

THE

PORT FOLIO

YOUTH'S TRACT SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Sir,

Stated

You are requested to attend a ~~Prayer~~ Meeting of the Society
on Tuesday evening next, 19th inst. at 6 1/2 o'clock, at the usual
place.

Grosby
Recording Secretary.

Philadelphia, Jan 18th 1836

Estimate of British troops in	Thoughts of a Hermit—On
Upper Canada, - - - - 325	Rhyme, - - - - - 371
Criticism—Roderick, the last	On Pastoral Poetry, - - - 377
of the Goths, - - - - 333	Variety, - - - - - 381
Picture of Perry's	Literary Intelligence, - - - 398
Victory on lake Erie, - 364	Original Poetry, - - - - 420
	To Readers & Correspondents, 427

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS DESILVER, NO. 220 MARKET STREET,
AND A. T. GOODRICH, NO. 124 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

ALSO, BY

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land, R. Island; J. Dabney, and Cushing & Appleton, and Henry Whipple,
Salem, Mass.; Edmund Morford, Charleston; Daniel Rupine, Washington;
Joseph Milligan, Georgetown, James Kennedy, senior, Alexandria; Williams
& Seymour, Savannah, (Geo.) Oliver C. Greenleaf, Boston; Peter Cotton,
Richmond; and William F. Gray, Fredericksburgh, Virginia.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

Oct 1815
THE

PORT FOLIO



A Monthly Magazine,

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

CONTENTS.

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ATHENÆUM.

THE directors of the Athenæum of Philadelphia, elected in pursuance of the provisions of the charter lately obtained for the institution, beg leave to address the following remarks to the public relative to the Athenæum:

The importance of having reading-rooms established in Philadelphia, to which strangers, remaining for a time in the city, may have an opportunity to resort for information of a public and literary nature, and which would also offer to the citizens more extended means of acquiring such information, than any individual could otherwise possess, is too evident to be more than noticed.

To the establishment of such an institution on a plan suitable to the wealth and importance of Philadelphia, the directors of the Athenæum wish to call the attention of their fellow citizens.

The infant establishment over which they preside, has not, although sustained by much individual effort and patronage, yet possessed as the directors think, in the eye of the public, that importance which it ought to claim, and which it is the object of these remarks to promote.

It is only by the formation of funds founded on payments made by a very large number of stockholders, and from the further liberal and general contributions, by the wealthy, of those literary and scientific articles, which should be rather placed in public situations than buried in the closets, or confined to the libraries of individuals, that an institution of this nature can flourish.

It is the immediate object of the directors to take measures towards purchasing a suitable site, and erecting a building in a central situation, on a plan well calculated to answer the designs of the institution, and to form no unworthy addition to the list of our public edifices.

They have therefore been induced to invite as many of their fellow citizens as have it in their power to patronise objects of public utility, to become stockholders in the institution, and to add to the number of presents and deposits which have been already received.

By order of the directors,

William Tilghman, President.

ending on the night of the
Niagara river by the American forces, and terminating on the
seventeenth of September, by their glorious sortie from the lines

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THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1815.

NO. IV.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

ESTIMATE OF BRITISH TROOPS IN UPPER CANADA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pomp and preparation of the wars, and the eclat of many of the battles, of Europe, we have always believed, and oftentimes asserted, that, for the number of men engaged in the service, the late contest between Great Britain and the United States was more active, vigorous, and sanguinary, and more strongly marked by deeds of heroic courage and desperate daring, than any other that has occurred in modern times. It was characterized, particularly on the part of the Americans, by much of the chivalric spirit of former ages, accompanied by an unusual degree of skill in the instruments and means of human slaughter.

The following statement, founded, as we believe, on authentic documents, taken in connexion with others that have heretofore appeared in this journal, furnishes ample testimony of the truth of these remarks in relation to that portion of the war which deluged in blood the Niagara frontier, in the summer of 1814. The campaign lasted but little more than two months, commencing on the night of the second of July, with the crossing of the Niagara river by the American forces, and terminating on the seventeenth of September, by their glorious sortie from the lines

VOL. VI.

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received.

By order of the directors,

William Tilghman, President.

of fort Erie. During by far the greater part of this time, so active were the operations, that the sword and the bayonet but seldom found a day's repose in the scabbard, and the rifle, the musket and the cannon were in hourly use. Corresponding to this constancy of combat was the carnage which ensued. On this point we assert nothing positively, but express, without hesitation, our firm belief, that the annals of modern warfare will be examined in vain for an equal destruction of officers and soldiers, under similar circumstances, in so short a time, and in an army of such limited numbers.

Of the exact force of the command which general Brown led into Canada, we have no intelligence that can be deemed official. From information, however, which we believe to be correct, we venture to say, that it amounted to less than three thousand regulars, in two brigades, under the command of Scott and Ripley, and a few hundred militia, commanded by general Porter. Numerically speaking, it was certainly much inferior to the force of the enemy; and yet, in four general and desperate engagements, it was four times successively victorious. So dexterous and deadly was it in the use of its arms, that, on each occasion, the havoc it made among the foe was altogether unprecedented. Including the fall of their Indians and militia, there can be no doubt that the loss of the British was, in comparison with that sustained by the Americans, at least in the proportion of two to one. In fact, to every enlightened and candid observer of the progress of the war it must appear, we think, incontrovertibly obvious, that the army of the United States was rapidly acquiring over the enemy, the same ascendancy which, in every instance of conflict, marked the achievements of our gallant navy.—EDITOR.

Estimate of British Regular Troops in Upper Canada, July 13th, 1814, with a view of their distribution.

At forts Niagara, George, and Erie, and at Chippewa and Queenston:

8th,	400
41st,	350
100th,	600
Royal Scots,	850
Royal Artillery,	150
	—2,350

IN UPPER CANADA.

327

Brought forward,	2,350
At Burlington Heights and York:	
103d,	800
At Kingston:	
Right wing of the Dewattevilles,	700
Glengarys,	500
Canadian Fencibles,	400
104th,	550
Squadron of Dragoons,	100
Royal Artillery,	150
	—2,400
At Prescott:	
89th,	500
Royal Artillery,	50
	—550

Aggregate rank and file, 6,100

I do not estimate the total effectives fit for the field at more than 5,000

Between the 1st of July and the 15th September, the following regiments arrived in Upper Canada. I estimate them at their supposed effective strength:

Left wing of the Dewattevilles in the early part of July,	550
6th and 82d early part of August,	1,250
97th middle of August,	557
90th and 37th last of August,	1,500
Newfoundland Fencibles,	350

Towards the close of August and beginning of September, the 16th, 26th and 57th arrived, and were stationed at Johnstown, Prescott and Brockville, where they still remain, 1,500

Say total effectives,	10,707
Non-effectives,	1,100
	—
Aggregate rank and file,	11,807

ESTIMATE OF BRITISH TROOPS

Brought forward,	11,807
From the above deduct for the enemy's total loss in the various contests with the 2d division, and by desertion and sickness.	3,900
The remains of the 8th, 41st and 100th regi- ments sent to the lower province for winter quarters,	600
	<u>4,500</u>
Rank and file Dec. 15th, 1814,	7,307
Distribution of the British Regular Force in Upper Canada December 15th, 1814.	
Johnstown, Prescott and Brockville:	
16th, 26th and 57th,	1,450
Royal Artillery,	50
	<u>1,500</u>
Kingston:	
Canadian Fencibles,	400
Newfoundland Fencibles,	350
Battalion companies of 104th,	350
Royal Artillery,	150
Remains of the old regiments, of the province, excepting the 8th, 41st and 100th,	1,457
	<u>2,707</u>
Upon the Niagara frontier:	
6th and 82d,	1,000
97th,	500
90th and 37th,	1,500
Royal Artillery,	100
	<u>3,100</u>
Rank and file,	7,307
Estimate of the British Regular Troops opposed to the Second Division.	
Major general Riall's command upon the Niagara, at York and Burlington, July 13th, 1814:	
8th,	400
41st,	350
	<u>750</u>

IN UPPER CANADA.

Brought forward,	750
100th,	800
Royal Scots,	850
Royal Artillery,	150
103d,	800
	<u>3,350</u>
Of this force he brought at least eighteen hundred men upon the plains of Chippewa.	
Lieutenant-general Drummond arrived with the following reinforcements July 24th:	
89th,	500
Glengarys,	500
Flank companies of the 104th, filled up to 100 men each,	200
Squadron of Dragoons,	100
	<u>1,300</u>
	4,650
The whole of the above force for duty was concentra- ted near Fort George during the day and night of the 24th July, excepting, say seven hundred men, lost at Fort Erie and on the plains of Chippewa,	
	<u>700</u>
	3,950
From which deduct for those left sick and in garrison at Forts George and Niagara,	
	<u>500</u>
And you have an effective force of engaged in the battle of Niagara,	
Loss of the enemy July 25th,	1,000
	<u>2,450</u>
Drummond's regular force fit for the field July 26th, 1814,	
	2,450
July 29th, the regiment Dewatteville, right and left wing, 1100 strong, joined Drummond,	
	<u>1,100</u>
	3,550

Brought forward	3,550
<i>After the arrival of this reinforcement the enemy moved slowly and cautiously upon Fort Erie. The 15th August, in attempting to carry that place by assault, he lost not less than twelve hundred men. In his official report of that affair, he acknowledges the loss of 905 men, exclusive of the regiment Dewatteville, and we have good reason to believe that this regiment alone did not lose less than three hundred,</i>	
	1,200
	2,350

Towards the last of August Drummond was reinforced by the 6th and 82d, 1,250

In the early part of September by the 97th, 557

1,807

4,157

September 17th sortie. The enemy did not lose less in killed, wounded and prisoners than 1,000

3,157

On the 21st September Drummond retreated with his remaining force, say three thousand one hundred men, to his field-works on the east bank of the Chippewa, keeping out a light party at Black creek to watch the movements of the American army.

Lieutenant-general Drummond's regular force fit for the field September 22d, 1814, say 3,000

Sick and in garrison, exclusive of wounded, 500

3,500

Riall's force July 1st, 3,350

Reinforcements with Drummond July 24th, 1,300

Regiment Dewatteville July 29th, 1,100

6th, 82d and 97th, 1,807

7,557

The enemy's loss by desertion was very considerable. He must also have lost many men by the fire of our batteries, in affairs of pickets, and in the attack upon Buffalo.

Brought forward, 7,557

These various losses, together with those occasioned by sickness, must, I think, be equal to his gain by the recovery of wounded men. This view of the subject will give his loss as follows:

Fort Erie and Chippewa,	700
Falls of Niagara,	1,000
Assault upon Fort Erie,	1,200
Sortie,	1,000
	*—3,900

Force remaining upon the Niagara frontier Sept. 22, 1814, 3,657

In this statement it is to be understood always, that no account is taken of militia or Indians in the British service.

* From another document in our possession, entitled to no small degree of credit, the loss of the enemy, including that of Indians and militia, is stated at *five thousand*—Nor are we inclined to believe that the estimate is much exaggerated.

Extracts from the Adjutant-General's Office, showing the loss sustained by the Left Division of the United States' Army, commanded by Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, from the 2d day of July, 1814, (the opening of the campaign on the Niagara frontier,) to the 17th of September, the day of the sortie from Fort Erie, Upper Canada, which terminated the siege of the American army.

	KILLED.					WOUNDED.					RANK & FILE.		Aggregate killed	Agg'te. wounded	Total kil'd & w'd.	Missing & pris'rs.	Grand Total			
	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns							Killed	Wounded
Battle of Chippeway, 5th July, 1814.								1			3	5	69	240	60	249	309	*19	328	* Of this number 17 were militia, and two of the 19th infantry with the militia command.
Battle of Niagara, 25th July.				1	6	5	*2	1	1	4	7	38	160	517	172	570	742	117	859	* One Major-General.
First battle of Erie, one o'clock, A. M. 15th August, 1814.					1	1					1	5	15	50	17	56	73	11	84	
Second battle of Erie, 12 o'clock, A. M. 17th September, 1814.	1	1	1		4	4	1		1	1	4	16	70	189	81	212	293	*216	509	* Of this number 173 were of the militia.
Loss during the siege by cannonade and occasional sorties.				1	1	1				1	1	9	96	236	102	247	349	*181	530	* Of this number 142 were deserters.
Grand Total.	1	1	2	2	13	13	3	2	2	6	16	73	401	1232	432	1334	2066	544	2310	

NOTE.—The siege lasted 46 days, from August 2d to the 17th September—the enemy's batteries, however, did not open upon our camp until the morning of the 13th, and but little execution was done after the 6th of September. The average loss per day during the whole of the siege was seven and a half: at different periods it amounted to twenty and twenty-three per day.

RODERICK.

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CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Roderick, the last of the Goths. A tragic poem. By Robert Southey. Philadelphia: published by Edward Earle, pp. 250.

ALTHOUGH a poem so extensive and weighty as the present might be supposed sufficient of itself to settle in some measure the character of its author, yet, to assign the rank of Mr. Southey as a poet is not the intention of the present article. A writer, who, for the last twenty years, has been almost incessantly tortured in the crucible of criticism, must have been long since permanently marked as to the qualities of his mettle: and it is the good fortune of Mr. Southey to have received, in more respects than one, the sterling stamp. Notwithstanding our inability, therefore, to discover any solid reason why he should be placed on a level with his contemporaries Scott and Campbell, Moore and Byron, yet, as he bears about him a badge of special favour from the monarch of his country, and was honoured of late with a seat at the table of the monarch of song,* and as he has been, moreover, in several instances, the subject of exalted encomium, from the pens of European critics, we are willing to admit that he may possess merits which, to us, lie concealed. Of the extent to which the decisions of the judgment are oftentimes affected by a mere difference of taste we are not insensible; and we are even ready to concede the possibility that we may furnish an instance of it in our own person. We are at a loss for any other rational ground of explanation touching the vast differences of opinion, which prevail, in the most enlightened circles, respecting some of the popular poets of the day.

With the general character and pretensions, however, of Mr. Southey, as an apostle of the Muses, we have no concern, on the present occasion. Our business is exclusively with the character of his poem which lies before us, denominated "Roderick, the last of the Goths." Nor do we find it by any means an easy task to settle even this point in our own mind, and to our own satisfaction. This poem is a production of so mixed a nature, so singularly compounded of merits and faults, beauties and deformities, good

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	KILLED.						WOUNDED.						RANK & FILE.						
	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns	Killed	Wounded	Aggregate killed	Agg'te. wounded	Total kil'd & w'd.	Missing & pris'rs.	Grand Total
Battle of Chippeway, 5th July, 1814.	1	1	2	2	13	13	3	2	2	6	16	7	401	1232	432	1334	2066	544	2310
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Loss during the siege by cannonade and occasional sorties.													96	236	102	247	349	*181	530
Grand Total.	1	1	2	2	13	13	3	2	2	6	16	7	401	1232	432	1334	2066	544	2310

	Aggregate killed	60	249	309	*19	328	* Of this number 17 were militia, and two of the total infantry with the militia command.	
	Agg'te. wounded	172	570	743	117	859		* One Major-General.
	Total kil'd & w'd.	17	56	73	11	84		
	Missing & pris'rs.							* Of this number 173 were of the militia.
	Grand Total						* Of this number 142 were deserters.	

NOTE.—The siege lasted 14 days.

* Of this number 17 were militia, and two of the 18th Infantry with the militia command.
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 * Of this number 173 were of the militia.
 * Of this number 142 were deserters.

NOTE.—The siege lasted 46 days, from August 2d to the 17th September—the enemy's batteries, however, did not open upon our camp until the morning of the 13th, and but little execution was done after the 6th of September. The average loss per day during the whole of the siege was seven and a half; at different periods it amounted to twenty and twenty-three per day.

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This poem is a production of so mixed a nature, so singularly compounded of merits and faults, beauties and deformities, good

* See Hunt's "Feast of the Poets."

taste and bad, elevation of sentiment and mediocrity of style, well measured prose and poetry in false measure—it exhibits, from first to last, so unusual a combination of contradictory qualities, that we scarcely know how to class it, or where to look for its parallel. On the whole, however, its excellencies, as a metrical romance, for, like the fashionable productions of Scott and Byron, it is nothing more, so far predominate over its defects, that it cannot fail to be read with interest, and will be likely, we think, to prove the most popular work that Mr. Southey has written. But its popularity, will arise from the nature of the plot, the judicious introduction of incident and episode, and the general texture and management of the story, aided by many affecting touches of sentiment, rather than from elegance of diction, richness of imagery, or any of the ornamental qualities of poetical composition. Yet it must not be denied that the work is interspersed with many examples of forcible, glowing, and picturesque description.

Spain, corrupted by immoralities, and blackened by crimes, is ripe for the infliction of a national calamity. To render the measure of her guilt complete, count Julian's daughter, the matchless Florinda, is, in an unguarded moment, yet without the aggravations and enormities which usually attend the perpetration of such an act, violated by Roderick, the monarch of the country. Previously to the commission of this fatal deed, the life of the prince had been not only warlike, but virtuous and honourable in a surpassing degree. He had been the chosen associate, too, and intimate friend of that paragon of beauty and excellence, whom his rashness ruined. So entirely and deservedly was he the idol of his people, that, south of the Pyrenees, nothing was felt towards him but love and admiration, on account of his royal and munificent qualities, and nothing uttered but blessings on his name. Public indignation would have overwhelmed as a calumniator whoever had dared to let fall an expression in his dispraise.

But the injury done to count Julian's daughter produced in the state an entire revolution. The count himself, with all his powerful host of followers, became the immitigable foe of Roderick, whose name was now blackened by every wanton and malicious tongue. He invited the Moors to an invasion of Spain, and,

on their arrival in immense numbers and terrible array, renounced Christianity and joined their standard, with a view to the subversion of the throne of the Goths.

At length was fought the sanguinary and memorable battle of Xeres, where, after eight days of conflict and carnage, the army of Roderick was completely overthrown, and the followers of the cross compelled to submit to those of the crescent. The king himself, after achieving prodigies of valour, fighting first for victory, and, when he perceived that all was lost, daring every thing in quest of death, found himself unhurt when the slaughter had closed.

Believing the preservation of his life, in the midst of such dangers, to be the act of Heaven, he determined to dedicate the remainder of it to the most sacred of purposes, penitence and prayer for his past transgressions, particularly his act of violence on Florinda, which he now regarded as the guilty cause of the prostration of his religion, and the ruin of his country. Devesting himself, therefore, of the badges of royalty, and the habiliments of war, he put on the humble apparel of his own peasantry, and, in that disguise, escaped without pursuit from the field of battle. The report went abroad, and was universally believed, that he had fallen by the sword, or had, in some way, perished with the downfall of his kingdom.

Journeying on in a state of mental distress but little short of the agonies of despair, he encounters Romano, an aged and pious priest, by whom he is greatly comforted, and whose prayers and intercession in his behalf become instrumental in his conversion to grace. On the death of that venerable ecclesiastic, which took place about a year afterwards, Roderick is again thrown friendless and companionless on the world. While carelessly and without an object wandering through the country in that forlorn and desolate condition, subsisting, as he could procure it, on the bread of charity, he finds, in a city that had been sacked by the Moors, Adosinda, a lady of high birth and heroic qualities, who had alone survived the bloody massacre, and was now engaged in the burial of her slaughtered family. Roderick assists her in the pious act. Never, at so dark and desperate a conjuncture, did two more suitable and congenial spirits meet. Without any other human aid,

relying on the justice and righteous protection of Providence alone, did these two individuals, in the gloom and solitude of a cemetery, Adosinda taking the lead, project the scheme of delivering their country from the iron hand of its conquerors and oppressors. Except that it was an enterprise of greater boldness, and arose from patriotism, not fanaticism, it was like Peter the Hermit awakening Europe to the holy wars.

Asturia has not yet bowed in abject submission to the Moorish yoke. Although depressed and somewhat humbled for the time, the spirit of her chiefs and her peasantry is unbroken. Roderick and Adosinda act in concert, pursuing each an appointed course, for the attainment of two distinct objects, alike essential to their holy cause. From the moment of their first interview they are equally delighted and astonished at the lofty and heroic qualities they discover in each other, and anticipate, with no ordinary expectancy, a successful issue to their projected labours. Heaven smiles on their efforts, which prosper in all things, even beyond their hopes. In the course of events, Roderick, still unknown to his countrymen, yet high in influence with both leaders and followers, assumes holy orders, and is consecrated to the priesthood. By the spreading of the hallowed spark originally enkindled by Adosinda and himself, the whole population of Asturia is assembled in arms, inflexibly determined on honourable death, or noble revenge and the liberation of their country from Moorish domination. From all parts of Spain the foe advances in great force and formidable array. Several battles are fought, in each of which the Asturians prove victorious. In consequence of this the spirit of the nation rises from humble hope to settled confidence: but it is that well attuned confidence, which, while it anticipates with certainty, acts with caution—augments zeal and energy, but banishes rashness. The Moors are drawn into an ambuscade, where, by rocks and timber, large masses of earth and other deadly missiles, precipitated on them from the overhanging heights, a whole army is overwhelmed in a moment.

Through the treachery of those whose cause he had espoused, count Julian falls by the hand of an assassin. From indignation at the act, and urged by an inextinguishable spirit of re-

venge, his veteran army rejoin immediately the Christian standard, immutably bent on the extermination of the Moors.

Roderick, although he has not yet unsheathed the sword, is constant in council and stands high in authority with the Christian leaders. His holy zeal and animated eloquence give spirit and strength to the champions of the cross. But an occasion is approaching when he is once more to shine forth in all his glory, as a warrior and a hero—when the lustre of his setting sun is to surpass for an hour its meridian brightness, and then suddenly and forever disappear, pouring joy into the hearts of his people no more.

The Moorish and Christian armies are assembled in force on the bloodiest of their fields, count Julian's followers, in revenge for their murdered chief, having gone over to the latter. Roderick, by a fortunate occurrence, recovers Orelia, his noble war-horse, that had borne him so often through the ranks of death. Priest as he is, the temptation to mingle in the conflict is now irresistible. He vaults into the saddle, receives count Julian's sword, and thus, unprotected by any armour, puts whole squadrons to the rout, and cuts his way in safety through the Moorish columns. A pause in battle ensues, during which he is recognized by Siverian, an old and faithful domestic, in whose armour he is now clothed, except his head, which is still without a helmet. In this condition he takes the lead of his warlike companions, as had been his former custom, rushes in all his terrors to the fight, and, forgetting the secrecy he wished to maintain respecting himself, raises his wonted battle-cry of "Roderick and victory! Roderick and vengeance!" This shout, uttered by a powerful and well-known voice, discovering who he is, is hailed with acclamation, as a note of encouragement from Heaven, and, being received as an earnest of certain victory, is re-echoed with enthusiasm by the Christian host. The slaughter of the Moors is great beyond any former example. Not a Spanish blade but is dripping with blood. The arm of Roderick, in particular, appears like that of a destroying angel. Wherever he turns, dismay, and rout, and carnage, accompany him. Plunging on his fiery war-horse through the thickest of the foe, he disperses, or hews and tramples down, whatever opposes his dreadful course.

The Moorish army is utterly overthrown. Night closes in and stays the slaughter, before the Spanish sword is sated with blood. The recall is sounded, and all the surviving leaders return, except Roderick, who is looked for with highest expectancy, but alas! in vain. The sorrow of disappointment in this the fondest wish of their hearts, penetrates his people. After the most eager and anxious research, Orelia is found, trembling with fatigue, and covered with "froth, and foam, and gore," his master's sword and other equipments of war, lying near to him. But the warrior himself has again disappeared: nor could any inquiry unravel the painful mystery of his fate, till after

"Days, and months, and generations (had) past,
And centuries held their course, (when) far off,
Within a hermitage, near Viseu's walls,
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscrib'd,
In ancient characters, king Roderick's name."

Such is a very brief outline of the story of "Roderick, the last of the Goths," which Mr. Southey has contrived so to diversify and ornament with incident and episode, sentiment and description, character and moral, as to render it a production of no common interest. Notwithstanding its being lengthened out to twenty-five cantos, so strong are its occasional appeals to the feelings, and so closely does it now and then cling around the heart, that few persons, we think, will commence the reading of it, without going through it. The wish to arrive at the denouement is fed and augmented by each successive canto, till it becomes irresistible. Nor is expectation disappointed on coming to the close, the last canto being the most spirited of the whole, and the very last paragraph one of its finest passages. The apparently superhuman achievements of Roderick in the decisive battle, and their moral effect on both Moors and Christians, are pictured forth in a style and manner that would not have detracted from the reputation of Milton or Shakspeare, in the zenith of their fame. So much for general excellencies.

The faults of Roderick, as a literary production, are numerous, and some of them far from being inconsiderable. The language is oftentimes prosaic and flat, and in several instances

ungrammatical: there is, moreover, some affectation and bad taste manifested in the unnecessary formation of inelegant compound words; and the measure is frequently harsh, defective, and even false, an incorrect accentuation being requisite to read it with the pauses, emphases and intonations of voice usual in the recitation of heroic verse. Indeed the style throughout, although always perspicuous, and, where the subject demands it, animated, forcible and varied, making the sound characteristic of the sense, is neither chaste nor harmonious, and is, in no small degree, deficient in refinement and polish. The merit of the poem consists much more, then, in the abundance, weight and value of the matter, with its judicious combination and arrangement in the handling of the subject, than in the beauties and decorations of fine writing.

But its only faults are not in its style. The character of Roderick himself is overstrained. We see in him a painful excess of the dismal, melancholy, tortured man. His penitence is disproportioned to his crime—too terribly gloomy, deep and tristful; and his passions too tragical for religion to tolerate, or human nature long to bear. Such continued agony on the wheel of feeling, connected with such a depth of mortification and self-abasement, are alike inconsistent with the retention of reason and the preservation of health, not to say of life itself. To see Roderick, then, suddenly rise from such an abyss of penance and depression, which are necessarily accompanied with corporeal debility, to more than his wonted powers in battle, does not well accord with our ideas of consistency and truth. The solution must be sought for, not in any principles or capabilities belonging to man, but in that alone to which it was attributed by those who beheld the superhuman spectacle, the inspiration and executing hand of Heaven. The long concealment of the Goth, too, in the midst of his most intimate associates, relatives and friends, under the guise of the tonsure and the cassock, is carried to the utmost extent that probability will warrant—we think, somewhat beyond it. Nor does a second disappearance from the field of battle, where his sword and his example had been so conspicuously serviceable, followed by an impenetrable concealment of himself in his own or in a neighbouring kingdom, appear to us a very feasible enterprise. The old and faithful Siverian alone, who could not have been a second time

blinded by any possible disguise of his master, not to speak of the keen and sagacious researches of his mother, with those of all his faithful people, who ardently wished him to resume the sceptre, could not have failed to discover him in the most distant, sequestered and lonely retreat—any where, in fact, without the bowels of the earth. But Mr. Southey derives this portion of his narrative, not from the resources of his own invention, but from history. The fault is not, therefore, attributable to him, but to the writer who fabricated the improbable story.

Florinda is also represented to us under an extravagance of character. She is made too much the victim of unrelenting contrition and agonized feeling. She ought either to have died sooner, or to have become sooner reconciled to her fate. Nature would seem to impose the former as a necessity, and religion to call for the latter as a duty. She had been, indeed, signally unfortunate, but not deeply criminal—making due allowance for the infirmities of human nature, she could scarcely be said to have been criminal at all. In a heart so pious and filially tender as hers, her father's apostacy from the Christian faith, would necessarily implant and nurture the seeds of sorrow. But mental suffering, amounting to the utmost that human nature can endure, and constant in its corrosions as the worm that never sleeps nor dies, can arise from nothing but a sense of guilt, and that of the most deep and deadly stain. Although the poem, therefore, is a tragical one, in which it is both customary and perhaps admissible to magnify every thing, virtues and vices, passions and feelings, beauty and deformity, accomplishments and defects, we are, notwithstanding, deliberately of opinion, that the character of Florinda approaches, in some respects, the borders of caricature. Still, however, from its many amiable, attractive and truly feminine qualities, it strongly engages the attention of the reader, and bears its full proportion in the general effect of keeping awake in his mind a lively interest in his passage through the work.

The character of Adosinda we consider well drawn—more unexceptionably, perhaps, than any other in the poem. It is that of a true heroine, driven to the extreme of female daring and human exertion by the magnitude of her injuries, her love of country, and her deep and immutable desire of revenge. The por-

traiture of herself, and of her solemn and commanding performance of the highly responsible part allotted to her in the ambuscade near Deva, is most striking and masterly.

The character of the youthful Alphonso, gallantly fleshing his maiden sword, and in every instance nobly, though sometimes with the hazardous impetuosity of his years, sustaining his hereditary reputation in arms, presents itself to the reader in bold relief and fine proportions.

Prince Pelayo and count Pedro perform their parts with firmness and consistency, dignity and effect. They never appear other than pious Christians, intrepid warriors, and skilful commanders. In the field of battle they acquit themselves as becomes those whom their country has thought proper to honour and trust. In the composition of their characters, however, we discover but little to distinguish them from other chiefs who are vigilant, bold, and experienced in war. On the head of Pelayo the crown sits as easy as the helmet, and the sceptre suits his hand as well as the sword.

The character of count Eudon is well delineated. He appears to be, what he really is, a weak, pusillanimous, deceitful, irresolute, time-serving coward; the scorn of the brave, trusted by no one, and despised by all.

In the perusal of this poem the reader will meet with a variety of incidents and subnarratives in which he will feel a peculiar interest: among these we shall mention, although they may not, perhaps, be thought pre-eminent over many others, the adventure of Roderick and Romano, Roderick's first return to the society of man after his temporary residence in solitude, his first interview with Adosinda while engaged in the pious act of entombing her family that had been recently slaughtered, his first interview with Pelayo, with Florinda, with Siverian, and with his mother. To these may be added, the return of Pelayo to his family after his captivity by the Moors, with the fine descriptions connected with that event, the fatal ambuscade of Deva, the death of count Julian, the meeting between Roderick and the renegade Orpas, and the last battle where the Moors were overthrown.

That our readers may possess some knowledge of "Roderick, the last of the Goths," besides what they derive from the

foregoing hasty and imperfect analysis, we shall now lay before them a few extracts from it.

In canto xxiii, the ambuscade of Deva is described in a style of great magnificence:

" In the fated straits
Of Deva had the king dispos'd the rest:
Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
A long mile's length on either side its bed
They lay. The lever, and the axe and saw
Had skilfully been plied; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag, and shelf,
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.
The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home—
Scarce more impatiently the horse endures
The rein, when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
Rings in his joyous ears, than at their post
The mountaineers await their certain prey.
Yet mindful of their prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subdued by minds well-master'd, they expect
The appointed signal.

Hand must not be raised,
Foot stirr'd, nor voice be utter'd, said the chief,
Till the word pass: impatience would mar all.
God hath delivered over to your hands
His enemies and ours, so we but use
The occasion wisely. Not till the word pass
From man to man transmitted, "In the name
Of God, for Spain and Vengeance," let a hand
Be lifted; on obedience all depends.
Their march below with noise of horse and foot,
And haply with the claug of instruments,
Might drown all other signal; this is sure.
But wait it calmly; it will not be given
Till the whole line hath enter'd in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the mountaineers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone

He doubted, that the musslemen might see
The perils of the vale, and warily
Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
Seeking concealment there, no other aid
Soliciting from these their native hills;
And that the babes and women having fallen
In thralldom, they would lay their weapons down,
And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
They enter'd; for the morn had risen o'ercast,
And when the sun had reach'd the height of heaven,
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Scarce heavier than the summer's evening dew,
Descended,—through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless trees
Was studded o'er with rain drops, bright and full,
None falling till from its own weight o'ersworn
The motion came.

Low on the mountain side
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
With all their dreadful preparations wrapt
The mountaineers: In breathless hope they lay,
Some blessing God in silence for the power
This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
Of prayer and vow invoked the mother-maid,
Besecching her that in this favouring hour
She would be strongly with them. From below
Meantime, distinct they heard the passing tramp
Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues, commixt
With laughter, and with frequent shouts—for all
Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches, over whom the ruin hung!
They say, quoth one, that though the prophet's soul
Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
Life hath not left his body, which bears up
By its miraculous power the holy tomb,
And holds it at Medina in the air,
Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof:
And there the angels fly to him with news
From east, west, north, and south, of what befalls

His faithful people. If, when he shall hear
 The tale of this day's work, he should for joy
 Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad,—
 It were as good a miracle as when
 He sliced the moon! Sir angel hear me now,
 Whoe'er thou bee'st who art about to speed
 From Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
 The prophet's ear, be sure thou tellest him
 How bravely Gauleb did his part to-day,
 And with what special reverence he alone
 Desired thee to commend him to his grace!
 Fie on thee, scoffer, that thou art, replied
 His comrade; thou wilt never leave these gibes
 Till some commission'd arrow through the teeth
 Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
 How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
 The ministering angel brings it from that spot
 Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
 That soul and body must their parting take
 And earth to earth return? How knowest thou
 But that the spirit who compounded thee,
 To distant Syria from this very vale
 Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
 Awaits thee at this hour?—Little thought he
 Who spake, that in that valley at that hour
 One death awaited both!

Thus they pursued
 Toward the cave their inauspicious way.
 Weak childhood there and ineffective age
 In the chambers of the rock were placed secure;
 But of the women, all whom with the babes
 Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft
 To aid in the destruction: by the side
 Of fathers, brethren, husbands, station'd there
 They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave
 With the venerable primate took his post.
 Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,
 Vigilant centinels with eye intent
 Observe his movements, when to take the word
 And pass it forward. He in arms complete
 Stands in the portal: a stern majesty
 Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,
 And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy

Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
 The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them!
 He cried; the measure of their crimes is full!
 O vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be
 From this day forth forever; and to these
 Thy springs shall unborn generations come
 In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
 The cradle of their native monarchy!

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
 Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist
 Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
 Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
 Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
 Expert, with deadly aim might cast the spear;
 Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full compass, make
 Its clear articulation heard distinct.
 A venturesome dalesman, once ascending there
 To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
 Among the heather, wonderously preserved:
 Therefore had he with pious gratitude
 Placed on that overhanging brow a cross,
 Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
 And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
 Advanced, the chieftain in the van was seen
 Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
 Pronounced his name,—Alcahman, ho! look up,
 Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up
 It had divided there, and opened round
 The cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
 Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
 A canopy of silver light condensed
 To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
 A female form, one hand upon the cross,
 The other raised in menacing act: below
 Loose flow'd her raiment; but her breast was arm'd,
 And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,
 For on the walls of Auria he had seen
 The well-known figure, and had well believed
 She rested with the dead. What, ho! she cried,
 Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
 At Auria in the massacre, this hour
 I summon thee before the throne of God

To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, miscreant, murderer, child of hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment!—In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!

Thus she closed

Her speech; for taking from the primate's hand
That oaken cross, which at the sacring rites
Had served for crozier, at the cavern's mouth
Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
From voice to voice on either side it passed
With rapid repetition—In the name
Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
On either side along the whole defile
The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
Set the whole ruin loose; huge trunks and stones,
And loosen'd crags, down down they roll'd with rush,
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
As when some city by the labouring earth
Heav'd from its strong foundations is cast down,
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
In one wide desolation prostrated.
From end to end of that long strait, the crash
Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
And death,—the wild and agonizing cry
Of that whole host in one destruction whelm'd.
Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
Swift in the race avail not now to save;
They perish, all their thousands perish there,—
Horsemen and infantry they perish all—
The outward armour and the bones within
Broken, and bruised, and crushed. Echo prolong'd
The long uproar; a silence then ensued,
Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet:
The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered prayer,
The louder curses of despairing death
Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,—
Fierce and immitigable down they speed
On all sides, and along the vale of blood
The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

Canto xxiv contains an animated and picturesque representation of count Julian's death, penitence, and reconciliation with Roderick:

When passing through the troop a Moor came up
On errand from the chief to Julian sent;
A fatal errand, fatally perform'd
For Julian, for the chief, and for himself,
And all that host of muslemen he brought;
For while with well-dissembled words he lured
The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd
The favouring moment and unguarded place,
And plung'd a javelin in his side. The count
Fell, but in falling call'd to Cottila,
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor!—He too on whom
He call'd had seen the blow from whence it came,
And seized the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaim'd,
Who set thee on? The musleman who saw
His secret purpose baffled, undismay'd
Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse ill
Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;
The service of the caliph and the faith
Required the blow.

The prophet and the fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottila; meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly meed,
Villain!—and lifting, as he spake, the sword,
He smote him on the neck: the trenchant blade
Through vein and artery past and yielding bone,
And on the shoulder, as the assassin dropt,
His head half-severed fell. The curse of God
Fall on the caliph and the faith and thee!
Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued:
African dogs! thus is it ye requite
Our services!—But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work!—O fellow-soldiers, here,
Stretching his hand toward the host, he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,
Here he lies foully murder'd,—by the Moors!
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!

Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!

Amid the grief,
Tumult and rage, of those who gather'd round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life,
He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
To yonder mountaineers, and tell their chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day
Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gundarick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redress'd the wrongs of your old general,
Ye will not let his death go unrevenged!—
Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
And vows with imprecations mixt went forth,
And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me apart,
Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pitying throng
Divide before her. Eagerly she came;
A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled wo,—pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans—within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour!—
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee! said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employ'd; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance:
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard!
Now let me die!—They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in, through open lips and teeth firm-closed,
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand.

Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men, with slow and steady step,
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees.—Now, friends, said he,
Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my death
Among ye, like a soldier,—but not thus!
Go join the Asturians; and in after years,
When of your old commander ye shall talk,
How well he loved his followers, what he was
In battle, and how basely he was slain,
Let not the tale its fit completion lack,
But say how bravely was his death revenged.
Vengeance! in that good word doth Julian make
His testament; your faithful swords must give
The will its full performance. Leave me now,
I have done with worldly things. Comrades, farewell,
And love my memory.

They with copious tears
Of burning anger, grief exasperating
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,
Hasten'd to form their ranks against the Moors.
Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd
His languid eyes; That image, is it not
St. Peter, he inquired, he who denied
His Lord and was forgiven?—Roderick rejoind'd
It is the apostle; and may that same Lord,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless
The seasonable thought.

The dying count
Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
No time, said he, is this for bravery,
As little for dissemblance. I would fain
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy—
A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
My spirit; and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
The impostor's faith, which never in that soul
Obtain'd a place,—If at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord I believe! help thou my unbelief!—

RODERICK.

If this in the sincerity of death
Sufficeth,—father, let me from thy lips
Receive the assurances with which the church
Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raised
His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
Hath sinn'd and gone astray; but hast not Thou
Said, when the sinner from his evil ways
Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
And angels at the sight rejoice in heaven!
Therefore do I, in Thy most holy name,
Into thy family receive again
Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
The penitent.—So saying, on the head
Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,—
Julian! receive from me the Bread of Life!
In silence reverently the count partook
The reconciling rite, and to his lips
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
Had listen'd speechlessly: thou man of God,
I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament,—one hour,—one grave,—
One resurrection!

That dread office done,
Count Julian with amazement saw the priest
Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
In this most awful moment; by that hope,—
That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
Behold the man who most hath injur'd thee!
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
Of all thy guilt,—the unworthy instrument
Of thy redemption,—kneels before thee here.
And prays to be forgiven!

RODERICK.

Roderick! exclaim'd
The dying count—Roderick!—and from the floor
With violent effort half he raised himself;
The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
And weakness overcame him, that he fell
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he,—
Passing his hand across his cold damp brow,—
Thou tamest the strong limb, and conquerest
The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
One heaven could not contain mine enemy
And me; and now I lift my dying voice
To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive,
Him who hath done the wrong!—He closed his eyes
A moment; then with sudden impulse cried,—
Roderick, thy wife is dead,—the church hath power
To free thee from thy vows,—the broken heart
Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
And these curs'd Africans—Oh for a month
Of that waste life which millions misbestow!—
His voice was passionate, and in his eye
With glowing animation while he spake
The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
In slow and difficult utterance he pursued,—
Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,
And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
We but the poor occasion! Death will make
All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
Complete our union there! Do for me now
One friendly office more: draw forth the spear
And free me from this pain!—Receive his soul,
Saviour! exclaim'd the Goth, as he perform'd
The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend!—
True friend!—and gave to him his dying hand.
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
Thou followest!—kiss me, child!—and now good night!

In canto xxv Roderick's recovery of his war-horse Orelia,
and the subsequent battle scene, are described in a manner that
brings every thing home to the eye and the heart. Although the
passage is long, we cannot consent to mar it by any mutilation. We
doubt if we can more highly gratify our readers than by giving it
to them entire.

The Goth,

Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaim'd,
What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
I should have thought some sleek and sober mule,
Long train'd in shackles to procession pace,
More suited to my lord of Seville's use,
Than this good war-horse,—he who never bore
A villain, until Orpas crost his back!—
Wretch! cried the astonish'd renegade, and stoop'd,
Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow
To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand
Trembling in passion could perform its will,
Roderick had seized the reins. How now, he cried,
Orelio! old companion,—my good horse,—
Off with this recreant burthen!—And with that
He raised his hand, and rear'd, and back'd the steed,
To that remembered voice and arm of power
Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
Violently thrown, and Roderick over him
Thrice led, with just and unrelenting hand,
The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
And tell him Roderick sent thee!

At that sight,

Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
With louder acclamation was renew'd,
When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse,
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
Patting his high arch'd neck; the renegade,
I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!
Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,
Once more thou bearest to the field thy lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,—
He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
My beautiful Orelio,—to the last,—

The happiest of his fields!—Then he drew forth
The scymitar, and waving it aloft,
Rode toward the troops: its unaccustom'd shape
Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him. To the chiefs
Then said, If I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The truest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestow'd
On this right hand!—Go some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipp'd: haste there and strip
Yon villain of his armour!

Late he spake,

So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth: there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armour cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouch'd
The unguarded life he ventures—Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge!—Make ready for the charge!
They come—they come!—On, brethren, to the field—
The word is Vengeance!

Vengeance was the word;

From man to man, and rank to rank it past,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds return'd
Their Akbar and the prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry
Deliberately with slow and steady step
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting: shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,

And many a spirit from its mortal hold
 Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs
 Of Julian's army in that hour support
 Their old esteem; and well count Pedro there
 Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
 Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
 Alphonso through the host of infidels
 Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
 But there was worst confusion and uproar,
 There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
 Of his recover'd lord, Orelío plunged
 Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
 The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
 The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
 Appall'd they say, who to the front of war
 Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
 Replete with power he is, and terrible,
 Like some destroying angel! Sure his lips
 Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
 Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
 They said, this is no human foe!—Nor less
 Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
 How flight and terror went before his way,
 And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
 With what command and knightly ease he sits
 The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
 His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
 Bestrode with such command and majesty
 That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
 Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
 Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
 Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
 Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
 Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint
 Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven
 Hath ever with especial bounty blest
 Above all other lands its favour'd Spain;
 Choosing her children forth from all mankind
 For its peculiar people, as of yore
 Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the law.
 Who knows not how on that most holy night
 When peace on earth by angels was proclaim'd,

The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
 Irradiated whole Spain? Not just display'd,
 As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn;
 All the long winter hours, from eve till morn,
 Her forests, and her mountains, and her plains,
 Her hills and vallies were embathed in light,
 A light which came not from the sun or moon
 Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed,
 But from the fountain-springs, the light of Light
 Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe
 That this may be some saint or angel, charged
 To lead us to miraculous victory?
 Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
 Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified
 With feet adorable our happy soil?—
 Mark'd ye not, said another, how he cast
 In wrath the unhallow'd scymitar away,
 And call'd for Christian weapon? Oh be sure
 This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades on!
 A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain!
 Victory and Vengeance! Hew the miscreants down,
 And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice!
 God is with us! his saints are in the field!
 Victory! miraculous victory!

Thus they
 Inflam'd with wild belief the keen desire
 Of vengeance on their enemies abhor'd.
 The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd the fight
 From an eminence, and cursed the renegade
 Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect
 Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the east
 Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives
 Well nigh with fear exanimate came up,
 From Covadonga flying, and the rear
 Of that destruction, scarce with breath, to tell
 Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacer heard,
 Stricken with horror, like a man bereft
 Of sense, he stood. O prophet, he exclaim'd,
 A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
 This day upon thy servant! Must I then
 Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
 Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
 Fate's irreversible decrees, or why

Murmur at what must be! They who survive
 May mourn the evil which this day begins:
 My part will soon be done!—Grief then gave way
 To rage, and, cursing Guisla, he pursued,
 Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
 It were a consolation to give her
 The evil death she merits!

That reward

She hath had, a Moor replied. For when we reach'd
 The entrance of the vale, it was her choice
 There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
 Lest she should see her brother's face; but thence
 We found her flying at the overthrow,
 And, visiting the treason on her head,
 Pierced her with wounds.—Poor vengeance for a host
 Destroy'd! said Abulcacem in his soul.
 Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
 His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,
 Strike off count Euden's head! he cried; the fear
 Which brought him to our camp will bring him else
 In arms against us now! For Sisibert
 And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
 Their uncle's fate forever bars all plots
 Of treason on their part; no hope have they
 Of safety but with us. He call'd them then
 With chosen troops to join him in the front
 Of battle, that by bravely making head,
 Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer rag'd
 The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
 Mingling with imprecations and with prayers,
 Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood

Which Deva down her fatal channel pour'd,
 Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd and stain'd
 The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
 The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
 Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
 Where down the vale, impatient to complete
 The glorious work so well that day begun,
 Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
 Chieftains and men alike; the oaken cross
 Triumphant borne on high precedes their march,
 And broad and bright the argent banner shone.

Roderick, who, dealing death from side to side,
 Had through the Moorish army now made way,
 Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
 Approach'd, with sudden impulse that way rode.
 To tell of what had past,—lest in the strife
 They should engage with Julian's men, and mar
 The mighty consummation. One ran on
 To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
 His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
 Halted awhile to let Orelia breathe.
 Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
 Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
 Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
 The apostate Orpas in his vauntery
 Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
 But thou should'st know him best; regard him well:
 Is't not Orelia?

Either it is he,

The old man replied, or one so like to him,
 Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
 Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
 What man is he who in that disarray
 Doth with such power and majesty stride
 The noble steed, as if he felt himself
 In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
 To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
 Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
 As if again to court that gentle touch,
 And answer to the voice which praises him.
 Can it be Maccabee? rejoin'd the king,
 Or are the secret wishes of my soul
 Indeed fulfilled, and hath the grave given up
 Its dead!—So saying, on the old man he turn'd
 Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told
 The incipient thought that for incredible
 He spake no farther. But enough had past,
 For old Siverian started at the words
 Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaim'd,
 Blind that I was to know him not till now!
 My master, O my master!

He meantime

With easy pace moved on to meet their march.
 King, to Pelayo he began, this day

By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
 Is establish'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
 Oppos the accursed, upon yonder field
 Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
 Treacherously slain, count Julian will be found
 Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
 Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
 Which at Visonia by the primate's hand
 Of his own proper act to me was given,
 Unworthy as I am,—yet sure I think
 Not without mystery, as the event hath shown,—
 Did I accept count Julian's penitence,
 And reconcile the dying man to heaven.
 Beside him hath his daughter gone to rest.
 Deal honourably with his remains, and let
 One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
 Is it not written that as the tree falls
 So it shall lie!

In this and all things else,
 Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
 Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
 Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turn'd
 His head away in silence. But the old man
 Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
 In his master's face, weeping and silently.
 Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
 His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
 My good Siverian, go not thou this day
 To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
 Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
 Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
 If thou wert gone? Thou see'st I am unarm'd:
 Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,
 Clean through yon miscreant army have I cut
 My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
 Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
 Of having wilfully provoked my death.
 Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass!—nay,—
 Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
 Nor to oppose me when my will was known!
 To thee, methinks, I should be still the king.
 Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
 Within the trees. Roderick alighted there,

And in the old man's armour dight himself.
 Dost thou not marvel by what wondrous chance,
 Said he, Orelia to his master's hand
 Hath been restored? I found the renegade
 Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down
 Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
 Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
 His recreant burthen off, and trample out
 The life which once I spared in evil hour.
 Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
 In yonder field, and then I may go rest
 In peace,—my work is done!

And nobly done!
 Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
 Than in that glorious hour of victory
 When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
 The prisoner of thy hand!—Roderick replied,
 O good Siverian, happier victory
 Thy son hath now achieved,—the victory
 Over the world, his sins and his despair.
 If on the field my body should be found,
 See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
 And let no idle ear be told for whom
 Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelia,
 As doth beseech the steed which hath so oft
 Carried a king to battle: He hath done
 Good service for his rightful lord to-day,
 And better yet must do. Siverian, now
 Farewell! I think we shall not meet again
 Till it be in that world where never change
 Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
 Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
 That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
 Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful friend,
 How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's neck;
 Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
 And soon rejoin'd the host. On, comrades, on!
 Victory and vengeance! he exclaim'd, and took
 The lead on that good charger, he alone
 Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
 Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,

Victory and vengeance! and the hills and rocks
 Caught the prophetic shout and roll'd it round.
 Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat
 Of battle, and return'd the glad acclaim.
 The astonish'd muslemen, on all sides charged,
 Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
 They stood, and every where with gallant front
 Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
 Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
 And knowing that no safety could be found
 Save from their own right hands. No former day
 Of all his long career had seen their chief
 Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
 Ever before this hour achieved in fight
 Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
 Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
 And twice essay'd beneath his horse's feet
 To thrust him down. Twice did the prince evade
 The shock, and twice upon his shield received
 The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
 Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
 Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
 Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
 He said, and turn'd aside. Fittest from me!
 Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through the throng
 Orelia forced his way; fittest from me
 Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
 'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
 Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
 The weapon, well bestow'd. He in the seat
 Totter'd, and fell. The avenger hasten'd on
 In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
 Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,
 Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
 Roderick the Goth!—his war-cry, known so well.
 Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
 And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
 Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
 Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
 Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
 With louder acclamations had that name

Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
 The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
 If it had past their lips, would with a curse
 Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came
 From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd
 To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
 All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
 Mountains and rocks and vales reechoed round;
 And he rejoicing in his strength rode on,
 Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
 And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,
 And trampled down; and still at every blow
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance!

Thus he made his way,
 Smiting and slaying through the astonish'd ranks,
 Till he beheld where, on a fiery barb,
 Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
 Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
 With mutual rage they met. The renegade
 Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift
 Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
 Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
 Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun,
 With dazzling splendour flash'd. The Goth objects
 His shield, and on its rim received the edge
 Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
 Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
 On either part, and many a foins and thrust
 Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow
 Straight, or reverse, deliver'd and repell'd.
 Roderick at length with better speed hath reach'd
 The apostate's turban, and through all its folds
 The true Cantabrian weapon making way
 Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the avenger cried,
 It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the Goth,
 Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betray'd!
 Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
 With all thy treasons! Saying thus, he seized
 The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,

Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
 Backing Orelia, drew him to the ground.
 He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
 He fell, forgot his late-learn'd creed, and call'd
 On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth pass'd on,
 Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
 Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted ranks.

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
 Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
 Hatred and madness, and despair and fear,
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
 The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
 And prayers, which mingled with the din of arms
 In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
 While over all predominant was heard
 Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory;
 Roderick and vengeance!—Wo for Africa!
 Wo for the circumcised! Wo for the faith
 Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The chiefs
 Have fallen; the Moors, confused and captainless,
 And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
 The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,
 Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,
 Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,
 The enemy is there; look where they will,
 Death hath environed their devoted ranks;
 Fly where they will, the avenger and the sword
 Await them,—wretches! whom the righteous arm
 Hath overtaken!—Join'd in bonds of faith
 Accurst, the most flagitious of mankind
 From all parts met are here; the apostate Greek,
 The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
 The Persian, cruel and corrupt of soul,
 The Arabian robber, and the prowling sons
 Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands
 Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
 May settle and prepare their way. Conjoin'd
 Beneath an impious faith, which sanctifies
 To them all deeds of wickedness and blood,—
 Yea, and halloo them on,—here are they met
 To be conjoin'd in punishment this hour.

For plunder, violation, massacre,
 All hideous, all unutterable things,
 The righteous, the immitigable sword
 Exacts due vengeance now! the cry of blood
 Is heard—the measure of their crimes is full:
 Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,
 Such mercy hath he found this dreadful hour!

The evening darken'd, but the avenging sword
 Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
 Upon the field of blood. The chieftains then
 Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
 Return'd rejoicing; all but he for whom
 All look'd with most expectance. He full sure
 Had thought upon that field to find his end
 Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
 Rest, in indissoluble union join'd.
 But still where through the press of war he went
 Half arm'd, and like a lover seeking death,
 The arrows past him by to right and left,
 The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
 Glanced from his helmet: he, when he beheld
 The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
 Had been extended over him once more,
 And bow'd before its will. Upon the banks
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs
 And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smear'd
 With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
 Aspersed like dew drops: trembling there he stood
 From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
 His tremulous voice, far-echoing loud and shrill,
 A frequent anxious cry, with which he seem'd
 To call the master whom he lov'd so well,
 And who had thus again forsaken him.
 Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
 Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
 Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
 Had wielded it so well that glorious day!—
 Days, months, and years, and generations past,
 And centuries held their course, before, far off
 Within an hermitage near Visen's walls,
 A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
 In ancient characters king Roderick's name.

We have no doubt but the preceding extracts will be sufficient to induce our readers to concur with us in opinion, that the poem we have been examining is entitled to a very respectable rank among the productions of this era of rhyming history and metrical romance. Although we are compelled to regard the extensive circulation of such works, in preference to those of higher qualities, as conclusive evidence of the vitiated state of the prevailing taste, we cannot but consider Mr. Southey's *Roderick* entitled to as liberal a share of admiration and patronage as some of the productions of Scott and Byron, on which they have been bestowed in such unlimited measure.

C.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, painted by Birch and engraved by Lawson.

THE scene of naval combat which this picture is intended to commemorate, although comparatively inconsiderable in point of contending numbers and physical grandeur, is not surpassed in moral sublimity by any thing recorded in the annals of war. In its leading feature it is original and unique, resembling more the fabled deeds of former ages, wherein the boldness of a single heart, or the prowess of a single arm, overthrew whole armies and secured victory, than any other achievement of modern times. Being altogether singular, therefore, in its character, and presenting an aspect peculiar to itself, it would be not only fruitless but absurd in an artist, to attempt to portray it by any trite or common effort of the pencil or the graver. To represent it justly to his cotemporaries, and to transmit to posterity an adequate idea of it, he must make his picture like his original, and nothing else. Whatever of common resemblance it may possess, is a departure from truth, and argues an imperfection of talent or judgment, invention or taste. These observations may be considered as maxims in the art of designing, which the artist should never venture to violate, and which are realized in every well executed graphical performance. The battle of La Hogue, for example, a perfect master-piece of naval portraiture, is *itself alone*, and resembles nothing but itself, the original being an affair marked with an entire distinctness of character.

Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory possesses the excellence of singleness and peculiarity. As far as we are informed on the subject, there is nothing like it in all preceding delineations of naval conflict. Nor ought there to be, for reasons which we have already endeavoured to set forth. The only questions, then, requiring a solution are, does the picture correspond in its characteristic feature to the peculiarity of the battle it is intended to represent? and is it, in boldness of conception, and strength of expression, in any tolerable degree, worthy of so glorious a display of heroism and skill? Does it tell its story correctly, fully, and nervously? and will posterity perceive in it a clear, distinct, and forcible delineation of an affair that has shed such lustre on our naval arms?

To answer these questions it will be requisite briefly to analyze the picture and the scene of warfare it is designed to represent.

On the mere engraving, although a point of primary importance in forming a judgment as to the general merit of the print, we deem it altogether superfluous to dwell. Respecting that process of art, as herein manifested, we have heard but one opinion expressed; and that is decidedly and strongly in its favour. It is allowed, by universal consent, to possess unusual excellence—such as would be creditable to any artist in any country. The touches of the style, although by no means delicate, are free, flowing, and skilfully placed: where the picture requires it, they communicate bold relief, vigorous expression, and animated action; while, in other parts, strong as they appear, they give nothing but softness, mellowness and harmony. They produce throughout that felicitous variety of character and effect which the nature of the representation essentially requires.

On the manual execution of the piece depends in a particular manner the character of the water, which is acknowledged by judges to be but little, if at all, inferior to that in Woollett's celebrated picture of the battle of La Hogue. Its colour is correct, its appearance perfectly liquid, its motion free and natural, and the waves precisely of that description—long, sweeping and slow—which are said to mark the surface of our lakes when acted on by a moderate sailing-breeze; such as actually prevailed when the

battle was fought. The well known effect, too, produced by the motion of vessels through the water, is exceedingly well represented.

But it is touching the composition of the picture that most discussion has taken place, and that the only diversity of opinion prevails. By composition we understand the arrangement and grouping, combination and expression of all the objects presented to the eye. Are these such in the print we are considering, as to exhibit a correct, forcible, and characteristic view of the scene of heroism and victory to which they relate?

Under Providence the victory was achieved by a single act of the American commander—the shifting of his flag from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*. Without that noble and daring attempt, or in case of its failure, the day would have been against us, and our squadron must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. When compared to it, therefore, every thing that occurred, whether before or after it, was of secondary importance. Hence the artist has, with great judgment, seized on the critical and momentous conjuncture, when that act was performing, for the delineation of the conflict. In doing this, he secures the key to all that is worthy of representation, and excludes from sight whatever is unnecessary. He catches the master feature of the achievement,—that wherein it differs from every thing else—and thereby makes sure of a faithful likeness. Rejecting, as utterly unsuitable to the occasion, the stale practice of portraying two lines of hostile ships enveloped in smoke, and fiercely spouting fire at each other, he has aspired to the nobler design of picturing forth the soul and spirit of the combat in a single effort.

In the back ground of the picture, yet not very distant, appears the British squadron, their batteries in full and vigorous play, partly against the *Lawrence*, which had hitherto borne the brunt of the action, but principally against the boat which is bearing Perry to the *Niagara* and to glory. On the right of the British line, a little in advance of it, is seen the *Lawrence*, reduced almost to a wreck, yet maintaining the contest with what feeble resistance she is able to make. To the left, and moving forward as if to close with the enemy, appears the bow of the *Niagara*, of apparently large dimensions, because near at hand, and constitu-

ting the very front object of the picture. Immediately in the vicinity of this ship, advancing towards her, and, therefore, also at a short distance, is Perry's boat, bearing himself, accompanied by eight of his hardy crew. This, with smoke and sky, which are well represented, and the spray thrown up by a shower of balls striking the water around the American commander, constitutes the whole of the delineation we are considering.

In looking on this picture, the first object that strikes the eye, and which, indeed, absorbs the attention from every other, is Perry, standing erect in the boat, his right arm extended in the act of pointing with his sword, and his left encircled by the flag he is defending. His boat's crew and himself constitute a noble and interesting group. His countenance and attitude are firm and graceful, dignified and commanding. Regardless of the hundred deaths that are around him, he is alone intent on gaining the ship which is to bear him to victory. The countenances and conduct of his intrepid crew are precisely such as the occasion demands; and such as are characteristic of American seamen. There is among them no idle gazing at the enemy's ships, nor a single glance of timidity or surprise thrown at the dashing of the balls in the water: every man is performing his appropriate duty with an unruffled calmness and manly intrepidity; and that is all that gallantry requires or discipline can exact. To have done aught beyond his duty at such a conjuncture, a man must have been something more than mortal.

It has been remarked, that the crew of Perry's boat is too supine and inactive; a charge which we think utterly without foundation. There is, indeed, in this group of heroic tars neither bustle, confusion, nor unmeaning exertion: nor ought there to be, for the very best of reasons: it would be unbecoming and untrue, American seamen being always calm and collected, whatever may be the danger of storm or of battle, by which they are threatened; but, most of all, it would frustrate entirely the important service in which they are engaged. Their object, at present, is neither to fight nor to exhibit to their companions the pantomimicry of sensibility: it is to place their gallant commander on the deck of the *Niagara*, or to die in the attempt; and they show themselves prepared for either alternative.

Perry's boat is just rounding to, to be laid aboard the Niagara, both vessels being in easy motion. This is an important and critical moment, which, as every waterman well knows, requires in the boat's crew a particular service; and this service is accurately and steadily performed. One sailor is hailing for a rope, which another from the bow of the Niagara is preparing to throw. Two oars are still in the water, to retard and regulate the way of the boat. In the bow of the boat stand two sailors, prepared with boat-hooks to hold on or fend off, or secure the rope, as the occasion might require; while the helmsman is keeping a keen and steady look-out, and so directing his helm as to bring the vessels together without a shock. Another noble-hearted tar, who can feel for his comrade and forget himself, having a moment of leisure, and seeing his much loved commander standing erect exposed at full length to the enemy's fire, is earnestly importuning him to sit down in order to diminish the danger. Such is the employment of the boat's crew, marked with firmness and calm intrepidity, each man's countenance befitting his occupation; and we believe it will be difficult for the most experienced seaman to show wherein they could be better employed. Were they acting otherwise than they are they would be acting amiss.

Had Perry's boat been placed in a midway station on her passage from the Lawrence to the Niagara, the crew could have been represented engaged only in the simple act of rowing and steering, which must have given to the scene, comparatively speaking, a monotonous uniformity. The artist has, therefore, manifested perfect judgment, and augmented not a little the interest of his picture, in selecting for his boat that position which requires from her crew the greatest variety and extent of action; and which affords them, at the same time, the fairest opportunity of exhibiting themselves, as American seamen always are, as steady and collected as a "piece of the ship."

Fault has been found with the size of the Niagara. That ship is said to be too large in proportion to the other objects embraced in the print.

This remark is hasty and unfounded. If the size of the Niagara be examined according to the principles and rules of perspective, it will be found to be, by measurement, scrupulously

correct. This remark extends to every rope and spar which the bow of that vessel presents to view. In fact, the Niagara, as represented by Mr. Birch, is an accurate portrait of a fine ship that lay in the port of Philadelphia when the picture was designed. If we were not assured of this from other sources, we would be convinced of it from a view of the picture itself. The Niagara, as there delineated, has all the appearance of an original drawing from an actual model. It has neither the aspect of a fancy piece, nor of a humble copy from another picture. It has the character, so to speak, of a true likeness taken from the life. The only reason why it appears too large is the boldness and entire novelty of the representation. We are not prepared to apply to it the principles and rules of just perspective, because we are not accustomed to the view of such scenes. To our *eye* it appears, at first sight, too large, although our *reason* convinces us that it is of the proper size. Nor is it long till the eye also becomes perfectly reconciled to it.

But why, it is asked, should the Niagara be brought so near to us in the picture, seeing that proximity necessarily swells her to such an unseemly bulk? The answer is obvious, and, we hope, satisfactory.

The artist had judiciously determined, as a fundamental point in the picture, that the representation of Perry should be a real likeness of that distinguished commander. It was requisite, therefore, that the figure should be near at hand, inasmuch as distance confounds all distinctness of feature, and prevents entirely the recognition of identity. He further determined, with equal judgment, to bring Perry's boat near to the Niagara, in order, as already stated, that each one of the crew might be represented in the cool performance of a separate duty. Hence it follows, as a matter of necessity, that the Niagara must be placed in the front of the picture. In no other position could she be so placed as to enable the artist to compass his ends.

This picture is further blamed for leaving the smaller vessels of the American squadron out of sight, giving thus but a partial view of the action.

For two reasons this charge is without weight. At the point of time in which the action is represented by Mr. Birch, the small

American vessels were either not at all, or but very distantly and slightly engaged; and, at no period, did they contribute materially to the discomfiture of the enemy. Their commanders and crews did all that was practicable for gallantry to achieve. But in a combat between ships, the efficacy of boats is never considerable. It was not only unnecessary, therefore, but would have been a departure from historical truth, to encumber the picture with fancied smoke and fire from those vessels. Besides, considering the distance and position of the Niagara from the spectator, conjointly with those of the smaller craft, she must necessarily cover them, according to the well known principles of perspective.

The faultiest object in the print is the large human figure that is looking down from the bow of the Niagara. We do not concur in opinion with those who pronounce that figure out of just proportion in point of size; but we do conceive that it is not a little out of character. It exhibits too much spruceness of dress, and too much of a holiday face, for the occasion. It wears on its countenance not only an unmeaning, but, in our estimation, an unbecoming smirk. Nor is it sufficiently hardy, firm, and weather-beaten. The life of Perry is still in jeopardy. This figure, being the only idle spectator represented, should be full of deep solicitude for his fate: and such is the fact in the original painting. But in the engraving, this expression is entirely lost, and a simper substituted in its stead, such as would become a fair-weather sailor, in a situation where he had nothing to do but be merry. But on the deck of the Niagara, at a moment when a single ball might decide the fate of Perry, of victory, and of the existing campaign, a smile so misplaced argues a want of true sensibility. Let a seaman smile at personal danger, but not at that which threatens his comrade, his commander, or his country.

In this attempt to analyze Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, which, if not the actual La Hogue of the United States, must, at least, be pronounced creditable in a high degree to the present state of the fine arts in our country, we have brought to the task no well selected stock of technical knowledge, because we candidly acknowledge that we possess none. We have honestly endeavoured to direct our analysis by the simple rules of common sense; and by that standard we are willing that our judgment should be rigidly tested. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT, NO. 10.

ON RHYME.

THERE has been a palpable contradiction between our precepts and practice on the subject of blank verse. While all our reasoning has been in its favour, all our tastes have been in favour of rhyme; and nine-tenths of those who seek fame through the medium of poetry, continue to adopt the latter, as that species of verse which is most likely to please the generality of their readers. Dryden, who always wrote in rhyme, calls it "at best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity," and speaks of debasing "the majesty of verse to rhymes." So much had this theoretical preference for blank verse obtained the sanction of time and authority, that those who conformed to the general predilection for rhyme, advanced nothing in support of their practice; but, content with enjoying the public favour, they left the advocates of blank verse in quiet possession of the triumphs of argument.

Is then this general task of the moderns really at war with nature and propriety? I think not. Dr. Johnson, who was the first open defender of rhyme, has sought to justify his preference by the peculiarities of the English language. But he seems to have taken too limited and partial a view of the subject, and his explanation is far from being satisfactory. He considers the advantage of rhyme to consist rather in giving effect to the harmony of long and short syllables, than in being a source of original gratification.* To me, however, it appears to perform a higher function; and to produce an immediate pleasure *per se*, which may be traced to the nature of our sensual perceptions. Metaphysical writers have long since remarked that the recurrence of

* The explanation alluded to is to be found near the end of his life of Milton, in these words: "the music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so forcibly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin.

the same sound is grateful to the human ear. This effect is perceived in the repetition of the same notes in music—of the same sound in the beginning of different words, or alliteration—as well as of the same sound in their termination, or rhyme. Philosophy has merely observed the fact; it pretends not to explore the cause; no more than it does why a rose has fragrance or a rainbow beauty. As soon then as this invention of rhyme took place, (in a cloister as it is said) its agreeable effects were recognised by the popular taste, which commonly suffers itself to be pleased without inquiring into the *why* or the *how*, and it thenceforward became almost an invariable and attendant and auxiliary to poetry. The modern ear thus accustomed to this melody of sound, finds it necessary to fill up the sum of its pleasure; precisely as the palate, accustomed to a particular degree of sweetness, feels a distaste or unpleasant craving without it. Rhyme, in short, is a superadded pleasure which those who have once tasted, cannot readily forego.

It is true that a few of the most popular productions in our language have been written in blank verse: but in a long work, if the poem be so framed as either to amuse the fancy, to touch the feelings, or even to enlighten the understanding, it may afford us so much interest and delight, as to leave little room to regret the want of extraordinary sweetness of diction; and it must not be forgotten that there is always much to admire in language exclusive of its melody, and much of melody that is exclusive of rhyme. Indeed the story, if the poem be epic, as the *Paradise Lost*; or the closeness and fulness of the resemblance, if it be descriptive, as the *Seasons*; or the development of the author's theory and arguments, if it be didactic, as the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, contribute very largely to our pleasure, independent of the beauties that strictly appertain to poetry. In small poems, however, in which the reader is detained too short a time to be much amused or excited, and derives a faint and transient pleasure from the sprightliness, or delicacy, or vividness of the thought or expression, the gratification afforded by the mere sound, has a greater proportionate weight; and the want of it is readily felt by the disappointed ear. So in a small piece of marble sculpture we look for a delicacy and polish that we dispense with in a church or a palace, since these produce their pleasing effect partly by their

just proportions—their magnificence, and their adaptation to useful purposes; though they too would be the more pleasing for the same minute and finished elegance we admire in the statue. In a long poem, melody of diction is merely an auxiliary: in a small one it rises to the dignity of a principal ornament.

Nor does it furnish any argument against the existence of this substantive, direct pleasure of rhyme, that the poets of antiquity, who seemed to have kindled raptures at least equal to our own, were unaided by rhyme. For, in the first place, they used greater variety of modulation than we do. Their poetry, probably, united the melody of musical and of articulate sounds, and was recited in an artificial measure and tone, which plainly marked the different combinations of long and short syllables, known by the name of feet, and produced the utmost effect of which metrical harmony is susceptible. Besides, as rhyme was unknown to the ancients, they could not feel the want of it, and would derive more pleasure from the other species of melody which their language afforded; in the same way as they probably had a livelier relish for the taste of honey, from being unacquainted with the more delicious and unmingled sweetness of sugar. If it be asked why the lyric and other minor poems of antiquity give us so much pleasure even now, in their original form, the answer is, that the gratification afforded by what is written in a foreign language is always of a compound sort. We unconsciously convert it into the language in which we are accustomed to speak and think, and the exercise this operation necessarily affords the mind, is itself a source of pleasure. It is in a great measure owing to this superior excitement and activity, that we are more pleased with reading the ancient authors themselves, *in prose as well as verse*, than any translation however faithful and elegant. Nor has habit rendered our ears fastidious and made them *desiderate* the sweetness of rhyme in Greek and Latin poetry, as it does in that of our own language. Thus it is that the odes of Horace or Anacron, which are so beautiful in the original, would be insipid if translated into modern blank verse, and that the epigrams of Martial would scarcely rank with the ordinary *bon mots* of conversation. But while this advantage is admitted by all those who have not been rendered blind to the perceptions of sense by the artifices of reason, it has been

commonly urged that the pleasure of rhyme is more than counterbalanced by its inconveniencies—that it imposes injurious fetters on the genius of the writer, by making him sometimes say what he does not wish, and by still oftener compelling him to omit what he fain would express. This objection is rather plausible than just. The peculiar duty imposed upon the writer of rhyme is to find, at short intervals, two words where final syllables are of similar sound. To accomplish this he has the following circumstances in his favour. There are many different words expressive of the same meaning, or if not perfectly synonymous, so nearly alike in meaning, that any one may be used without a perceptible diminution of beauty or strength. He can likewise by transposition, alter the final words of a line, and thus change the sound without changing the sense. He may further, by modifying the thought he would express, obtain a new set of words, which he may subdue to his purpose by a like recourse to transposition and synonyms. And lastly, when all these resources fail, he may often substitute another thought that is nowise inferior to the first.

That the language, under all the trammels of metre and rhyme, is not very inflexible to the purposes of the composer, sufficiently appears from the vast stock of modern poetry that exists, and to which every day brings new additions, upon every subject which can interest human affections, or exercise human intellect. It also appears from the ease with which translations are made in rhyme from one language into another, and from the various translations that have been made from the same original, when it happened to possess extraordinary merit. In those instances, in Pope's translation of Homer, in which he has most departed from the sense of his author, it has, perhaps, in no instance proceeded from the difficulty of the execution, but because he wished to adapt the grossness, or tautology, or naked simplicity of Homer, to the refinement of modern taste; or because he gave into that relaxation of diligence which it was impossible always to avoid in so long a work. In the multitude of variations which he made of particular passages, he is evidently less influenced by a regard to the sense than to some minute beauty of his own poetry, since they all adhere with equal closeness to the original.

The facility with which *bouts rimez* are filled up by those who have exercised themselves much in that perversion of literary labour, affords us a further proof that the difficulties of rhyme will yield to patient industry. For it must be far easier to fill up a *single line* to some one of several final syllables that rhyme together, than to fill up *two lines*, where the precise final words are given: especially too, when in the first case the given final syllable may be so greatly varied by means of transposition and synonyms.

Nor can the difficulties of the modern rhymers much exceed those of the ancient poet, who if he was exempted from the necessity of rhyme, was tied down to a degree of regularity in the combination of long and short syllables, which is unknown to modern poetry: and it may be doubted, whether the obligation he was under, in the hexameter verse for example, of making the fifth foot in each line a dactyle and the sixth a spondee, was not as troublesome as it is to find two final syllables of the same sound. The fact is, that the fabrication of metre and rhyme, is like those combined operations of mental promptness and mechanical skill exhibited in writing, playing on musical instruments, and the like, which, though difficult and embarrassing at first, gradually yield to diligence and perseverance, until they are finally effected without an effort. And it has been because the earlier English poets did not bestow enough of the preparatory labour necessary to acquire this practical adroitness, or *knack*, that they were so inferior in the art of rhyming to their successors, whom time has taught that an easy flow and musical cadence are indispensable to success in poetry. Shakspeare, whose blank verse can boast of passages so exquisitely beautiful and poetical, was always a wretched rhymers.

It may, however, be urged with considerable force, that if rhyme commonly increases the labour of the modern poet, it also often invites him to indolence; and that when a suitable line or couplet readily presents itself, he is too apt to disregard its meaning and spirit. By being so much engrossed by the mechanism he attends less to the materials. In this way, rhyme serves to conceal much common-place thought and frigid sentiment, and to lull many a writer by its music into a persuasion of his merit, who would not have been tolerable even to himself in blank verse.

But to counterbalance this disadvantage, it must be recollected that although rhyme sometimes produces a relaxation of the poet's diligence, and, notwithstanding the various resources that have been mentioned, he is sometimes under the necessity of modifying the thought for the worse; yet it also happens that the process of elaborating rhyme by its very difficulty, often suggests, as every composer knows, happier thoughts and more pleasing images. As some of the most valuable discoveries in chemistry have been made in the vain search after the philosopher's stone, so without doubt, some of the most felicitous beauties of poetry have been called forth by that unceasing and excursive diligence to which rhyme gives occasion. And when success has crowned the poet's efforts, the exultation and self-complacency he feels at difficulties subdued, frequently calls forth that ardour which is so propitious to poetical excellence, and which is the real æstrum of his heavenly frenzy. So that upon the whole, we must consider rhyme as a valuable improvement, since without impairing the substantial merit of poetry, it is a superadded beauty to the language, and affords a new pleasure to the ear in a species of writing where pleasure is the principal object.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ESSAY ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Translated from the French of Florian.

PASTORAL poetry is generally condemned as dull and tiresome; faults which never obtain forgiveness, particularly in France. And though we dare not refuse our admiration to the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and find some fine verses in Fontenelle, yet we read them only once, and as soon as a work is announced whose heroes are *shepherds*, that word alone seems sufficient to invite drowsiness.

Our vast distance from the pastoral age, and the prodigious difference between our manners and those of shepherds, appeared to me at first view sufficient to account for this dislike; but though

these circumstances undoubtedly have their influence, it is probably in part owing to the manner in which the pastoral style of poetry has been pursued. There must be some reason for its being tiresome since it sets every reader to yawning.

Heaven forbid that I should wish to deny or detract from the merit of the eclogues of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, or, above all, Virgil. Those master-pieces, admired by twenty successive ages will live while fine poetry, nature, and simplicity retain their attractions for the mind of taste. The idylls of Petrarch, Sannazarius, Garcilasso and Pope display beauties worthy of the ancients. The pastorals of Racan justify at times, the praises of Despreaux. Segrais and madame Deshoulières have infused infinite grace and nature into their eclogues; those of Fontenelle and Lamotte are enriched with fine ideas, delicate touches, and charming versification. Many other and more modern poets have drawn from the pastoral reed the most affecting and harmonious sounds. Gessner, in particular, excels, in my opinion, even the ancients. His is not, perhaps, that enchanting style of poetry which in Virgil gives dignity to the most trifling details; he does not always charm the ear, like the Roman bard; but to the heart he speaks more eloquently, and excites in it more noble sentiments. You form your taste in studying Virgil; in reading Gessner you improve your heart. The one excites your love and pity for Melibœus, the other teaches you to respect and cherish virtue.

It is certain that no work of amusement, if void of interest can have durable success, and is it easy to give interest to a dialogue, whose speakers talk always of the same subject, and enter and depart without apparent motive? Yet an eclogue is no more than this.

In the best comedies the first scene is almost always dull, because we are not yet acquainted with the characters, and the dialogue is then only calculated to explain what is to follow, and prepare us for the interest of the plot. We listen in hopes that our attention will be compensated by subsequent pleasure; but if the pleasure we had anticipated does not come, we regret our attention thrown away, for it is among all things that of which men are most avaricious.

A pastoral has limits so narrow, that it scarcely can prepare us to be interested; just when the interest is excited the piece concludes, and it is necessary to begin another. A collection of eclogues resembles a collection of the first scenes of plays; it is not surprising, therefore, that the reader throws away the book and remains prejudiced against this species of poetry.

Guarini and Tasso perceived this difficulty, and were the first to form, instead of eclogues, a kind of pastoral drama, in which all the scenes succeed each other as in a comedy, and present a continued plan, conducted by degrees, to its conclusion.

Seduced by the false taste of the age, they scattered through the *Pastor-fido* and the *Aminta* lively and delicate ornaments, sometimes too refined, and so profusely abundant as to fatigue a reader that loves to see nature unadorned, and thus they disfigured two works, which, if more simple, would have been faultless.

This kind of pastoral is better, I think, than detached idylls; but still it retains a degree of dulness, because the stage must always be inconsistent with pastoral life. Among shepherds, every thing is soft and calm; Grief weeps and relates its wo without the loud cries of Despair; Happiness rejoices without speaking of it, or only gently confides its pleasures to the ear of Friendship. In the drama, on the contrary, passions must be in the extreme to produce effect; we are not touched but struck. The rage of tragedy has nothing in common with the sorrows of the idyll; the laugh of comedy does not at all resemble the gayety of shepherds. They have a language among themselves never heard beyond their own valley, and when carried on the stage they appear as ill at ease and out of place as a clown in a palace.

The best means, undoubtedly, of rendering a pastoral interesting, is to introduce it in a poem where it might preserve its proper attributes without losing its accordance with the other parts of the work. Thus, in *The Seasons*, the beautiful descriptions of the revival of nature in Spring, the rich landscapes of Summer, the pleasures and abundance of Autumn, and the episodes of Lavinia, and of Celadon and Amelia, rise to the most sublime tones of poetry, and fall, without the reader's perceiving it, without the poet's charging his lyre, to the lowest, simplest accents of the eclogue. But it requires a rare genius to attempt such a poem.

the story of which, independent of the poetry, may be read with interest.

This manner of using the pastoral style would preserve the advantages of the drama without its inconveniencies. The necessity of interposing intermediate dialogues between the interesting scenes of the drama often produces tediousness. In narrative a few words are enough; we pass from incident to incident with a lively and rapid progress, pausing only where interest is excited; dialogue, description, and narration are mingled together and relieve each other. It is a gay landscape diversified with rivers, woods, and hills; the reader travels long without fatigue. But conduct him through a less varied plain, however beautiful, he will admire it, and soon seek for rest.

The delightful tale of *Daphnis and Chloe* proves my assertion. That inimitable model of grace and sprightliness has always pleased me more than Theocritus or Guarini. It would be still more admirable, were it not for some rather licentious figures, which ought to be banished from every composition of this nature. The love of shepherds should be pure as the chrystal of their fountains; and as the chief attraction of the fairest shepherdess is her modesty, so the highest merit of pastoral poetry should be that it inspires virtue.

Sannazarius is, I believe, the first of the moderns that united romance with a pastoral. The golden days of Italy were then commencing; literature afterwards shone forth for a moment in Spain; Montesnejor, Gil-Paolo, Lope de Vega, Figueroa, Cervantes copied Sannazarius. After them Sidney in England, and d'Urfé in France, pursued the same path.

All these have been greatly celebrated in their time; they are now almost forgotten. This oblivion is not deserved by some, above all by Astre, who was so long the delight of France. Astre is admirable for invention; many episodes full of interest, of nature, and of sentiment, and, above all, the beautiful characters of *Diana and Sylvander*, will preserve his work from perishing. But it is in ten volumes; and length, a fault in all kinds of writing, is unpardonable in a pastoral. Immoderate length, which proceeds generally from too great a number of episodes, has the twofold ill effect of tiring the attention, and withdrawing it from the

principal interest. Every hero or shepherd that relates his own story, makes us forget those for whom we felt before, and by embarrassing the reader's mind, soon render him indifferent. Besides which, their episodes are too far-fetched. In a pastoral every thing should accord. Shepherds communicate only with their neighbours; they do not leave their valley, their groves, and the borders of their streams; their world extends only a league beyond their village.

It is therefore necessary to proportion the length of a pastoral to the dignity of the scene, to suit the drama to the stage, and so arrange the episodes that they shall, (as an English author has ingeniously observed) resemble the short excursions of bees, who never leave their hive but to search for something to enrich it, and never wander so far as to lose sight of home.

It remains for me only to mention the great advantages of a pastoral romance, which is a mixture of prose with poetry, a mixture that pleases without tiring the attention, and may be made a fruitful source of beauties.

You have to describe a hapless shepherd reclining in the shade of a sycamore, his head leaning on his hand, his pipe fallen at his feet, his dog sitting by and watching him with a sad and tender earnestness. To render your picture faithful your words should be the most simple, the most perspicuous, the most expressive. But if you write in verse, the embarrassments of rhyme and the unavoidable diffuseness of poetry will force you, whatever may be your talents, often to use other expressions and to employ superfluous adjectives or epithets. Prose would allow you to reject them, and to condense your story, which is, perhaps, the true secret of avoiding tediousness.

When you have shown to your reader the object on which you wish to fix his attention; when by means of perspicuity, conciseness, and nature, you have raised a lively image, then is the time for verses; let them be good ones, they will suggest themselves. It is understood that every shepherd in sorrow sings his pains; let yours complain in soft and melodious voices; forget the precision and conciseness that you had observed in narrative; unfold your store of sentiment; pause and dwell upon an idea of tenderness, a melancholy reflection, or a hope of future happiness;

you will be read, perhaps you will be read more than once. The same verses in an eclogue or in a pastoral drama preceded and followed by other verses would not give so much pleasure as in the midst of the prose.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A GENTLEMAN, formerly of New-Jersey, once contemplated writing a history of that state. He issued a circular letter, requesting the friendly aid of all, who might feel any interest in his undertaking, in furnishing such documents as might be of importance. In one of the original manuscript communications kindly forwarded to him from a gentleman of nice observation and strict veracity, was the following

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A PIGEON AND A CAT.

—“Natural history falls within your plan, but whether the following anecdote will be worthy of your notice or not, I am not able to determine. Such as it is, you will make what use of it you may judge proper.

“In the summer of 1803 a friend of ours gave us a pair of young pigeons. They were not yet fledged, and we put them into a small cage, which we kept in the kitchen, where they were fed and nursed till they were able to fly. By this time, they had, by their innocence and seeming great sagacity, so attached themselves to the whole family, that we were unwilling to put them out in the pigeon box, and allowed them to come and go to any part of the house they chose, and eat and drink any thing they would, even the most delicious dainties the house could afford. They consequently soon became very gentle, and would hardly move out of the way when they were in it. They would fly around where the family were sitting, light on the shoulder or arm, there sit and coo, and seem to be much pleased for some time. They had no fear of the cats, several of which were about the house; nor had the cats any seeming inclination to injure them. We called them Tom and Kate. Kate in flying about the cellar fell into the soap-tub, and, unable to extricate herself, there died

before she was found. Tom manifested every possible symptom of sorrow and grief. He would not, for some days, take any notice of any one in the family; was mopish and often flew into the cellar, where he would perch on the edge of the soap-tub, and coo in a most pitiful tone.

"One of our cats was white; Kate also had been nearly of the same colour. Tom now attached himself to the white cat and took no notice of any of the others. At first the cat was rather shy of him, though he discovered a great fondness for her. When the cat went into the field, he would fly after and around her, light upon her, coo and gently stroke her with his shining silver coloured plumage. She soon became very fond of him also: she would lie down, roll over, jump up, then, putting herself in a rampant posture, leap upon him as though she was about to devour him. He, in the meantime, would act his part equally as well and much to the amusement of the spectators.

"This cat died, and he, after a short time, became as fond of another, though not of the same colour. About this time, some of the young people of my family procured four other pigeons and put them into the pigeon box. They frequently flew about the door, but of them Tom took no other notice, than to manifest his displeasure and try to drive them away. For him the cat was company enough; and between two animals, whose natures were entirely congenial, I have never seen so much seeming sympathy. It is true, the attachment was much greater with him than with her. She, however, was remarkably fond of him. When the doors were shut and Tom was without, he would fly to the sitting room window to get in, and the cat, seeing him, would leap up into the window, mew and seem to wish that he might be let in. When the cat was about to have kittens, Tom seemed to have some knowledge of it. At that time when the family were dining, Tom with the cat would, as usual, come into the room, and he would evidently invite her to a bed, by coming to her, stroking her, and then going under the desk and flapping his wings, and cooing. Thus he did for several days in succession, repeating the same things several times while we were at dinner; but, finding he could not succeed in persuading her to take a bed under the desk, he went to work to make her one in the kitchen chamber. There he actually, in his own bill, carried

straw, hay, &c. with which he made her a bed, on which she lay and had her kittens. He seemed to be as fond of them as he had been of the cat, and when any of the family went to look at them, would rear up, fly at them, and fight with great fury.

"As long as Tom lived, he retained his fondness for the cat; but, when he died, as he did by an accident, she, ungrateful wretch! cat-like, seemed to know nothing of friendship, only as it was purchased by continued favours and constant caresses."

— LOVE OF FAME.

If love of fame be, as it is asserted by Young and illustrated in his satires, the universal passion of mankind, all that is to be hoped for, is, that we may have a worthy object, and not be hurried too far in the pursuit. Thus, if the present rage for military glory, shall only lead us to qualify ourselves for the defence and assertion of the just rights of our country, there is no question that it ought to be tolerated; perhaps cherished and applauded. But, if exceeding these bounds, it create a passion for war, an addiction to national quarrels, equally regardless of the cause and the consequence, it deserves the frown rather than the countenance of the virtuous part of the community.

Without inquiring, however, into its motive or probable result, I shall content myself with observing, that the ardour with which it is embraced, is scarcely to be accounted for by the ordinary exciting causes on similar occasions. If we look into the circumstances which confer distinction in human occupations, we shall find them not so much to depend upon cleverness in the abstract, as to consist in singularity of excellence; in having performed, or in being able to perform, that to which none or but few others are competent. For there can be no foundation for celebrity in a faculty or knack common to a whole kind. Where, for instance, would be the merit of the rope-dancer if every one were an equal master of the balance, and capable of the same feats of agility; of the juggler, if every one had the same slight of hand; and of the tumbler, if all other men could throw a summerset, and possessed bodies equally flexible and susceptible of contortion? Where would be the glory of a Cribb or a Moli-

nieux, if every other lump of clay moulded after the image of its Maker, were capable of inflicting and enduring the same measure of pugilistic castigation as themselves.

Exclusiveness then, or rarity in achievement, is the ground of fame in every pursuit; and being so, it is really somewhat wonderful that so much of "this fancied life in other's breath" should be attached to the quality of bravery. Can it with any propriety be called a rare virtue, seeing that the French have constantly from the beginning of their revolution to the present day, with the exception perhaps of the single, inglorious, pacific year of Louis XVIII, been covering themselves with glory? That the English, from what took place in Egypt and the peninsula, have not been very far behind them; that the Austrians have sometimes coped with them to their own advantage; and that the Russians and Prussians have alternately harassed them like furies under the auspices of the *vieux diables* Kutusoff, Platorf, and Blucher?—That the late battle of Waterloo, in which myriads were mingled in bloody fray, and all did their duty, has made heroism even more cheap than poltrony.—That even we, the degenerate, climate-shrunk sons of Albion-bred sires, have proved ourselves a full match for our fathers; and in some instances, evinced ourselves, if the climax is not too violent, to be the conquerors of the conquerors of the world, that is, of the English who conquered the French, "who all things but themselves subdued," like Alexander the great, and are therefore unable to submit to the humdrum rule of a Bourbon, sacrilegiously considering jacobin virtues as crimes, and thence depriving his new subjects of the gratification of feasting their ethereal souls on the immense harvest of glory acquired by the revolution?† If such masses then of the human species as have been engaged in these sanguinary conflicts, have all braved death and fought gallantly, as we are assured both by themselves and their commanders they have; who, I would ask, are the cowards? And have we not a right to conclude, that courage is but a vulgar virtue, where adequate causes for its production exist; and where these are present, are we not authorized from what has passed and been recognized in

* Prince Blucher is said to have been called a *vieux diable* by Buonaparte.

† See Carnot's celebrated Memoire, *passim*.

this discussion to say—Show me a man, and I'll show you a hero? Why then should I plume myself on having done what countless millions of my fellow creatures have done before me, what numbers are every where and every day performing, and which, *ceteris paribus*, not to be capable of, is at most the exception of one in a hundred. All these things considered, it is truly astonishing to me, that military glory has not long since run itself down by means of its universality, as stuffs, however handsome and becoming, go out of fashion with the fastidious, as soon as they become articles of vulgar apparel.

It must indeed be admitted, that there is something extremely fascinating in this career; and I, who in my quondam reveries, have not unfrequently surrounded myself with the trophies of a great commander, need not wonder, except for the cause already adverted to, that so many candidates for terrestrial immortality, betake themselves to it. Nevertheless, my sober reason prompts me to prefer the path which leads to the "less noisy and less guilty fame," arising from superiority in the milder social virtues and accomplishments, even to the comparatively harmless strife of those who contend for precedence in the various little walks of tranquil life, for popularity and distinction in their respective spheres, in their street, ward, village or neighbourhood. Less egregious too is the folly of these, than in ninety-nine in a hundred of those who extend their pretensions to distant climes and future ages. But when the aspirations are for fame in the peaceful arts, or that arising from the lustre of station, instead of deprecating the effects of warlike ambition, we may merely amuse ourselves with the vanity of the candidate, as erst did the wits of France with the ludicrously immortalized Le Franc de Pompignan. This gentleman, who is particularly characterized in the Memoirs of Marmontel, was of some consideration in his province, both as a literary man and a magistrate. Still he was but a provincial of small account, in the eyes of the Parisians, and was once refused admittance into the French academy: but succeeding a few years after, he published a memoir ridiculously inflated with his imaginary self-importance. "The whole universe," says he, "must know, that their majesties are occupied with my discourse. The king will be eager to see it; the whole court will be eager to see

it." And in another place, he says, "that his birth is even more exalted than his discourse."*

This intolerable arrogance prompted Voltaire to lampoon without mercy monsieur Le Franc; and in a poem entitled *La Vanité*, exclusively dedicated to his service, he concludes with these animated, philosophical lines; mingling with their poignant sarcasm, a trait of the most sublime morality.

Piron seul eut raison, quand dans un goût nouveau,
Il fit ce vers heureux, digne de son tombeau,
"Ci git qui ne fut rien." Quoique l'orgueil en dise,
Humains, faibles humaines, voila votre devise.
Combien de rois, grands Dieux! jadis si révéérés,
Dans l'éternel oubli sont en foule enterreés!
La terre a vu passer leur empire et leur trone.
On ne sait en quel lieu florissait Babylone.
Le tombeau d'Alexandre, aujourd'hui renversé,
Avec sa ville altière a péri dispersé.
Cesar n'a point asile où son ombre repose;
Et l'ami Pompignan pense être quelque chose.

As I would fain give the English reader some idea of its spirit, I throw myself upon his benignity for this humble endeavour.

Piron, in a taste at once moral and new,
Makes his tomb speak a language impressive and true;
"Here lies one who was *nothing*, to human pride a sad fall,
And yet feeble, vain mortals, it embraces you all.
What troops of dead kings, once by flattery fed,
Now swell the dumb mass of forgetfulness dread!
Their empires and thrones have alike pass'd away;
Nor knew we where Babylon held her high sway.
Alexander's proud tomb and trophies august,
With his city superb, are all sunk into dust.
No asylum to Caesar's great ashes is given:
Yet friend Pompignan still hopes to be *something*, good heaven!

INCOLA MUNDI.

* "Il faut que tout l'univers sache que leurs majesties se sont occupées de mon discours. Le roi l'a voulu voir; toute la cour l'a voulu voir." See note to the poem *La Vanité*.

ANECDOTES.

THE famous Hannibal CARACCI the painter, had a brother named Augustino, a poet of some celebrity, and a man eminent in literature. Augustino having delivered a long and animated discourse in praise of that admirable group of statuary, the Laocoon and his sons, it was observed to Hannibal that it was extraordinary he did not add his share of eulogium on that wonderful performance. Hannibal took up a crayon, and immediately drew the group with as much exactness as if he had the statues before him. This simple action was a panegyric that exceeded in felicity all that the most brilliant figures of speech or the most energetic expressions could have produced.—Turning round to his brother, Hannibal observed to him, "poets paint with words, and painters speak with their pencil. It was a principle of that extraordinary painter, that pictures were always good exactly in proportion to the nearness of the approximation to nature, and he related that he was decided in his opinion respecting the merits of the two celebrated rival pictures of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew, the one painted by Dominichino, and the other by Francisco Albani, by observing, that an old woman and her daughter had stood a long time talking about and surveying the picture of Dominichino, and then passed by that of Albani without taking any particular notice of it.

Martin Luther, who naturally overlooked no fair occasion of rendering the Catholic priesthood contemptible, used to relate the following singular story of a mendicant friar: One of those pests of society in the Catholic countries had contrived to introduce himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at the time in a state of insensibility, and continued incessantly to cry out, "my lord will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?"—The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to the nobleman's son who was in the room, "you see, sir," said he, "that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my requests."—Upon which the son, approaching the bed exclaimed, "father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given, and the young man instantly rewarded the assiduities of the monk, by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

Every one who has dipped into the history of British literature of the last century, has heard of the imposition practised by a Scotchman of the name of Lauder, respecting the originality of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Whether it was, as Mr. Murphy asserts in his *Life of Johnson*, that the unfortunate man had "conceived a mortal antipathy to the name and character of Milton," because that great poet had inserted the prayer of Pamela from sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in an edition of the *Eikon Basilike*, in order to fix an imputation of impiety on the memory of Charles the first, or that he was at a loss to know how to procure support, and was regardless of the means by which he attempted it, certain it is that he accused Milton of borrowing from several modern writers, and to establish the charge, collected from certain Latin poets, such as Masenius, Staphorstius, Bega, Grotius, and others, a number of passages, bearing resemblance to different parts of the *Paradise Lost*. These he published from time to time in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, mingled with lines which he himself, ingeniously enough, translated from Milton. The analogy between the passages was so strong that multitudes who never suspected the authenticity of the quotations were duped, and the Ivy-lane club itself, of which Johnson was a member, were so deceived, as to become innocent accomplices in the fraud.

All this is sufficiently known by every man of letters, but few have had the means of examining the whole, or of determining the extent of Lauder's imposition. When all the passages, which were scattered through the magazines came, in consequence of the success of the imposition, to be collected into one volume, dedicated to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the charge was universally believed. Johnson for a time encouraged it, believing the writer, as he expressed it, "too frantic to be fraudulent," and Lauder was in a fair way to raise his fame at the expense of a poet, whose eminence, the greater it was, would, in the same proportion, elevate the man who could make good such charges against him.

Conscious of the general prepossession in Milton's favour, Lauder set out with declaring that he had no intention to derogate from the merits of the author of *Paradise Lost*, "to whom," said he, "great praise is due for so beautiful a structure, even if it

should be proved that a good part of his materials were borrowed from his neighbours; but it cannot be denied that he is considerably indebted to the following productions:—*Sarcotidos Libri Quinque*, published by Masenius—*Adamus Exul*, a Latin drama, written by Grotius; and lastly, to a volume of poems, published in Edinburgh, in the same language, by Andrew Ramsay."

The imposition, and the author of it, have both met the fate they deserved. Milton had several defenders of great ability—at the head of them the Rev. John Douglas, a clergyman, to whom Goldsmith happily alludes in his poem of *Retaliation*, and who, fortunately for himself, choosing the popular side, not only showed his ingenuity, and added to his reputation at once, but put himself into the ultimate possession of the bishopric of Salisbury.

The argument of Douglas, however, does not go the full length of entirely clearing Milton from the imputation of borrowing. "A work," says he, "may be original without invention, and an imitation without plagiarism:—a great genius exercises the right of profiting from the labour of others, in such a manner as to satisfy the world of his own abilities: it is not a proof of the sterility of his fancy, but the solidity of his judgment."

There is a great deal of sophistry in this, and much of it seems to me to be altogether paradoxical. However, Douglas admits that "Milton took many hints from Masenius, John Fox, Grotius, Ramsay, and Taubman." Lauder, however, by the persuasion of Dr. Johnson, made a confession and recantation of his guilt; yet some of the passages he produced to prove his charge, are worthy of attention, on account of the very strong resemblance to the parallel passages in Milton. For instance:

"Gravior Orcus sub pedibus tremuit."—GROTIVS.

Hell trembled as he trod.—MILTON.

Adsit ambitio nova, nam ꝑe judice
Regnare dignum est; etsi in Tartaro
Alto præ esse juvat

Cælis quam in ipsis servire.—GROTIVS.

And in my choice

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell.

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.—MILTON.

VARIETY.

Lauder says that Satan's address to Eve, which begins,
 "Sovereign of creatures, universal dame,"

is borrowed from the following words of Andrew Ramsay:

———Poli sceptrā capessere digna,
 Quid terras humiles habitas?

———Cur terræ excludere fructu?

———Et pomum invidet ille?

Quod dabit et secum ætheriis ad cumbere mensis.

The following words were the means of convicting Milton's
 accuser of forgery, as no such passage can be found in Paradise
 Lost:

"Lacusque vivi sulphuris semper fluunt."—GROTIUS.
And lakes of living sulphur always flow.—MILTON.

This line was evidently the production of Lauder himself.
 There is a remarkable similitude introduced by Milton, in which
 he describes a vessel working into port against the wind to illus-
 trate the serpent's insinuating method of addressing our first mo-
 ther. This, Lauder insists, is clearly an imitation of the follow-
 ing lines of Andrew Ramsay:

———Ut vento portum qui forte reflante
 Non potis est capere———Vela
 Carbaseosque sinus obliquat tendere recta
 Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada cœrula cursu,
 Sic gnarus versare dolis et imagine falsa
 Ludere Tartareus coluber———Cursum
 Mutat, et ad Palmam converso tramine tendit.—RAMSAY.

———At first, sidelong he works his way;
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought,
 Near rivers' mouths, or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her sails;
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train,
 Curled many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye.

To these charges of imitation by Lauder upon Milton I shall
 add one, and only one more. He insists that these lines of Gro-
 tius furnished Milton with the beautiful passage which follows
 them:

VARIETY.

Ne me relinquo, nunc tuo auxilio est opus,

Cum versa sors est unicum lapsæ mihi

Firmamen———

Te mihi reserva dum licet———

———Relicta quo vadam, aut ævum exigam.—GROTIUS.

———Forsake me not. Thy suppliant

I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not

Of that on which I live, thy gentle looks,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,

My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

Lauder, says the writer to whom we are indebted for the
 greater part of the above observations, was a man of respectable
 literary attainments, but soured in his temper by early misfortune
 and repeated disappointment. In consequence of a blow, he had
 been under the necessity of submitting to an amputation of his
 leg. In two attempts to succeed to a professor's chair, and after-
 wards to the office of library keeper to the university of Edin-
 burgh, he failed, and a work which cost him much labour and
 money, dropped still-born from the press, and exhausted the lit-
 tle means he had possessed. Under these circumstances he was
 tempted and he fell.

MOUNTEBANKS.

In this country, as in all others, there are quacks in abun-
 dance, and of various kinds and qualities; but I rather believe we
 have no mountebanks:—nay, I very much doubt whether there
 are many people in the union who have a very clear conception
 of the singular character and conduct of that particular sort of
 personage; or whether an adequate idea of them could be ac-
 quired but by personal observations on one or more of the craft
 while employed in the discharge of his public business. A sin-
 gle instance, taken from a late British publication, though insuffi-
 cient to unfold the arcana of the trade in all its varieties, will af-
 ford our readers a glimpse that will at least amuse them:

One of these adventurers having, in a small country town
 in England, collected an audience about him, addressed them in
 the following terms from his stage:

"Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I confess, be a very heavy expense to me, and I hope no one will be ungenerous enough to profit by my liberality who is not really and truly a parishioner."

At these words the multitude pressed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung upon the arm of this generous man. He then continued:

"I know you are not so sordid, and so mercenary, as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes, cannot be produced by the thoughts of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker!"

"I perceive what it is that delights you; it is your discovering in one, whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the entire destruction of their health and understanding.

"In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for a benefit, from being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsman (dipping his hand into the green velvet bag) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powder, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol.

"If applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand, before morning.

"But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder: it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest men that

ever existed, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may, without fear, rush into the thickest battle and defy broadsword, pike, or bayonet.

"All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod:—the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder.

"Give yourself no sort of uneasiness; only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief: then get to bed and to sleep *as soon as you can*; in the meantime let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

"Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them. But as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion.

"The selling price of these matchless remedies has been six shillings *for time immemorial*, but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay my travelling charges and servant's wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money according to my original promise.

"Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without; the favourite of fortune will be intitled to a superb and elegant piece of massy plate."

This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence; but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so formidable an attack on their feelings and understanding; the present of a crown to each man, at first so confidently pro-

mised, had dissipated all fear of imposition; for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to take them in?

His ostentatious palaver had diffused a magic ray over his *powder of post*, his rosin and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his *brother townsmen* of their silver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six-shilling packets, while his assistants diverted the anxieties and allayed the impatience of the people by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were *permitted* to contribute their shilling without any ill-natured questions being asked, concerning the place of their residence.

The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize, possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist acknowledged, at an inn in the evening, as he sat over a duck and green peas, that the real profit of his day's work was five-and-twenty guineas.

PATRONAGE.

In the reign of George the first, an article appeared in the London Gazette, specifying that Miles Wharton, esquire, was created a baron by the style and title of lord Wharton.

From conscious personal worth, from habits of retirement, or other motives not handed down, this object of desire to so many was, in the present instance, *not accepted*, and in the next Gazette the following advertisement was inserted:

"His majesty having graciously deigned to confer the honour of the peerage on Mr. Wharton, that gentleman is duly sensible of his sovereign's goodness and favour, but humbly begs leave to decline the high honour intended him."

The gentlemen ushers and pages shrugged up their shoulders at so unprecedented a refusal, and independent of losing their fees, considered it as a contempt of court.

Yet the circumstance proves that the minister had chosen a proper person to recommend to his majesty as a peer of the realm: I cannot but consider him as the fittest man for an elevated station, who, from diffidence, innate worth, or from the nature of the services expected, has the spirit, the independence, or the modesty to decline it.

Those industrious levee-hunters, those assiduous attendants at the drawing-room and bed chamber, so often successful in court intrigue, are frequently, and indeed generally, from frivolous manners, the least qualified of all men on earth, for the posts or employments they solicit; while the unhappy individual, formed by nature and education for a due performance of any duties he may undertake, but untaught to smile, to flatter and betray, is perishing by inches in some subaltern situation, or worn down with sedentary drudgery; the miserable substitute of a superficial principal who riots on national wealth.

At a certain period of the American war, when the political horizon of Britain was clouded on every side, no one would believe that the nation was to be indebted for its extrication from impending ruin, to a naval veteran, pining, at the moment, in penurious obscurity at Paris. The feelings of the English would have been violently agitated by such a declaration. How great then would have been the general emotion, had the thousands, afterwards assembled to celebrate his splendid victory, by illumination, song, and dance, been told that the conqueror of De Grasse and the saviour of the West-India islands was superseded at the very moment he was destroying the French fleets, and recalled from a decisive victory.

It ought not to be forgotten that on that occasion the gallant Rodney was enabled to return to his native country by the generous interposition and prompt liberality of a French nobleman.

But for the fortunate application of the first Mr. Pitt, when secretary of state, to lord Northington, the chancellor, the venerable and excellent lord Camden might have lived and died up three pair of stairs in the Temple.—"Can you procure for me a

young man of sound knowledge in the law, of not very extensive practice, and I will make his occasional attendance at the office worth his while?" said Mr. Pitt, "for I want a person of legal knowledge about me, that we may ACT CONSTITUTIONALLY!"

Mr. Pratt was recommended, found useful, and a friendship commenced, which conducted him to the highest honours of the state, and still continues unabated between their descendants.

—
ATHEISM CURED BY IRRESISTIBLE EVIDENCE.

A RESPECTABLE writer of the present day relates, that a young gentleman of his acquaintance who, at a certain period of his life, professed himself an unbeliever, once informed him that the various and admirable mechanism displayed in the human wrist, at a public lecture, excited his admiration and dispelled all his doubts.

The same author adds, that he knew a similar effect produced by the discourse of a late divine, on the wonderful sympathies of the human mind, which impel, as it were, in spite of themselves, the most selfish, and often the most timid creatures, to defend and protect that offspring, which, without such superintendence, must inevitably perish. The power that could establish an influence at once so absolutely necessary, and so irresistible, must be omnipotent, superintending, and benevolent.

—
ON a trial at Derby, in Old England, an attempt was made to establish the lunacy of a female, and to deduce it from certain irregularities in her conduct. On that occasion the following conversation took place:

"I saw her," said a witness, "sweep a large quantity of gallipots, phials, potions, pills, and powders, into the street"

"I doubt if throwing physic into the street be any proof of madness," interposed the judge.

"True, my lord," replied a barrister, "but people in their senses seldom throw away gallipots and phials."

—
GREY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

WE were greatly pleased with the following lines, which were written by a gentleman of acknowledged talents and litera-

ture, to be inserted in Grey's celebrated elegy. Mr. Edwards, the author of "The Canons of Criticism," who, though a bachelor, was more attentive to the fair sex than the pindaric Mr. Grey, thought there was a defect in the elegy which might be advantageously supplied, and for that purpose wrote the following stanzas, which he intended to introduce immediately after "Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood:"

"Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone forth, attraction in herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
And virtue cast a lustre on a throne.

"That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse:
That virtue form'd for every decent part,
The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house."

—
GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

WE have never been able, without laughing heartily, to think of the reason given by the celebrated doctor Radcliffe for curing the wife of lord chief-justice Holt. The doctor had attended her ladyship with a degree of diligence very remarkable for a man in his situation, and being asked by one of his intimate friends the cause of bestowing such unusual attention upon a person who had no particular claim upon his care, he answered, "Why, to be sure, I have brought the woman through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no regard for her: but I know her husband hates her, and I cured her on purpose to plague him!"

—
TASSO.

IN a conversation held before Charles the great, by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most unfortunate condition is that of an impatient old man depressed with poverty; for," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support him under affliction.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The New Pantheon: or, an Introduction to the Mythology of the Ancients, designed chiefly for the use of young ladies. To which are added, an accented Index, and poetical illustration of Grecian Mythology, from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. By Mrs. Bazeley.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.—HORACE.

THIS appears to be the fourth volume of a large work, which is to consist of six volumes, entitled, The Academy of Science and Art, or Ladies' New Preceptor: containing a complete system of useful and polite education, as well as general knowledge. Intended for the use of schools and private students. By C. W. Bazeley.

As far as we have had leisure to look into this volume, it appears to be a judicious and well managed compilation. While it is calculated to impart a degree of knowledge on the leading points of ancient mythology, fully competent, perhaps, to the purpose for which it is intended, we have perceived in it nothing offensive either to the eye or the ear of modesty—a recommendation peculiarly important in a work of the kind: for if the purity of the female mind be in the slightest degree sullied by any branch of study, there is nothing in the nature or amount of the knowledge acquired, that can make amends for so serious and radical an evil. The engravings are, as they ought to be, light and airy, designed with taste, and neatly executed. The accented index is particularly useful in teaching the correct pronunciation of proper names, without which all knowledge, however extensive, appears low and vulgar.

In the volume we are considering are also contained "The elements of elocution," said to be upon "an entire new plan." A want of leisure has not permitted us so far to compare this with other similar compilations as to be enabled to say wherein it differs from them, or what, if any, are its superior merits. We have looked into it, however, sufficiently to convince ourselves, that, besides a variety of useful directions for the improvement of pupils in reading and recitation, it contains a choice and valuable selection of pieces suitable for the same purpose, and well calculated to form the youthful taste, and store the mind with elegant

knowledge. We cannot do less than recommend this volume to the attention of those young ladies who are pursuing an education designed to render them what nature intended they should be, valuable friends, pleasing and instructive companions, and an ornament to society.

Should the other volumes of the "Academy of Science and Art" possess, in the different branches to which they may relate, equal merit with that which now lies before us, the work will constitute, as we feel persuaded, a valuable addition to the literature intended for the use of our schools.—EDITOR.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT must be particularly gratifying to every American to learn, that the literature, like the valour of his country, is beginning to receive, in the estimation, and, what is still more satisfactory, the acknowledgment of Europe, that rank and consideration to which it is entitled.

In confirmation of this, we quote the following extract of a letter from Dr. Chisholm, a physician of the first standing in England, to his friend and correspondent Dr. Hosack, of New-York.

"Your paper on Contagion," (a paper lately published by Dr. Hosack) "is very satisfactory. It contains every thing that can be said on the subject, and is in a more especial manner interesting by the view it gives of the division and arrangement of the subject, hitherto so imperfectly understood and so confusedly distinguished."

Again, the same gentleman in the same letter says, "I shall anxiously look out for your History on Yellow Fever" (a work in which Dr. Hosack is understood to be engaged.) "In such hands, and with such opportunities as you have possessed, it must indeed be a valuable, and I trust a standard work—a beacon to future generations."

Although, personally speaking, we are much pleased with every well deserved compliment and mark of distinction, whether abroad or at home, which our worthy and accomplished friend Dr. Hosack may receive, we are desirous that nothing we have here said may be construed into a renunciation, on our part,

of the views we have long entertained on the subject of contagion; nor into a concurrence with the learned professor in the opinions he maintains. The paper of Dr. Hosack, to which reference is herein made, is, throughout, able and ingenious, and the case of contagion is argued in it with great pertinency and force: but we, notwithstanding, think, and, when leisure shall serve, purpose, in the proper place, to endeavour to show, that some of the sentiments it advances are heterodox and untenable.—EDITOR.

A Dissertation on the Influence of Climate in Curing Diseases; by professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. Translated from the original Latin, and enlarged with occasional notes, by William P. C. Barton, M. D.

THIS volume, although, strictly speaking, of a professional character, treats of a subject of such general interest and so accessible and familiar to common observation, and is, at the same time, so little encumbered with technical language, that, while it holds out to all an invitation to become acquainted with its contents, there are few who will find any material difficulty in understanding them.

Like every thing from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, it bears the marks of sound sense, judicious observation, extensive knowledge, and classical scholarship—marks of a masculine mind, expanded and enriched by varied reading and patient inquiry.

To the medical student and the young physician this work will be a source of useful and necessary information, and to such as are more liberally versed in their profession, a very pleasing remembrancer of what they have already learnt. Nor will those who, without any view to professional attainments, read only for general knowledge, find themselves unrewarded by a careful perusal of it.

As far as we have had leisure to compare the English with the Latin, the translation appears to be well executed; and, although we cannot concur with the translator in the correctness of all his notes, we think them, on the whole, highly creditable to him as a man of judgment and a scholar. Ed.

Views of Louisiana; together with a journal of a voyage up the Mississippi river in 1811. By H. M. Breckenridge, esqr.

PURSUANT to our promise in the last number of the Port Folio, it is our intention in the present to make our readers acquainted in part with the contents of this work. We must assure them, however, that without an examination of the volume itself, they can form but a very defective idea of the gratification and instruction it is capable of affording them. It is characterized throughout by good sense, correct observation and solid reflection, and contains a large amount of matter in proportion to its size.

By the curious inquirer the following extract will be read with interest. It will suggest to him, if he has not already thought of it, the entire reverse of sentiment which has taken place in relation to the character and standing of the different divisions of this country: that the western division was once considered the *old* and the eastern the *new* settlement; the valley of the Mississippi the seat of empire, arts, and refinement, and the regions bordering on the Atlantic nothing but the *back woods*.

After a few judicious remarks on the utter improbability of the existence of a people of Welch origin in the wilds of Louisiana, our author proceeds in his account of the monuments of ancient population and power which the territory affords.

“Besides the fortifications, there are other remains scattered throughout the western country, much more difficult to account for, and to which the Welsh can lay no claim. It is worthy of observation, that all these vestiges invariably occupy the most eligible situations for towns or settlements; and on the Ohio and Mississippi, they are most numerous and considerable—There is not a rising town or a farm of an eligible situation, in whose vicinity some of them may not be found. I have heard a surveyor of the public lands observe, that wherever any of these remains were met with, he was sure to find an extensive body of fertile land. An immense population has once been supported in this country. These vestiges may be classed under three different heads—1, the walled towns or fortifications, of which I have already spoken; 2, barrows, or places of interment; 3, mounds or pyramids

“2. Barrows, such as described by Mr. Jefferson, are extremely numerous in every part of the western country. The

traces of a village may be always found near them, and they have been used exclusively, as places of interment, at least of deposit for the dead. The height is usually eight or ten feet above the surrounding ground, the shape manifesting little or no design.—These accumulations may be attributed to the custom prevalent among the American tribes, of collecting the bones of such as expired at a distance from their homes, in battle, or otherwise, and at stated periods placing them in some common tomb. The barrows were not the only receptacles; caverns were also used, and places, which, from being extraordinary, were considered the residence of Manatoos or spirits.

"3. The mounds or pyramids appear to me to belong to a period different from the others. They are much more ancient, and are easily distinguished from the barrows, by their size and the design which they manifest. Remains of palisaded towns are found in their vicinity, which may be accounted for from the circumstance of the mounds occupying the most eligible situations for villages, or from the veneration of the Indians, for whatever appears extraordinary. From the growth of trees on some of them, they show an antiquity of at least several hundred years. The Indians have no tradition as to the founders of them, though there is no doubt but that when we first became acquainted with those people, they were used as places of defence. The old chief of the Kaskaskia Indians, told Mr. Rice Jones, that in the wars of his nation with the Iroquois, the mounds in the American bottom were used as forts. In one of the plates of Lapiteau's work, there is a representation of an attack on an Indian fort, which is evidently constructed upon one of the mounds; its form is circular, the enclosure of large pickets, and heavy beams on the outside, extending to the ground on which the mound stands. Those inside defend themselves with stones, arrows, &c. while the assailants are either aiming their arrows at such as appear above the wall, or endeavouring to set fire to the fort. Until I saw this engraving, I had frequently doubted whether these elevations of earth were intended for any other purpose than places of interment for their great chiefs, or as sites for temples. These were probably the first objects, but experience, at the same time, taught them that they might also answer as forts; perhaps the veneration for these

sacred places might induce the Indians, when invaded, to make their final stand in their temples, which therefore became strong holds.—This is conformable to the history of most nations of the world.

"The mounds at Grave creek and Marietta have been minutely described, but in point of magnitude they fall far short of others which I have seen.

"To form a more correct idea of these, it will be necessary to give the reader some view of the tract of country in which they are situated. The *American bottom*, is a tract of rich alluvion land, extending on the Mississippi, from the Kaskaskia to the Cahokia river, about eighty miles in length, and five in breadth; several handsome streams meander through it; the soil of the richest kind, and but little subject to the effects of the Mississippi floods. A number of lakes are interspersed through it, with high and fine banks; these abound in fish, and in the autumn are visited by millions of wild fowl. There is, perhaps, no spot in the western country, capable of being more highly cultivated, or of giving support to a more numerous population than this valley. If any vestige of ancient population were to be found, this would be the place to search for it—accordingly, this tract, as also the bank of the river on the western side,* exhibits proofs of an immense population. If the city of Philadelphia and its environs, were deserted, there would not be more numerous traces of human existence. The great number of mounds, and the astonishing quantity of human bones, every where dug up, or found on the surface of the ground, with a thousand other appearances, announce that this valley was at one period, filled with habitations and villages. The whole face of the bluff, or hill which bounds it to the east, appears to have been a continued burial-ground.

"But the most remarkable appearances, are two groups of mounds or pyramids, the one about ten miles above Cahokia, the other nearly the same distance below it, which in all, exceed one hundred and fifty, of various sizes. The western side, also, contains a considerable number.

* The Saline, below St. Genevieve, cleared out some time ago, and deepened, was found to contain wagon loads of earthen ware, some fragments bespeaking vessels as large as a barrel, and proving that the salines had been worked before they were known to the whites.

"A more minute description of those above Cahokia, which I visited in the fall of 1811, will give a tolerable idea of them all.

"I crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis, and after passing through the wood which borders the river, about half a mile in width, entered an extensive open plain. In fifteen minutes I found myself in the midst of a group of mounds, mostly of a circular shape, and at a distance, resembling enormous haystacks, scattered through a meadow. One of the largest which I ascended, was about two hundred paces in circumference at the bottom, the form nearly square, though it had evidently undergone considerable alteration from the washing of the rains. The top was level, with an area sufficient to contain several hundred men.

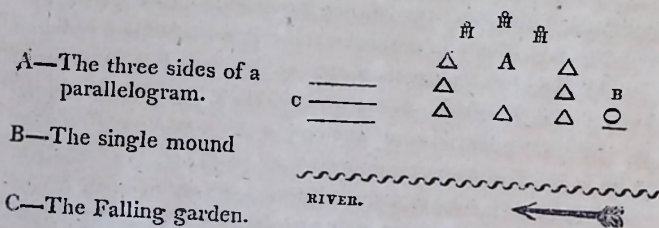
"The prospect from this mound is very beautiful; looking towards the bluffs, which are dimly seen at the distance of six or eight miles, the bottom at this place being very wide, I had a level plain before me, varied by *islets* of wood, and a few solitary trees; to the right, the prairie is bounded by the horizon, to the left, the course of the Cahokia may be distinguished by the margin of wood upon its banks, and crossing the valley diagonally, S. S. W. Around me, I counted forty-five mounds, or pyramids, besides a great number of small artificial elevations; these mounds form something more than a semicircle, about a mile in extent, the open space on the river.

"Pursuing my walk along the bank of the Cahokia I passed eight others in the distance of three miles, before I arrived at the largest assemblage. When I reached the foot of the principal mound, I was struck with a degree of astonishment, not unlike that which is experienced in contemplating the Egyptian pyramids. What a stupendous pile of earth! To heap up such a mass must have required years, and the labors of thousands. It stands immediately on the bank of the Cahokia, and on the side next it, is covered with lofty trees. Were it not for the regularity and design which it manifests, the circumstances of its being on alluvial ground, and the other mounds scattered around it, we could scarcely believe it the work of human hands. The shape is that of a parallelogram, standing from north to south; on the south side there is a broad apron or step, about half way down, and from this, another projection into the plain about fifteen feet wide, which was

probably intended as an ascent to the mound. By stepping round the base I computed the circumference to be at least eight hundred yards, and the height of the mound about ninety feet. The step, or apron, has been used as a kitchen garden, by the monks of La Trappe, settled near this, and the top is sowed with wheat. Nearly west there is another of a smaller size, and forty others scattered through the plain. Two are also seen on the bluff at the distance of three miles. Several of these mounds are almost conical. As the sward had been burnt, the earth was perfectly naked, and I could trace with ease, any unevenness of surface, so as to discover whether it was artificial or accidental. I every where observed a great number of small elevations of earth, to the height of a few feet, at regular distances from each other, and which appeared to observe some order; near them I also observed pieces of flint, and fragments of earthen vessels. I concluded, that a very populous town had once existed here, similar to those of Mexico, described by the first conquerors. The mounds were sites of temples, or monuments to the great men. It is evident this could never have been the work of thinly scattered tribes. If the human species had at any time been permitted in this country to have increased freely, and there is every probability of the fact, it must, as in Mexico, have become astonishingly numerous. The same space of ground would have sufficed to maintain fifty times the number of the present inhabitants, with ease; their agriculture having no other object than mere sustenance. Amongst a numerous population, the power of the chief must necessarily be more absolute, and where there are no laws, degenerates into despotism. This was the case in Mexico, and in the nations of South America; a great number of individuals were at the disposal of the chief, who treated them little better than slaves. The smaller the society, the greater the consequence of each individual. Hence, there would not be wanting a sufficient number of hands to erect mounds or pyramids.

"Hunter and Dunbar describe a mound at the junction of the Catahoula, Washita and Tensa rivers, very similar in shape to the large one on the Cahokia. I saw it last summer: it has a step or apron, and is surrounded by a group of ten or twelve other mounds of a smaller size. In the vicinity of New Madrid, there are a num-

ber; one on the bank of a lake, is at least four hundred yards in circumference, and surrounded by a ditch at least ten feet wide, and at present, five feet deep; it is about forty feet in height, and level on the top. I have frequently examined the mounds at St. Louis: they are situated on the second bank just above the town, and disposed in a singular manner; there are nine in all, and form three sides of a parallelogram, the open side, towards the country, being protected, however, by three smaller mounds, placed in a circular manner. The space enclosed is about four hundred yards in length, and two hundred in breadth. About six hundred yards above there is a single mound, with a broad stage on the river side; it is thirty feet in height, and one hundred and fifty in length; the top is a mere ridge of five or six feet wide. Below the first mounds there is a curious work, called the Falling Garden. Advantage is taken of the second bank, nearly fifty feet in height at this place, and three regular stages or steps, are formed by earth brought from a distance. This work is much admired—it suggests the idea of a place of assembly for the purpose of counselling, on public occasions. The following diagram may convey a more precise idea.



"In tracing the origin of institutions or inventions amongst men, we are apt to forget, that nations, however diversified by manners and languages, are yet of the same species, and that the same institutions may originate amongst twenty different people. Adair takes great pains to prove a similarity of customs between the American tribes and the Jews; Lapiteau shows the existence of a still greater number common to the Greeks and Romans; the result to the philosophic mind is no more than this, that the Ameri-

can tribes belong to the human race, and that men, without any intercourse with each other, will, in innumerable instances, fall upon the same mode of acting. The wonder would be, that they should not show a resemblance. Man is every where found in societies, under governments addicted to war, hunting, or agriculture, and fond of dances, shows and distinction. Perhaps the first employment of a numerous population when not engaged in war, would be in heaping up piles of earth, the rudest and most common species of human labour. We find these mounds in every part of the globe; in the north of Europe, and in Great Britain, they are numerous; and much resemble ours, but less considerable. The pyramids of Egypt are perhaps the oldest monuments of human labour in that country, so favourable to the production of a numerous population. The pyramids of Mexico, which are but little known, and yet scarcely less considerable, like those of Egypt, have their origin hid in the night of oblivion. Humboldt is of opinion, that "these edifices must be classed with the pyramidal monuments of Asia, of which traces were found even in Arcadia; for the conical mausoleum of Calistus was a true tumulus, covered with fruit trees, and served for a base to a small temple consecrated to Diana." The Greeks, who were successful in the chariot races at the Olympic games, to show their gratitude to their horses, gave them an honourable burial, and even erected pyramids over their graves. The great altar of Jupiter, at Olympia, was nothing more than a huge mound of earth, with stone steps to ascend. Humboldt remarks with astonishment, the striking similarity of the Asiatic and Egyptian pyramids to those of Mexico. The similarity of those which he describes, to the mounds or pyramids on the Mississippi, is still more striking, but not a matter of so much wonder. The only difference is, that a few of the Mexican pyramids are larger, and some appear to have been faced with stone or brick. Like those of Mexico, wherever there has been a considerable town, we find two large pyramids, supposed to represent the sun and moon, and a number of smaller ones, to represent the stars. There is very little doubt but that they originated with the same people, for they may be considered as existing in the same country. What is the distance between Red river and the northern part of the intendency of Vera Cruz, in which the pyramid of Pa-

pantla is situated? little more than ten or fifteen days' journey. Even supposing there were no mounds in the intermediate space, the distance is not such, as to preclude the probability of intercourse. There is no obstruction in the way; a coach and four has been driven from Mexico to Nacogdoches.

"The Mexican histories give uncertain accounts of the origin of those works, nor are the antiquarians able to form any satisfactory hypothesis. They are attributed by some to the Toultec nation, as far back as the ninth century, who emigrated to Mexico from the north, perhaps from the banks of the Mississippi; and by others, to the Olmec nation, still more ancient, who came to Mexico from the east. A curious discovery, made a few years ago in the state of Tennessee, proves beyond a doubt, that at some remote period the valley of the Mississippi had been inhabited by a much more civilized people, than when first known to us. Two human bodies were found in a copperas cave, in a surprising state of preservation. They were first wrapped up in a kind of blanket, supposed to have been manufactured of the lint of nettles, afterwards with dressed skins, and then a mat of nearly sixty yards in length. They were clad in a beautiful cloth, interwoven with feathers, such as was manufactured by the Mexicans. The flesh had become hard, but the features were well preserved. They had been here, perhaps, for centuries, and certainly were of a different race from the modern Indians. They might have belonged to the Olmec, who overran Mexico about the seventh century, to the Toultec, who came centuries afterwards, or to the Aztecs, who founded the great city of Mexico, in the thirteenth century.

"These subjects can only bewilder; every nation, in tracing back its history, must finally lose itself in fable. The Aztec (Mexican) mode of preserving their chronicles, must necessarily have been defective; the Egyptians could lay but little better claim to authenticity. The simple fact of the emigration to the country of the Olmecs, or Toultecs, may be relied on, but as to the time and circumstances, we must look for very slender accounts. It is only since the invention of letters that we can form a well grounded hope of the permanency of human institutions, of the certainty of history, and of the uninterrupted progress of improvements. Had this noble invention been unknown, how many of our most useful

arts would have been lost during that night of barbarism, called the dark ages!

"A French writer has fancifully observed, that civilization arises, *de la fermentation d'une nombreuse peuplade*, and that it would be as idle to expect this result without a numerous population, as to think of making wine by the fermentation of a single grape. Experience shows, that a numerous population will always be attended with some degree of improvement, because, as Mr. Jefferson observes, the chances of improvement are multiplied. It is not without reason, that the Creator gave his command to increase and multiply, since many of the intellectual faculties would not otherwise be completely unfolded. It is not every country, however, which can of itself attain the full extent of the population of which it may be rendered susceptible. In unfriendly soils and climates, nature must be forced by the arts and labours of agriculture, to afford sustenance for a numerous population. The inhabitants of such have therefore been usually found in wandering tribes, engaged in constant wars, and probably unable ever to originate their own civilization. A mighty warrior, at the head of his own tribe, might subdue the tribes around him, and form a little empire, and peace being secured to a great proportion of his subjects, their numbers would increase, but it would fall into fragments, long before the useful arts could be invented. It has ever been in the mildest climates, gifted by nature with plenty, that civilization has had its origin. Egypt and fruitful Asia, first became possessed of a numerous population, and first cultivated the arts and sciences. In America civilization first appeared, in similar climates, where nature, with little help from man, produces abundance of food. In both the old and the new world, the celestial spark kindled in those happy climes, would be carried to less favoured regions. But the human race has every where experienced terrible revolutions. Pestilence, war, and the convulsions of the globe, have annihilated the proudest works, and rendered vain the noblest efforts. Ask not the sage, by whom, and when, were erected those lingering ruins, the "frail memorials" of ages which have long since been swallowed up in the ocean of time; ask not the wild Arab where may be found the owner of the superb palace, within whose broken walls he casts his tent; ask not the poor fisherman, as he spreads his nets, or the ploughman, who

whistles over the ground, where is Carthage, where is Troy, of whose splendour, historians and poets have so much boasted! Alas! "they have vanished from the things that be," and have left but the melancholy lesson, of the instability of the most stupendous labours, and the vanity of immortality on earth!

"In the wanderings of fancy, I have sometimes conceived this hemisphere, like the other, to have experienced the genial ray of civilization, and to have been inhabited by a numerous, polite and enlightened people.* Why may not great revolutions have been experienced in America? Is it certain, that Mexico, Peru, and Chili, when first visited by Europeans, exhibited only the dawn of civilization? Perhaps it was the fiftieth approach doomed to suffer a relapse, before the sacred flame could be extended to other portions of the continent: perhaps at some distant period the flame had been widely spread, and again extinguished by the common enemies of the human race. But I am asked, if this had been the case, should we not see indubitable proofs, in the remains of antiquity, edifices of stone, mines, and laborious works of human hands. I answer, that nature is ever labouring to restore herself, she is ever engaged in replacing in its primitive state, whatever changes the hand of man may effect in her appearance. Excavations of the

* Even this idea, strange and novel as it may seem, might by an ingenious theorist, have an air of importance given to it, by bringing into view, some vague passages of ancient authors. Plato, in one of his dialogues, speaks of a people, who had come from the Atlantic in great numbers, and overran the greater part of Europe and Asia. Many circumstances related of the island of the Atlantic, correspond with America. This occurrence, to which Plato alludes, was considered of great antiquity, and preserved by obscure tradition. The island was said to have been sunk by an earthquake. The fact is certain, that amongst the Greeks, there prevailed a belief of the existence of another continent, in the Atlantic ocean, and inhabited by a powerful people, who, in remote antiquity, had invaded the old world. Amongst the Romans who borrowed the greater part of their learning from the Greeks, the same belief prevailed. Seneca has this remarkable passage, "In ages to come, the seas will be traversed, and in spite of the wind and waves, avarice and pride will discover a New World, and Thule shall be no longer considered the extreme part of the globe." Mons. Peyroux has in a very ingenious essay, rendered it even probable, that the ancients had been acquainted with America in very remote antiquity. Plato places the destruction of the Atlantides, at nine thousand years before this time.

earth would be filled up by the hand of time, and piles of stone when separated from the living rock, would crumble into dust. America may have been less fortunate than Europe in those happy inventions which serve in some measure to perpetuate improvements, and yet, in some of the arts she may have attained a greater excellence. The character of her civilization may have been different from any of which we have a knowledge, and her relapse produced by causes of which we can form no conjecture.

"Who will assign, as the age of America, a period of years different from that allowed to, what has been denominated, the old world? A multiplicity of proofs contradict the recency of her origin; deeply imbedded stores of carbonated wood, the traces of ancient volcanoes! I could appeal on this subject to her time-worn cataracts, and channels of mighty rivers, and to her venerable mountains, which rose when the Creator laid the foundations of the earth! When the eye of Europe first beheld her, did she appear but lately to have sprung from the deep? No, she contained innumerable and peculiar plants and animals; she was inhabited by thousands of Indians, possessing different languages, manners, and appearances. Grant then that America may have existed a few thousand years; the same causes prevailing, like effects will be produced; the same revolutions as have been known in the old world may have taken place here.

"Before the invention of letters, there would be a constant succession of advances to civilization, and of relapses to barbarism. The Chaldeans, through the glimmer of ancient history, are represented to us as the first inventors of the arts; but may not those people have been preceded by the same revolutions as have succeeded them. In long and arduous advances, they might attain to a great height in civilization, and wars, pestilence, or other calamities, precipitate them to the state of the barbarian or the savage. It is true the traces of art would long remain undefaced; but they would not remain *forever*: Time would obliterate them.

"He grasp'd a hero's antique bust,
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk beneath the shade."—SELLECK OSBORN.

EDUCATION.

As it is the knowledge of letters that gives to the human mind its highest dignity, and to nations their fairest lustre, and that constitutes the principal difference between savage and civilized man, whatever tends to facilitate its attainment and promote its progress, is worthy of public attention and patronage. It is therefore that we make no apology for laying before the readers of *The Port Folio* the following curious and interesting article, extracted from "*The Boston Daily Advertiser*."

Of the merits of Mr. Brown's grammatical machine we pretend not to speak from personal knowledge. We have been informed, however, through sundry channels, that it is considered by able judges as an invention of great ingenuity and high promise, calculated to answer, in no common degree, the important end for which it is intended.

"We have recently, at the invitation of Mr. Brown, paid some attention to his mode of instructing in English grammar, by the assistance of a machine, so contrived as to assist in illustrating the relations which the different parts of speech bear to one another. This machine is quite complex, and contrived with great ingenuity, and it would be in vain for us to attempt so to describe it, that the mode of its operation should be understood. The machine is so contrived, as to represent almost every kind of relation, dependence, or connexion which occurs in speech, between the different parts of a sentence, by some analogous relation, dependence or connexion between the different parts of the machine.

"These relations are represented on this machine in a much greater variety, and with greater accuracy, than one who has not devoted much of his attention to the subject, would have thought practicable. The object and use of the machine will at once be imagined. By presenting to the eye, by the aid of visible objects, relations and dependencies, which have a strong analogy to those which exist between the different words and parts of speech in a sentence, these latter are not only more readily and clearly conceived by the learner, but when forgotten they are instantaneously recalled to his mind by a single glance upon the appropriate part of the machine.

"The exact value of this species of illustration is best ascertained from actual experiment; and here we are satisfied that Mr. Brown has been successful far beyond what could have been reasonably expected.

"We have seen the exhibition of some of his scholars who were very young, and who discovered a familiarity with the fundamental principles of grammar, which it seems impossible that at their age they should have acquired without the aid of this machine. This knowledge and readiness, they acquired in a very short space of time, during which, in the ordinary mode of instruction they could have made very little progress.

"We do not wish to go into detail. Mr. Brown very readily exhibits to the curious his machine, and communicates his mode of instruction. We are glad to learn that he has received a considerable share of patronage. When the merits of his invention are better known, there can be little doubt that he will receive much more."

CARRE AND SANDERSON'S SEMINARY, OR REMARKS ON CLASSICAL AND MORAL EDUCATION.

We have been favoured with the perusal of an able and well written paper, somewhat in the form of an address to the public, from the teachers of this institution, which has existed many years in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, but has been lately removed, for convenience, into the city.

Among a number of very sensible and pertinent observations on the instruction of youth, the relative utility and importance of the different branches of study, and the order in which the faculties of the mind are developed, we are particularly pleased with those on *classical and moral education*. These two branches of knowledge, so indispensable in the constitution of the scholar and the man of worth, are treated of, although briefly, yet in a manner indicating a clear and comprehensive view of the subject, and in a style forcible and chaste, animated and eloquent, highly creditable to the writer, and, if we mistake not, well calculated to command the assent and find their way to the heart of the reader.

In defence and commendation of the two branches of instruction to which they relate, we know not what we can do better than to give these observations a place in *The Port Folio*.

"It is in the study of the Latin language that the principles of general grammar, and the construction of language are best acquired; as well as the signification of words in modern languages, which are principally derived from it. Among the Latins and Greeks are the first poets, orators, and historians of the world; and these are the standards by which all modern excellence is measured. It is by reading these grand models of antiquity that a taste for the beauties of composition is acquired; and, it was by imitating them that the Popes, Miltons, Addisons, and all modern authors of celebrity have been formed—whose works are filled with allusions, quotations, and beauties unintelligible but to the Latin or Greek scholar.

But these languages, though they may add to the accomplishments and respectability of a man, are not deemed absolutely necessary for the accumulation of wealth; and many lawyers and physicians have "made a fortune without them." They are consequently pretty generally proscribed in the United States. However luxurious Americans may be in external embellishments, it must be confessed, that pecuniary utility is generally their guide in intellectual improvements.

O CIVES, CIVES, *querenda pecunia primum est,*
VIRTUS *post nummos!*

The little mental advantages that many scholars have derived from the study of these languages is also very frequently urged as an argument unfavourable to their cultivation. This, however, it must be granted, is a very bad criterion to judge of their merits. Almost as justly might we measure the excellence of the religion we profess, by the little effect the preaching of its sacred doctrines has on the generality of mankind. There must be genius, and a heart predisposed to receive the impressions, to profit by any kind of instruction. He that cultivates a rock, or sows among briars and thorns cannot hope for a plentiful harvest. It frequently happens, also, that teachers, by enforcing too early an attention to the grammatical difficulties of the Latin, inspire an aversion for that study never after to be counteracted. And it is not extraordinary that those who have experienced only the difficulties of a study, without having proceeded far enough to enjoy the advantages of it, should unite with those who are entirely ignorant in its condemna-

tion. But, to pass condemnation presupposes a knowledge of the thing condemned; utter ignorance of the Latin cannot, therefore, be reasonably adduced as a proof of its inutility.

By those who have reflected on the subject of education, there cannot be imagined a more useful exercise for the improvement of the mind than the study of Latin. There is an absolute necessity of understanding the sense of the author that is read; a continual obligation on the student to search in his own language for the appropriate words and expressions; and an impossibility to proceed a single step but by close observation, and reasoning on the relations that one word has with another, in reducing the transpositions of this language to the natural construction. By these operations, the mind is kept in continual activity; and, in every lesson, the pupil, with the greatest abundance of useful ideas, acquires ingenuity and sagacity in reasoning; and a promptitude and facility of speech, never to be attained in the simple reading of his own language, where the mind often glides over pages without reflection, or fixity of attention.

Modern languages, it is true, are of more immediate advantage to men employed in the ordinary business of life; and were the Latin an obstacle to their attainment, it ought to be disproved with respect to that class of society. But universal experience determines the contrary. In all seminaries where students have united the Latin with their own and modern languages, they have terminated their course, with a better knowledge of them, than those who, with equal time and capacity, have devoted their attention to the latter alone.

The most strenuous opposition to the study of the dead languages exists in the commercial classes of society; and yet none are better situated to improve a generous and liberal education, and benefit by the advantages it confers. Their ordinary transactions place them in a continual intercourse with mankind. Their respectability, numbers, wealth, and influence, give them every title to aspire to the first offices of the state; and it is not the ordinary accomplishments of the counting-house that qualify a man to appear with becoming dignity in that exalted station. An American congress is, perhaps, the most august, and magnificent spectacle now exhibited to the world. It is an assembly of FREEMEN, the

guardians and protectors of that which is dearest to noble and generous hearts—LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE! And he who stands forth on this splendid and imposing theatre, in a character so sacred, should first have invoked the inspiration of those great actors of republicanism who have preceded him—those masters of eloquence before whose superior genius even the Burkes and Chathams have bowed with reverence and veneration. He who would denounce to public vengeance the villainies of a Verres or a Clodius—he who would raise his voice amidst the loud clamours of faction and treason, to expose the wiles and ambition of a Philip or an Antony, should reflect, that, though Cicero and Demosthenes are no more, their spirit still lives in their immortal works; and that it is not to be inspired through the *deteriorating* medium of a translation.

It will be willingly confessed by all who read those languages, that, even in history—in Xenophon, in Thucydides, in Livy, Sallust, or Tacitus—there is something that astonishes the fancy and elevates the soul, which is unfelt in a modern compilation. There is an analogy between a people and their language. The Roman is not to be discerned in the *costume* of an Englishman.

It was the study of the Latin and Greek that roused modern Europe from the degraded state of ignorance and barbarism in which it had been prostrated for ages—that bade the slavery of vandalism and feudal oppression disappear, and reason and liberty re-establish their long desolated empire on the earth; and, whilst these languages are made the study of youth, tyranny shall not altogether take possession of the world. Let the parent, therefore, who loves his country—and would inspire into the heart of his child an admiration for those virtues which adorn human nature—who would fortify his soul with that masculine energy—that high sense of honour, which may render it impregnable to the assaults of vice and depravation—who would teach him that manly and dignified eloquence that becomes the advocate of liberty and independence;—let him who would refine the taste and multiply the pleasures of his son, teach him, in his tenderest years, in the original language, the history of Sparta, of Athens, and of Rome. In no other governments of the world will be found such a series of illustrious men and glorious actions. These privileged people seem to have

been set apart by nature, to teach the rest of mortals to what degree of virtue and magnanimity the human character may be exalted. He who from his youth has learned to admire the inflexible fortitude of a Regulus, the incorruptible integrity of a Fabricius, the mild virtues of a Scipio, the stern and severe patriotism of a Brutus;—he who has trodden the plains of Marathon and Plataea, or followed the heroic Leonidas to the straits of Thermopylae—who has contemplated the august and venerable Cincinnatus at his plough, or Mucius at the altar of Porsenna—Aristides in exile—the unconquered Cato at Utica—Phocion in chains, or Socrates as he raised the empoisoned chalice to his lips;—he who, from his youth, has contracted an intimacy with these “Awful fathers of Mankind”—must have inhaled a portion of that celestial flame with which they were animated;—and must have acquired a nobility and generosity of soul, which cannot bend to a communion with that “vulgar vice and base-born profligacy”—those sordid and illiberal pursuits that so often degrade and vilify the character of man.

It is by reading the history of generous and noble actions, that sympathetic emotions are excited in the heart, and by continued reiteration of such feelings, that grandeur of sentiment, dignity and elevation of character, and habits of virtue are generated and confirmed. Lycurgus clothed in armour the statues of the gods of his country, that, even in their devotions, the children of Sparta might have the image of war before their eyes; observing well, that a disposition of the mind, like a limb of the body, was invigorated, and formed into activity and habit by repetition of exercise.—*Discenda virtus, ars est bonum fieri.*

In every course of instruction, the object of vital importance, and to which the first and most serious attention is due, is that *Moral Education*, by which the social virtues are improved; and the tender and unguarded age of infancy protected, and fortified against the allurements and fascinations of vice. To this, all scientific and metaphysical studies are of secondary consideration.

“The purpose of Milton (says Johnson) was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgick, and astronomical treasures of the ancients. This was a

scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age.

"But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by *poets, orators and historians*.

"Let me not be censured for this opinion as pedantic or paradoxical; for, if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good and avoid evil.

"Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge."

In our approach toward manhood, science may be cultivated with effect; but it is in the first spring of life, alone, that are to be acquired those habits and propensities on which our future happiness or misery depends. The plant must receive its direction when pliant and young; when hardened into resistance and inflexibility by

age, all the skill of the husbandman is vain in correcting its obliquity. This is, therefore, the most interesting period of life, not only to the parents or friends immediately concerned, but to every individual of the community; for, in this rank of society are the heads and the hearts that, in a few years, are to direct the national councils; to preside over the destinies of this republic, and conduct it to glory or to shame.

In all those illustrious governments which have been the admiration of the world, the first and most sacred duty of the magistrates was the moral education of youth. The child when born was considered the property of the republic and placed under its immediate superintendence. Around the walls of their academies and lyceums, among the statues of the gods, were the sainted images of their ancestors who had died for their country. Every lesson and every object conspired to rouse in their souls that holy enthusiasm for virtue, to stamp upon their minds that national character, patriotism and invincibility which made the breasts of their citizens the only rampart necessary for the defence of their rights and independence. In other countries, says Xenophon, punishment is inflicted for every transgression of the law; in Persia, the vigilance of the rulers anticipates the inclination to do wrong. Others seek remedies; the Persians, to prevent the disease. Elsewhere, to learn grammar, rhetoric, and logic, children are sent to school; here, to learn *justice, temperance, and moderation*.

The example of the world has determined that laws, however wise, unless placed under the safeguard of morality are vain and insignificant *verbiage*; and that the first policy and duty of a well governed state is the moral and virtuous education of youth.—

"*Quid leges sine moribus vane proficiunt?*"

But since our government does not interpose its wisdom, or interfere either with our moral or literary excellence—since there is no Mæcenas or Pollio to stretch forth to genius the hand of protection; no *National University*, where the children of the country may assemble, as in one family, to forget their local antipathies; where the temptation of honours—the crown of laurel in the hand of the chief magistrate of the republic—may excite to literary exertion and honest emulation;—since the important task of educa-

tion, is confided solely to the prudence and discretion of the parents and teachers, so much the more should their individual zeal and faculties co-operate in producing the happiest result.

It is scarcely necessary to observe how much depends on the parents in maintaining the ardour and emulation of study; and how necessary is their concurrence in the establishment of an uniform discipline, so essential to the happiness and improvement of their children. Their attendance on public examinations, and giving a dignity and importance to the labours and exertions of the pupils, is the only substitute for those incentives which may be afforded so effectually in seminaries under the control of the public authorities. Whilst this is left to the humble means of the tutor alone, (as is generally the case) education must dwindle into insignificance and *frivolity*; and every teacher of talents or spirit seek refuge from neglect, indifference, and contempt, in some more honoured and respected vocation."

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO SYMPATHY.

HAIL kinder nymph than e'er did dwell,
Midst fragrant Tempé's flowery meads;
Or in some lonely, hollow cell,
The mystic dance where Dian leads:
Descend, O goddess! from the skies,
Where injur'd Worth neglected dies;
Or where unpitied Grief and black Despair,
With tears that, never ceasing, flow,
And melting scenes of heartfelt woe
Fresh horror adds to the dark dungeon's air.

When pleasing scenes the heart expand,
When Friendship softens every care,
Then, goddess! wave thy gentle wand,
Let Mercy, Love, and Peace be there!
Thyself, too, at the blissful board,
With Mirth and modest Joy accord.

Not thy mask'd semblance base, where Fortune smiles,
Deceiving Flatt'ry artful wears,
Regardless of another's tears,
And unrelenting spreads his baneful wiles.

Where Virtue dwells, and sweet Content,
Nor fancied ills the mind corrode,
There, as by Heaven divinely sent,
Forever fix thy calm abode:
Or there, on swiftest pinions borne,
Where Melancholy's vot'ries mourn,
In silence wand'ring through the haunted grove;
Or sitting in some dreary dell,
Unto the rugged rocks they tell,
Of human malice, or ill-fated love.

The conquering tyrant throned on high,
With royal wreathes his temples bound,
(In dungeon deep while captives sigh)
In thee too oft, a friend has found.

When furious Anger wildly threatens,
And the quick heart diordered beats,
Relentless Vengeance, hellish, sure, and foul;
Then dost thou whisper to his mind,
And to his side the falchion bind,
Sharpen the deadly dagger's point, and mix the poison'd bowl.

Ah! rather let thy temper kind
In unison with transports glow,
While heavenly music melts the mind,
When the loud deep-toned organs blow,
And the full choir sublimely charms:
When the shrill trumpet sounds to arms,
And fires each soul with Glory's lasting praise;
Or some softer notes inspire
The enraptur'd soul with Cupid's fire,
Or add new vigour to the poet's lays.

O! goddess, gloomy is the soul
That coldly views the auspicious day,

When banish'd far Oppression foul,
 Fair Freedom rear'd her mildest sway,
 Along Columbia's happy shore,
 And wilds that now are waste no more:
 Nor sees with rising pride, or mournful sigh,
 Its country's bravest heroes low;
 Or the loud trump of triumph blow;
 See conquering PERRY living fam'd, and LAWRENCE nobly
 envied die!

E. L.

SONG.

Air:—"Come take the Harp."

SWEET, sweep the breezy lyre again,
 Awake thy voice's melody,
 Oh when the heart is thrill'd with pain
 How doubly sweet is harmony.
 Now let thy fingers lightly move,
 Attune the blithsome roundelay:
 Now, now to dulcet tones of love,
 Breathe the soft soul-entrancing lay.
 Boldly strike the quivering lyre,
 Thy strain of mighty deeds in arms,
 Fill, fill my breast with martial fire,
 Arouse me to Ambition's charms.
 For oh my heart 's to grief a prey,
 Torn, torn by Frindship's perfidy—
 Chace its lethargic cares away
 With thy sweet varied melody.

SYDNEY.

CANZONET.

MAIDEN, by that look of anguish,
 And those sighs so full of wo,
 He for whom thy heart doth languish,
 Proves, poor maid, to thee untrue:
 Yet calm thy breast
 Thou soon shalt rest
 With one whose love is ever true.

Maiden, though the world desert thee,
 God will ever be thy friend,
 In His arms no wo can hurt thee,
 He will bless thee without end:
 In Him then trust,
 For he is just,
 And will thy broken spirit mend.

SYDNEY.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

"GENTLY flow, ye swelling billows,
 O'er my Edwin's ocean bed,
 Soft the azure wave that pillows
 On its breast my lover's head;
 The syren's songs
 His sleep prolongs,
 His bridal couch the sea-nymphs spread.
 Softly breathe ye sighing gales,
 Lightly o'er his death-bed sweep:
 Hark! the mermaid's song bewails,
 See around him Naiads weep:
 They've made his grave
 In ocean's cave,
 And there I'll to his bosom creep!
 "And see my Edwin spreads his arms
 And cries, 'my Ellen haste thee here;
 Here, sweet, shall cease fond love's alarms,
 Can Ellen ought with Edwin fear?
 Together blest
 We'll sweetly rest,
 Oh haste my bride, my Ellen dear."
 With wilder'd gaze, and throbbing breast
 She sigh'd, "my love, to thee I go,"
 Then eager to the wild cliff prest,
 And plung'd into the flood below.
 By Edwin's side
 Now sleeps his bride,
 Releas'd from every earthly wo.

SYDNEY.

CANZONET.

Fare-thee-well, when I am gone
 Wil't thou not, love, still think of me,
 Dwell on those fairy hours, now flown,
 Blest hours, winged with ecstasy;
 When Friendship smil'd
 And Hope beguil'd
 The bodings of futurity.

Oh! fare-thee-well, this ling'ring heart
 In vain would break the magic spell,
 And from this blest Elysium part,
 Where all its hopes of pleasure dwell.
 Forbear! forbear!
 To wound my ear,
 For death sounds in that word farewell.

SYDNEY

A FABLE FROM THE FRENCH.

To Critics.

A LEARNED bard has given the precept well,
 "Let those teach others who, themselves, excel."
 But, sirs, to place it more distinct before ye,
 Allow me to relate a simple story.
 A parrot caged till he was old and gray,
 Neglected by his mistress, flew away;
 With joy betook him to the wood again,
 And sought to mingle with the feathered train.
 Behold him now assume the critic's part,
 And scream out lessons in the songster's art;
 His skill so fine, his critic taste so clear,
 His censures fall on all alike severe.
 The nightingale, he thought too harsh and shrill;
 The lark had talents, but he used them ill;
 In vain to please each warbler tried his throat,
 The critic hissed and silenced every note.
 At length the astonished birds around him throng,
 And beg the favour of one little song;

Since surely he that judged of them so well,
 In singing must all other birds excel.
 Our critic look'd abashed and scratched his head,
 Blushing (if birds can blush) a dingy red,
 Then stammered to the importuning ring,
 'Sirs, I can hiss, but never learned to sing.'

V.

Lines in the Album at Passaic, in which travellers insert their names, and write, in prose or rhyme, whatever fancy dictates.

THIS faithful record of all travellers' names,
 A just epitome of their lives proclaims;
 They sojourn'd here and trifled for a day,
 Wrote they had been, and then were borne away.

In vain the moralist, with solemn rhyme,
 Forewarns his readers of the lapse of time,
 In vain Passaic's stream with ceaseless fall,
 Wave following wave, declares the lot of all.

Young beaus and belles too giddy to be wise,
 The voice of man and nature too despise;
 How few when trembling on the rocks' high brink,
 On the Creator of this wonder think.

How few, whilst gushing, foaming waters roar,
 In contemplation to their Author soar,
 And thus impress'd with a religious sense,
 In silent awe adore Omnipotence.

The following lines are offered as an humble tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. LOWRY JONES, daughter of Caleb Foulke, late of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania—a lady whose benevolent heart and refined understanding rendered her no less amiable than she was beneficent, and who, after having performed the relative duties of a wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend, died on the 3d day of June 1815, universally beloved and lamented.

"Oh human life, how mutable how vain,
 How wide thy sorrows, circumscribed thy joy;
 A sunny island in a stormy main,
 A spot of azure in a cloudy sky."—SCOTT.

FRIENDSHIP seest thou yon rising mound,
 With Nature's modest flowret crown'd,

Whose fragrance fills the air?
'Tis Laura's grave! and the pure joys
Which from thy magic power arise,
With her are buried there.

Departed Worth! how late thine eye
Mildly diffused its genial glow,
Thine heart, when Sorrow breath'd the sigh,
It gently throb'd to plaints of Wo!

How late each conjugal delight,
Inspir'd thy sympathetic breast!
When thy fair day, serenely bright,
Arose with gilded visions blest!

Now where is all thy smiling bliss,
Illusive dreams of happiness,
Which lately seem'd so fair?

Ah Laura! wither'd is their bloom
With thee, within the silent tomb,
They too are buried there!

Nor shall thy tuneful harp again
Repeat its soft harmonious strain
To charm the raptur'd ear,
Its grateful notes its golden string
Now sounds where bands of Seraphs sing
Above the starry sphere!

"Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains
The mouldering veil thy spirit left below,
Fond fancy dwells and pours funereal strains
The soul dissolving melody of wo."

Methinks an angel's voice I hear,
And choral hymns to heaven arise,
'Tis *faith* with joy salutes the ear
And sings of bliss beyond the skies.

Charleston, S. Carolina, Aug. 3, 1815.

E. J.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE understand, and heartily congratulate our fellow citizens on the prospect, that we may shortly expect from the pencil of our distinguished young countryman, Mr. Leslie, now in the school of Mr. West, in London, a large historical painting of the late signal overthrow of the British at New Orleans. The subject is grand, and the undertaking weighty. But such is our opinion of the qualifications of Mr. Leslie, that we feel no apprehension touching the consequence. We believe he will bring to the task a competency of talent, taste, and discipline, to execute it in a style worthy of the achievement, honourable to his country, and calculated to give high and lasting celebrity to himself.

We hope that colonel Trumbull, who has lately returned from Europe, a perfect master in all that relates to historical painting, will turn his attention to some of our celebrated battle-scenes in the north. That of Niagara, and those of the defence and sortie of Fort Erie, are worthy to awaken his highest ambition. Never has his pencil been heretofore employed on superior subjects. The battles of Chippewa and Plattsburgh would also make an interesting appearance on canvass. We are happy in believing that the advantages which literature and the fine arts will derive from the events of the late war, are likely to make some amends for the numerous and necessary evils by which it was accompanied. These advantages are already apparent in sundry publications, both from the pen and the pencil, and we have no doubt they will increase with the progress of time, and the further accumulation of wealth in our country.

We understand that colonel Trumbull has made considerable progress in a large and splendid painting of the declaration of American independence. A nobler subject cannot engage the contemplation of mortals. In point of moral sublimity, it stands at the summit of all that is connected with man. A great many heads in the picture are said to be already finished, most of them real likenesses of those who took part in that glorious event.

These and sundry other instances of the improved state of literature and the arts amongst us, if liberally encouraged, promise to our country, at no distant period, an era of Grecian refinement and splendour. The time is approaching, when, instead of its being any longer imposed on Americans as an insulting task to show that they are *equal* in intellect to the people of Europe, it will be the business of the latter to endeavour to defend themselves against the appearance and charge of *inferiority*.

Views and analyses of all these productions of genius shall be laid before the readers of this journal as soon as they may be sufficiently advanced for the purpose.

A history of our late military operations under general Jackson, near New Orleans, is already prepared by a gentleman who bore a distinguished part in them, and will be immediately put to press in this city.

Now that the dog-day heats have subsided, and the Etesian winds have once more returned to brace the nerves and brush the mists and vapours from the brain, we earnestly call on our corps of auxiliaries to rally around us with all their forces. This summons is directed more particularly to our light-armed troops, the elite of our band, whose co-operation is at present much wanted.—Without a metaphor, and in solid earnest, we solicit from our correspondents communications on all suitable subjects, but especially in the lighter department of literature:—well written criticisms, odes and essays, bon-mots and anecdotes, with other productions calculated, at the same time, to amuse and instruct.