threw himself upon his own special division of labor, Alexander addressing himself to natural science in its widest sense, William to classical antiquity, art, philosophy, and language. Whilst the former was destined to observe external nature under every form, animate and inanimate, in plants, beasts, and men, William forced his way into the innermost sanctuary of mankind, the spirit-world within, and language, its first creation. Though these territories, in which each of them sought his individual home, may appear remote from one another, yet do they approximate in many ways, and possess one common basis. Thus, if we examine William, we shall find in him also the student of external nature, but with this difference, that such study was to him but *the means* of investigating the internal world and its phenomena.

Subsequently we read:—

He who heard Humboldt on special occasions discourse with his brother, or even with Goethe, would have imagined him to be a naturalist only; and would have been astounded, indeed, to recognize a spirit of a totally opposed order, when he conversed at other times with Goethe, or with Schiller, or with Wolf, the classical scholar.

William von Humboldt appears to have had much that was English in his character, intermingled, however, with a vast amount of Germanism. In his youth, and even throughout life, a certain tendency to sentiment, which is inseparable from all true greatness, appears to have characterized his heart and soul: but he was habitually cold in semblance, rarely displaying emotion on the most solemn occasions. Thus, when saved from drowning by his friend Stieglitz, he expressed no deep gratitude to his friend, or affection for his distant loved ones; somewhat to the surprise of Varnhagen, who records the fact, and who would have been better pleased had he "made a scene" of it; to our satisfaction, on the contrary, who believe it to be the natural instinct of all men who feel deeply, to conceal emotions on such occasions beneath a playful exterior, and laugh and joke, as Humboldt did on the evening in question. We are not contending for constant reserve in all the actions of life: there are times at which reserve is totally out of place—when we can console or strengthen others. It is out of place, too, when we would convey to others our perceptions of the good, and great, and beautiful, and teach them to admire and love with us; and, more particularly, it is wholly out of place when the prayers of the faithful are to be led, or the devotional affections excited, within the house of God. But to resume: this external coldness, with the depth of affection beneath it, which characterized Humboldt, have certainly something English about them; though, perhaps, we might almost as well say Prussian, or, rather, *Berlinese*.

Few men appear to have combined so many distinctive and almost opposite qualities. "The great susceptibility for the perception of all beauty, which," as Schiller says, "made Humboldt an instinctive critic, in no degree excluded energy and activity from his character: with the utmost sensitiveness of feeling was combined the protective coldness of the understanding; and with the boldest elevation of thought, he coupled the minutest study of the driest details of science." We cannot wonder that such a man should have been recognized by the very greatest among his countrymen, by a Goethe and Schiller, as their authorized privy-counsellor; or that his career should be deemed worthy of the closest investigation at the present day. As literary creator, he has not indeed left much behind him; but he is universally recognized as one of the most valuable of German critics; as one of the noblest of her statesmen (he was Prussian minister of public instruction for several years;) as one of the most successful of diplomatists (he represented Prussia at the congress of Vienna;) and as one of the very greatest linguists of all times and countries. Our readers therefore will not wonder at our directing their attention to the biography of such a man.

No doubt they will inquire, and with reason, was he a Christian? For to us, writing in a professedly and distinctly Christian publication, this must ever be the most important of all questions. We cannot, alas! answer this question in the affirmative, nor can we altogether negative it. Our readers well know, no doubt, that dogmatic Christianity has been either opposed or strangely disregarded by the majority of German thinkers. Lessing led the attack, and Klopstock was no efficient opponent to Lessing. Wieland, though in his youth a Calvinist, to which fact several of his works bear record, was dissatisfied (as he well might be) with the external coldness and unphilosophical narrowness of his Genevan school, and took refuge in universal scepticism, having, indeed, nothing to turn to but cold and rationalistic Lutheranism, as it then existed, or Romanism, with all its false miracles, and pious frauds, and flagrant superstitions. Goethe followed, and confirmed the antichristian, or at least unchristian tendencies of German literature; he was too self-satisfied to require religion; too selfish, too "bequem," or cosily comfortable, to use his own expression. He has told us in his Auto-biography, that repentance always appeared to him tiresome and useless, since it could not bring back the past. A man who could speak thus was indeed remote from the spirit of Christianity. Even the ideal Schiller had not the courage, or perhaps the power, to stem the tide of infidelity.

We do not find one of these German poets or thinkers grappling with the historical difficulties of the question: they neither ventured to assert that our blessed Lord was an impostor (the only solid ground on which the infidel can stand;) nor did they contend, with the more modern rationalists and transcendentalists, the German Paulus, the

Englishman Carlyle, and the American Emerson, that CHRIST was totally misunderstood by his apostles; that they themselves were self-deceived, and imagined they wrought miracles, spoke with tongues, &c., though they did nothing of the kind, eventually dying for a faith which was the phantom of their own fancies; nor had they taken refuge in the still more monstrous hypothesis of a Strauss, that the whole history of the New Testament was a myth, and that those who wrote it, without any mutual concert or intentional deception, imagined themselves to be simultaneously inspired, and placed on record as facts witnessed by themselves what never had any being, save in their own diseased imaginings. In truth, both Goethe and Schiller had too much good sense to be satisfied with such theories as these; and as they would not accept historical Christianity, they consequently contented themselves with placing it altogether on one side—with ignoring it, in a word; no doubt the easiest method to pursue. And thus did Humboldt also act, despite the sound sense, and love for practical reality and positive results, which he was in the habit of displaying on other occasions. His age and country were too much for him.

Let us hear his biographer. As, in his office of public instructor, it became his duty to supply the necessary funds for the state religion, and in many ways influence and control its movements, the question naturally suggested itself, whether he was capacitated for such an office; and thus it is answered in the volume before us, after a very German fashion. "He has learnt little of Humboldt, and has seen little of his writings, who can doubt, whether or no he possessed religious feeling. But it is as certain that his religion always remained at a certain distance from positive Christianity; either because the shell of Christianity" (we suppose its dogmatic teaching) "was offensive to him, or because he feared to lose his spiritual freedom and individuality by yielding himself completely to its influence" (what a small fear!) "In this respect he exactly resembled the men of our great literary era, and though we cannot say that the boundaries of the eighteenth century confined him, we must declare him to have been its constant pupil upon this point. We have this characteristic expression of Humboldt's, 'All true knowledge leads to God.' No one of the philosophical systems of his day was capable of satisfying his intellectual demands; his natural sense left him remote from all the more modern developments of this science. He was not a mere deist, and certainly not a pantheist." "His belief in the personality of the godhead, in a guiding Providence, and an individual immortality, was deeply grounded in him; and was connected, after a peculiar fashion, in part with the ancient dogma of fate, in part with such theosophic and historic-philosophical views, as have been prevalent since the earliest days among Indians, Greeks, and Germans. But he was not anxious to prove everything, which he in faith conceived, and gladly

fled with his most sacred treasures, into the realms of poetry, where nothing can appear too wonderful." (We translate freely here, the original being very awkwardly expressed.) Once more: "His attitude towards dogmatic religion was coldly reserved, but not inimical. He shunned too close approach to it, as though he feared to desecrate the Holy. And where he could not avoid it, he approached it as something positive, having actual existence, on which we all rest, avoiding closer inquiry."

We think that it will be sufficiently obvious to the thoughtful reader, from these remarks, that Humboldt, if he was indeed what he is here represented as being, would in all probability as an Englishman, have strenuously maintained that dogmatic Christianity which we not only ourselves profess, but of which we are at a loss to understand the rejection, by any man possessed of sound sense and integrity of will, devoting his attention to the subject. The truth is, that the absence of civil liberty in Germany was the primary source of freethinking in theology. Human nature will have some subject for inquiry, for cavil, for possible negation. If politics, the natural food, be denied, religion must be assailed in its place; more especially if literary criticism, as in Lessing's writings, and German literature generally, be rather affirmative than negative. Men questioned the propriety of divine laws, because they were not allowed to complain of human institutions, and being tongue-tied as to the errors of ministers and kings, they contented themselves with assaults on saints, and angels, and their God. Let Germany receive the representative constitution to which she is justly entitled, and the critical negation and unavoidable "opposition" of mankind will be directed to another and a safer channel. Men will have other things to cavil at besides texts of Scripture. The grandeur, and beauty, and unity of the Christian scheme will be recognized, and all minor objections will be felt unavailable, as opposed to the irresistible internal evidence of truth. Humboldt, however, believing in a personal God, a guiding Providence, and an individual immortality, had secured three of the great verities which Christianity has succeeded in impressing on the convictions of almost all who have come within her sphere; he was, too, a self-sacrificing friend, and one of the best of sons, of husbands, and of fathers. He did not think, with that epitome of absurdity and conceit, Emerson, (the praises of whom in Blackwood's Magazine are disgraceful to that periodical,) that prayer, as a means to effect a private end, is theft and meanness; *supposing* (presupposing!) *dualism, and not unity in nature and consciousness;* that is, supposing God to be *above* man, and not to *be* man; he did not assert, with this self-satisfied scribbler, that, "as soon as man is at one with God he will not beg;" that "men's prayers are a disease of the will, as are their creeds a disease of the intellect."—And here we must be permitted to ejaculate, what a compound of selfishness and villanous conceit this

Emerson must be!—On the contrary, William von Burgsdorf tells us of his friend Humboldt, that when at Weimar, enjoying the society of Schiller, with his wife and children, but anxious for his mother's health, who was suffering from a severe attack which ended in death at Berlin, "he rarely retired for the night without first praying for his beloved mother." Thus, again, on his death-bed he said to those around him, his children and others, after a period of intense suffering, "Think often of me, but ever gladly. I have been happy, very happy: yesterday, too, was a beautiful day for me, in your love. I shall soon be with your mother, shall soon understand the ways of Providence."

But we do not strive to make Humboldt other than he was: we take him as the genial thinker and philosopher, almost unconsciously imbued with much of the spirit of Christianity, with a loving heart and a natural reverence for his God; but wanting that patience for the shortcomings and intellectual weaknesses of his fellow-men, which he might have attained in a clearer perception of his own sinfulness before his God. We have now said enough on this subject, and can turn our attention to other things, though want of time and space will compel us to be somewhat hasty in our remarks.

Despite the external coldness, which probably contributed in some degree to extract from Talleyrand the assertion—"que c'était un des hommes d'état dont l'Europe de mon temps n'en a pas compté trois ou quatre," Humboldt remained an enthusiast ever, for the great, the beautiful, and the true. In his last letter to Schiller he writes, "Be convinced, my dear friend, that my interest, my tendencies, can never change. My measure for things remains unalterable: *ideas* are with me supreme. For these I have always lived, to these I shall ever remain faithful; and had I a circle of operation which included the virtual empire of Europe, (like Bonaparte's,) I should still regard it as a mere inferior means to a higher end; and such is the faith of my soul." Such a man, whose words and actions were always self-consistent, we cannot but respect, and almost love.

Our readers may ask for some one sample, however brief, of Humboldt's æsthetic criticism, which should justify the praises of a Goethe and a Schiller. We will quote a few lines from an essay published in 1791, which appear to us at once suggestive and correct.

Poetry, he says, is, in one point of view, the most perfect of all the fine arts: but in another, it is the weakest. While it represents its objects with less reality and animation than painting or sculpture, it cannot appeal to the feelings with the power of music. But these defects are soon forgotten; because poetry, independent of its universality, which has been treated on above, steps as it were nearest to the true man in man, interposes the least shadow betwixt the *thought* and its expression.

Again, he says,

The beautiful is a power; true taste alone can

gather all the tones of being into one entrancing harmony. Taste yields an internal calm and unity to all our sensations, physical, moral, and spiritual. Where taste is wanting, desire is coarse and savage; science without it may be deep and even sound, but never fruitful in its application. All spiritual perceptions, all treasures of knowledge, are vain without taste, without the beautiful: even moral nobility and strength are rough and displeasing, and void of power to feel or bless.

We should devote some paragraphs at least to the political opinions of such a statesman as Humboldt, particularly at the present moment, when the first principles of all government are at stake, and an European war of democratic propagandism, is but too likely to ensue. These opinions are in some respects vague. Humboldt appears to have been altogether opposed to a so-called pure or absolute democracy, and to have tended decidedly towards the system of constitutional monarchy; though he saw some advantages in absolute monarchy, which could not be realized under other systems. He was a strenuous advocate for individual liberty, thinking this of more import than any power residing in the mass or community; but this liberty included so much in his eyes as to be almost equivalent to license. The state, he thought, had nothing to do with morality, in as far as the sexual relations were concerned, or with religion. Marriage should be a private contract, to be kept or broken at the will of the contractors. State education, under any form, was undesirable, as involving a slavish uniformity of mind on the part of the instructed, who would be taught to be citizens and not men.

We need scarcely say in how far these views are opposed to our own. We hold that the nation or community, or the state as the nation's political embodiment, has a similar right with every individual to distinguish right from wrong for itself, in morals, and also in religion. That is, we think it qualified to recognize marriage as holy and binding, Christianity as truth, and the church as the church. With regard to education, we do not believe the fears of the Prussian statesman to be altogether groundless. Yet no state-education, no education at least based on religion, can reduce all children to the same flat level. Mind will always assert its prerogative. We would have whatever religious instruction is afforded in national schools based on that religion which is nationally recognized and established. Children, whose parents wished them to obtain other religious teaching, might retire after the hours of general instruction, and seek it privately elsewhere. We are indeed convinced that any state, not animated by the living spirit of Christianity, would make machines of those on whom it exercised too direct an influence; and thus far we agree with the hero of the work before us.

Despite some crotchets, however, we recognize much sound sense in Humboldt's political philosophy. Thus he demanded, as the editor of this biography says, "Partition of the legislative power betwixt the executive and the people; the utmost

possible publicity for all government proceedings; finally, control over the execution of the law possessed by the subject;" involving, we presume, our English trial by jury, and system of magistracy. Schlesier, our author, remarks: "The principle of the partition of legislative power consists in *this*, that no legal or constitutional change can be effected by either branch alone. This is the theory of counteraction, which daily gains ground in Germany, and will soon obtain supremacy." We are very glad to hear it, for it is the only rational political theory we are acquainted with. However, Mr. Schlesier informs us, *à propos* of another German statesman's praises of the British constitution, as realizing this division of power, that Humboldt could not possibly admire, or, at least approve of, the British system. Why, we are left to conjecture; but, we presume, because our hereditary aristocracy, the peerage, is displeasing to our German friend. He does not see that this affords an additional and, indeed, indispensable security to the balance of power. For that balance cannot be at all maintained, when, as in the case above assumed, the people and the executive are the two only agents of power. We have seen an experiment of this nature tried in France for the last thirty years, and must be by this time, after two revolutions, convinced that a constitutional monarchy cannot exist without a real and not nominal, a powerful and yet popular, aristocracy. This we have, and have long had, in England; and because we have it, our constitution still exists. The late monarch of France strove to make bribery and corruption, with a very restricted right of franchise, supply the place of an aristocracy. We need not say in how far he has failed.

And now, abandoning the stormy field of politics, let us linger for a few moments in the bower of the muses. There is matter for a long and careful essay on the literary relations of William von Humboldt with Schiller and Goethe. Schiller, it should be observed, was his especial friend and favorite. Perhaps, indeed, he admired Goethe most, but he appears to have sympathized far more keenly with Schiller. Let us content ourselves for to-day with a remarkable extract from a letter addressed by Humboldt to Schiller, in which his literary confession of faith will be found worthy of the reader's attention. "The imagination of the Greeks," says he, "was ever subject to the influences of nature: thence its wondrous calm and clearness; thence, also, from its confinement within the boundaries of the world of sense, its unspirituality, which, contrasted with the most thoughtful productions of the moderns, seems almost poverty. In the moderns this clear response to the external world, this susceptibility to the influences of nature, will not be discovered; the spiritual intention, taking various directions, is everywhere manifest. Thence their greater depth of meaning; but also their dissimilarity amongst themselves, national and other indirect causes existing for these various tendencies. Thus, both

Italians and English are characterized by poetical imagination, which is gay and sensual in the former, deeper, and nearer allied with feeling, in the latter. In the Germans intellectual intention and true sentiment are prominent: Goethe is especially remarkable in the latter respect, more particularly in his plays, *Egmont*, *Faust*, and *Tasso*, which are neither Greek nor English, but wholly and solely original. In you, my dear friend, the intellectual intention is most visible, but this by no means excludes other qualities." In another place he greets Schiller, for his combination of the spiritual and intellectual with the natural, as "the most modern of all modern bards." There is truth in these remarks, though the German critic must be owned to have claimed, with a perhaps pardonable partiality, the lion's share for his own countrymen. But we also should say, that, on the whole, English poetry was more characterized by poetic imagination than any other quality; Spanish by richness and copiousness; Italian by fancy; French by invention, taste, and finish; German by intellectual intention, and feeling; though we are not willing to abandon this latter quality to any foreign nation, remembering our own stores of bardic wealth. And here we may be allowed to remark, that we distinctively claim supremacy for our own poetry, as also for our literature generally, over that of any other country. Every nation, even if national vanity suggested the assertion of its own primacy, would place us second in the roll of degree; nor can we conceive how the Germans even can venture to oppose the few great names which they may muster, to our long series of glorious bardic memories.

Of Humboldt's long and valuable essay on poetry and its principles, in connection with Goethe's exquisite, "*Hermann and Dorothea*," we can merely say that it is well worthy of the perusal of all students of German literature; and Schiller's admirable reply, in which he maintains the superiority of the creative artist to the critic, who can never thoroughly express his own sensations of delight, and who, with all his writing, never touches the essence, the central core of an inspired creation, must also be dismissed by us with a brief general encomium. We must pause, however, to protest against the somewhat flippant comments of our author, Schlesier, on the later productions of Goethe, whether in poetry or prose, which he declares to be altogether valueless. We should have thought that Goethe's own crushing blows on the little critics who snapped around him in his lifetime, would have silenced such tiresome impertinence forever. The truth is, that Goethe's prose was noble to the last, though somewhat stiff; that his second part of *Faust*, published the year before his death, was replete with magnificent poetry; and that his oriental series of lyrics, the so-called "*West Eastern Divan*," the fruit of his latter years, so far from being an utter failure, is characterized by an almost miraculous freshness of thought, and feeling, and truly Goethian beauty. Writers like Mr. Schlesier should beware of neg-

ative criticism in such cases, by which they can only make themselves ridiculous. Nevertheless, we cannot withhold from Mr. Schlesier the general meed of impartiality, veracity, painstaking care, and no small degree of talent. He has conferred a benefit on the literary world, and it would be ungrateful in us not to tender him our thanks for the pleasure and instruction his work has afforded us.

We shall not follow William von Humboldt through his long and honorable career, having already exceeded the space which we had allotted to our labors. One remark let us be allowed to make in conclusion. William von Humboldt is the realization of a noble German character: he is the type of what thousands may become under the influence of that constitutional liberty, the full enjoyment of which should not be delayed another hour. We know not whether these pages will meet the eye of the present Prussian monarch, but here do we warn him that the hour for doubt and hesitation has passed: that if he would not abandon Germany to the almost immediate triumph of democracy, he must deprive the vast majority of the titled class in his country of their titular nobility, yielding them some appellation corresponding to our English esquire in its stead, and, further, form a chamber of peers from the mediatized princes, associated with some of the richest men in the country; the eldest son of each of whom should alone inherit the peerage. Then, having thus popularized the nobility, by an act of absolute but indispensable power, let him share the right of legislation with his parliament and people.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, ON THE BRITISH MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

It is well known that the time required to turn out a tolerable artillerist is twice, if not thrice, as long as that which will give you a perfect hussar, and six, if not nine times greater than is needed to metamorphose the ploughboy into a smart light bob or a steady grenadier. The time allowed by our regulations for bringing an infantry recruit into the ranks and rendering him fit to take his tour of general duty, is four months. Twelve will suffice to teach a dragoon the essential points of his *manège*, and to set him well on horseback. You cannot make a tolerable gunner under two years, or hope to render him master of the complicated arts in which he is expected to excel, much under three. It seems clear, then, that this country should be careful, while it maintains a good skeleton of horse and foot, to render its artillery more than a skeleton; that it should keep this latter corps far above the proportion which would be properly allotted to it during the progress of a campaign, and look well, not alone to the drilling and conduct of the men, but to the guns, the horses, the harness—to everything, in short, including the organization and internal economy of the corps itself, which shall in any way tend to make it generally useful in the mean while and available for service either in garrison or in the field at a moment's notice. It was on this principle that the United States of America acted from the conclusion of the war with England

in 1815 up to the commencement of the Mexican job in 1845. Their small standing army consisted almost exclusively of artillery; and that the policy was a wise one has been proved first by the admirable conduct of this branch of their army in the late struggle, and next by the facility with which, when occasion required, infantry and cavalry enough to force their way to the capital of the Montezumas were gathered round it. The same course, though a good deal modified, is pursued by Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and most of the smaller German states. Aware of their inability to take the field single-handed against any first-rate power, these governments rely for the means of maintaining themselves, till succored from abroad, mainly upon their artillery, which bears in every instance a much larger proportion to the infantry and cavalry in their service than is ever contemplated in the arrangements of France, Prussia, Austria or Russia.

If this policy be good as regards countries which have no remote dependencies, it must surely be at least as reasonable in our own case. Let the reader spread out a map, and he will see that the British empire abroad, apart from its province of Canada and its Indian possessions, is an empire of fortresses. In Europe we hold Gibraltar, on the coast of Spain; Malta and Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante, in the Mediterranean. In the Carribean and Atlantic Seas we are masters of a dozen settlements, every one of which, with the exception of Jamaica and perhaps Barbadoes, is more of a redoubt than a colony. Africa has given us Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, St. Helena, Ascension, and so forth. In Asia our standard floats over Labuan and Hong Kong, in addition to the more extensive territories of Ceylon and the Southern Archipelago. All these, or by far the greater part, depend for protection much more upon their fortifications and batteries than upon any resistance which could be offered in the field by the dribblets from the army which hold the settlements themselves. How are they garrisoned? By strong detachments of artillery, supported by an adequate amount of infantry? No; but by infantry almost exclusively;—four battalions being stationed here—three there—two at another place—one somewhere else—half a battalion occupying one island—four companies taking charge of another, with just as many artillerymen added to each detachment as shall suffice to fire a royal salute, and to do the sort of work, certainly not soldierlike, which is imposed upon our gunners at foreign stations. In like manner our strongholds at home—the Channel Islands, though bristling with cannon—the great naval stations of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Pembroke—the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Fort George—the numberless forts which are supposed to bridle the Shannon, and keep the harbors of Dublin, Cork, Kinsale, Belfast, &c., clear—these and many more are to all intents and purposes left to shift for themselves. They may be more or less competently filled with soldiers of the line, or be garrisoned by detachments from the royal marines; but the best provided of the whole cannot show gunners enough to man any one of its faces, were it placed in siege to-morrow.

It was very well for amateur professors to talk of being able on an emergency to convert your infantry soldier into a gunner or a bombardier: but some vague dream of the sort appears to have reached of late, certain of our military authorities; and we find, in consequence, that the great-gun exercise has become a portion of drill with which

the infantry soldier is supposed to make himself acquainted. They who subject the recruit to this fresh manipulation, may depend upon it that, as far as regards practical usefulness in war, they are taking a great deal of pains to very little purpose. No doubt you may in six weeks' time teach any man, who is not deficient in common intellect, how to work, sponge, load, lay, and fire a garrison gun. But these operations, though individually and collectively of vast importance, do not make him an artillerist. The first accident that occurs—the first shot that strikes his carriage or his rammer—renders him powerless. He could not fit on a new wheel, were you to hand it to him; he would not know how to make shift with any other tool or implement than that which his drill-master has taught him to handle. As to dealing with a touch-hole somewhat run, or throwing hot shot, or keeping his powder clear of sparks, his first attempt in either of these branches of art would probably end in such an explosion as must not only silence his gun but himself too, and many of his comrades.

In Gibraltar, Malta, Cephalonia, Zante, and Corfu, there are mounted, we believe, from twelve to fourteen hundred heavy pieces of ordnance, each of which requires five men at the least to work it. This is allotting to a garrison-gun a smaller amount of strength than the book of regulations would warrant, and takes little, if at all, into account the hands that would be required, in the event of a siege, to supply casualties and bring up ammunition. It might do, however, upon a pinch, and we are not going to ask for more than is absolutely necessary. Now—assuming that a fortress may be considered safe when one half of the mounted guns can be worked at the same time—it is clear that for these four places alone we ought to have three thousand artillery men; and that even these, when we supply them, will be competent to the full amount of the duties required only so long as sickness or the accidents of war shall have made no serious impression on their numbers. What artillery force have we in this part of the world? Rather less than one third of our minimum! At Gibraltar there are five companies; there ought to be eighteen. At Malta there are two; there ought to be nine. Corfu and its dependencies have three; the very least to place them in a respectable position is nine companies. Jersey and Guernsey, the two outposts of England, with their numerous Martello towers, are held by one company of artillery respectively. To put them in a decently defensible state, not less than an entire battalion ought to be distributed between them. Is it an act of common prudence to keep points of such vital importance so feeble, at a time when in every country in the civilized world except our own, the science of war, and more especially that department of it which deals with the attack of fortified places, is cultivated with the utmost assiduity? But perhaps we may be accused of arguing somewhat unfairly. Jersey, Guernsey, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, besides being as strong as nature and art can make them, are objects to us of constant, and by no means of remote solicitude. The two former will of course be well watched from Portsmouth; the Mediterranean fleet will keep a good look-out upon the latter; while all, if they escape capture at the outset by surprise, may be reinforced in good time, and then left in a measure to their own resources. Reinforced in good time!—Where are the reinforcements to come from? Out of the

eighty companies which compose the whole regiment of artillery thirty-eight are scattered through our foreign possessions, and two, as has just been shown, have their quarters already in the channel islands. This leaves exactly forty companies in Great Britain and Ireland, of which ten at the least, or a number of men competent to fill up ten, are little better than recruits. Now, assuming that, in case of need, even recruits might be used after a fashion, how can we, with Ireland to guard, and London to cover, and Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Glasgow, and Newcastle to protect, with Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Chatham, Sheerness, more or less dependent upon us, because all giving full employment to their local battalions elsewhere than on the ramparts—how can we, out of forty companies, mustering in all four thousand men, undertake to spare a single gunner for reinforcing the garrisons of the Channel islands, or in the Mediterranean? The thing could not be done; for, take this along with you always, that if you be open to invasion on your own shores, your best, and indeed only, chance of meeting the enemy on anything like equal terms lies in your being able to bring against him an overwhelming artillery—and where you are to get this artillery even now, far more after detaching strong reinforcements to places beyond the sea, it puzzles our imagination to guess.

But we must not look exclusively to Europe. A war in this quarter would in all probability be followed ere long by a war with the United States, and, whether so followed or not, would lay us open to the risk of being attacked wherever an enemy's squadron could reach us, or a belief in our inability to defend ourselves might induce the commander of a single vessel to hazard a descent. Look at Bermuda. It supplies us with a naval station intermediate between North America and the West Indies; it forms an admirable harbor of refuge; it contains a respectable dockyard, a large amount of naval stores, and has been fortified at an outlay of money of which we really do not care to specify the extent. How is it garrisoned? A place which, on the most moderate computation, mounts four hundred pieces of ordnance, is left to the protection of two battalions of infantry and a single company of artillery. Why, this does not allow one gunner for three guns. And when we look further abroad—to St. Helena, for example, and even to Ceylon, matters do not mend with us. The former station can boast of its single company, the latter of two companies in garrison; though the one mounts about two hundred guns, the other not fewer than three hundred, and on this latter force is imposed, over and above its garrison duties, the care of providing a field-battery for China whenever that shall be needed.

It is quite evident, then, that on the head of mere numbers, our artillery is under the proper ratio; that, instead of constituting our main strength in time of peace, it is the element in which we are weakest; and that, so far from being a nucleus round which, in the event of war, infantry and cavalry might be formed, we should be obliged to form it, as well as we could, upon our infantry and cavalry, and to send these arms into the field, as we have always done heretofore, most inefficiently supported by artillery. Indeed, we may go further. Should hostilities break out during a continuance of the existing system, we shall be forced, in the hour of need, to use our infantry as gunners; a process from which, even in our foreign garrisons,

nobody will suffer except ourselves. And as to attempting anything beyond operations of mere defence, we need not, be the urgency of the case what it may, take the project into our contemplation. We have neither men, nor guns, nor horses, nor wagons wherewith to equip, for European service, eight good batteries; and as we cannot denude Ireland of its field artillery, nor leave ourselves without a gun to send out, in case a second call were suddenly made, we must not count on being able to muster more than sixteen, or at most twenty pieces of cannon for the operations of a campaign. No doubt we have our field artillery in Canada; and its batteries are, we believe, though miserably under the mark as to their equipments, in high order. Another battery at the Cape, almost equally ill-found, has performed, as our artillery always does, excellent service; and we know that the detachment in China has on every occasion well sustained the reputation of its corps. But for the purposes of action, in case an enemy gained footing here, or for reprisal on his coasts, we should be unable, were the demand made to-morrow, to muster five good field-batteries of three guns and a howitzer apiece. No doubt the troops of horse artillery are in capital trim as far as they go. But besides that they are scattered, one troop at Limerick, one in Dublin, one at Newcastle, and one at Leeds, they carry about with them only two guns apiece; and are therefore in no condition to march from Woolwich, supposing you to put the whole disposable force *en route*, more than six light pieces; while our field-batteries are so deficient in every article of indispensable equipment, that, except for a sudden brush, or the show manoeuvres of a review, we cannot see how they could be used at all.

Our gunner passes the Atlantic safely. He enters the glorious St. Lawrence; he lands at Quebec; and becomes a constituent portion of its garrison. For about a year he continues there, spending his days and weeks pretty much as he used to do at Devonport, or Spike Island; after which he is transferred to Kingston, and enters again into a field-battery. It is easy to see that neither he, nor the company to which he belongs, has been much accustomed to field-work. The horses, which are never moved, get out of condition in the hands of the new comers. The harness loses its polish, or breaks; the guns and wagons make a terrible hash of it when brought out for exercise, either with or without the infantry; finally, the men themselves grow slovenly—as soldiers invariably do when overworked, or put to tasks which they scarcely understand. It takes months, perhaps a year, to bring things round again; but when they are brought round, the field-battery at Kingston becomes, what it was previously to the last relief, perhaps the smartest and most efficient in the British service. That it is defective in many articles of equipment necessary to active operations must, we are afraid, be admitted. If there be forge carts and wagons enough in store, spare guns, shot, wheels, and shafts are wanting; and the horses and men that would be required to put the battery in proper trim for active service are not forthcoming. Whatever articles are liable to rot—traces, whips, girths, saddles, collars, &c.—almost always prove on trial to be rotten; and are patched up from time to time at a serious expense, without ever being rendered trustworthy. The horses, though well-bred and well-broke, are in many instances so old that a sin-

gle severe march would put them *hors de combat*; for there is an unaccountable reluctance on the part of the ordnance authorities to cast a horse after he has been once purchased. Indeed, we have ourselves seen an animal afflicted with staggers, drop time after time in the ranks, yet take his place as heretofore, till the driver well nigh refused to mount him, and always did mount with fear and trembling.

In spite of all these defects the battery-school in Canada is, perhaps, the best that we have; and as it continues on an average four years or upwards in operation, our gunner learns his field-duty well. He returns home with a bronzed cheek, a good seat on horseback, an accurate knowledge of his field movements, and from eight to ten years of honorable service. Is he kept to the mark by judicious management? We shall see. It is assumed that whatever his qualifications in battery may be, in other respects he has deteriorated; and a moment's reflection will show that this must be the case. Having had no opportunity of practising a single mechanical art since he quitted Woolwich, he has forgotten how to use a gin, knot a rope, construct a bridge, and lay a platform. He can work a garrison gun, and hit the target with fair precision; but the mysteries of slinging and moving heavy ordnance, of passing it up hill and down a declivity, and from one species of carriage to another, have become to him as dark as they ever were. It is determined to put him through a complete course of instruction over again; and the veteran of perhaps eleven years' standing has the satisfaction to resume his studies in the repository, and to manoeuvre from day to day on the common, till competent authority pronounces him perfect, or the cycle of duty calls him away to another out-station.

But our sketch must be taken to represent, not the ordinary life of the gunner, but its abstract perfection. Comparatively few of our recruits enjoy the advantages of a Canadian campaign. In nine cases out of ten the tour of duty carries them direct from Woolwich to Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, the Mauritius, or Ceylon, or to some other station far away, where from one year to another they never cross a horse, or do any other duty than that of a laborer in a storekeeper's yard. And here we cannot but protest against the abuse, both at home and abroad, of horses and men brought into the queen's service for military purposes. Will our readers believe that, inadequately appointed as the field-batteries are, their effective strength is cut down, even in Woolwich, by the habitual employment in the arsenal, on what is called fatigue-duty, of battery-nags, and the soldiers who are supposed to work with them in learning their profession? Let a stranger visit that place of order and bustle when he may, he will encounter at every turn an artillery-horse harnessed to some enormous load of stores, and a gunner leading him; and should he be tempted to look next day into the veterinary hospital, the chances are, that he will find half a dozen of these same valuable animals lamed from having picked up rusty nails in their frogs, or had their sinews strained in the attempt to drag weights that were too much for them. A battery drill on the common has more than once been stopped for want of horses enough to perform the evolutions, while the horses which ought to have been with the guns, or harnessed to the wagons, were busy carting dung. The life of a gunner at stations wherever storekeepers keep their yards on anything like a scale of magnitude, bears little or no resemblance to that of an artilleryman. He loads and unloads

carts eads and drives a team, carries out manure, spreads it on the glaciis, if there be one, or wherever else it is needed—keeps somebody's garden in order—and discharges the obligations of his enlistment-oath by occasionally furbishing up an old gun and cleaning shot when it grows rusty. And thus years steal from him during which he eats the bread of idleness, so far at least as the business for which the queen has taken him into her service is concerned; and comes back at the end of them much less fit for the field than he was when he took his first guard in Woolwich garrison.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

AT the close of the late American war, the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment of Infantry, under the command of Colonel C. H. Darling, a corps much distinguished by its behavior in Canada, marched to Quebec. As it was probable that their services would be no longer required, they received orders to prepare for embarkation, with the view of proceeding to Halifax, and, if no counter-orders were received there, to be disbanded with the other Canadian regiments.

For this purpose the "Archduke Charles," a remarkably fine frigate-built ship, of 550 tons, was engaged for the transport of the right wing of the regiment; the left wing having previously been sent away for the same destination. The troops embarked in this ship consisted of eleven officers, the staff, two hundred rank and file, forty-eight women and children, which, together with the crew of the vessel, comprised nearly three hundred individuals. The ship was also provided with a king's pilot. How far he was fitted for his responsible situation subsequent events will develop.

The "Archduke Charles" left the harbor of Quebec on the morning of the 29th of May, 1816, with a fresh breeze from the E. N. E. Nothing worthy of particular remark occurred for the first ten days of the voyage.

On the evening of the tenth day from the ship's leaving Quebec she cleared the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, upon making what was deemed a sufficient offing, the pilot directed the ship's course to be altered to the westward, with the intention of making Halifax on the following day. About 7, P. M., the atmosphere being at the time remarkably clear, a black circle was observed to windward on the horizon, stretching from north-east to south-west—the well-known forerunner of a fog-bank; and in a short time the ship was surrounded by one of those dense fogs so common on that coast. Knowing that they were now arrived in the track of the homeward-bound West India ships, and the fog increasing to a pitchy blackness, accompanied by heavy rain, with continued squalls, a consultation was held among the officers of the ship as to the most prudent means to adopt; and it was deemed most advisable, at the suggestion of the pilot, to continue the course under easy sail. The consequence was, that look-outs were placed

forward, the drum was ordered to be kept beating at intervals, and other precautions taken to prevent collision, in case of falling in with any ship during the night. It was also deemed desirable to have a portion of the troops on deck, to assist the watch.

After the arrangements for the night had been concluded, those who were not appointed to duty retired to their berths; among these was Lieutenant Charles Stewart, then commanding the grenadier company, whose subsequent brave conduct was the means of rescuing from a terrible death nearly the whole of the persons embarked in this ill-fated ship. He felt himself extremely fatigued by continuing so much on deck, as he had already done, at the request of his colonel—for he had scarcely been one night in bed during the passage. He had hardly descended to his cabin, for the purpose of taking some needful repose, when, to his surprise, he was sent for by Colonel Darling, who stated to him "that it was his particular wish (considering the extreme danger in which the ship was placed by the density of the fog) that he should remain on deck during the night; as, in fact, his wife could not rest in her bed unless he consented to do so." Although Lieutenant Stewart pointed out the exertion he had already undergone, and the absolute necessity that he should have some relaxation of duty, he was too good a soldier to murmur at the request—in truth, it may be said, command of his superior officer.

After the usual courtesies had been exchanged, and Colonel Darling had informed Lieutenant Stewart that some refreshments would be left out for his especial use during the night, ten men were ordered under his command to the fore-castle, where he was to take his station; and ten more, under Captain Glennie, were ordered to the after part of the ship. The rain continued to fall incessantly, sudden squalls of wind, with a heavy sea rising, occasioned the ship to "work" much; but it was impossible, from the darkness of the night, and the impenetrable density of the fog, to see half her length; however, as it was known that the king's pilot had himself taken the wheel, a degree of confidence was generally created in the minds of all on board, and hopes were entertained that not anything of serious moment would occur before daylight, which was anxiously looked for by crew, as well as by passengers.

At about 10, P. M. the "look-out" stationed on the bowsprit hailed the fore-castle, and directed Lieutenant Stewart's attention to what he thought was a light ahead; and by his looking directly in the line of the horizon, over the ship's bulwark, Lieutenant Stewart fancied that he also observed it; he immediately repaired aft to the quarter-deck to report the same to the pilot, when, to his surprise, he there found Colonel Darling (who, he supposed, had retired to his cabin) handing his majesty's pilot a glass of hot grog. Upon Lieutenant Stewart making his report, he was replied to in an uncourteous manner by the pilot, and ordered by his colonel back to his station. He had

not long returned forward, when the "look-out" again called "light ahead," and Lieutenant Stewart, placing his eye in the same position as before, distinctly saw what he considered a flickering light, and deemed it again prudent to go to the quarter-deck, and to report a second time the result of his observation. The answer he received was, "Sir, I have been a king's pilot on this coast for twenty-five years, and I know where I am." The colonel then said, "Mr. Stewart, you will return to your post immediately." To which Lieutenant Stewart replied, "Sir, I have done what I considered my duty." After the second rebuff Lieutenant Stewart considered it useless to make any further reports, and with a heavy presentiment on his mind, he continued at his post.

But a short time had elapsed between Lieutenant Stewart's return to the fore-castle, the rain still pouring its torrents with increased violence, and the fog continuing equally thick, when an occurrence took place which had all the attributes of supernatural agency, not unlike the imaginary vision, for ages "talked of" by sailors, and considered by them as a certain warning of some disaster. It was about 11.30 P. M. when one of the sailors suddenly called Lieutenant Stewart's attention to a dark object, which appeared to shoot past the bows of the vessel, with the rapidity of lightning, and the words, "Take care of the rocks," were distinctly heard. Lieutenant Stewart immediately ordered the drum to cease, and although the most profound silence was observed for some time afterwards by those on the fore-castle, nothing more could be heard, and it was considered to have been a delusion.

About midnight, Lieutenant Stewart finding himself nearly worn out from continued watching, and the heavy weight of his saturated clothes, determined to leave the deck for a few minutes. He had scarcely got below, thrown off his cloak, and was about to partake of those refreshments which his colonel had left for his use, when to his dismay he felt the ship strike with a tremendous crash, and ere he could gain the deck, the sea had struck the ship aft, carried away the bulwarks, and with it the whole of the round house, sweeping overboard with the wreck two women who were sleeping there. Those, and those only, who have been placed in like circumstances, and have been eyewitnesses, can form a correct idea of the horrible scene that instantly ensued. It is almost impossible to describe the wild and maniac-like actions which take place in a ship crowded with people, at the moment of a wreck like this. Amidst the raging of a boiling sea, in total darkness, the screams of the women and children, the total loss of all command over the men, husbands forsaking their wives, seeking only their own preservation, wives rushing for protection to others, present an awful spectacle. In this instance, an officer of undoubted courage, hitherto an affectionate husband, heedless of the entreaties of his beseeching wife, rushed up the main rigging and left her to her fate. The wife of Colonel Darling, catching

the sound of Lieutenant Stewart's voice, flew towards him and clasping him round the knees, besought him in the most piteous language "to save her life;" with the greatest difficulty he was able to extricate himself from her death-like grasp, and to hasten forward.

The ship appeared to have struck on a sunken rock, the sea making a clear breach over her, and evidently she was fast filling; several were washed away the moment they escaped from their beds, but nearly the whole of the persons on board, the crew, the troops, the women and children, reached the fore part of the ship, where they remained huddled together in one mass of human despair, watching with intensity for the coming day. At about five, A. M., the light was sufficient to enable them to discover that the ship had struck on one of the Jeddore Rocks, lying about a mile and a half from the coast, and sixty miles east of Halifax. How she had got there during the night, still remains a mystery; it is said to have been afterwards accounted for by the supposition that, although the ship's head had been kept to her course, the current had gradually caused her to near the land.

As daylight increased, they could then perceive that at about the distance of fifty yards from the ship's bows, was a rock above water, but against which the sea lashed itself with terrific violence. To get a communication with this rock by means of a rope, was now considered their only hope. One suggestion followed another, and was as quickly abandoned. Among the crew was a seaman, a "Trafalgar man," and who had, for that reason, been looked upon with some consideration; his advice it was deemed would be of importance. He was sought for, but alas! notwithstanding the peril of the moment, with death every instant threatening his existence, he who had escaped the bloody battle, was found insensibly drunk. He with others, abandoning themselves to their fate, it was soon discovered, had forced the spirit stores; some of the men had likewise broken open a chest of specie and loaded themselves with doubloons, the weight of which afterwards cost them their lives. At length, as if by general instinct, all eyes were directed towards Lieutenant Stewart, who had stood with folded arms, calmly surveying the intervening gulf between him and the rock, to pass which, the mountainous sea every instant wasting itself in a long line of foam, seemed to bid defiance to all human power; each man of the crew had declared the attempt as utterly beyond the accomplishment of man, and the soldiers alike shrunk from the attempt. Lieutenant Stewart was known to be a most expert swimmer, and at length the silent thought broke into earnest solicitation. Instantly the soldiers, so highly was he held in their estimation, amid the wild confusion which reigned around them, fell on their knees and besought him to save their lives. A half-inch rope of sufficient length was soon procured: divesting himself of clothes, except a pair of light trousers and shirt, and buckling his military cap tightly,

with the rope secured round his body, he dashed from the fore chains into the boiling surge; he was immediately lost sight of by those on board, having been sucked under the ship, but recovering himself, and swimming with astonishing vigor, which nothing but an indomitable courage could sustain, he ultimately gained the rock, upon which he was thrown by one huge wave with terrific force. Bruised and cut as he found himself, his first thought was to secure the rope to the rock; in doing this he experienced much difficulty, for although it presented many rugged points, there was not one to which he could apparently attach it, with sufficient security to allow those on board to haul on it. The seaweed, with which the rock was nearly covered, was another obstacle, as it prevented him getting a sure footing; however, after several efforts, he managed to crawl to the summit, and at length he firmly secured it. Having swallowed a large quantity of salt water in his arduous undertaking, he felt extreme thirst, and perceiving a cavity at the top of the rock filled with water, he concluded it was fresh, from the heavy rain which had fallen; he eagerly filled his cap, and as eagerly drank of its contents; but unhappily he found it to be as briny as the waves from which he had just emerged. Those on board were as yet in ignorance of his success, or indeed of his being alive; they had "paid out" the rope gradually, and in sufficient quantity to enable him to reach the rock, but were afraid to haul, the fog continuing so thick that they were only able to discern the base of it; and this Lieutenant Stewart himself discovered, after he had fastened the rope, for he could not see the ship in the position in which he was placed.

It was a period of intense anxiety and uncertainty to nearly three hundred human beings; if he were lost, their last hope of life had fled; their straining eyes were all fixed on one small spot, to catch a glimpse of the only man out of so great a number, who had shown nerve enough to hazard so bold an enterprise. Lieutenant Stewart now attempted to descend from where he was, and to get as near as possible to the wreck, to enable those on board to see him, and to give them warning that he had succeeded in fixing the rope, by a preconcerted signal of waving his cap; but on endeavoring to retrace his steps, he found that the waves were dashing with increased violence on the side of the rock which he must traverse; he consequently began cautiously to creep round on the opposite side, when, to his dismay, he found that it was perpendicular with the water, and in his anxiety, attempting to hold himself on by the seaweed, the slippery substance gave way, and he was again precipitated into the foaming breakers. From the wounds he had already received in almost every part of his body, when previously hurled with such violence on the rock, and his limbs having become stiff with the intense coldness of the atmosphere, he at first was unable to make the slightest effort to save himself, but, uniting his powerful strength to the consciousness of the im-

portance of the task for which he labored, and aware of the inutility of what he had already accomplished in securing the rope, unless he could give intimation of it to those on the wreck, he redoubled the efforts of his Herculean frame, notwithstanding his being repeatedly driven back by the mighty adversary with which he was contending. When nature had nearly resigned the contest, after half an hour's struggling to gain the mastery of the foaming water, he reached the side nearest the ship, and was again thrown on the rock opposite the wreck; instinctively catching a branch of the sea-weed, he was enabled to maintain his hold until the retiring wave left him lying on his back, in a state of exhaustion approaching to insensibility. He was now for the first time seen from the wreck; they anxiously waited for the signal; this he was soon enabled to give them, and instantly all on board raised a joyful exclamation at the prospect of escape from their awful situation. They began to haul on the rope, and found it fast; the ship had by this time fortunately "forged" considerably ahead, and consequently her bows approached nearer to the rock. No time was now lost in launching the jolly boat, (the only one remaining on board,) which they slung from the "cat-head." Having accomplished this, and being able to keep her by the aid of the rope under the end of the bowsprit, one of the sailors soon hauled her to the rock, bringing with him another and stouter rope; this was secured like the former one, and as the ship evidently could not long hold together, it was resolved that the women and children should be the first taken off the wreck. As the boat could now be "kept steady" under the bowsprit, the women were slung two at a time and lowered into her; the size of the boat would only admit of that number each trip, with two men to pull her.

Lieutenant Stewart having partially recovered from the state of almost insensibility in which he had been lying, raised himself, for the purpose of assisting those who might be brought to the rock. He was now fully convinced that its rugged and slippery surface did not contain sufficient space to allow of even standing-room for the whole of those on board; but, the instant after he saw the boat leave the ship with its first freight, containing the colonel's wife, her two children, and the assistant-surgeon of the regiment, the fog suddenly cleared (in the form of a long vista) towards the coast, and discovered to him another rock, of apparently much larger dimensions, and of considerably more elevation above the sea. Consequently, as the boat neared him, he directed their attention by signs, and as those in her now observed it, they pulled towards the second rock, and, finding the swell much less than outside, they were enabled to land their freight in safety. In this manner they continued to transport from the wreck the whole of the women and children.

In the mean time a running toggle had been rigged on the ropes, for hauling the men on the rock where Lieutenant Stewart was, and many

of the soldiers, as well as the whole of the officers, had been drawn from the wreck some time before all the women could be got off.

An occurrence here took place, showing how the love of life will prevail over all other considerations. Still, instances such as the following, it is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, are rare indeed. Horrible as the situation of those on board was momentarily becoming, yet one can scarcely believe that the dearest ties on earth which man possesses could be severed and forgotten, under any circumstances, however dreadful. As Captain W—— was about to quit the wreck by the rope, his wife, who had been lashed in the fore-rigging, to prevent her being washed away, perceiving his intention, raised her infant from her breast, and, with outstretched arms and hideous shrieks, implored him not to leave her. She and her child were alike unheeded. This was seen by the soldiers already landed; many of them belonging to the captain's own company. On his arriving at the rock, Lieutenant Stewart could not forbear pithily saying to him,

"Ah! my good fellow, you'll never be turned to a pillar of salt, for looking behind you."

The poor lady and her babe were, however, happily saved, with the other females. Women are proverbially said to be of a forgiving disposition; but the writer has not been able to ascertain if the captain ever received that pardon, to which his conduct so little entitled him.

It was evident to those still on the wreck that she could not last long, and that no time must be lost by those remaining on board. Several, in their anxiety to escape, were washed away, and sunk, to rise no more. These were most likely the men who had loaded themselves with the gold they had obtained from the treasure-chest. Ultimately, however, nearly the entire of the male portion of the passengers and crew effected a safe landing on the rock, and were apparently for a time rescued from their impending fate.

The total loss of life, including men, women, and children, which had taken place from the ship's first striking, amounted to ten in number. The last man who left her (one of the sergeants) had not done so more than ten minutes when an overwhelming sea struck her, she heeled over, and instantly disappeared.

It now became evident that in a short time considerable difficulty would be experienced with respect to space. The rock was crowded, and the sea breaking over them at every point. Colonel Darling proposed that the officers should be immediately removed in the boat to the rock on which the women had been carried. This proposition, as might be expected, met with considerable opposition from the soldiers, and suppressed murmurs soon gave way to openly-expressed objection on their part to such an exclusively invidious selection. The boat was, however, ordered to approach a projecting point of the rock, and Colonel Darling, with one of the officers, whom he had selected, were about to step into it, when the

soldiers simultaneously rushed to the spot, and drove the colonel and his companion away. Had the boat been sufficiently near at the time, certain destruction and loss of life would have been the consequence, as more than twenty men were ready to have dashed into her, and she would, of course, have sunk instantly. Becoming desperate at their situation, and maddened to frenzy at the thought of being left to perish by their commander and officers, the soldiers now broke out into open mutiny. All subordination was at an end, and language uttered by the men, regardless of all distinction as to rank; each man avowing that he considered his life equally dear to him as the colonel and officers did theirs, and resolutely maintained that he would not permit them to leave the rock, unless a portion of the men were removed at the same time. All attempts to reason or to command were found to be utterly futile: wild confusion reigned, and self-preservation seemed paramount in the breast of every man. The waves were perceptibly advancing higher up the rock; but all power of reasoning with men placed in this dreadful situation was totally useless. The boat still remained by them, holding on with difficulty to the ropes, which were secured to the rock.

Amidst this mass of frantic beings lay Lieutenant Stewart, nearly covered with blood, from the wounds he had received, and it was considered by the men that he was dead, or dying; but, roused to animation by the contention going on between his commanding-officer and the soldiers, and the yells and screams of others, he raised himself on his feet, and learning the cause, he addressed the men energetically, and in language which they could not mistake. He represented to them the consequence of their remaining long where they were, without aid; that certain death would be the result; strengthening his argument by convincing them that the only communication they could obtain with the land was by means of the boat; that if she were lost, they must all perish; that he knew they would recollect that they were British soldiers; and he declared his resolution, that if they would permit the colonel, officers, and crew to be taken away in the boat, he would stand by them, and share their fate, and that, should opportunity offer, he would be the last man to quit the rock; adding, that whilst this was his determination, where was the man among them who would so far forget himself as to dare to stir one step?

His address was electric: the rock, which the instant previously to his raising himself had been one scene of terrible commotion, became at its conclusion one of comparatively passive tranquillity. Each man dropped, or crossed his arms; their reasoning faculties appeared to have returned simultaneously; order and subordination instantly took the place of confusion and mutiny. The voice of this brave and heroic man stilled the raging of the human storm. Dreadful as was the prospect, or the hope of relief, this offer of self-devotion, by one individual in whom they could place confidence, and whose previous conduct had already stamped him in their minds as

their saviour, at once restored them to their senses. They immediately and willingly obeyed his orders, formed themselves as he commanded, as nearly as possible into a hollow square, and permitted the colonel, officers and others, to be taken in the boat to the other rock. As two persons could only be taken at each trip, the last time it left it contained but one officer, who said to Lieutenant Stewart,—

“Now is the only chance to save your life. This rock will soon be covered with water. Come with me.”

Lieutenant Stewart replied, that he had pledged himself to remain by the men, and nothing should tempt him to swerve from his resolve; that he would abide his fate, be it what it might. The consequence was, that the colonel, officers, and crew of the ship, with his majesty's pilot, were all safely landed on the rock “in shore,” and Lieutenant Stewart was left, with two hundred and eight soldiers, awaiting the chances of an improbable rescue.

Soon after the ship went down, the confined air must have burst her decks, for the sea became covered with the contents of her hold, consisting of the officers' and soldiers' baggage, casks of provisions, &c.; and several of the bodies of those who had met an untimely death now floated to the surface—a sad spectacle to those on the rock, as the mountainous waves swept them towards the coast. The water had now encroached so perceptibly on the rock, that the soldiers were compelled gradually to keep moving close together, until at length the space left was barely sufficient to permit them to form into one solid mass.

Lieut. Stewart, with a view of ascertaining the rapidity of the rise of the tide, directed a sergeant to place two stones on a projecting part of the rock, the surface of which the water had just reached. After waiting with their backs turned to the spot (dreading to behold the too convincing proof) but a short time, they found, on examination, the fearful truth—that the stones were no longer to be seen. He again had another one placed, conceiving that perhaps the former ones had been washed away; and after again turning their eyes from the place, as did all the men, with the conviction, that should this be covered by the water, they had nothing to expect but quickly-coming death, they remained calmly silent in that position for some time; when, to their unspeakable joy, on again turning round, they beheld not only the single stone, but the two which had previously been laid down. Thus assured that the tide was now receding, and that yet there was a chance left them of being saved, should their situation become known to some vessel passing the coast, their drooping spirits became reanimated, and each man strained his eyes, to be the first to catch the sight of the hoped-for means of deliverance.

By this time, from the continued breaking of the sea over them, and swallowing the salt water, which many had done in getting from the ship, they were seized with intense thirst, and without the slightest chance of alleviation: and were this a work of fiction what is now related might be set

down as an incident to heighten the interest of the moment. But here truly occurred one of those miraculous interpositions of Divine Providence which must convince the most sceptical of the goodness and power of the Almighty Creator of the universe. Amongst the great number of articles which were at every instant rising to the surface from the wreck and floating past them, one of the sergeants observed a cask, which, contrary to all other things, was apparently being fast driven to the rock. He communicated the circumstance to Lieut. Stewart, and at the same time gave it as his opinion that he believed it to be a cask of rum, which must have broken from the spirit-store. On learning this, Lieut. Stewart, with a judgment worthy of him, well knowing what the consequences would be, privately ordered the sergeant to provide himself with the largest stone he could find, and instantly that the cask came within his reach, to stave in the head of it. This the sergeant was soon in readiness to do; but wonderfully singular as it may appear, the cask, as it neared the rock, was lifted by one enormous wave, and carried into the very centre of the body of men, so much so, that it knocked several of them aside, and the receding water left it firmly placed among them. It is useless to attempt a description of the men's feelings under such circumstances. It is sufficient to assert that it proved to be a hogshead full of fresh water! To open it, and each man to partake of its contents by the use of his cap, occupied but a short space of time. Their parched throats were relieved, and their minds, from the now certainty of the tide's receding, rendered comparatively happy; so much so, that it was proposed to endeavor to obtain some sleep, and their first care was to attend to their fatigued and wounded officer.

With their hands they soon cleared a space of the sea-weed sufficient to permit him to lie down on the bare rock, and a man lay down on each side of him to impart warmth; others laid themselves across their comrades to cover him, and thus formed what might not inaptly be termed a living pyramid. The majority of the soldiers with their officer were soon in as sound a sleep as if they had been in the most comfortable quarters; care having been taken that a few should alternately watch for any vessel that might come near them.

It may here be mentioned that the one of the Jeddore Rocks, on which these two hundred men were now quietly reposing, is, when the wind blows from any other quarter than that which then prevailed, covered to the depth of fifteen feet of water, and thence called the “sunken rock.” This circumstance was doubtless well known to the king's pilot, and had been communicated by him to Colonel Darling, which accounts for his anxiety to leave his men in the reckless manner in which he did.

The sea still continued to throw up articles from the wreck; but the only thing which was washed on the rock, save the butt of water, was a speaking-trumpet, which ultimately proved of infinite service. The day was passing fast away, the fog still con-

tinued dense in the extreme, the rain pouring its torrents on these miserable, half-clad men, while a cutting north-easter, although it kept the sea from rising on them, increased the severity of the cold. It may be said, in truth, that so hopeless appeared their chance of rescue, at the approach of night, that fortitude gave way to despair, and each man looked upon death as a happy termination to his now terrible state of existence.

An incident now occurred, trifling in itself, but sufficiently indicative of what had at some previous period been the fate of one or more wretched beings on the very spot where they were. One of the sergeants observed, wedged in a cleft of the rock, a piece of cloth, which, on drawing out, had attached to it a button of the 69th regiment of foot. It told a fearful tale. On his showing it to Lieut. Stewart, he, with a just discrimination and foresight, strictly forbade the sergeant to make the circumstance known to the men, rightly judging that it would only aggravate the horrors of their situation, and might probably reduce them to such a depth of despair as to deprive them of all reasoning action; the consequences of which might have led to acts too horrible to contemplate.

How few men, with such a fearful warning before them, would have preserved their self-possession! It was an exercise of the most consummate prudence; and a foreboding so awful was sufficient to shake the strongest nerve. Alas! it was in reality what it seemed to be. Twenty years before, a dreadful shipwreck had happened on this very rock, where perished a large portion of the 69th regiment—the only sad memento of which was this significant button.

The darkness of night was already shadowing the horizon; sleep had long forsaken the most wearied of the soldiers. Many had been the delusive visions to those watching, and their frequent cries of "A ship! a ship!" only proved the intensity of their bewildered imaginations. These were but the effect of denser portions of vapory matter driven past them by the howling blast. At length they were again overwhelmed by the total darkness of the heavens, and again reduced to an utter hopelessness of relief. Each man appeared to hold but little communication with the one next him; they seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer. All was silence save the roaring of the winds and the surging of the waves on the rock;—and prayer alone did in truth occupy the minds of this mass of human suffering.

The returning tide now threatened them again, with increasing force, the wind having partially "chopped round" to westward; and they at length became so closely wedged together, to avoid the rapidly-approaching waters, as to render respiration difficult to those in the centre.

Whilst thus awaiting their fate with a calmness of resignation unequalled, suddenly a light red as blood, (the effect of fog,) appeared to their strained eye-balls, and instantly afterwards a ship loomed through the dense atmosphere. A shout of joy, such as perhaps never before escaped the united

voices of two hundred human beings, soon indicated to those on board the vessel, (which had, in fact, been sent with another in search of them, but with faint hopes of success,) that the rock was still uncovered by the water, that its wretched occupants still survived.

It was subsequently ascertained, that after the jolly-boat had landed the officers and crew on the rock where the women were, she was sent in search of some of the fishing or coasting vessels that might be passing. She was fortunately successful, by falling in with three, one of which had taken off the officers, women, and other persons, and the two others stood out to ascertain the fate of the soldiers, but with almost a positive certainty of the inutility of doing so, the opinion of all being that death had long previously put an end to their sufferings. The Omnipotent Power who ruleth the waters ordained it otherwise. The vessels had each hoisted lights at their mast-heads, and it was one of these which first attracted the attention of the soldiers. It was as much to the surprise of the crews of the vessels to hear the cry from the men as it was delight to those from whence it came.

The vessels now cautiously neared the rock, and no time was lost in despatching a boat, which they had brought with them, to the rescue of these wretchedly-situated creatures. On the boat being perceived, Lieutenant Stewart, by the aid of the speaking-trumpet washed from the wreck, was enabled to hail her, and, as a precautionary measure, inquired what number of men she could carry at one time. They replied, "Eleven," and added, "that they must watch the swell of the sea, and be in readiness to get into the boat the instant she rose with it."

This step was in exact keeping with the excellent judgment which this intrepid officer had displayed from the moment he quitted the ill-fated ship. The very last order he gave on the rock to these now eager and excited men was received by them with a respectful attention, which clearly demonstrated how highly they estimated his conduct. On his hearing the reply from the boat, he immediately directed the men "to form" as well as the nature of the place they were on would admit; which they did, as orderly, and with as much subordination as if on parade. He then quietly told them off in elevens, informed them of the manner they were to step into the boat, cautioned them against any display of impetuosity, and warned them of the danger attending a "rush." They implicitly obeyed his injunctions. The first eleven stepped into the boat as one man, catching her as she rose to the wave, and were safely taken to the vessel. The others minutely followed their comrades' example, and in a short time the whole were embarked, in equal divisions, on board the two vessels,—a truly wonderful proof of the merciful goodness of the all-seeing eye of the Divine Disposer of events; and it may be added, that, under his especial will, the bravery of conduct, coolness of judgment, and discriminating powers

of Lieutenant Stewart, were the means of preserving to his country the lives of two hundred and eight of its defenders.

Although it might now be said, that

"The perils and the dangers of the voyage are past,"

it is hoped that it will not be the less interesting to the reader to be informed of events not only relative to the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," but to learn in what manner the brave officer, whose actions have formed so prominent a feature throughout the preceding pages, was rewarded.

Lieutenant Stewart and his men now began to experience extreme hunger, as well as thirst; but the coast on which they were appeared to be nearly as desolate, and, with respect to provisions, as inhospitable as the barren rock which they had left. However, after some time occupied in the search, they discovered a pool of water, and also a "fish-flake" (a stage on which it is laid to dry) well stored. The soldiers seized the raw fish, and, without waiting to cook it, devoured it like so many ravenous wolves. It should be stated that they had obtained a light from the vessels, and on their first landing had lighted a fire which they continued to supply with the logs that lay near the hut.

Lieutenant Stewart now seriously felt the effects of the wounds he had received on the rock. He was terribly bruised in the body, and much lacerated about the feet and legs. Surgical assistance was not to be obtained. He therefore philosophically became his own doctor. With a piece of iron hoop (picked up in the hut) he made some lint from a portion of his shirt, and with the rest of it bound up his leg.

With the intention of waiting until daylight before he proceeded with his men to Cold Harbor, which he understood was about six miles distant from the place where they were, he lay down before the fire to take some rest, which by this time he fully needed; but, great was his astonishment to be aroused from his slumbers by the uproarious noise of the soldiers fighting with each other like maniacs. Whether this was in consequence of devouring the raw fish, or other cause, he could not discover. Ultimately they, as well as their officer, went to sleep.

In the morning they began their march to Bold Harbor, which they reached about six, A. M., and were immediately supplied with requisite provisions. Colonel Darling, the officers and females, had already been taken there the previous night by the vessel in which they had left the rock. Two schooners were here engaged to carry them to Halifax, whence they were distant sixty miles; and the next day they arrived off that port.

On entering the harbor by the eastern passage, they were hailed, as is usual, from the fort on George's Island, and were asked what troops they were, and from whence brought. Greatly to the astonishment of those at the battery, they learned that it was the left wing of the Nova Scotia regi-

ment. As the report had already reached Halifax that not the slightest hope remained of a single man, woman, or child being alive, the news was instantly telegraphed to the town, and, as might be expected, it became a scene of intense excitement. A great number of the soldiers had relatives residing there; and the people flocked in crowds to learn the particulars of their escape.

Many of the officers and men of the right wing, which had arrived some weeks before, together with nearly the whole of the garrison, consisting of five regiments, under Major-General Gosling, hastened to see them disembark, and the gallant behavior of Lieutenant Stewart was the general theme of admiration. He was confined by illness about six weeks; but, a robust constitution, and the consciousness of an honorable mind, restored him to health. As a matter of course, he was allowed his compensation (about 80*l.*) for the loss of his property in the wreck, which was, in reality, of the value of 200*l.* Among this was 30*l.* "subsistence money" for his company. This, by the regulation of the service, he was, of course, obliged to make good; so that, pecuniarily, he was a considerable loser. Singular as it may appear, but not the less true, it was remarked by many, military as well as civilians, that during the time he was confined by illness, solely arising from his distinguished conduct, the colonel and officers who had escaped the wreck, abstained from publicly alluding to the circumstance; nor did any one of them make the slightest personal inquiry respecting his health. It may very naturally be asked, what could have been the cause?

"There's nothing half so base in life
As man's ingratitude!"

The only assignable reason for such an utter absence of courteous feeling, (setting aside gratitude,) arose doubtless from self-reproach, an inward conviction of their own pusillanimity; they were afraid to face a brother officer, whose conduct, in comparison with their own, had placed him so immeasurably above them. They must have been fully sensible in what light they would henceforth be regarded by their own men, whom they had so basely deserted, and consequently the colonel as well as officers dreaded a recurrence to anything connected with so disgraceful an event.

There was a report in the military circles at Halifax, and believed to be true, that Colonel Darling had expressed an intention of bringing Lieutenant Stewart to a court-martial. The reader may reasonably inquire for what? It was thus stated: for a breach of military discipline—for leaving the wreck without orders!!! Whether it was ever seriously contemplated or not, is of little importance; the result of such an absurd step was too obvious.

It is proper here to state, that some time previous to the regiment's arriving at Quebec, a captaincy in the regiment had become vacant, and Sir Gordon Drummond, the governor-general of Canada, had recommended Lieutenant Stewart, not

only by reason of his being the senior lieutenant, but for his conduct on the lakes and other services, to fill the vacancy. As hostilities with the United States had ceased, and several regiments were ordered to be disbanded, on his arrival at Halifax, he learned that his promotion had not been confirmed by the home authorities. Notwithstanding this, there can be no hesitation in believing that had his brave conduct at and after the wreck been duly represented, (as it most unquestionably should have been) to his royal highness the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, and ever esteemed as the "soldier's friend," Lieutenant Stewart would now have been an officer of high standing in her majesty's service; as it was, the regiment was disbanded at Halifax, the majority of the soldiers became pensioners and settlers in the colony, upon lands granted by the government; Colonel Darling got his step as major-general, with the governorship of the Island of Tobago, and Lieutenant Stewart—remained *Lieutenant Stewart*!!

Possessing a mind sensitive to the injustice awarded him, he may be said to have exiled himself for a period of six or seven years afterwards. At length, by the advice of his friends,

"So many bold captains (had) walked over his head,"

he determined personally to make an effort to obtain that rank to which he was so justly entitled. His royal highness was, it is well known, urbane in the highest sense to all who had an audience of him. He was astonished that the circumstances had never been brought under his notice; but, with the numerous applications from the Peninsula and other heroes of the day, his royal highness' hands were tolerably full of business, and whatever might have been his intentions, it must be presumed that Lieutenant Stewart's claims merged into the general mass and were forgotten.

It was not until nine years afterwards, and sixteen from the time of the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," that Lieutenant Stewart in due course obtained his promotion as a "captain unattached!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—At the recent anniversary of the American society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews, celebrated in the city of New York, the Rev. Dr. Tyng recited a remarkable poem of *Charlotte Elizabeth*, with the foregoing title. The reverend doctor offered a resolution "that the signs of the times are such as should arouse all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and wait for his salvation, to renewed and enlarged effort in this holy enterprise"—and concluded an eloquent speech upon the subject by the remark that this poem embodied the whole of all he had further to say. The scriptural references were arranged by Dr. Tyng:

When from scattered lands afar, Matt. xxiv. 6, 8.
Spreads the voice of rumored war, Luke xxi. 25.
Nations in tumultuous pride, Haggai ii. 7.
Heaved like ocean's roaring tide, Heb. xii. 26, 29.
When the solar splendors fail, Matt. xxiv. 29.
When the crescent waxeth pale, Rev. xvi. 12.
And the powers that starlike reign, Matt. xxiv. 29.
Sink dishonored to the plain, Joel xi. 10, 31.

World! do thou the signal dread, Luke xxi. 26, 35.
We exalt the drooping head, Luke xxi. 37, 28.
We uplift the expectant eye, Eph. i. 14.
Our redemption draweth nigh, Rom. viii. 9, 23.
When the fig-tree shoots appear, Matt. xxiv. 22, 23.
Men behold their summer near, Luke xxi. 29, 31.
When the hearts of rebels fail, Isaiah lix. 18, 19.
We the coming conqueror hail, Rev. xix. 11, 16.
Bridegroom of the weeping spouse, Rev. xix. 7, 9.
Listen to our longing vows, Rev. vi. 10.
Listen to her widowed moan, Luke xviii. 3, 7, 8.
Listen to creation's groan, Rom. viii. 22, 23.
Bid, O bid thy trumpet sound, 1 Thess. iv. 16.
Gather thine elect around, Matt. xxiv. 31.
Gird with saints thy flaming car, Jude 14.
Summon them from climes afar, Isa. xxiv. 13, 15.
Call them from life's cheerless gloom, Matt. xxiv. 40.
Call them from the marble tomb, Rev. xx. 4, 6.
From the grass-grown village grave, Luke xiv. 14.
From the deep, dissolving wave, Psalm xlix. 14, 15.
From the whirlwind and the flame, 1 Thess. iv. 17.
Mighty Head, thy members claim, Col. i. 15.
Where are they whose proud disdain, Luke xix. 12.
Scorned to brook Messiah's reign! Matt. xiv. 41, 42.
Lo, in waves of sulph'rous fire, Luke xvii. 27, 30.
Now they taste His tardy ire, Rev. xix. 20, 21.
Fettered till the appointed day, Rev. xviii. 3, 5, 9.
When the world shall pass away, 2 Peter 2. 9.
Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord, Rev. xix. 15, 21.
Sheathe again the dreadful sword, Ps. cx. 5, 7.
Where the cross of anguish stood, Isa. liii. 3, 5, 12.
Where thy life distilled its blood, Mark xv. 27.
Where they mocked thy dying groan, Mark xv. 20.
King of nations! plant thy throne, Isa. xxiv. 23.
Send thy law from Zion forth, Zach. 8. 3.
Speeding o'er the willing earth, Daniel ii. 35, 44.
Earth, whose Sabbath glories rise, Isa. xl. 1, 9.
Crowned with more than Paradise, Psalm lxvii. 6.
Sacred be the impending veil! 1 Cor. xiii. 12.
Mortal sense and thought must fail, 1 John iii. 2.
Yet the awful hour is nigh, Luke xxi. 31.
We shall see thee eye to eye, Rev. i. 7.
Be our souls in peace possessed, 2 Thess. iii. 5.
While we seek thy promised rest, Heb. iv. 9.
And from every heart and home, 2 Tim. iv. 8.
Breathe the prayer "O, Jesus come!" Rev. xxii. 20.
Haste to set the captive free, Isaiah xlix. 9.
All creation groans for thee, Rom. viii. 19.

British Female Poets; with biographical and critical notices. By REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.

WE scarcely know whether most to commend the good taste of the editor or that of the publishers of this volume. The latter gentlemen have done all that was needed in the matter of mechanical execution. The paper, printing, and binding are as nearly faultless as may be; a finely engraved portrait of Mrs. Norton is the frontispiece, and a beautiful view of the residence of Mrs. Hemans, Rhyllon near St. Asaph, forms a vignette title page. But these are inferior merits, and would not alone place this volume in the catalogue of "books which are books." Dr. Bethune has selected his materials with exquisite taste, culling the fairest and sweetest flowers from the extensive field cultivated by the British female poets. The brief biographical notices add much interest to the volume, and vastly increase its value. It is pleasant to find hardworking and close thinking divines thus recreating themselves and contributing by their recreations to the refinement of the age. Dr. Bethune has brought to his task poetic enthusiasm, and a ready perception of the pure and beautiful.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Researches on the Chemistry of Food and the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M. D. Giessen. Translated by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, and edited from the English edition by Professor Horsford of the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard University. Published by Daniel Bixby & Company, Lowell. 12 mo., pp. 248.

A PART of this little work had already appeared in England, and a few copies were received in this country, but the present is a more extended and corrected view of the labors of the eminent author in almost a new field. The comprehensive title includes what has been done, with that which is to be performed before the "chemistry of food" is fully elucidated.

In the first section, a clear exposition of the state of our knowledge previously to the labors of Liebig, is found; the following ten pages are devoted to a criticism of Mulder's Protein Theory, and his views derived from the analyses of formulas, in which the author, in emphatic terms, dissents from the conclusions of Mulder, and holds his researches before the reader as views which lead to no real progress. Mulder is the respected head of a distinct school, differing in details from that of Giessen, of which the author is the founder; Liebig has been severe in his criticisms of cotemporary labors, and in Mulder he finds a worthy opponent, whose profound knowledge of chemical phenomena, and ability in the use of the means and aids of analysis, place him among the great teachers of the present day. From such differences science always gains facts, the schools higher repute, and the labors of each exhibit models of practice, rendering the path of the student more safe and easy.

Section second contains an introductory allusion to the labors of the distinguished chemists who have earlier entered the field of research. The account of the experiments and observations of the author follows, with much minuteness of detail, in relation to the extraction of the substances, whose study is the chief object of the first part of the work. It is here that the reader finds that, instead of an investigation into the chemical composition of food generally, the juices of flesh only have been studied; apparently a subject hardly calling for labor, and yet how much has the science and consummate skill of this great chemist brought to light! Kreatine, a crystallized compound of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, very imperfectly known before, is the first in order. This singular body is, chemically, neither an acid, nor a base; it appears in the form of beautiful crystals, containing more than twenty-eight per cent. of nitrogen, and having the elements of glycocoll and ammonia. Kreatine, by its decomposition, or reërrangement of its constituents, gives the new body kreatinine, having characters analogous to those of ammonia. While studying its analogies, the reader is hardly prepared for the announcement, that both kreatine and kreatinine are found as constituents of the most abundant excretive fluid; this fluid, being in fact

a source, from which the characteristic and nutritious constituent of fresh meat may be economically obtained. Sarcosine, a product of the decomposition of kreatine, having no alkaline properties, but acting as an oxide or base in forming salts with acids, and having most interesting relations to other bodies, follows, as if to complete a list. We have now been made acquainted with an indifferent body, or one neither acid, alkaline, nor basic; a strong alkaline base before unknown, and a new oxide, or basic compound. On the other hand, returning to the expressed juices of flesh, we find a description of a new acid, ino sinic acid, and its definite compounds, with well-known bases. The latter pages of the second section are full of interesting and most highly important deductions, in relation to lactic acid; the importance of salt as an article of food; its true uses; phosphate of soda, and its remarkable properties in absorbing and giving off carbonic acid—throwing a flood of light into the darkest recesses of animal physiology.

Section III. Remarkable and surprising as are the new facts, and new views of old facts, contained in the last section, in this we have the general results and their applications to the arts of life. Science, in the hands of Liebig, is about to "perform her whole duty." The practical application of knowledge, gained from one of the most profound investigations of the present day, is to have an every day accumulating value. This section is a treatise on the art of cooking meats. Full of accurate views, it is indispensable to every housekeeper, who would ensure economy and perfection in culinary matters; a treasure to the invalid, and exactly fills a want felt by every practising physician.

The second part of the work, devoted to the motion of liquids separated by a membrane, has an intimate connection with the first. Interesting to the general reader, it is full of new facts and views on the subject of animal and vegetable physiology, and leads to precise knowledge of the action of the fluids and vessels, on which health and life depend. As an experimental inquiry, it has the Baconian character of leading on from fact to fact, to the ultimate point of attainment, every step being a sure one. In this part more particularly is exhibited, as in the earlier works of the distinguished author, that power which he possesses of happy argumentative illustration, through which the mind receives so much pleasure, that the exercise of the strict rules of reasoning seems uncalled for.

This work will add to the already world-wide reputation of Baron Liebig, and there is one feature of high scientific interest in it which cannot be passed over. In the midst of the greatest activity, in searching for new chemical compounds, inducing, as a late writer has observed, "a disorder of formulæ," the distinguished author has stepped from the course of an objectless production of new combinations, returned to the true path of *proximate analysis*, and recorded his opinion, that "the equations employed in books and treatises, to

represent the changes which occur, as well as the formulæ of the products assumed in these equations, have been obtained by fallacious methods." The value and influence of such an opinion is greatly enhanced by the fact, that no chemist has directly or indirectly so much aided the multiplication of products and formulæ, as the respected author of this work. And if his unceasing diligence, strict, conscientiousness, and well-trained habit of research, are to be aided by better and more true methods of analysis, what may we not expect? The present little work is the first earnest of future labors.

It is one of the advantages flowing from the education of our countrymen abroad, that the valuable labors of scientific men can be made known early here. We hope that hereafter Professor Horsford will have the pleasure of publishing the labors of his instructor, without recourse to English translations; for through negligence or intention in sending the sheets, his labor was greatly increased. Every page shows how carefully his duty has been performed, and his notes add much to the value of the book. The publishers and printers have given it a fitting dress, at a price so low as to excite surprise.

From the Examiner.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. II. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Edward Sabine, R. A., For. Sec. R. S. Longman and Co., and Murray.

THIS volume of Humboldt's great and most delightful work opens with a series of essays which he entitles "Incitements to the Study of Nature;" the object of which is to exhibit the action of the external world on the imaginative faculty, and the reflected image produced in those forms of art and fancy which have so charmed and elevated the world. If what is said of Sir Isaac Newton be true, that he defined poetry to be ingenious nonsense, these passages of Humboldt are a noble vindication of Science from any supposed connection with that opinion. They form a delightful relief to the graver passages of the great descriptive work in which they appear, while they are made excellently to subserve the most austere and philosophical portions of the author's design.

The reader will be surprised to see the quantity of reading and observation which he might have been tempted to think unphilosophical, brought by Humboldt to this branch of his theme. Every sort of literature is laid under contribution. We quote a passage treating of the poetic descriptions of nature in modern authors, which will serve to illustrate what we refer to.

If in Shakspeare the inward life of feeling, and the grand simplicity of the language, animate thus wonderfully the individual expression of nature, and render her actually present to our imagination; in Milton's sublime poem of *Paradise Lost*, on the other hand, such descriptions are, from the very nature of the subject, magnificent rather than graphic. All the riches of imagination and of language are poured

forth in painting the loveliness of Paradise; but the description of vegetation could not be otherwise than general and undefined. This is also the case in Thomson's pleasing didactic poem of *The Seasons*. Kalidasa's poem on the same subject, the *Ritusanhara*, which is more ancient by above seventeen centuries, is said by critics deeply versed in Indian literature to individualize more vividly the vigorous nature of the vegetation of the tropics; but it wants the charm which, in Thomson, arises from the more varied division of the seasons which is proper to the higher latitudes; the transition from fruit-bringing autumn to winter, and from winter to reanimating spring; and the pictures afforded by the varied laborious or pleasurable pursuits of men belonging to the different portions of the year.

Arriving at the period nearest to our own time, we find that, since the middle of the last century, descriptive prose has more particularly developed itself, and with peculiar vigor. Although the study of nature, enlarging on every side, has increased beyond measure the mass of things known to us, yet amongst the few who are susceptible of the higher inspiration which this knowledge is capable of affording, the intellectual contemplation of nature has not sunk oppressed under the load, but has rather gained a wider comprehensiveness and a loftier elevation, since a deeper insight has been obtained into the structure of mountain masses, (those storied cemeteries of perished organic forms,) and into the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and the relationship of different races of men. The first modern prose writers who have powerfully contributed to awaken, through the influence of the imagination, the keen perception of natural beauty, the delight in contact with nature, and the desire for distant travel which is their almost inseparable companion, were in France, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Buffon, Bernardin de St-Pierre, and (to name exceptionally one living writer) my friend Auguste de Chateaubriand; in the British islands the ingenious Playfair; and in Germany, George Forster, who was the companion of Cook on his second voyage of circumnavigation, and who was gifted both with eloquence and with a mind peculiarly favorable to every generalization in the view of nature.

I must not attempt in these pages to examine the characteristics of these different writers; or what it is that, in works so extensively known, sometimes lends to their descriptions of scenery such grace and charm, or at others disturbs the impressions which the authors desire to awaken; but it may be permitted to a traveller who has derived his knowledge principally from the immediate contemplation of nature, to introduce here a few detached considerations respecting a recent, and on the whole little cultivated, branch of literature.

Buffon, with much of grandeur and of gravity—embracing simultaneously the structure of the planetary system, the world of organic life, light, and magnetism—and far more profound in his physical investigations than his cotemporaries were aware of—when he passes from the description of the habits of animals to that of the landscape, shows in his artificially-constructed periods, more rhetorical pomp than individual truth to nature; rather disposing the mind generally to the reception of exalted impressions than taking hold of it by such visible paintings of the actual life of nature, as should render her actually present to the imagination. In perusing even his most justly celebrated efforts in this department, we are made to feel that he has

never quitted middle Europe, and never actually beheld the tropical world which he engages to describe. What, however, we particularly miss in the works of this great writer, is the harmonious connection of the representation of nature with the expression of awakened emotion; we miss in him almost all that flows from the mysterious analogy between the movements of the mind and the phenomena perceived by the senses.

Greater depth of feeling, and a fresher spirit of life, breathe in Jean Jacques Rousseau, in Bernardin de St. Pierre, and in Chateaubriand. If in the first-named writer (whose principal works were twenty years earlier than Buffon's fanciful *Epoques de la Nature*) I allude to his fascinating eloquence, and to the picturesque descriptions of Clarens and La Meillerie on Lake Lemman, it is because, in the most celebrated works of this ardent but little informed plant-collector, poetical inspiration shows itself principally in the inmost peculiarities of the language, breaking forth no less overflowing in his prose, than in Klopstock's, Schiller's, Goethe's, and Byron's imperishable verse. Even where an author has no purpose in view immediately connected with the study of nature, our love for that study may still be enhanced by the magic charm of a poetic representation of the life of nature, although in regions of the earth already familiar to us.

In referring to modern prose writers, I dwell with peculiar complacency on that small production of the creative imagination to which Bernardin de St. Pierre owes the fairest portion of his literary fame—I mean Paul and Virginia: a work such as scarcely any other literature can show. It is the simple but living picture of an island in the midst of the tropic seas, in which, sometimes smiled on by serene and favoring skies, sometimes threatened by the violent conflict of the elements, two young and graceful forms stand out picturesquely from the wild luxuriance of the vegetation of the forest, as from a flowery tapestry. Here, and in the *Chaumière Indienne*, and even in the *Etudes de la Nature*, (which are unhappily disfigured by extravagant theories and erroneous physical views,) the aspect of the sea, the grouping of the clouds, the rustling of the breeze in the bushes of the bamboo, and the waving of the lofty palms, are painted with inimitable truth. Bernardin de St. Pierre's master-work, Paul and Virginia, accompanied me into the zone to which it owes its origin. It was read there for many years by my dear companion and friend Bonpland and myself, and there—(let this appeal to personal feelings be forgiven)—under the silent brightness of the tropical sky, or when, in the rainy season on the shores of the Orinoco, the thunder crashed and the flashing lightning illuminated the forest, we were deeply impressed and penetrated with the wonderful truth with which this little work paints the power of nature in the tropical zone in all its peculiarity of character. A similar firm grasp of special features, without impairing the general impression or depriving the external materials of the free and animating breath of poetic imagination, characterizes in an even higher degree the ingenious and tender author of *Atala*, *René*, the *Martyrs*, and the *Journey to Greece and Palestine*. The contrasted landscapes of the most varied portions of the earth's surface are brought together and made to pass before the mind's eye with wonderful distinctness of vision: the serious grandeur of historic remembrances could alone have given so much of depth and repose to the impressions of a rapid journey.

The latter portion of the volume is occupied with the "history of the physical contemplation of the universe." We have seven epochs, ranging from such knowledge of nature as is indicated in the oldest Greek Physics, to the days of Newton and Leibnitz. First, the nations that inhabited the coasts of the Mediterranean in the earliest known times are taken; then the fusion of the East and West under Greek dominion, and the great acquisitions of the Greeks from their contact with the Indian races; then the Egyptians; then the Romans; afterward such contributions to European civilization and culture as have been derived from the study of nature among the Arabians; next, what Humboldt calls the epoch of Oceanic discoveries, the opening of the western hemisphere, and the expeditions of Columbus, Cabot, and Vasco de Gama; finally, the epoch of celestial discoveries, and the progress of astronomy and mathematics from Galileo to Leibnitz. The practical object of the work is nobly kept in view throughout all this historical retrospect. The glance back upon the past is to help the future forward. Up these successive steps in human cultivation we are to mount to the more exact understanding of what we now possess, and the more certain expectation of what lies yet further beyond waiting to be explored.

The present translation of the *Cosmos* is the only thoroughly reliable one. In itself it is very ably done, with a scrupulous correctness in spirit as well as letter, and much facility and elegance of style. The greater part of this second volume has been compared with the original by the Chevalier Bunsen.

GOD'S UNIVERSE AND THE POOR MAN'S HOME.—First, I would ask you just to contemplate for a moment in your minds the outward universe, so orderly, so beautiful, so richly replenished and adorned; the fields decked with flowers, as well as laden with fruits, the heavens glittering with countless stars. Remember how these things are spoken of in Scripture. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and can you doubt that much more would God have done for man, the noblest of his creatures here below, fed, clothed, and lodged in comfort, to his own satisfaction, and to the glory of his Maker? Next, reflect what serious obstacles are presented by such poverty as I speak of, to the growth of almost every Christian grace. Let us leave the fields and flowers, the fresh air and pleasant skies, and let us enter some close tenement, some narrow lodging, perhaps a single chamber for a whole family, dark, dirty, noisome, pestilential, the occupiers in rags, and faint for want of food. I stay not to observe that the bird fares better in its nest, the bee in its hive; instead of contrasting mankind with the brute creation, I ask you to contrast this picture with the portrait of a Christian, as set before you in God's word. I ask you whether the beauties of the Christian character are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere as this? Will a man take no thought for the morrow who has no means of making provision for to-morrow's meal? Is cheerfulness or joyfulness easy of attainment under the pressure of cold and hunger? Can modesty bloom where common decency is impracticable? —Rev. C. Girdlestone.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTICLE LITERATURE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

AMONG the radical changes that have taken place in the present century, there is a change in the body of our literature, which, strange to say, has been little if at all noticed by the generation whom it concerns. The "miscellanea," "fugitive pieces," "occasional poems," and "papers," which our ancestors regarded as a mere make-weight, now fill unnumbered volumes. Of the making of many books there may be no end, but there is assuredly an end of the reading of them: their day has gone pretty nearly by, and the present is the age of ARTICLES.

It is a pity that a better word was not chosen to designate what may almost be called a new literature. An "article" means properly a clause, a part of a whole—a thing incomplete in itself; whereas the brief pieces alluded to, whether in prose or verse, have an entirety, working out a single conception, and are scattered over with thoughts all tending to a single end. An article is not a chapter, or a canto, but a complete work. It stands upon its own legs; it bears its own charges; and like many brevities in the human species, it has a sense of dignity out of all proportion to its deficiency in inches.

The supremacy of articles may be dated from the era when men, tired of perplexing themselves with philosophical questions, and cutting off heads as a solution, set fairly to work to spin cotton, make railways, build steamboats, and change the whole face of the world. Immersed in such occupations, they had no time for books; and perhaps too (for I will do justice between the two kinds of literature) they lost the taste for study. This preference, however, of the brief, pointed, off-hand article, is rarely a question of taste. It is a mere affair of time. In the hurry of life, comparatively few are able to grapple with a continuous work. Men of business are too much disturbed by anxious thoughts to reunite with any satisfaction the broken thread of study; and persons engaged in laborious and long-continued employments have neither the energy nor the leisure to give up their faculties to what resembles a task. It is a mistake to suppose that the brief papers in such works as the one in which I am now writing, circulate widely merely because they are cheap: they do so because they are constructed on a principle which is applicable to human nature in all ranks of society. If the rich read more books than the poor, it is simply because they have more time; but, generally speaking, the same preference for short articles is found in both classes. This is what keeps the high-priced magazines alive; and this is what introduces the low-priced journals to the "best company." Extreme cheapness, however, is in one grade of society as repulsive as extreme dearness in another; and we are only verging by degrees towards that point in civilization when the quality of the literature will be

estimated without reference to the circumstance of price.

But articles are not preferred merely because the age is practical; for they are themselves born of the practical spirit of the age. They are condensations of thought and knowledge; they have a terseness of style which would be fatiguing in a larger work; they avoid superfluities, and not unfrequently sacrifice elegance to utility. It may seem paradoxical to say that this popular department of literature is the most difficult; yet such is the fact. There are more bad articles, even in proportion to number, than bad books, and it requires a master-mind to fulfil all the conditions of the former. He who would write a good article, must unlearn as well as learn; he must have the idea constantly before him, that he is not meandering through the ample pages of a volume; he must recollect that "brevity" is not less the soul of wit than the soul of articles.

I have some suspicion that the number of book-readers (for I do not affect to deny that there are still a few) is smaller than is usually supposed. Take any country town of moderate population, and on inquiring into the facilities for such study, you will find that these are pretty nearly confined to a small circulating library, or the works of a reading club. In some towns of considerable size, more especially in Ireland, there is no such thing as even a circulating library; and the family supply of books, in ordinary houses, in all the three kingdoms, is not only very scanty, but appears to have descended as an heirloom for more than one generation. The custom of individuals buying books, appears to have gone almost completely out; and generally speaking, the publishers who still persevere in the old system of business, make their calculations solely with reference to the book-clubs and circulating libraries. The comparatively small number of wealthy families who furnish their book-room, just as they do any other part of their house, has little effect upon trade, and still less, I fear, upon the circulation of knowledge. The classics of the language are more talked of than read; and as a proof of this, if you will examine, in such depositories, the works of the canonized names, you will be surprised at their state of preservation! This is far from being an agreeable condition of things. It shows both a decline of capital and a decline of taste, and it would imply some want of depth in the existing literature of the country. Articles are read for information: he who would acquire knowledge, must read books.

But the limited circulation of books is compensated, and more than compensated in quantity, by the extraordinary increase of articles. No man in our day, who can read at all, is so poor as to be in intellectual destitution. The most ignorant among us is a philosopher, the rudest a sentimentalist, when compared with his grandfather. The knowledge thus disseminated may be, or rather must be, wanting in depth; but it is knowledge for all that; and the papers that contain it are the winged seeds, light as a feather, that, floated here

and there on the unconscious winds, are destined to cover the earth with a glorious vegetation.

Articles (and I now consider them generally, whether occurring in books or otherwise) are of more value than as vehicles either of mere information or mere entertainment. They have a *personal* character which is necessarily wanting in more elaborate productions, and they thus serve as links to interlace and bind together the sympathies of men. In a book, an author loses his own identity in the subject—he does not dare, as it were, to fill so important a space with himself; while in a few stanzas, or a few pages, he is upon less ceremony, and has no scruple in occupying the trifling area with his own feelings as well as his own opinions. Almost all brief poetical pieces are full of this individuality; and even in short tales and essays, the author is usually seen, in his moral being, through the thin coverings of fiction or philosophy.

This may be one reason, independently of other considerations, why such pieces possess so great a charm for ordinary minds. But let not the author fancy, in his fond simplicity, that he is *himself* the object of the readers' interest. He is only known to them in his sentiments. He is an ideal being, as unsubstantial and as fleeting as the creations of his fancy, and he vanishes as suddenly. The article has done its work when it is read. It has laid impressions—perhaps enduring ones—upon the mind; it has suggested thought; it has opened out vistas for the imagination; and is then, when its fruit is gathered, thrown away and forgotten. Perhaps we may think for a moment that we should like to know the writer who has touched a chord of sympathy in our hearts; perhaps we may amuse ourselves with piecing together an image from the fragments of memory, so as to identify his features with those of the loved and lost; but presently the colors fade, the phantom flies, and, hurried on in the ceaseless round of our ever busy existence, we plunge into new dreams, as fragile and as brief.

Although the article, however, has so short an existence, it is full of dignity and importance in its connection with the system of which it constitutes a part. That system embraces the intellectual world. It forms a perpetual correspondence of mind with mind, of heart with heart. Its business is not only to inform, or amuse, but to refine and humanize, to draw closer together the sympathies and affections of men. This will be obvious if we only call to mind the effect which these "unconsidered trifles" have had upon ourselves. How often, in reading some page of the kind, which had possibly no other merit than that of suggesting a train of thought to be followed out in our mind—how often have we felt our heart soften, and our eyes grow moist! It has snatched us away from the present world of care, and we walk again with the phantoms of other years, and dream once more the dreams of our haunted youth; and when we awake, it is neither with a start nor a shudder we look around, but with a subdued temper and a

chastened spirit, as if the past reacted upon the present, imparting to it a mellowness of hue which is otherwise seen only through the mists of time. Again, how often have we been roused by similar means from apathy, and almost despair! How often have we felt a thrill run through our inner being, awaking our dormant energies, and stirring up our fainting courage, as if with the sound of a trumpet! For my part, I care not to conceal that, in passing through a life of perhaps more than ordinary vicissitude, I have frequently derived from these hasty and laconic monitors a fortitude that was not my own. I have been nerved to endurance, and incited to perseverance; and as I read, I have felt a warm, sunny light breaking anew upon crushed feelings and withered hopes.

I have likened this system to a universal correspondence; and I would have it understood that not one letter fails of reaching its address. Every mind has its like. It belongs to a class, possessing a common calibre, a common standard, and a common language. Within this sphere the article appertaining to it circulates, because it is therein felt and understood, although in other spheres it may be too high for apprehension, or too low for notice. Nothing is written in vain. The volume that is said to drop still-born from the press does its work like the rest. A few copies see the light, and a few kindred minds—were it only those of the trunk-maker or the butterman—attest, however unconsciously, its power.

If such is the influence of literature—and the fact will be denied by no thinking person—the moral responsibility that devolves upon authors must be great indeed. It matters not what the piece may be—whether designed for entertainment or instruction, or whether a mere vagary of the fancy—it has still its effect upon some minds, whether few or many, and must therefore assist or retard *pro tanto* the progress of the race. Brief pieces more especially, being usually indications of personal character, should be carefully written, from policy, if from no higher motive. It is vain, for instance, for a man to declaim against public war, who incites class against class, and sows dissension among those parts of society on whose union the safety of the structure depends. It is vain for the moralist to preach against the poison of intoxicating liquors, who disseminates the worse poison of uncharitableness. Without consistency and coherence, we can do nothing. Our guiding principle must be a love of mankind in the aggregate—a devout faith in human nature—for this involves true charity and true liberality; and in the end, as refinement and civilization advance, it will triumph over the clamor of sects and parties.

Before concluding these desultory remarks, I may be permitted to advert to a most gratifying characteristic of the article literature of the day. I do not confine my observation to what are called tracts—short papers designed for spiritual admonition—or to the essays which circulate as usual among the different denominations of the Christian world; but there appears to me to pervade the

respectable portion generally of this department of our literature a deeper and more catholic feeling of religion than has hitherto been manifested in a popular form. But how, indeed, could it be otherwise? The more general the diffusion of letters, the more firmly fixed must be the idea of spirit. In the last century, when the human mind was in preparation for a mighty political revolution, the comparatively small number of authors were the priests of the people, and, like many an older priesthood, their aim was to confine the popular worship to themselves. This hierarchy is now at an end, and the gates of the temple are thrown wide open. We are all priests, and prophets, and soothsayers. We are all interpreters of the mystic whispers that run through the eternal aisles. Spirits ourselves, we commune with spirits. Imprisoned no longer within the external crust of nature, we *know* that there is something beyond; we read the fact in the "starry scriptures of the sky;" and hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees.

The religious feeling I allude to is not obtrusive, not sectarian, not controversial: it is simply a feeling—an inward conviction, conscious or unconscious—which *must* spread and deepen with the progress of enlightenment, beautifying and ennobling the whole system of our literature. If confined to books, its influence would be slow and limited; but imbuing, as it already does to some extent, the articles which are the intellectual pabulum of the masses of the people, it must advance, in defiance of all obstacles, with the steadiness of the ocean tide,

"Which rolled not back when Canute gave command."

From Chambers' Journal.

DANISH JUSTICE.

THE war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailer, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun

had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the splash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature he has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who “go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep.”

I took my place with the other passenger. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c. &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic, look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the

deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and upon the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—*Second Series.*
Translated from the French, by J. De Clinton Locke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE continuation of a work, the first part of which was given to the public some years ago. It is a deeply interesting narrative of the trials, the adventures, the heroism, the ingenuity of a family, consisting of a Swiss pastor, his wife, and their four sons, wrecked in the latitude of New Holland, on some unknown, uninhabited coast, where, after having lived for ten years, and converted the wilderness into an Eden, they were discovered by an English captain. It is in the Robinson Crusoe style, without being an imitation; is imbued with a high-toned morality and the most generous sentiments, and abounds in lessons of practical wisdom.—*National Era.*

[The following statement of the laws, as recognized by scientific men, by which conflicting claims to discovery are to be determined, and of the application of those laws to the facts developed in the article of the Messrs. Lord in our last number, has been kindly furnished to Dr. Jackson, by Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot, a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is believed that his conclusions will be found to be a fair and logical deduction from the facts, which are taken by him as the basis of his argument.—Since this statement was published in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Lord, it has been revised by the author, and received important additions.]

PRINCIPLES RECOGNIZED BY SCIENTIFIC MEN APPLIED TO THE ETHER CONTROVERSY.

BEFORE entering upon the subject to be discussed, it is necessary to premise, that the error into which Dr. Jackson, through undue confidence in the judgment of a solicitor of patents, was led, of supposing that the first painless extraction of a tooth by Mr. Morton from a patient under the influence of sulphuric ether, constituted him, in the technical and legal sense of the term, a joint discoverer with himself of etherization, is entirely irrelevant to the question now under consideration; past events, and their relations to each other and to truth, which never changes, cannot be affected by the subsequent false judgments of the actors in those events, or of anybody else, concerning them.

It should be further premised, that discovery, in the sense in which it will be used in the sequel, and invention or discovery, in the sense of the patent laws, are two quite distinct things. Patents are issued, not on the mere ground of scientific discovery, but of useful, original application of discovery. Had Sir Humphrey Davy merely discovered certain scientific principles, and another man, without any scientific discovery whatever, first applied those principles to use, in the construction of a safety lamp, the latter alone would, under the patent laws of this country and of Great Britain, have been entitled to a patent for the invention. It is the more important to bear this distinction in mind, inasmuch as some of the gentlemen who advocate Mr. Morton's claims, have fallen into great confusion of thought, from overlooking it. An able writer in the *Edinburgh Review* fully sustains this view of the subject, and goes so far as to say, that "proofs of prior discovery are available, though not *disclosed* at the time."

In the purely inductive sciences, under which category the physiological discovery of etherization falls, discoveries of new truths may be divided into four classes:—

1. Discoveries in which the only element is a legitimate and true induction, from the experiments and observations of others. Watt's discovery of the composition of water, belongs to this class. From the experiments and observations of Cavendish, repeated by Priestley and communicated by him to Watt, the latter inferred that water is composed of the two gases, now known by the names of oxygen and hydrogen. The truth of his induction was never admitted by Priestley; nor by Monge,

a distinguished member of the French Academy, till he had added the evidence of analysis to that of synthesis. On the ground of the above induction, Arago and Dumas in France, Dr. Henry, Lord Brougham, Sir David Brewster, the author of an able article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and other men in Great Britain of like authority in matters of science, award this brilliant discovery to Watt. Among scientific men, there are only three known dissentients from this award, Harcourt, Peacock, and Whewell; the two former of whom, (Whewell's grounds of dissent are not known to the writer,) claim the discovery for Cavendish on the ground, though there is no evidence of the fact, that he must have made the induction from his experiments himself. This difference of opinion relates to a question of fact, not of principle. To this same class belongs, also, Black's discovery of carbonic acid gas; in reference to which Whewell thus remarks: "This discovery consisted, of course, in a new interpretation of observed changes;" in other words, in an induction from facts previously ascertained by others. It appears, therefore, that if Dr. Jackson had legitimately deduced the conclusion, that the inhalation of pure sulphuric ether would safely and surely prevent pain in surgical operations, solely from the observations and experiments of others, his claim to the discovery of etherization, would have been complete.

2. Discoveries deduced by their authors from, and fully verified by, their own experiments and observations. Davy's discovery of the metallic base of potassa, Black's discovery of latent heat, and Dr. Jackson's discovery of chlorine in meteoric iron, are examples of this class.

3. Discoveries suggested by an existing, but discredited popular belief. To this class belongs the discovery of vaccination. Jenner generalized the element of truth, which he alone, of all the neighboring physicians, had the sagacity to perceive in the belief of the milk-maids of Sodbury in Gloucestershire,—that those who had had the cow-pox would never have the small-pox. By a legitimate induction from his own observations and experiments, he made the great discovery, that the virus of an eruptive disease of the cow, introduced by artificial means into the human system, and subsequently propagated by similar means from one individual to another, confers immunity from the most destructive disease to which humanity is subject. This discovery, like that of etherization, required verification on an extended scale; but mankind have decided, that this detracts nothing from the exclusiveness of Jenner's claims to the discovery.

4. Discoveries legitimately deduced from the experiments and observations of their authors, but requiring, for their complete verification, further experiments, devised, but not performed, by themselves, and committed by them, with full instructions for their performance, to others. To this class belongs Dr. Franklin's discovery of the identity of electricity and lightning; in reference to which a writer in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*

uses these words: "Posterity have unanimously agreed in associating with this brilliant discovery his [Franklin's] name." A writer in the *Encyclopædia Americana* says: "To him [Franklin] belongs exclusively the glory of the [above mentioned] discovery." Dr. Franklin was the first to infer by a process of inductive reasoning, founded partly on the results of his own experiments, and partly on facts observed by others, the identity of electricity and lightning; and he also pointed out the means of verifying his induction, by actual experiment. In pursuance of his directions, Dalibard erected a rod at Marly-la-ville, near Paris, and employed Coiffier, an ex-dragon, to watch it. The latter, following the instructions given him, took the electric spark from the rod, and thus became the first verifier of Franklin's discovery. Franklin's experiment with the kite was performed a month later; that experiment, and others similar to it performed soon afterwards, were but the further verification of a discovery already complete.

Dr. Jackson's discovery of etherization belongs to the same class with that of Franklin; but his claims are, in several important respects, much stronger than Franklin's. No one had before him, as was truly and without contradiction affirmed at a large meeting of the French Academy, ever conceived the idea of using sulphuric ether to prevent pain in surgical operations; whereas other writers before Franklin, had perceived and clearly pointed out many striking analogies between electricity and lightning.

The very experiment devised by Franklin and performed by Coiffier, had often been performed, more than a hundred years before, by a sentinel who mounted guard on one of the bastions of the castle of Duino, on the Adriatic sea, and who, whenever he observed indications of an approaching storm, took a halberd, always ready for the purpose, applied it to an iron rod standing in a vertical position, and, on observing sparks, or "a small gerb of fire" at its point, rung a bell to warn the peasants in the fields, and the fishermen at sea, to betake themselves to a place of shelter.

Dr. Jackson also *personally* instructed Mr. Morton respecting the anæsthetic properties of ether, and how to perform the experiment committed to him, and expressly assumed all the *responsibility* of the experiment. Further, his induction was made, in much greater part than Franklin's, indeed almost exclusively, from his own original observations. This will be seen by the following letter, written in reply to a request made by the writer to Dr. Jackson for a statement of all the observed effects upon himself of sulphuric ether, so far as he could recollect or had recorded them, together with a specification of the *grounds* of the induction, which has resulted in the complete discovery of etherization. Such a statement he has never before attempted to draw up for publication.

Boston, May 19th, 1848.

JOSEPH HARRIS ABBOT, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I cheerfully comply with your request for a more minute statement than I have

hitherto published, of the effects produced upon me by sulphuric ether, when I inhaled it for relief from the distress occasioned by the inhalation of chlorine, in the winter of 1841–42; and also a statement of the precise grounds, which I have never published, of the idea then conceived by me, that pure sulphuric ether could be used, with safety and success, to prevent pain in surgical operations. I will add, that in my published letter to Dr. Gay, I neglected, through inadvertence, to state one of my principal reasons—which, as will be seen by his pamphlet, I had mentioned to him in conversation—for the inference I drew from my observations. The experiment referred to above, in the course of which I observed that sulphuric ether produced insensibility to pain, was as follows:—Having taken a bottle of pure sulphuric ether from my laboratory, I went into my office, soaked a folded cloth with it, squeezed it out slightly, and seated myself in a rocking chair. Having laid my head back against the rocking chair, with my feet supported in another, so as to give me a fixed position, I placed the cloth over my mouth and nostrils, and commenced inhaling the ether. The effects perceived by me were at first a little coughing—a sensation of coolness—then warmth and fulness of the head and chest—exhilaration and giddiness—numbness, or want of feeling in the feet and legs—a swimming sensation, as if I had been afloat in the air, together with a loss of all feeling of the rocking chair on which I was seated—loss of all sensation of pain in the throat and chest—a state of reverie, and soon entire unconsciousness, for a space of time unknown to me. Recovering, I felt a sense of giddiness, but with no desire to move—found the cloth I had moistened with ether, had dropped from my mouth—had no feeling of pain in the throat and chest, but began to feel a strange thrilling in the body. In a short time, I felt the soreness in the throat gradually returning, and the distress in the chest also, though much less than it had been before. From the cessation of all pain, and the loss of all feeling of external objects, a little while *before* and *after* the entire loss of consciousness, I was led to infer that the paralysis of the nerves of sensation would be so great during the continuance of the unconsciousness and the total loss of feeling, that a surgical operation could be performed upon a patient, under the full influence of ether, without giving him any pain; and, therefore, I prescribed it, with entire confidence in the result. The effects observed in a previous experiment, in which I had inhaled sulphuric ether in order to notice its effects upon the system, were, with the exception of coughing, and relief from pain, similar to those I have just described. I had inhaled ether on other occasions, but not to such a degree as to produce loss of consciousness; and always, as well as in the two experiments I have spoken of, without injurious or disagreeable consequences. I heard afterwards of cases of stupor, accidentally produced, which, although universally represented as dangerous, and attended with unpleasant effects from the administration of alcoholic ether, yet, so far from impairing my confidence, added to my conviction of the safety of inhalation, when pure sulphuric ether should be used.

I am, sincerely, your friend,

CHARLES T. JACKSON.

That a being invested with a material body, should, as if he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," and were a bodiless spirit floating in air, lose all

sense of feeling, all sensibility to external objects, and yet, at the same time, retain full possession of consciousness and of the intellect,—a state of existence which, till it was first observed by Dr. Jackson, was never imagined to be possible in health, far less to be producible and terminable at pleasure, and that without danger,—is a wonderful physiological, a wonderful psychological, fact, a newly discovered capacity of the human constitution. If the reader bear in mind that this state, as observed by Dr. Jackson, preceded and followed the period of unconsciousness, and was itself preceded, accompanied, and followed by entire cessation of pain;—and also that Dr. Jackson had repeatedly inhaled pure sulphuric ether, without the slightest unpleasant consequences; he will, it is not doubted, be ready to admit, that the inference drawn from these facts by Dr. Jackson, was a perfectly legitimate one:—“That, the paralysis of the nerves of sensation would be so great during the continuance of the unconsciousness, and the total loss of feeling, that a surgical operation could be performed upon a patient, under the full influence of the ether, without giving him any pain.” Let it be observed, that all that is necessary to the legitimacy of a philosophical induction, is, that it should be logically drawn from the observed facts of the case, and that it should possess, not demonstrative or moral certainty, but probability sufficient to produce belief.* If this principle be admitted,—and he must be a bold man who will deny it,—Dr. Jackson’s inference must be acknowledged to have been a legitimate induction.

They who deny its legitimacy, will be compelled to concede to Dr. Jackson a discernment, akin to the wonderful sagacity which led Newton to infer the combustible nature of the diamond, and the existence of an inflammable substance in water, from their effects upon light. All that is essential in this connection, is the undeniable fact, that he made the induction, and that the result of the experiment devised by him and committed for performance to Mr. Morton, has verified its truth. This, as the world has decided, is all that is required to render a title to discovery decisive and complete. No scientific man will doubt, that if the science of chemistry had been sufficiently advanced to enable Newton to verify his conjecture by an experiment, devised and committed by him to another person, the discovery of the combustibility of the diamond would belong exclusively to him.

The absurdity of setting up a claim to discovery, or even to participation in it, for the mere performance of experiments devised and suggested by others, is set in a clear point of view by the fact, that Priestley did not, to the end of his life,

* Nothing can be conceived less pertinent than the question put to Dr. Jackson: “Did you *know* at such time, that after a person had inhaled ether, and was asleep, his flesh could be cut with a knife without his experiencing any pain?” No philosopher would answer in the affirmative such a question in respect to any induction whatever, requiring verification by experiment.

acknowledge the validity of the discovery deduced from his own repetition of Cavendish’s experiments. Dr. Henry J. Bigelow uses the following language: “He who verifies the suggestion is the true discoverer.” Let us suppose that the experiments performed by Priestley had been performed to verify a “suggestion” of Watt:—Will any one say that, either in the actual or in the supposed case, Priestley was, in any degree whatever, the discoverer of a truth in which he never believed? Can the hands discover a truth which the mind repudiates? Is discovery the act, not of intellect, but of the muscles!—Does not the discovery of a truth necessarily involve a perception of it as such, and consequently belief in it? Was Coiffier,—and not Franklin, as “mankind have unanimously agreed,”—the true discoverer of the identity of electricity and lightning?

It has been said, and with truth, that from the facts expressly admitted, or not questioned by Mr. Bowditch, the discovery of etherization may be shown to belong to Dr. Jackson. Admitting, for a moment, as contended by Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Morton’s alleged study of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, and his alleged experiments therewith, previous to Sept. 30, 1846, to have had an actual existence; and also that Mr. Morton was really guilty of the duplicity* alleged by himself and by Mr. Bowditch, the case will stand thus:—Dr. Jackson, long before Mr. Morton had ever even thought of sulphuric ether, as an agent for preventing pain, drew from his experiments and observations the conclusion, that the inhalation of pure sulphuric ether was safe, and that it would prevent pain in surgical operations;—further, he had fully devised and prescribed to others an experiment for verifying his conclusion, and well nigh persuaded Mr. Peabody to try it upon himself. Mr. Morton also, having conceived the idea that sulphuric ether might be used for the aforesaid purpose, had administered it a few times to produce insensibility, but with no such success as to have induced him to apply it, for the prevention of pain, in the dental operations he was daily performing. In order to overcome the difficulties he met with, he sought, by artful and indirect means, information from Dr. Jackson; affecting, all the while, not to know even whether ether was a gas or a liquid, and inducing him to assume, in express terms, all the responsibility of an experiment which was declared by all the au-

* It is evident to the writer that Mr. Morton was guilty of no concealment, no duplicity, at the interview of the above date. Mr. Bowditch has adopted Mr. Morton’s account of his visit to Dr. Jackson, in opposition to the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses who were present at it. Mr. Morton did not himself solicit information respecting sulphuric ether, nor introduce any mention of it into the conversation. On the contrary, he had nearly reached the door on his way to the street, when Dr. Jackson called him back, and made his voluntary, unsolicited communication. When Mr. Morton found he had been anticipated by Dr. Jackson, his alleged motive for concealment would have prompted him to declare, not longer to conceal, his alleged studies and experiments. The evidence contained in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Lord, proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of the anæsthetic properties of ether to conceal.

thorities on the subject, to be dangerous; which Dr. Jackson without the least suspicion of Mr. Morton's duplicity, instructed him fully how to perform; which he committed to him for performance as his own; and which Mr. Morton accepted as such, intending, however, at the same time, should the experiment be successful, to claim the great discovery verified by it for himself. Mr. Morton goes to his room, and, with the aid of the new knowledge obtained from Dr. Jackson, he pulls a tooth without causing pain. It is submitted that, *on moral grounds*, he is forever estopped from afterwards claiming that experiment as his. He has by acts stronger than words, agreed to perform it as Dr. Jackson's experiment; and he can morally no more release himself from that contract, than he can from a positive legal contract. He is equally estopped on scientific grounds from claiming the experiment as his. It is different in two points essential to its safety and success, from any which Morton *could*, from his ignorance, as appears from the testimony of Barnes and others, and from his own admissions, have previously himself devised; namely, the purity of the ether from alcohol and acids, and the admixture of atmospheric air. For a knowledge of these cardinal facts, Mr. Morton was indebted wholly to Dr. Jackson; through ignorance of them, and of the simple mode of administering the ether prescribed by him to Mr. Morton, and still used in the hospital in this city, many eminent surgeons' early experiments with ether in England and France, were for the most part failures. Even Liston, the great English surgeon, is represented, in the London Lancet, to have said that "at one time he had doubts about the utility of ether," in consequence of the faulty manner in which it had been administered in his operations. From what has been said it necessarily follows, that inasmuch as the experiment was neither in a moral nor in a scientific sense Mr. Morton's, the discovery verified by it was in no sense his either.

Again, it is an admitted principle among scientific men, that it is not essential to the validity of claims to prior discovery against those of a later date, that it should first be disclosed, or that its truth should be acknowledged even by a single individual. This principle is taken for granted by all the eminent men of science in Great Britain, who have taken part in the controversy, respecting the rival claims of Watt and Cavendish. It is agreed by all, that if Cavendish had left evidence in his private note-book, that he made the induction alleged by his friends, though without disclosing it, in the year 1781, which Watt made in the year 1783, his claims to priority of discovery would be beyond dispute. Harvey left a manuscript containing an outline of his discovery of the circulation of the blood, dated twelve years before he published that discovery to the world. No man of science will deny that that manuscript, if authenticated, would have been decisive evidence of priority of discovery against any claims of a

later date. Since then it is not necessary to the validity of claims to prior discovery, that the discovery should be disclosed; still less can it be necessary that it should be published at the time. Now, to say nothing of earlier facts, it is undeniable that Dr. Jackson communicated to Mr. Peabody and others, in February, 1846, his induction respecting the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether, and gave to him complete instructions for verifying it, and that too several months before Mr. Morton's alleged experiments with sulphuric ether. On grounds similar to these, so far as verification by another person is concerned, the world has adjudged to Dr. Franklin the exclusive honor of his brilliant discovery; and it remains yet to be shown that on Mr. Bowditch's own admissions, Dr. Jackson's claims to the original discovery of etherization are not equally good. This view of the case is confirmed, not less by the obvious suggestions of common sense, than by the unanimous decisions, in similar cases, of scientific men. All that remained to be done in order to verify the discovery, was, to perform with the hands a prescribed act, and watch and report the result. To attribute scientific discovery to the mere performance of such an act, were no less absurd, than to ascribe it to the shepherd's dog that, in obedience to the teachings of his master, barks to give notice of the expected approach of the wolf. All that is intended to be shown by these remarks, is, that according to principles admitted by scientific men, Dr. Jackson's claim to the intellectual glory of the discovery of etherization was complete, when he communicated his induction and experiment to Mr. Peabody, in February, 1846,—inasmuch as nothing but verification by an experiment already devised, was required to complete it.

It has been objected that Dr. Jackson could not have made his induction at the time* he is positively proved to have made it, because he was not more prompt to announce it to the world. They who argue thus, manifest great ignorance of the history of science. The objection, if admitted to be valid, would be subversive, in not a few cases, of the most clearly established rights of discovery. Harvey, as has been seen, did not announce to the world his great discovery, till twelve years after it had been made. It was more than a quarter of a century after Jenner had conceived the idea of vaccination, and after his friend John Hunter was accustomed to allude to his views in his lecture room in London, before he made the direct application of vaccine matter, in the manner which is now common. It is well known that Newton forebore to publish most of his great discoveries, for many years after they were made. The same cautiousness, in regard to the publication of his discoveries, characterized Wollaston in a remarkable

*The affidavits of Mr. Bemis and Dr. W. F. Channing, and the letter of Mr. John H. Blake, taken together, prove beyond a doubt that Dr. Jackson made his induction as early as the year 1842.

degree, as it has many other minds of the highest order. Much of this same cautiousness* is known to belong to Dr. Jackson, and hence the confidence with which his discoveries are received in Europe at their first announcement. It is neither very graceful nor very grateful, in the recipients of a gift of inappreciable value, to quarrel with the donor about the time or the manner of his bestowing it.

The reader is now prepared to judge what confidence is due to the following assertions. Mr. Bowditch says in his report: "He [Mr. Morton] certainly administered it [sulphuric ether] to a patient. *By so doing he made the discovery.*" The reader is requested to observe that the last sentence is italicized by Mr. Bowditch himself. Mr. Dana says that Dr. Jackson "discovered nothing." Dr. Henry J. Bigelow says, as we have seen: "He who verifies the suggestion is the true discoverer."

Before these gentlemen can make good these assertions, they must show that a great original discovery can be made in the inductive sciences, without a single original experiment; without a single independent, original observation; without a single philosophical induction, the essential, the only common element, as has been seen, in all discoveries in the inductive sciences; without, in fine, originating a single new idea. The most Mr. Morton can claim, is, not in any degree discovery, but performance, verification, endeavors to introduce into practical use the discovery of another man. To all who, *by fair and honorable means*, by their influence, their acts, or by verification, have pro-

*Dr. Jackson, as it appears from Silliman's Journal of Science, discovered chlorine in meteoric iron in the year 1834; he published no account of this discovery, which was received with great interest by scientific men, till the year 1838. Other facts of a similar character might be added, were it necessary.

moted the diffusion of one of the greatest blessings that humanity has received at the hands of science, belongs the glory of participating in a noble undertaking.

The author has now completed a labor performed in the midst of pressing occupations, and in such haste, as to leave little opportunity for revision, and none for condensation. He is aware that much which he has written will seem, to persons conversant with the principles of inductive science, to be a work of supererogation. It is proper, therefore, to say, in apology for the numerous and, he fears, prolix illustrations by which he has sought to render himself intelligible to unscientific readers, that the erroneous notions prevalent in this community, respecting what constitutes scientific discovery, and the consequent withholding from Dr. Jackson of what is due to him, were thought to demand a somewhat careful consideration. The author may be permitted to add, that he had no intimate acquaintance with Dr. Jackson before the commencement of the present controversy; and that he has been prompted to make this effort in behalf of what he deems the cause of truth and justice, by his sympathy for him as an injured man and benefactor of his race; and by his conviction that a conspiracy, unparalleled in the history of scientific discovery, and so far successful as to have deceived many upright and honorable men, has been formed to rob him, not merely of his rights of discovery, but of his fair fame as a man. The final judgments of mankind are generally right; and it cannot be doubted that they will ultimately do full justice to the benefactor to whom they owe so much.

J. H. A.

Boston, Temple Place, May 26, 1848.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE.—When we published No. 201 of the Living Age, containing divers arguments and affidavits, intended to show that the means by which surgery could be performed without pain, were discovered by Mr. Morton, we had no knowledge of Mr. M., or of the subject. We saw only that gentlemen of good standing in this community appeared to be willing to publish their names as believing in the justice of his claims, and this in many of the cases, (so far as we could see,) without any inducement of profit or honor. We also understood that there was no imputation upon Dr. Jackson's motives, and that he undoubtedly was honest in thinking himself the discoverer. Upon grounds like these—vague and indefinite as they are—most readers will, as we did, form rather a "sympathy" than an opinion.

But this sympathy, expressed by a resident of Boston, and presumed (although erroneously) to know the opinion of scientific men in this city upon the subject, may give abroad a weight to claims and assertions which is entirely undue. And we know that, in a matter of pecuniary importance, we were deceived by one of the affidavits, which, upon our looking at it again in the light of experience, was susceptible of an opposite interpretation to that which we had given to it.

Feeling that others may be equally credulous and incautious; and that some responsibility is incurred by all who do what may give undeserved currency and character, either to men or things; we find ourselves (however disinclined to pronounce judgment upon the controverted point) under the necessity of saying that we have heard the opinions of persons on whom we rely, that Dr. Jackson was the exclusive discoverer;—and we feel bound to add, that we do not believe that Mr. Morton made any experiments with sulphuric ether until advised to do so, and how to do so, by Dr. Jackson.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 14 May, 1848.

If you had seen the capital yesterday you would understand what is meant by *fraternity* and liberty. Copy some of the paragraphs of Galignani's Messenger, of the afternoon, which I have pencilled, and your readers will equally know how we are situated. No one has a sense of the least security. I might, indeed, except the reckless and penniless perturbators. The clubs had announced a street procession to carry a petition to the national assembly in behalf of Poland. All precautions were taken for that body; the hall was surrounded with national guards, and the gardens filled. Such rumors of concerted assault were brought in, that one of the questors despatched orders for the *rappel*, or call to arms, in several quarters; battalions of the guards quickly obeyed the summons. Some disorders—a little violence of the mob here and there—occurred; but there was no general commotion, so that at night, the sober citizens, the representatives, and the executive authorities, could say, as they have had occasion to do two or three evenings of every week since the 24th February, *nous sommes quitté pour la peur*.

The Polish demonstration was not multitudinous; it was stopped at the bridge opposite to the hall of the assembly, the petition passed into the hands of a member who deposited it with the secretaries; the house postponed the reading. The clubs, not satisfied, clamor for another popular demonstration to-morrow; thus the capitol will quake again. *Vive la Pologne* has no other signification than *Vive la guerre*, or *Vive l'agitation*; and the majority of the representatives and the inhabitants earnestly deprecate both. A little tranquillity at home, and peace abroad, are indispensable for every common interest, and for the formation of a constitution. The central Polish committee, comprising men of sense and prudence, have published an entreaty to the clubs, to abstain; those men know that the northern Polish excitement and outbreaks were premature, and in other ways detrimental to the cause. Patience, until the French and Germans could have duly consulted and concerted—until the revolutionary parties had established and marshalled their governments—would, probably, have assured its success.

The attention of the assembly, yesterday, was diverted for half an hour, to rumours of immediate foreign war. An orator, Jules Favre, who exclaimed in the tribune, on the 11th inst., that it could not be avoided—that republican France must rush to the aid of the Italians and the Poles—has been appointed under secretary of state; and this aggravates alarm, although Lamartine, on the same day, proclaimed the policy of peace. It is affirmed, positively, that the directory are about to order an extraordinary levy of two hundred thousand men, between the ages of 18 and 30. What with all this allegation—the gatherings and marches in the streets—the new and seditious placards at every corner—all sorts of stocks went

down on the exchange. This day (Sunday) was to be signalized by the transcendent "Festival of Concord," of which I have before me the official programme, on a large sheet, illustrated by engravings of the scenes, wherein both sexes—Polish, German, and Italian deputations; the "*emancipated blacks*," the soldiery, the assembly, the public authorities of every description—were to figure as parties to the "holy alliance of universal humanity." Yesterday afternoon, a minister announced to the assembly that the festival was postponed, the preparations being incomplete. It is doubted that this reason had most influence. The discovery of premeditated *émeutes*, for which the excessive heat and even the beauty of the weather are auspicious, may have chiefly operated. An anarchical editor observes: "The government does right to suppress the festival; the revolution and France are in mourning for the republic." Another: "Why should we move for Poland? The republic, forsooth, is a good-natured devil, that does not wish to quarrel with anybody." There is truth in the following paragraph of a *feuilleton* of *La Presse*: "The days on which the sun shines Paris has an aspect of festivity which deceives strangers. The boulevards swarm; all the morning, crowds of saunterers; how pleasant! You might think yourself among the happy shades that have nothing to do except to disport in the Elysian fields. But this compulsory recreation is, after all, dreadful; it is not the refreshment of toil, it is the leisure of distress; the manufacturer and the artisan walk, because they have no orders; the shopkeeper, because he does not sell; the workman, for want of employ. They meet and pass each other, backwards and forwards, with a sad indifference. At eight o'clock the shops are closed. Why consume oil and gas in lighting goods which nobody comes even to cheapen? The owners go forth again, and the clerks and boys, who represent them in the morning, pass their evenings too in the streets."

Among the topics of wonder, is a dinner at the Dutch minister's mansion, at which were present, in full harmony, the ministers of Prussia and Denmark, and the ambassadors of Austria and Sardinia. The departure of the Countess D'Appony, who for twenty-two successive years has done, with perfect grace and splendor, the honors of the Austrian legation, causes sincere lamentation in the *ci-devant* fashionable world. A paragraph in the legitimist journals, this day, detailing the marriage, yesterday, of a counsellor of the Sardinian embassy with a Belgian countess—the mother of the King of Sardinia—princes and duchesses, and all the corps diplomatique, being in the church by invitation—struck me as quite an anachronism. The republican mayor of Lyons has occasioned formidable riots by undertaking to banish the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. from the principal square; its excellence as a monument of art was the pride of the city. The completion of the Louvre, that is, the connection of

the palace with the Tuileries on the north-east side, is seriously undertaken; a noble improvement, requiring, however, funds and stable power upon which no one counts.

The national assembly have passed a series of regulations for internal order and safety, that might prove efficacious with a different national temperament and more resolution than the president and the members can be expected to exert against the external pressure. There are three or four new orators of promise. Father Lacordaire, the most popular of preachers, has failed in the tribune. Athanasius Coquerel, a minister of the Protestant consistory, has made a successful début, in asserting the freedom of clerical costume, and the rights of the clergy, of whatever denomination, to liberty and equality everywhere. Citizen Augustus Portalis, the new attorney-general of the Paris court of appeals, had assailed the father on account of his Dominican frock. The name, Portalis, is eminent and honored in the annals of French jurisprudence; but the attorney-general emulates, as a demagogue, the distinctions of 1792-3. Two of the chief justices of the higher provincial courts, whom it pleased a minister to dismiss, have published a manly protest against the act, as an outrage on the laws and the rights of the bench. A government commissary broke up at once a whole bench, so that no term could be held. The dismissals and substitutions by the minister of justice are exhibited in the journals, so as to show that he has put ex-deputies of the party to which he belonged in the chamber, and which professed zeal for the monarchy and dynasty, in the place of abler lawyers of the conservative benches. He gratified his old cronies and his personal favorites. The victors of the monarchy have not scrupled in the least to seize and divide the spoils of every description; old and new offices, all possible salaries preëxisting and contrivable; whatever resources the treasury possessed, or could be created out of any imaginable claim or attainable fund. A near relative of Arago has just been appointed envoy extraordinary to Berlin; rich provision is made for all his other kinsmen. In reference to this country, we hardly understand what the public meetings in your cities are celebrating with so much enthusiasm. The *republic* has, indeed, been proclaimed; but, hitherto, we have not seen either substance or form; nothing except popular license, arbitrary rule, and general fermentation. Senator Calhoun's speech on the resolutions of Congress has appeared in two of the principal Paris journals; it is offered as furnishing pregnant truth and useful admonition. The prayer of the chaplain of the house of representatives is likewise translated and warmly commended. A son of George Lafayette has been chosen one of the secretaries of the national assembly. George and his two sons, Edmund and Oscar, two Lasteyries, grandsons of the general by his daughter; two sons-in-law of the daughter, and a brother-in-law of George, have obtained seats. The name is still deeply popular.

The national assembly yielded at first, perhaps

inevitably, to the arrangements and purposes of the provisional government, and the numerous compact junto of the *National* newspaper. Within the few days past, yesterday in particular, a spirit of independence was manifested in several important votes. The *National* of this day mentions the chief act of revolt thus:—"Yesterday the national assembly adopted, rather abruptly, a grave measure. It resolved to distribute itself into fifteen standing committees, each to consist of sixty members, for the various branches or heads of the public service and interests. The subject was not sufficiently discussed. It was the party defeated in the question of the mode of choosing the ministers that triumphed here in the creation of these committees, intended for a control of each ministry, and every fraction of ministerial business. The old parliamentary men set our friends an example of skillful discipline and persevering tactics; let us profit by it." These committees will be so cast as to endow each with as much of special capacity and self-importance as the assembly can supply. Larmartine, by his declaring his determination to refuse executive functions unless Ledru-Rollin should be of the directory, has lost considerably in the points of favor and confidence, with the most numerous division of the assembly, and the moderate republicans and old conservatives throughout the country. They suspect him of *trimming* between them and the ultra-revolutionary agitators. Patriotic expediency, however, has been his motive, in all likelihood. We may regret, supposing him entirely honest, any diminution of his popularity, because a favorite of the masses, worthy of trust, is indispensable for the national rescue. The committee on the condition and claims of the working-classes embraces representatives and advocates of all the prominent theories and interests. *Socialism* will not be denied fair discussion; its extremes and whims have precious little chance of success. The two Bonapartes and Lucien Murat, in the assembly, have attracted much attention. Jerome Bonaparte and his family grace a side box, with looks of restoration. Old Béranger, the supreme songster, has tried again to escape from membership, being conscious that he has no qualifications as a legislator; but the assembly insists, and the journals cry, "This is absolute tyranny: he prefers his chimney-corner in his garret at Passy—let him go." A few days since he visited Chateaubriand, who is mortally sick: "Ah," said the sire of poetic prose, "how happy you must be now; you have your dear republic at last." Béranger answered: "I would rather have dreamt of it all my life, than have seen it as it is." The harp is hung on the willows, Israel not being yet redeemed.

This day's *Moniteur*, official, is a study for the quidnuncs. It begins with a decree, not of the directory, but of the national assembly, according to which, "by order of the president of the assembly," the executive commission (the directory) are to convoke voters for elections to fill vacated seats. A contest was waged in the hall by some of the

ministers, who insisted that the convocation belonged primarily to the executive, with the advocates of the legislative sovereignty who prevailed. The postponement of the Festival of Concord was entirely the work of the directory and ministers, and a subject of surprise for the assembly; but the commander-in-chief of the national guards, Courtais, proclaims in the *Moniteur*, that the assembly had decided the postponement, thus casting on this body whatever popular dissatisfaction may have ensued. The general is an *ultra*; the moderate guards, a large majority, are striving to supersede him in some way or other. Two sublime hymns were composed (words and music) by an eminent professor of the conservatory of music. One of them is entitled *The Republican Te Deum*. A huge monument is to be erected in the Champ de Mars, in honor of the revolution of 1848. The official design, which I have seen, is imposing but cumbersome.

Letters from the French West Indies, of the 10th ult., describe the slaves as dangerously impatient. In Algeria the French are still fighting the Arabs, in different quarters. In the foreign news, nothing is more memorable than the opening of the parliament at Piedmont, at Turin, on the 8th of this month. In the speech delivered for the king by his lieutenant-general, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the main principles and reforms of constitutional liberty are solemnly adopted; not a word, however, of the pope, and the projected diet at Rome. Charles Albert preaches the *fusion* of all the Italian communities into one *kingdom*, of which he seeks and expects to be the head. We may doubt, nevertheless, whether he will be able to clutch the iron crown of Lombardy. You may remark the details of the suppression of the second insurrection at Madrid—bloodshed enough in the streets, followed by unceremonious military executions. Narvaez has never trifled on emergencies. The Spanish nation is not yet matured for the cry of republic, though well circumstanced for a federal and national system. The democratic Swiss act with signal discretion. They are intent on neutrality, and the consolidation of the victory over the aristocratic elements and impetus of the Sonderbund.

Paris, 15th May—Monday.

WE passed through yesterday without a general commotion. Large gatherings in the faubourgs, particularly that of Montmartre, could not be dispersed by the strong patrols of the guards, until two o'clock this morning. The clubs, the petty dealers, the deputations from the departments, and the hosts of idlers, had prepared themselves for the festival. The disappointment was scarcely to be brooked. In the course of the day, the members of the directory, and the ministry, were actually hunted by the five hundred colonels and other officers of the provincial national guards, who came on invitation, and would not consent to remain longer than Tuesday, to-morrow. After

several hours of delay, two of the ministers delivered apologetic and deprecatory harangues; one gave it to be understood that the festival might be indefinitely postponed, from considerations of public safety. Lamartine sent word that, although he was sick, he would receive the complainants at his ministry on the boulevards. They had waited for his answer to their summons an hour and a half, and when it came they merely marched by the hotel, tearing up their flags as they passed. The national guards of Rouen, Havre, and the environs of the capital, came in late on Saturday evening, when they first heard of the postponement. All the aggrieved have been solicited to assemble this day; they may be disposed to join the mighty array of the friends of Poland, to be marshalled on the site of the old Bastille, at ten o'clock.

The Polish question is the order of the day for the national assembly; what with the fanatical rhetoricians within, and the imperious sympathizers without, that vexed body will require all wisdom and resolution, to avoid plunging France and Europe into a ruinous and bootless war. All the higher journals, this morning, reason against the crime and the folly, and exhort the assembly to exercise courage and patience. The *Presse* begins in this strain. "The fate of liberty, doubtless, and that of France, perhaps, will be decided this day, the 15th. If the executive government and the assembly have not spirit to answer peace, credit, and liberty, to those who demand virtually, war, bankruptcy and despotism, our revolution of 1848 will end as did its elder sister, in two invasions and two restorations. Poland is only the pretext; *terrorism*, the object," &c.

We have a proclamation, dated last evening, from the executive government, which reproves the unnecessary *atroupements*, or gatherings of the people, and declares that the utmost vigor will be exerted to maintain public order against both reaction and anarchy. Our weather is more and more sultry, with dazzling skies, which enhances the difficulty of this enterprise. The issue you will learn by the London papers, which get the latest intelligence by express. The order of the Jesuits is suppressed in Austria; Reschid Pacha, deemed too much of a liberal, has been dismissed from the post of grand vizier. The Danes were bombarding Frederica, and the Sound is covered with vessels of war.

Our minister of finance seriously meditates a project of monopolizing, for the government, all kinds of *insurance*, especially the fire. He calculates on profits to the treasury, of from twenty-five to fifty millions of francs. The *Journal des Débats* as seriously combats the plan, on every ground. Two and a half columns of the *Siècle* of this day, are allotted to an abstract of the constitution of your Union. Galignani has furnished, in his *Messenger*, some ten or twelve columns, in three instalments, of notes on the American institutions in general, from an American pen. Twelve or fifteen of the ablest members of the national assembly read English well.

We have not, as yet, the names of the committee on the French constitution. There seems to be small chance of a senate, or a single executive, or any material *de-centralization*. A new journal, *La Vraie République*, with which George Sand and Pierre Leroux are connected, opens, to-day, with this paragraph: "We invite all the representatives of the people, who wish to carry out the social and popular republic to its farthest limits, and with all its consequences, to call and see us fraternally in the bureaux of our paper." While the assembly are discussing the scheme of a constitution which may be reported, a hundred or more jutos will be engaged in criticising and anathematizing it, however democratic its cast. Three fourths of the oracles condemn it beforehand.

The mails of yesterday afternoon brought accounts of the capitulation of the Polish insurgents in the Duchy of Posen. Ferment continued at Rome. The compromise between the pope and the belligerent party had not released him from the Quirinal, where he was environed by the national guard. Emissaries from Paris keep Rouen, Lyons, and others of the large French towns, in agitation and panic. The greater part of the members of the national assembly passed yesterday in the committee rooms, at work. Patriotic zeal is not wanting, but portions of the debates extant in yesterday's *Moniteur*, show a greenness as to forms and ideas of deliberate legislation, which, while it provokes a smile, threatens mischievous delays and embarrassment, of which the evil spirit, watchful and daring within and without, cannot fail to essay advantage.

Paris, May 18, 1848.

My latest epistle, written on the 15th, was closed, owing to interruption, about one o'clock. You could understand, from its tenor, that a storm was impending over this capital. A serious outbreak, skilfully prepared for several weeks, appeared to me certain. The daily journals of the clubs, and the demeanor of three or four of the chiefs of the Jacobin conspiracy, members of the national assembly, could not be mistaken in the purpose, by a close observer. So sudden a postponement of the grand festival intended for the 14th, showed that the executive commission were apprized of that purpose. You will note, in the printed details, the unsatisfactory account of the failure of their measures to protect the assembly. It is not in my power to narrate to you now, circumstantially, what happened in the afternoon of Monday. A volume, like the strangest romance, might be indited. Let me refer you to the reports of Galigani's Messenger, sent herewith, and content myself with short extracts from two of the principal journals.

From the Union.

The day which has just past will be recorded in the history of our revolution. During more than three hours anarchy reared its head; during more than three hours the majesty of the nation was vio-

lated and insulted in the persons of its representatives. A band of factious men broke into the national assembly; masses, blinded, deceived, and exasperated by culpable tribunes, violated that pale, in defiance of the protection it ought to have received from respect for the laws and the sacred title of those whom it enclosed. This is more than a great scandal, it is a crime of Lèze Nation, which God has permitted us to witness. But the genius of France was awakened. Good citizens marched to the succor of their menaced country. One hundred and fifty thousand citizens came hand in hand to support the common weal, and victory remained with the cause of order. Thanks be rendered to the national guard! It has saved Paris and France from the horrors of anarchy, and has deserved well of its country, and a page in her history. * *

When the news of the invasion of the chamber by the parties engaged in the procession, and of the constitution by them of a provisional government composed of men some of whose names have long inspired terror, first spread in Paris, it produced an impression of alarm impossible to describe. At every few paces a knot of persons was to be seen with dread mingled with disgust, marked upon their countenances; but in a few minutes the feeling of indignation overpowered dread, and nothing was heard but exclamations of vengeance.

From the Unifers.

We write in haste, quite agitated with the great and terrible scenes which have passed before our eyes. We have seen the national assembly delivered up by treason, invaded, violated and dispersed, and an hour after order reestablished in its power and sovereignty by the spontaneous coöperation of the citizens. The national guard of Paris has not only saved the republic, but has saved civilization, which was at one moment in the power of the barbarians. The representatives of the people were worthy of their mission. The *émeute* kept them during three hours under the *coup* of its violence. It could not wrest from them a vote, nor even a sign of sympathy. They only replied by the majesty of their silence to the threats of which they were the object. Victorious, they will know how, we doubt not, to give to their outraged dignity the satisfaction it demands, and which the interest of the country exacts, without making liberty expiate the crime of factions. The guilty are in the hands of the national assembly—it will punish them—it will punish all, for they have committed the greatest of crimes; their triumph would have been the signal for civil war in Paris, and in all France; but it will only punish them. It is not a hope that we express here—it is a profound conviction. The national guard and the assembly had only one cry "*Vive la République des honnêtes gens!*"—that is to say, "Long live order in liberty!" This day, so frightful up to the moment at which the national guard, the garde mobile, and the army, acting with one heart and as a single man, dispersed the factions—this day will be a happy one; it will have shown the demagogues their profound impuissance; and it will, at the same time, make known all the infamy of their projects. It is another respite which God accords us on the brink of the abyss; at five o'clock all was lost—at the present hour all may be saved.

Judge, after having perused the foregoing paragraphs, what faith was due to the letters from Paris, that have abounded in your American papers, in which perfect tranquillity and entire con-

fidence are affirmed, not of the capital alone, but of all France. On one day Paris may have resembled a lake with a general rippling or moderate fluctuation; on the next, it has been like a stormy sea. Nearly all the city is now a camp; the main result of Monday's insurrection, is, to be sure, encouraging and fortunate. But, in the discussions of the assembly, on Tuesday and yesterday, disclosures occurred, which have left a cruel distrust and sad forebodings in the public mind. The minister of police himself was an accomplice of the traitors; the commander in chief of the national guards one of their chiefs and most efficient auxiliary; the president or speaker of the assembly yielded, in his chair, to threats, and betrayed the body by a written order to stop that call to arms by which alone the government could be saved. Little doubt remained that one of the executive commission, Ledru-Rollin, and two at least of the ministry, would have sympathized and leagued with the assailants, in the event of the dispersion of the assembly. It transpired, also, that Lamartine and two of the best of his colleagues had been so weak or improvident (I use, the softest terms) as to direct that the very worst of the clubs—the *Commune de Paris*, on the Rue de Revoli—should be supplied with arms and ammunition, when the journal daily issued from it urged a new revolution. The great majority of the assembly, of the old and new national guards, and of the inhabitants of Paris, are intent and bent on the maintenance of social order and the regular experiment of a republican constitution; but they scarcely know whom to trust in the executive departments, whether civil or military. Lamartine, as I have heretofore mentioned to you, declined in the favor of the assembly, by his adoption of Ledru-Rollin; he has fallen lower by his interposition on the side of the recreant minister of police; however, he and some of his colleagues are still indispensable. A considerable increase of the troops of the line in the capital has been at once accomplished; the moment has not come for the delegation to an energetic warrior of those powers which are generally thought the only means by which the hydra of anarchy can be crushed.

You should copy Galignani's report of the proceedings of the assembly on the 16th inst. It is most impressive history, though an imperfect compendium. I will give you here a brief portion of them, not included:—

Buchez—(president of the chamber)—“I confess that I wrote from my desk, this order, ‘Desist from the *rappel*’—(beating to arms;) I yielded to instances of persons who believed that the *rappel* irritated the people. I wished to save your lives.” General Lamoricière, from the floor—“Say your own life; you were frightened by the faction.” Buchez—“I was afraid that if I refused, the mob would have fallen on the assembly.” Many voices from the floor—“Well, suppose they had done so.” Buchez—“I was driven from the chair.” Numerous voices again—“No, you left it.” A member, M. Luneau, then complained that

the president, in concert with the minister of the interior, (more than suspected of collusion with the clubs,) had suppressed a part of the facts which should have been recorded in the *Moniteur*. “Our president,” he added, “is not authorized to suppress either the whole or a part of the truth.” The assembly then decided that the facts thus unlawfully withheld, should be committed to the *Moniteur*. Barbès and Blanqui, the ferocious demagogues; Courtais, the traitor general; Albert, an ex-member of the provisional government, and others of the Jacobin managers, have been arrested and placed in the Castle of Vincennes. The national guards routed several of the armed clubs, and closed these garrisons. It is attempted to break up the free corps, self-styled the republican guards—the *montagnards*—real banditti, and to organize them into a battalion, under immediate and acknowledged official control. They took possession of the vast edifice of the prefecture of police, where they were besieged by a large force of the guards and the line, to which they capitulated after a long parley. They threatened to blow themselves and the edifice sky high, with the large quantity of powder stored for the new revolution. Not a few of the worthy guards were killed, in various quarters of the city, by discharges from bands of the *clubbists* in ambuscade. Lists of accomplices, and documents of pregnant tenor, were rescued from the gripe of tenants of the club-rooms, by throttling these worthies, some of whose jaws were crammed with this kind of evidence. A Captain Lallier, whom I personally well know, commander of the marine-guard, broke into the head-quarters of the *montagnards*, on the Rue de Revoli, with only ten of his sailors; he captured sixty of the ruffians, and two hundred percussion muskets, along with a number of barrels of powder; he defied the threats of explosion, and immediately after distributed the muskets among his corps stationed in the street. No blood was shed by the defenders of the government, except in the rout of one of the clubs. In the proclamation of the minister of police, the aggressors are styled, “people seduced by generous ideas!” These generous ideas were expounded from the tribune of the assembly by Barbès, in his call for the dissolution of the body;—the imposition of a tax, forthwith, of ten hundred millions of francs on the rich, and the establishment of the *guillotine*. This man, the chosen president of the “revolutionary democracy,” was the leader of the street insurrection of May, 1839, and tried and sentenced by the chamber of peers. The revolution of February last opened his prison doors. We may expect plots for his release during his present confinement; and if he and his confederates in duress at Vincennes, should be publicly tried in Paris, formidable attempts for his deliverance from the hands of justice will certainly occur. The Jacobin journals (I must employ this epithet in its worst sense) continue, this day, to revile the assembly and the executive commission. Such invectives and menaces as those, of the *Père Duchêne*, for example, cause a shuddering. The clergy are

railed at with truly demoniac language and rancor. Credit is due to the new national guards for the zeal with which they emulate the present conduct of the old. Lawyers, doctors, all the higher professions, as well as the bourgeois, serve in the ranks, and are foremost where there is peril. The troops of the line do not hesitate to fight when the guards coöperate. Energetic and single-minded able command is all that they require for the repression of disorder. General Cavaignac has just accepted the department of war. An eminent French politician and author, his intimate acquaintance, informed me yesterday, at dinner, that it is an appointment of good omen; Cavaignac being an honest patriot, a sensible man, and a truly valuable officer; possessing authority with the army in all its divisions. His age is about forty-five, his frame robust. Trouvé-Chauvel, a member of the assembly, has been installed as minister of police. He has been mayor of the city of Mans, between Paris and Rouen; was distinguished by his republican opinions, and, in consequence, created by the late provisional government its commissary general over three contiguous provinces. His own gave him a unanimous vote for his seat in the assembly. These two functionaries are of the highest consequence, in regard to the national weal. Social order has become the first and last necessity of France. Until it be assured we cannot expect a change in a condition of things, which is described in the new number of *La Revue des deux Mondes*, in these terms:—"However brilliant the destinies imagined for our country, we must all acknowledge that the present is dismal. Commerce and industry are perishing, the public finances under exhausting drain, private fortunes vanishing like shadows, labor is suspended, and the very springs of wealth therefore dried up. Soon, if this decay be not stopped, the national assembly, sufficiently embarrassed with its great task of a constitution, will have to face an empty exchequer, industry in complete ruin, and a panting people without work or bread."

The executive commission proposed yesterday afternoon, to the assembly, an appropriation of three millions of francs for the national *ateliers*, work-shops and factories. Decrees were asked prohibiting all armed associations under severe penalties, and including Louis Philippe and his family in the sentence of perpetual banishment pronounced on the elder Bourbons. It is calculated that a hundred thousand national guards bivouacked in the streets the night before the last. As soon as the rising against the assembly was known in the provinces, many battalions of guards came spontaneously from distances of twenty, thirty, and forty leagues, to assist in defending or avenging the national sovereignty. If the conspiracy had prevailed, a civil war would have at once ensued.

More than a hundred of the ex-deputies of the opposition, that is, of the old liberals of the constitutional monarchy, have entered the national assembly. By degrees, their talents, knowledge, and experience open to them a field of action and

authority. I am sorry to observe that their influence in debate and committee has excited the apprehension or jealousy of the *National*. This morning, it cautions the republican majority of the chamber against allowing themselves to be supplanted and juggled (*confisquée et pipée*) by an adroit minority, meaning the old deputies, who, it adds, are for a monarchical republic instead of a democratic. For the present, however, they are, undeniably, very useful and temperate. The assembly have chosen, as yet, only five of the committee of eighteen on the constitution. Cormenin, Lamennais and de Tocqueville, are among the successful names. Some wisecracks of the press exclaim—"We must not accept Roman nor American liberty, but only the Gaulist and the French." Expositions of our system multiply in the newspapers. Faith in the *practicability* of any republic is far from being diffusive or general, even in the assembly, but a sincere aim at the best that can be framed, is common to the parties, excepting the ultra-revolutionary.

The minister of the interior announced yesterday that he would, provisionally, carry into effect the laws not formally abrogated, against mob-gatherings, seditious cries, placards, and all excitement to revolt or sedition. This day the assembly will vote an energetic proclamation to the French people. The minister of finance announced a proposition that the state should *resume* or take possession at once of all the rail-roads—an uncomfortable idea for the British stockholders. On the northern road, there is now a strike of nine hundred workmen. The assembly, towards the end of the sitting, was thrown into tremendous tumult by an endeavor, on the part of the ministers, to have their measures of coercion out of doors sanctioned instantly. This was resisted on the ground of the new regulation that all propositions of decrees should be submitted twenty-four hours before discussion. The president put on his hat—signal of suspension of business—and the tumult did not subside for twenty minutes. A general murmur arose, when it was proposed and argued that the executive commission should exclusively manage the force without, for the protection of the assembly—should be charged with all military arrangements, the assembly retaining the faculty of ordering the *rappel* to be beaten. The stock-market was in much agitation for two days; no real quotations; now the funds look up a little.

Our foreign news has variety and piquancy as usual. The allied Italians claim fresh successes over the Austrians. The monarch of Piedmont advances in his plan of a noble northern kingdom from the Alps to the Apennines. Parma, Placentia and Modena have adhered, and Lombardy was likely to do the same, but on the 12th inst., Milan was threatened with a democratic revolution, to prevent the incorporation. Massa and Carrara have united themselves to Tuscany. The Swiss council of war recommends a considerable increase of the forces of the Helvetic republic, in order to repel a probable entrance into its territory, on the eastern frontier, by the Austrians.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

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The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

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I Q ADAMS.



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Application for
Patent,
May, 1847.

HANKS' IMPROVED AIR HEATER,

For Warming Public and Private Buildings of all kinds.

As the Locomotive Boiler is, in economical and effective service, when compared with other boilers, so is this Improved Air Heater, when compared with other heaters now so generally used by the community at large.

The peculiar improvement and operation of this apparatus is, that the heat, as its temperature is *reduced*, passes *down* into pipes of a still *lower* temperature, and at the *lowest*, passes off into the chimney. The air to be warmed is brought *first* in contact with the pipes and conductors of the *lowest* temperature, and as it becomes warm and rises, is brought in contact with, and rises among, pipes of a temperature *continually* and *regularly increasing*, until at the *highest* it passes off into conductors leading into the rooms. Thus the *current of heat* is directly *contrary* to the *current of air* passing into the apartments.

One season's use of this great improvement has fairly tested its merits, and proved its superiority over all Air Heaters now in use.

In order to warm a building, set the Air Heater in the cellar or basement room; surround it with a double brick wall, each four inches thick and four inches apart, arching it over the top, leaving a door at the rear, of sufficient size to take out the Heater — the door to be closed with two thicknesses of tin or sheet iron, three inches apart. At the bottom of the wall, directly under the pipes, also opposite the stove, introduce a supply of pure air from outside of the building; this coming in contact with the heated surfaces, rises rapidly and passes off into tin conductors leading from the arch over the Heater to the apartments intended to be warmed.

Kindle the fire in the usual manner; when sufficiently ignited, close the damper, and the heat is made to pass into all the pipes and both chambers of the Radiator.

1st. It will radiate more heat, with a given quantity of fuel, than any other apparatus now in use for the same purpose.

2d. It is perfectly accessible at all times, and may be cleared of ashes and soot, either when in operation or not, by simply opening the door of the Radiator.

3d. All the coal it may contain can always be seen by looking in at the "feeding door;" thus it may at once be known if the *quantity* and *quality* of the coal is as it should be.

4th. It is so constructed that the required quantity of heat can always be had and controlled, diminished or increased at pleasure, with a corresponding consumption of fuel.

Orders, addressed to either of the subscribers, will receive immediate attention.

L. B. HANKS, Hartford, Conn.
DAVID PROUTY & CO., Boston.

"IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE AIR HEATER." — This is the name given to an improved furnace, invented by L. B. Hanks, of Hartford, Conn., and exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair in this city. It is very unlike any furnace in common use, and evidently possesses some important advantages. One is, that it is only about 3 1-2 feet in height, and is therefore available in low cellars, at the same time affording an opportunity for an unusual elevation of hot air conductors immediately after they leave the brick work. Another advantage is, that the radiating surface is unusually large — about 80 feet — there being between 30 and 40 feet of cast iron flues through which the fire is made to pass, and among which the fresh air rises on its passage to the conductors, the temperature of the pipes regularly increasing upwards as the air approaches the conductors into the rooms above; and all these flues are so arranged as to be easily accessible for cleansing and other purposes. This furnace can be seen at Messrs. Prouty & Mears', North Market street, who are agents for the inventor, and deserves the attention of all who are interested in such matters. — *Boston Traveller*.

Right, Mr. Traveller; you never said a better thing. We agree with you in full — the only fault we have ever heard attributed to this Improved Locomotive Air Heater, was by a coal dealer who complained that it did not burn coal enough. The fact is, our friend Hanks has got up a little *the* best article for making houses comfortable, of anything we have ever seen. One important improvement is a very simple arrangement, by which the gas is almost entirely consumed, and at the same time made to increase the heat in the cast iron pipes. We advise our friends who understand this method of warming houses, to examine the furnace for themselves at Messrs. Gilbert & Cowles' 72 State street, and at the Hartford Iron Foundry. — *Hartford Courant*.