

Aug 18/55
THE

PORT FOLIO



A Monthly Magazine,

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

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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.

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.

AUGUST, 1815.

No. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VIEW OF BUFFALOE ON LAKE ERIE.

THE prefixed engraving exhibits a correct view, taken on the spot, of the port of Buffaloe on Lake Erie, at the time of the landing of a part of general Harrison's troops, subsequently to the defeat and capture of general Proctor's army, near the Moravian villages, on the river Thames.

This enterprise, under Harrison, was interesting and memorable on several accounts.

The battle was fought and won by militia, not superior in numbers, perhaps not equal, to the British regulars whom they encountered and made prisoners.

Being the first time, from the commencement of the war, that the American troops had been brought, in any force, actually to close with the enemy, and gain an immediate ascendancy over him, it inspired them with fresh courage, by giving them additional confidence in themselves.

The celebrated warrior Tecumseh, the key-stone and cement of the Indian confederacy, fell in this short but severe conflict.

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But the most memorable circumstance connected with this affair, was the new and successful movement which general Harrison attempted and executed with the mounted Kentucky militia. This will be, perhaps, most intelligibly and best described in the general's own words.

"I therefore determined," says he, "to refuse my left to the Indians, and to break the British lines at once by a charge of the mounted infantry; the measure was not sactioned by any thing that I had seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American back-woodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or a rifle is no impediment to them, being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it. Conformably to this idea, I directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of fifty yards from the road (that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the artillery) its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire.

"The army had moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge; the horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire: another was given by the enemy, and our column getting in motion, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over; the British officers, seeing no hope of reducing their disordered ranks to order, and our mounted men wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that three only of our troops were wounded in this charge."

Had general Harrison never marshalled a corps in the field, either before or since the defeat of Proctor, this single movement, bold and new, rational and successful as it was, would have marked him as an officer of a military mind.

The trophies of this day were upwards of six hundred prisoners, and all the cannon, musketry, colours, and camp equipage of the British army, except such articles as had been previously destroyed.

ED.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.

HAD any thing been wanting to settle the question of superiority in battle, between an equal force of the British and American navies, it is amply supplied in the late glorious capture of the Penguin by the Hornet. The arguments of captain Biddle in relation to this point, admit of no reply; at least the British are incapable of replying to them: they are *sound, weighty, and carry conviction wherever they are directed.*

Although ingenuity and prevarication may excite and cherish doubts with regard to certain former topics—whether the Frolick were in complete fighting trim when she was captured by the Wasp, and also whether the Peacock were of equal force with the Hornet, the Boxer with the Enterprise, the Epervier with the Peacock, and the Reindeer and the Avon with the Wasp—although by dexterous management, we say, these points may still be obscured by doubts; for the British to allege that the Penguin was not, *in all respects*, a match for the Hornet, would be to charge themselves with the highest degree of ignorance or folly.

The Hornet, captain Biddle, is known to be much inferior to the Wasp, captain Blakely. But the Penguin was fitted out and particularly instructed to fight and capture the latter ship: *a fortiori*, therefore, she must be equal in force to the former, else those who direct the destinies of the British navy are false or incompetent to the trust reposed in them.

If the Penguin were not of force sufficient to meet the Wasp or the Hornet, why send her in search of either? and if she were, and has been captured by much the weaker of the two ships, after a short but fairly fought action, why not frankly and honestly acknowledge the decided superiority of the capturing ship and nation? This is unsophisticated logic; and Great Britain may rest assured, that, notwithstanding all her arts and efforts to the contrary, *such superiority does exist*; that its existence has been demonstratively proved on sundry occasions; that it will be from this time forth acknowledged and unhesitatingly proclaimed by the world; and that, to perpetuate the remembrance of the fact, the pen of the historian will hand it down to all posterity.

We ardently wish for the safe and speedy return of captain Biddle to the United States, that he may experience in the bosom of his family and friends the warmest welcome that affection can bestow, and receive in return from his grateful country a due proportion of that honour, which he has been so conspicuously instrumental in acquiring for her.

When it is recollected that Bainbridge* and Decatur, Stewart and Biddle are all Philadelphians, well may it be said, as it was emphatically said the other day, "Philadelphia has reason to be proud of her sons." Ed.

Since the foregoing was in type, we perceive by captain Biddle's official letter, that the Penguin had been ordered to cruise, not for the United States' sloop of war Wasp, but for the privateer Young Wasp. Still, however, being in reality a match for the Hornet, the extreme facility with which she was captured, without the occurrence of any uncommon casualty, settles the question conclusively in favour of the vast superiority of the Americans in naval combat. Ed.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL RIPLEY.

——— breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ, sed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

For thirty years preceding the year 1812, there is scarcely a point that betters the individual condition of the citizen in which we have not advanced, and scarcely a trait that ennobles the character of a state in which we have not deteriorated. The spark of enthusiasm, elicited by the revolutionary war, expired with the collision that gave it birth, and subsequent tranquillity seemed to have removed the causes of its reproduction. A state of rest, equally abhorrent from the moral as from the physical world, ap-

* We have been told, that commodore Bainbridge was born in Philadelphia. If we be mistaken as to this fact, the mistake is an honest one; for we have been induced to believe it.

peared to have incorporated itself with our political temperament, and, mistaking accident for real character, we urged its long existence as a plea for its further continuance. Under institutions such as ours, where the welfare of the state is identified with that of the individual, it has been found impossible to persuade the citizen, that in the promotion of his personal and temporary interest, that of the commonwealth does not participate in an equal degree; he condenses his two-fold republican duty into one, and conceives that in benefitting himself he sufficiently benefits the state of which he is a component part.

Soon after the peace of 1783, our greatest national want was that of a pecuniary capital, and in the immense march of commercial enterprise, immediately subsequent to that period, patriotism seconded the views of personal avidity; to enrich an individual was to increase the ability of the state, and in the rapid acquisition of that ability was presaged the better destiny of the commonwealth, when it should be fully acquired—but the spirit of accumulation gained strength by its successful exercise; what was originally a means, became in its turn an end; the wealth that should have propt better institutions, became of itself the source of new ones that engrossed all others, and for a time coerced the views of the state which it should have supported. The summum bonum of the community was wealth; government was to foster what it was to beware of controlling, and laws, being construed according to the furtherance they afforded to the grand object, lost that character of sanctity, which, operating alike on opulence and indigence, imparts to our nature its highest state of moral worthiness. During this period, the country exhibited in a two-fold opposite character, its vigour and its apathy; the favourite pursuit engrossed every arm of the intellect, and elicited a vigour that ensured the attainment of its objects; beyond that pursuit we were without stimulus and without success; the mind played feebly on what it was not an object to acquire, and the zeal that marked the march in our chosen path, was equipoised by our apathy when removed from it. Wealth identified itself with honour, and to the attainment of it a young people devoted their exclusive energy.

The increased convulsions of Europe, giving us a share in the collision, first demonstrated the extent of our devotion to our

single pursuit; at that moment the two hemispheres presented two objects as remote from each other in character, as are in distance the shores of their opposing borders. To form the stimulus of the European were combined the varied elements of his heart and mind; the ruling passion carried him to the field, the ocean, the cabinet or the study; he mingled ideal with positive good, and called on the loftier parts of his character to attain it. The American was awake but to one object, and on that he concentrated the rays of a genius that might have illuminated others. The European expanded the mind. The American wilfully narrowed it. The European looked beyond the common detail of life for a higher walk of arts, letters and arms. The American allowed no substitute for his beloved gain, and in bowing to it as his idol, believed that it was to the supreme good.

The equally hostile measures of the two great contending powers, although threatening safety to our independence, could rouse only when they inflicted immediate loss—the nation seemed unwilling to be disturbed from its long lethargy; paths to gain were still open, and, although opposed by safety and ultimate interest, they had been too long pursued to be voluntarily abandoned. For five years the nation struggled under the defects of its own habits, until its rulers, finding that pressure served but to confirm the habit of bearing, were compelled to launch it into a war, trusting to necessity to excite an enthusiasm, which all their labours could not rouse.

During the early periods of the war, the effects of previous habit still hung upon us; nor was it until after sufferings, defeat and disgrace, that the nation was awakened to a display of its dormant ability, that we felt the excitement of views less sordid than those of gain, and enlisted in the furtherance of them the latent excellencies of our character.

These ideas are involuntarily suggested by reflection on the life and conduct of Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, a man who has been second to no other in dissipating the clouds of our sluggishness; who has identified his name with the better part of the history of his country, and, by an infusion of his own spirit into others, aided greatly in giving a new and improved direction to the national character.

Major-general Ripley was born in Hanover, in the state of New-Hampshire, in the year 1782; his father, the reverend Sylvanus Ripley, was professor of divinity in Dartmouth college; his maternal grandfather was the reverend Eleazer Wheelock, founder of the institution of which the father was professor, and the son a graduate:—by the same side he was lineally descended from the celebrated Miles Standish, the Scanderbeg of his day, whose memory is justly cherished as the early protector of the Plymouth colony. The reverend Mr. Ripley dying early in life, left a large family under the care of his widow, to whose virtuous and devoted attention may be ascribed the future success of her offspring, particularly that of the subject of this memoir, then at the tender age of five years.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted to Dartmouth college, from which institution he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the year 1800, being the eighteenth of his age. His course while an under graduate had been distinguished, and at the time of graduation he received the highest honours of the seminary. Immediately after leaving college he commenced the study of the law, and entered upon the active duties of the profession in the town of Waterville, state of Massachusetts.

A large and important portion of life, from infancy to manhood, is thus past over in a brief compass. In scanning the life of a man of eminence, it is interesting to examine the development of mind, to trace from the germ to the blossom, from the blossom to the fruit; but the causes that render the inquiry difficult in most cases, make it impossible in this. We have only slight traces of his early life, but infer from the information of a few cotemporaries, that he gave presages in youth of what has since been realized in manhood; both at school and college he discovered indications of an intellect, which has since taken a wider range. He was assiduous and successful in his studies, and exemplary in his life and conduct.

The early eminence attained by Mr. Ripley in his profession, tested the assiduity with which he had devoted himself to the study of it. Immediately after admittance to the bar, important trusts were reposed in him, rather the result of the confidence he had inspired, than of any thing he had had opportunities actually to per-

form; that confidence was justified in the subsequent honourable discharge of a great extent of practice, the details of which did not prevent him from the pursuit of general as well as professional study.

In the year 1807, he was returned from the town of Winslow to the legislature of the state of Massachusetts, at that time distracted by important political, as well as local differences; the eastern part of it had long been disturbed by confusions of land titles, which involved the interest of a large portion of the community, and from their extent, variety and intricacy, forbade their adjustment by any judicial process. To interpose a legislative interference was one of Mr. Ripley's first exertions, in which he was aided, perhaps excited, by a distinguished member of the legislature from the same section of the state. After long difficulties a commission was formed, which analysed and adjusted the contending claims, the beneficial result of which was immediately felt and will be long remembered.

On subjects not of a local nature, his conduct and policy may be variously construed. At the time of his entrance into political life the collision of parties was severe, and while all rallied round the constitution, each gave to the text of it a commentary adapted to his own views. To the letter of that instrument Mr. Ripley was a strict adherent, without infusing into it a force foreign from its nature, or depriving it of the vigour necessary to its self-support. In relation to the general government, his opinion was, that no state could create an imperium in imperio, nor assume to itself a prerogative that had been delegated to the legislature of the union. In relation to his own state, his effort was to give her her just and honourable weight in the councils of the nation, and to attain it by checking the vacillation of her policy, and destroying the collision of local party interest, that disturbed her tranquillity, and neutralized her influence beyond her own borders. In the divisions into democratic and federal republicans, he was ranked among the leaders of the former; to what extent he assented to their tenets, the author of this memoir is not apprised, and as the subject of it has long since laid aside his political mantle, it is no longer an object to inquire.

At the period when the nation first felt the effect of the offensive edicts of the two great belligerents of Europe, the lines of Mr. Ripley's political character strongly developed themselves. He was aware, that the insults and aggressions of France would lead to a war, for which just cause had been given, provided the equal avidity and greater means of annoyance of Great Britain, did not make that country the mark of an equally just enmity. When in the year 1808, their combined hostility was more apparent and oppressive, his most positive opinion was, that then was the moment for a declaration of war, for which the country would never be better prepared, and which could not long be averted. As a preliminary step he assented to, and supported by his influence, the restrictive measures adopted by the general government.

In the year 1811, the chair of the speaker of the house of representatives of Massachusetts became vacant by the appointment of the honourable Joseph Story to the supreme bench of the United States; to this important and responsible situation Mr. Ripley was elected, and over an assembly unprecedentedly numerous, composed of conflicting interests and talents, he presided with distinguished ability and impartiality. Removal from his place of previous residence to the town of Portland, left him out of the legislature for the succeeding year; in that of 1812 he was elected a senator from the conjoined counties of Cumberland and Oxford.

Throughout his political course, Mr. Ripley had been convinced that the situation of the nation would lead it to a war, and that temporizing could but retard what the people would ultimately call for; the same sentiment that induced him to declare for the necessity of a war, induced him to assume an active duty in it; he therefore in March 1812, consented to accept a lieutenant-colonelship in the army of the United States; but previously to acting on it, took for a limited time the seat he had been chosen to fill in the legislature. During the ensuing session, material difficulties arose in relation to all the monied institutions of the state; in the adjustment of them, which was effected principally through his means, his magnanimity in detaching himself from

either party, and his ability in finance, were conspicuously manifested.

On leaving his civil and legislative duties, colonel Ripley was entrusted by the commander-in-chief of the district, major general Dearborn, with the charge of a sub-district from Saco to the eastern frontier; to the placing of which in the best posture of defence he devoted his vigorous attention. He established himself at a fort in the harbour of Portland, and in strengthening the defence of that place, in superintending the recruiting service, and in the most laborious military study, he commenced the duties of a new profession, from the active labours of which he was not disengaged during the war, except at one period from his wound, and another from sickness contracted in service. During the interval from June 18th to September, his recruits were embodied into a regiment called the twenty-first, of which he had the sole command. With this regiment, without time for previous preparation or discipline, he marched to Plattsburgh on the northern frontier. On his arrival at the camp at that place, commenced an intimate connection and friendship between him and the late general Pike, which did not terminate until the death of that accomplished and gallant officer. The short and inefficient duty of the fall of 1812 being performed, colonel Ripley withdrew into winter-quarters at Burlington in Vermont, and during that season of military tranquillity, commenced the school of discipline and police, which led his regiment to its subsequent fame, and made it the model of the army. The double duty rested on him of receiving and imparting instruction; in forming others, he had first to form himself; his nights, therefore, were devoted to study, his days to the application and explanation of it to his officers and soldiers. Although engaged in active duty, sufficient to have engrossed the undivided attention of an ordinary applicant, he found means to prosecute a course of study, and so to classify and generalize it, as to form a plan of military conduct that embraced all points of instruction. Adjoined to these labours he devoted himself actively to the recruiting service, and the exertions of that winter made his regiment, at a subsequent period, the largest in the army.

In the month of March 1813, (having previously been promoted to the rank of colonel) colonel Ripley marched from winter-quarters to Plattsburgh, and from thence to Sacket's Harbour. A short time after his arrival there the attack on York was meditated, for which service his regiment was among the first selected and attached to general Pike's brigade. On the 23d of April the troops embarked on that enterprise, and on the morning of the 27th arrived before the town which was the object of it. The immediate command of the assault was entrusted to general Pike. On entering the bay of York the ships were severely cannonaded by the forts defending the harbour, while they in turn covered with their guns a large portion of the beach, on which it was intended that the troops should form. The first corps that debarked was a small body of riflemen under major Forsyth, which engaged and drove in the enemy's light troops in the woods, during which time the main body formed on the beach under a fire from the batteries, and moved in close column to the attack of the principal fort. The arrangements for an assault were made, when it was perceived that the enemy had abandoned his position and was formed a mile in the rear of it. The troops immediately thronged into the works, when the awful explosion of the magazine took place, which annihilated the leading columns, and mortally wounded their gallant commander general Pike. During the few moments of confusion that succeeded, the enemy called in his detached parties, and was seen in concentrated force in the town. Colonel Ripley, who had been wounded in the explosion, pressed the officer on whom the temporary command devolved, to advance immediately upon him; a delay in so doing enabled him to make a precipitate retreat, which he effected, leaving an immense quantity of artillery and stores, some few prisoners, and the town to make its own conditions. Honourable terms being allowed, a surrender was made, and colonel Ripley's regiment was stationed to guard the property of the citizens from depredation. The faithfulness with which this honourable duty was discharged, may be tested by an instance of gratitude, exercised at a subsequent period to one of the officers of it.* In the performance of

* Captain Pelham of the twenty-first, was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Chrystler's field. At a period when exchanges had

this and other labours, the regiment remained on duty seventy hours without sleep, and with little refreshment of any sort.

On the 30th, the army reembarked for the assault of fort George; on arriving on shipboard it was detained and greatly endangered by a long and severe storm, which, with other delays, prevented its reaching its destination until the 27th of May, when fort George was assaulted and taken. Colonel Ripley being stationed with the reserve, his participation in the action was not considerable.

The 21st regiment having taken the field in the spring with inferior numbers, and having been diminished by the enemy and by sickness, colonel Ripley was ordered to return with the remnant of it to Sacket's Harbour, and there organize the large body of recruits that had been collected during the preceding winter. On the 3d of June he embarked from fort George, and after an ordinary passage arrived at Oswego, where he was detained a short time by an indisposition contracted from a camp life. On the 11th he reached Sacket's Harbour, where the disorder, which had been for a considerable time latent, could no longer be controlled and threatened him with its most alarming effects. Previous fatigue, exposure, privation and incessant exertion, rendered the attack long and dangerous; he, however, surmounted it, so as on the 15th of July to assume the active duties of his rank.

From the number and rawness of his levies he had the same course to pursue as in the previous winter, and he again prosecuted it with the most successful result. During a period of three months the regiment was employed in an incessant course of instruction; the drill, general discipline and police were carried to their highest perfection; and on the 16th of October, when the army made a rendezvous at Sacket's Harbour, preparatory to the descent of the St. Lawrence, the exertions of the colonel of the 21st were rewarded by finding himself at the head of the most numerous and best regiment in the service.

On the 16th of October the army embarked for Grenadier island, the point of reunion for the several corps. Of the several

ceased, and prisoners on either side were retained as hostages, captain P. was admitted to full parole, in testimony of the gratitude entertained by the enemy towards the twenty-first regiment for its magnanimous conduct at York.

disasters resulting from the storm immediately after embarkation the 21st partook an equal share. In the descent of the St. Lawrence nothing material occurred beyond the difficulties of the mode of advancing, until their arrival at Williamsburgh, and the action of Chrystler's field, the particulars of which irregular combat were as follows: On the night of the 10th of November, the main body of the army was encamped at the town and field above-mentioned, the field being a large opening on the margin of the St. Lawrence, skirted by a wood forming a semicircle round the one side and bounded by the river on the other. Early in the morning of the 11th a fire of musketry, more than usually heavy, was heard from the enemy, hanging in the rear; a small force was detached from general Swartwout's brigade to meet and bring him to action. The body selected for this service consisted of part of the 21st regiment, which ranged through the wood, thinking that the enemy lay there, and consisted but of a few light troops. While driving in the skirmishers, which was done for the space of a mile, the scouts suddenly reported that the enemy was formed in the field, on which the regiment immediately pushed from the wood, and entered the opening at a short distance from where the British advance appeared in line, consisting of the 49th and Glengary regiments, the main body in view, distant about a mile. Colonel Ripley immediately ranged his force on their left flank and commenced the action by a sharp fire of musketry.

The ground between the two bodies was intersected by ravines and fences, over which a severe contest ensued, first of musketry, and afterwards with the bayonet. The 21st twice charged the united 49th and Glengary, when in both cases the latter, though superior in number, gave way, abandoning precipitately one fence to take post behind another, until their arrival on the main body. At one moment of the advance, colonel Ripley overleaped a fence first and alone, and from the side nearest to the enemy called to his men, who rarely needed an encouragement so hazardous to their commander. During the time that the 21st was thus engaged, a body under general Covington advanced and threatened the enemy's right on which he had planted his cannon. The action for a moment assumed a prosperous appearance; the 21st acting on the enemy's left flank and part centre, and

Covington's brigade advancing toward the right, caused the enemy for a while to fall back; but this appearance was soon reversed by the fall of general Covington, and with him the spirit and nerve of his brigade; it broke before the fire of the enemy's artillery, and in its dispersion sought shelter behind the ranks of the 21st, which, though still engaged, remained unshaken. The 16th regiment followed the unfortunate example of Covington's brigade.

It was the fault of this action that it was fought detachedly. Attempts which, had they been simultaneous, would have won the day, were made in so distant a detail, that one arm of the force seemed to arrive but to witness the frustration of the efforts of another. Four pieces of artillery were planted so as to enfilade the enemy's line on its right flank; but being posted without the reach of support, the enemy, after the dispersion of Covington's brigade, wheeled part of his line into column to attack them. At this moment the 25th was in a ravine disordered, and in various parts of the field detached bodies supported a desultory action with little object or effect. Seeing this and the defenceless state of the artillery, colonel Ripley marched immediately in a diagonal line across the field, with a determination to support it, and arrived in time to throw himself between it and the advancing columns. A body of dragoons was ordered to check the advance, but the nature of the ground rendered their charge ineffectual, and it was not retarded until it was driven back by the fire of the 21st. After this the action continued but for a short time; it began without view to an object, and ended without the attainment of any; the British being contented with holding their own ground and the Americans being every where, except the 21st, in confusion, the firing ceased as if by mutual consent; the cannon were removed excepting one, which had been dismounted, and colonel Ripley was ordered to return to camp, where the army held the same position as in the morning.

Negative as was the result of this action, and unfortunate the course of it, the character of the 21st was most honourably tested; it had twice charged and broken the enemy, it had borne a fire so severe as to destroy nearly a quarter of its number, but had never been in the slightest degree disordered. A few days after the action the commanding general was induced to abandon the at-

tempt on Montreal; the army recrossed the St. Lawrence and went into winter-quarters, having made many expeditions to but partial purpose, and invaded Canada only to retire from it.

At this period the war and the arms of the United States assumed their most untoward aspect. Collisions between the generals disheartened the army, and disgusted the nation; of the extravagant pretensions entertained, none had been realized; disasters already encountered seemed to have sown the seeds of their own return; with these feelings the army went into uncomfortable winter-quarters, the past enlivened by no success, the future by but little hope. Colonel Ripley made immediate exertions to quarter his men advantageously, and succeeded in so doing in half the time taken for that purpose by any other officer. In the month of February, the army broke up from French Mills to proceed to Sacket's Harbour, to arrange for the campaign of the ensuing summer.

Previously to entering on a period which is to give a new character and lustre to our arms, let us examine the outline of operation most likely to have been pursued, as likewise that which really was pursued. In the long line of contact between us and our neighbouring enemy, the advantage is manifestly on our side. While we are enabled to bring to any assailed point of our line a supporting force from any quarter, the enemy, having no interior, is obliged to assist one point of his, by a draft from another; the continuity of that line being broken, the part above, unsupported by that below, falls of itself. For instance, the grand places of the enemy's deposit were Montreal and Quebec; the line he had to supply and defend with the stores of these depots, extended from the latter garrison to the upper lakes; to convey from the one point to the other he had but one line of march, and that the river St. Lawrence or its borders, and lake Ontario or its shores. Had we in the commencement of the war broken this chain of communication, by a position taken at any point on the St. Lawrence, between lake St. Francis and Kingston, or even by retaining York, which was once in our hands, the whole conflict would have assumed a different character; to have subdued the whole upper province, we had but to act defensively; as the very possession of a post so assumed, induced necessarily the fall of a ter-

for action. The fact proved the correctness of the first opinion. General Riall had left his fortified camp and advanced to possess himself of the left bank of Street's creek, in order to dislodge us from the right. General Scott had scarcely advanced when the enemy appeared in line, and the brilliant action ensued, too well known, and too justly celebrated, to need description. During the time that the 1st brigade was engaged, the 2d was formed in line of battle, and general Ripley solicited general Brown to allow him to pass the left of the 1st brigade, turn the enemy's right, and, taking a position in his rear, cut off his retreat to Chippewa bridge. Had this been complied with in the early part of the action, it is probable that none of the enemy would have escaped; but general Brown seeing our volunteers fall back from the wood, that skirted the left of the field, was apprehensive that an attempt was to be made by the enemy in that quarter, and detained the 2d brigade in order to resist it. At length the wished-for order was given, and general Ripley advanced rapidly toward the enemy's right: the action however was too far advanced to admit of any effect from it. The enemy retired in such rapid and confused precipitation across the Chippewa, that no attempt to impede his flight could prove effectual. Every thing that could not be moved in haste was abandoned, and the enemy retreating into his intrenchments left us the undisturbed possession of the ground in front of them.

On the night of the 5th the army returned to its encampment at Street's creek, and there lay until the 8th, when the determination was formed to dislodge Riall from his intrenchment. For this purpose general Ripley was detached with his brigade to reach a point on the Chippewa, two or three miles above the enemy's works; from the camp to this point he was to cut a road for artillery, and on his arrival at it to throw a bridge across the river and attack the position in flank. The first part of this duty was performed in secrecy; the road was made during the day, and the artillery brought up to cover the artificers, who had commenced the construction of the bridge; the movement being then discovered, a body of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced a cannonade, which was so promptly returned, that the detachment was recalled, and general Riall foreseeing an attack in front and flank abandoned his camp, which our troops

entered the same evening. On the succeeding day, the army marched to Queenstown. General Riall retreated to Ten and Twelve-mile creeks, and scoured the country in every direction, to make a levy en masse of militia. On our arrival at Queenstown a consultation was held respecting future operations, when general Ripley strenuously proposed an immediate march on Riall, either to follow up the blow of Chippewa by another as decisive, or to force him from the peninsula by a precipitate retreat. This was opposed and an attack on fort George substituted in its stead. This general Ripley most vigorously contested. As fort George was a detached point, impeding neither advance nor retreat, nor commanding any resources beyond the range of its own guns, the possession of it could not be a primary object of the campaign. To attack it a march must be made at right angles to an increasing and concentrating force of the enemy, to which, by such a movement, all our rear would be exposed;—to hold it would be but to give us an unimportant line along the river; to march after its reduction toward the enemy would be to give him time to increase and recover from the effect of the battle of Chippewa; whereas to drive from the peninsula an army already beaten, would throw the country about fort George into our possession, and that fortress itself whenever our arms need be turned against it. Notwithstanding these arguments, it was resolved to march on fort George, which after a delay of ten days, was commenced. On arrival, the impossibility was demonstrated of taking it by a coup de main, and an apprehension of what had been previously stated (the enemy's falling on our rear) drew the army back to Queenstown on the 22d of July, and on the 24th to Chippewa, without any result from the victory beyond the reoccupation of the ground.

On the night of the 24th the army lay at its encampment on the right bank of the Chippewa. As the succeeding day produced the most memorable battle during the war, and, from its sanguinary obstinacy, one of the most remarkable of any period, the circumstances of it require a minute relation, the more so, as they have on different occasions been differently narrated. The immediate impulse created by the action, has subsided, and the details of it are now within the province of history: on a basis not less firm than that of history would I plant the information I am to af-

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ford, for every part of which I place myself under the strictest personal responsibility. It springs from the concurring testimony of the most distinguished officers present, received in the most solemn manner; for the fairness of stating that testimony, I may offer the documents, that contain it, or the no less valid pledge of my own veracity: for the honesty of my deductions I offer only my own judgment, and may it prove as correct as I know it to be unbiassed.

During the course of the 25th, a piquet stationed beyond the Chippewa, reported the advance of a small party of the enemy on the Niagara road; a short time after which it was understood at headquarters, that several columns had been thrown across the river to Lewiston, to proceed toward Schlosser, to seize on our wounded and baggage. To make a demonstration, that should draw them back, general Scott was ordered to move toward Queens-town. At about 4 o'clock the brigade moved out of camp, leaving, however, the remnant of the army ignorant of its destination, it being understood that it advanced merely for the customary exercise of parade and drill. About two hours after its departure a fire of musketry was heard, on which general Ripley immediately formed his brigade, to be in readiness for an emergency of which he had not been apprised; scarcely was it ranged when the increased fire of musketry, accompanied by heavy discharges of artillery, announced the unexpected certainty of general Scott's being engaged. Shortly afterwards an order arrived from general Brown, directing him to advance. The brigade was then pushed forward with the utmost rapidity, when, after an advance of nearly three miles, being then half a mile in the rear of the action, and darkness coming on, general Ripley despatched an aid (captain, now major McDonald) to inquire of general Brown in what quarter his support was wanted. While in search of general Brown, his aid, captain Spencer, was met bearing orders to general Ripley to form on the skirts of a wood on the right of the first brigade, then most gallantly engaged. The second brigade, pursuing its rapid motion to gain this position, opened to itself a view of the action. The enemy was posted on an eminence, his artillery in the centre, and from it, and a long line of infantry, poured on the first brigade an annihilating fire: that brigade had

held position in direct front of the enemy, distant less than a hundred yards, a hollow way intervening; the action had continued nearly two hours, during which an attempt to turn our left had been repulsed, but no advance had been made on the enemy's line, which, from its superior position beyond the reach of material annoyance from our artillery, kept up so deadly a fire that the first brigade, even before the arrival of the second, was sinking, nay had sunk under the effect of it. From the line of the brigade, must be excepted the 25th regiment, under command of major, now colonel Jessup, which being thrown on the enemy's right flank, captured general Riall, and performed other acts of heroism reflecting the most unfading honour on that body and its gallant commander.

In this state of things, the fire of the first brigade being silenced, for the second to remain in its present situation, was but to reserve a similar fate for itself and thus destroy the army in detail. General Ripley perceived that to range on the right of general Scott would, instead of relieving that officer, throw his own corps out of action, and leave the one he should support to certain annihilation. The exigency of the moment, therefore, induced him to assume the responsibility of acting solely from his own judgment; he saw that the 1st brigade was to be saved only by the intervention of a line between it and the enemy; and that to avoid the fate of that brigade, the position of that line was not to be preserved, but that the second brigade must be precipitated on the enemy's centre, to drive him from his artillery, on which, as a hinge, the fortune of the day was to turn. Assuming this fearful responsibility, he despatched captain McDonald to general Brown to inform him that his order for formation could not be adhered to, but that the enemy's line and battery would be immediately attacked. At the same instant he formed the 21st regiment under command of the gallant colonel (now general) Miller, to attack the cannon in direct line in front, the 23d angularly in flank to charge a heavy body of infantry supporting the cannon on the left, and, after giving his favourite 21st an injunction to "remember their old colonel," pushed both corps upon the enemy. The 23d, which, from its less disciplined state, he led in person, faltered from a destructive fire received at its onset; it was form-

ed by his exertion, under a fire not less severe, and again led to the charge. The two bodies struck the enemy's line at nearly the same moment, the 21st falling immediately upon the cannon, the 23d on the infantry supporting it. At this moment of confusion, it is scarcely possible to do justice to many individuals most honourably engaged. Colonel Miller, to whom the sole charge of the attack in front was intrusted, evinced that unconquerable gallantry which is identified with his name and character. The whole 21st was animated by but one spirit, and that of the noblest sort. Lieutenant Cilley,* commanding an advance company of that regiment, threw himself among the enemy's ranks, sabred with his own hand an artillerist while applying a match, and fell wounded by the side of a cannon which his gallantry had gained. The conduct of the 23d, with which the general was in person, was not less glorious; after the fall of major M^rFarland, the command devolved on major Brooke, who led his battalion directly on the body of the enemy he was to charge, drove it before him, and formed a junction with colonel Miller, then severely prest, on the summit of the eminence. The contest was for the moment of the fiercest and most sanguinary description. The infantry were driven back, the artillerists bayonnetted at their pieces, his own battery turned upon the enemy, and the line of the 2d brigade formed in front of it. This most vigorous and decisive movement changed the whole character of the day. While the columns were in motion for the charge, general Ripley had the satisfaction to learn that general Brown approved of his alteration, and met that general himself, while arranging the troops for the advance.

The line being thus formed on the heights, the 2d brigade retained its position; the 1st regiment, which had just been brought up, and general Porter's volunteers, ranged themselves on its left; the 25th, its own brigade being in the rear, was at right angles on the right; and between the 25th and 23d, major (now colonel) Hindman's artillery. In this order was the line under command of general Ripley, when the enemy condensed his force and turned the whole weight of it to recover his lost position. Previously

* That gallant officer has since recovered.

to his advance, general Ripley had despatched an aid to general Brown, to inform him of the result of his charge, and request the removal of the captured artillery. The latter declined an immediate removal, but rode to general Ripley's position, which he shortly afterwards left to ascertain that of general Scott, and the former officer prepared himself to receive the approaching assault. As the enemy was now advancing under cover of the darkness, general Ripley gave orders that the fire should be retained until that of the assailants was received, in order that ours might be made more deadly by being directed by the light of his. In a few moments he advanced to within a distance of ten or twelve paces, and, from a line far outflanking ours, poured in one continued blaze of musketry: this was promptly answered by our troops, and at this short distance, a tremendous conflict commenced: for the space of twenty minutes an incessant gleam of light was emitted from both lines; sections mutually recoiled where the severity of the fire was most excessive; those on our side were inspirited and brought again to the charge by the personal exertion of general Ripley, and such a vigour infused in their resistance that the enemy was forced back in confusion and fell to the bottom of the hill.

During the short period that intervened between this charge and a subsequent repetition of it, the 1st brigade was forming itself in the rear of the 2d, and at the moment when the two lines were in their second encounter, general Scott passed his corps through an opening in the one before it, to throw himself upon the enemy then engaged in a vigorous discharge of musketry. This charge having an unsuccessful result, he was thrown along general Ripley's line, between the fires of the opposing columns, and obliged to re-form on the left. From this point he again advanced to the attack of the enemy's right flank, but being again compelled to fall back, he left his brigade on the left and pushed along the line to the extreme right, where he was wounded with one of his own regiments, the 25th. At nearly the same time general Brown was wounded, while engaged in the re-formation of general Scott's brigade. The enemy's second charge being repulsed, the line formed by general Ripley on the eminence, still retained its position; it was now near midnight, and the enemy being re-inforced advanced to his third and most vigorous effort. The

same deadly assault was made, which in like manner was frustrated and forced back. Many of the enemy's troops being fresh, and ours exhausted, this charge was most severely felt. Sections on the right and left gave way; the enemy mingled himself with our ranks; two of our guns were from necessity spiked by their own officers, and confusion seemed to be prevailing; but being inspired by the exertions of its officers and commander, and by the firmness of the 21st regiment in the centre, the line was preserved and the enemy again, and for the last time, recoiled from it in confusion.

This charge destroyed the enemy's ability to repeat it; he retired from the disputed ground, his firing ceased in every direction, and the action seemed to have subsided, leaving the line under general Ripley master of the field. Having received no order from general Brown to that effect, he shortly after despatched of himself an order to general Porter for a detachment of volunteers to remove the captured artillery. The detachment was made, but on arrival, the pieces were found in so dismantled a state, and such had been the slaughter of the horses, that to remove them at that late hour was impracticable. While employed in making the attempt, a communication arrived to general Ripley, informing him of the wounds of generals Brown and Scott, and that the command had devolved on him, accompanied by an order to collect the wounded and return to the encampment. The receipt of this order obliged him instantly to detach the volunteers for the service first enjoined; they were immediately employed in the collection of the wounded. The darkness was now impenetrable, and although the field, on which were strewn our dead and wounded, was ours, an enemy of superior force was on its borders, and of the measures which his late discomfort might induce him to adopt we were necessarily ignorant. Under these circumstances, general Ripley condensed the remnant of our shattered force, and turned it toward Chippewa. The remains of the 1st brigade were formed by major (now colonel) Leavenworth; the volunteers by their own leader, general Porter; with these and his own brigade the march to the encampment was performed with the same order and regularity as it had been from it some few hours before.

Such was the memorable battle of Niagara. Of our slender force engaged in it one-third were now its wounded, dying or dead victims. Its fault was, that it was fought in detail; its excellence, that the turning point of the battle was ascertained; that intrepidity attained it, and a like intrepidity supported it when attained. Without breaking the enemy's line and seizing his artillery, our force would have melted away before it; after a few hours destruction the enemy might have swept away in the morning the remnant that the carnage of the night had spared. From this fate the seizure of the position and artillery saved us, and we inflicted on him what his superior strength might have enabled him to inflict on us. Could the two brigades in the outset of the action have acted in unison, instead of the one being left in ignorance why the other marched* (as was the case) the one might have averted the unproductive sacrifice of the other. Could general Brown have removed the cannon as promptly as they were gained, the charges of the enemy might have been removed from that point, and the trophies of victory secured. In the re-formation of general Scott's brigade, could he have led it to the right of the line, to have acted on the enemy's advancing flank, instead of obtruding it between a double fire, its support might have been of value and a fruitless loss avoided. Could the whole have been effected, the victory, as well as the trophies of it, would have been ours; the army might have remained on the field and defied the enemy to dislodge it.

In this confined detail we have been unable to dwell on the names of Porter, Leavenworth, Hindman and others—names too well known as the property of their country to need repetition. We refer to them now not to swell a praise already justly great, but, from their being identified in personal friendship with the subject of this memoir, and joint partakers of the glory of that cause of which they were mutually servants, the mention of the one induces a like grateful recollection of the others.

Some time after midnight the army arrived at its encampment, when general Ripley waited on general Brown, then wound-

* We know of no military rule which renders it obligatory on a commander-in-chief at all times to make known his views to his officers, much less to the whole army.

ed, in his tent. The latter officer gave orders that he should refresh the troops, of which the whole command rested with him, march them in the morning toward the field of battle, and if the enemy appeared there in force "to be governed entirely by circumstances." All these orders were executed. At daybreak the army was arranged and the march commenced, when circumstances of the most positive nature were made apparent, such as must have been in view in the discretionary part of the order, and in the full effect of which general Ripley commenced and effected the retreat that afterwards led him to fort Erie.

This retreat was to the army what the charge of the 2d brigade was to the battle—each of them of vital importance; the latter gaining the one, the former preserving the other. On the two events turn the triumph of our arms; and if that triumph, by the assurance it gave the enemy that another campaign might gain what that threatened, was one of the causes of peace; to these two events may we direct our gratitude; and for these is the nation indebted to the subject of this memoir.

To return to the detail we had left. The troops, reduced to less than sixteen hundred men, were marched by general Ripley on the 26th toward the field of battle. Motion was commenced at daybreak, but difficulties incidental to the late losses prevented the advance before some time had been spent in re-organization and arrangement. The line of march being assumed, and the Chippewa crossed, general Ripley sent forward lieutenants Tappan of the 23d, and Riddle of the 15th, with their respective commands, to reconnoitre the enemy's position, strength and movements. On examination he was found in advance of his former position, on an eminence, strongly reinforced, as had been asserted by prisoners taken the preceding evening; his flanks, resting on a wood on one side, and on the river on the other, defied being turned or driven in; his artillery was planted so as to sweep the road; besides these advantages, he extended a line nearly double in length to that which could be displayed by our troops.

To attack with two-thirds the force of the preceding evening an enemy thus increased, was an act of madness that the first thought rejected. The army was kept in the field and in motion long enough to be assured of the strength and position of the enemy; that information being confirmed, there remained but

one course to prevent that enemy from impeding a retreat which, had he been vigilant, he would previously have prevented. The army, therefore, immediately retrograded, and the retreat received the sanction of general Brown previous to his crossing the Niagara.

Being now left sole in command, general Ripley pursued his retreat across the Chippewa, the bridge of which he destroyed, as likewise every thing that might aid the enemy's advance. On the night of the 26th the army lay near Black Rock, and on the next day reached fort Erie. At this position general Ripley determined to make his stand against a force which he presumed must now be fast advancing; he, therefore, himself in person, marked out the lines of defence and fortification. The northern point he determined to be fort Erie, strengthened and extended toward the river, terminating in a battery on the bank. From fort Erie southward the line was made by intrenchments and abattis, and extended, after making an angle, to an eminence called Snake-hill, which formed the southern angle, on which a redoubt was to be built; from thence eastwardly to the lake a defence of abattis. In the allotment of points to be defended, and in the species of defence, every assistance was received from majors Wood and McCree.

General Ripley had now a certainty of being attacked by an enemy much his superior; and, in order to receive that attack, commenced a course of labours that would now be deemed beyond the reach of accomplishment. The redoubts, abattis, intrenchments and traverses were instantly commenced. The ability of an army in patience, vigour and hardihood was never more fully elicited; nor can any monument of military exertion show a greater amount of labour accomplished in a shorter period, than can the works of fort Erie, from the 27th of July until the 3d of August. On that day the enemy arrived before it. The impediments given to his advance by general Ripley when retreating, had retarded his approach until that day. When he arrived, it was but to witness that his opportunity had been lost. By one or two days of previous advance, he might have found the American army unintrenched and exposed; he now found it in a situation to defy him. Perceiving that nothing was to be done by a coup de main, the enemy drove in our picquets and made a re-

gular investment. His main camp he planted about two miles distant, and in front of it a line of partial circumvallation extended around our fortifications; it consisted of two lines of intrenchment supported by block-houses; in front of these, and at favourable points, batteries, from which poured on our encampment an incessant and destructive fire. One battery in particular enfiladed the works, and from this and the many others, no part of them was secure. A few days after the investment general Gaines arrived from Sacket's Harbour, and being senior in rank, assumed the command, although without making an alteration in any one point of general Ripley's arrangement. That officer returned to the command of his own brigade then stationed on the left, and continued the system of vigilance, which the perilous situation of the army required. About midnight of the 14th of August, general Ripley perceived indications of an attack, which he had been for some time anticipating. Being assured by his own accurate observation that he could not be deceived, at about one o'clock of the morning of the 15th, he ordered his brigade to be formed in the lines, and despatched his aid, lieutenant (now captain) Kirby, to communicate his assurances to general Gaines. Scarcely had that officer arrived at head-quarters, when the firing of the picquet confirmed the validity of general Ripley's impression. Lieutenant Belknap,* who commanded the picquet, perceiving the enemy's column approach through the darkness, fired and retreated to the works. The attack was immediately made on Towson's battery (Snake-hill) and the line from thence to the lake; on the one part with scaling ladders, on the other with the bayonet. The assailants were allowed to approach near to the works, when the fire from the twenty-first and twenty-third regiments, and the incessant blaze of the battery, drove them back in confusion, and without having made the least impression. The charge was again renewed on the abattis between the battery and the lake, which was again and in the same manner frustrated. A third and last attempt was made to pass the point of the abattis, by wading into the work by the lake; like the other attempts, this also

* That gallant officer, more anxious for his men than for himself, remained without the entry-port until the whole picquet had passed in, reserving himself for the last; by that time the enemy were about him, and he was bayoneted as he entered.

was defeated, and the part of the enemy which survived the destruction to which it had been exposed, fell back in confusion from the works. Throughout these several and varied attacks from a force so overwhelming, the second brigade evinced its accustomed discipline, and its officers the high and gallant spirit they held in common with their leader. Reinforcements were detached to different points, changes of position made, new shapes of the enemy's attacks foiled, and all with undisturbed order and regularity. While employed in this manner on the left, the enemy's attack on the right, a part deemed the least vulnerable, was found more effectual; he had succeeded in making a lodgment in the bastion, which was left to the defence of artillery only, unsupported by infantry, as had been the previous custom. From this, however, he was soon dislodged, and after a dreadful repulse, all became as tranquil on the right, as it had previously become on the left. When morning appeared, the flower of the British army lay dead or wounded before the American works; the commanders of the three assailing columns shared the same fate, and of the force which the last night thronged toward the fortification, the miserable remains of the greater part never returned from it. The only prisoners taken during the night, were made by a sally ordered by general Ripley; his position was deemed the weakest, the assault on it was the heaviest, his loss was the least of any part of the force engaged, while he inflicted on the enemy the greatest.

The enemy being foiled in his attempt to assault, now directed his sole attention toward the investment and cannonade, expecting to force the abandonment of a position which he could not attack. Batteries were opened in every direction; hot shot, shells and other destructive implements were showered into every part of it. Every house, tent and hut were perforated, and many of our best soldiers destroyed. In front of the fortification, the interval between the two lines was the scene of daily skirmishes. On the 28th of the same month, general Gaines was wounded by the explosion of a shell, and the command again rested with general Ripley. On the 2d of September general Brown reassumed his duties; but fixing his head-quarters at Buffalo, general Ripley remained in the same command. The like perils and privations attended the army until the 17th of September, the day allotted for

the sortie, which terminated the siege. With the particulars of this glorious event we are not intimately acquainted, wherein the besiegers yielded to the besieged, and a force, regular and irregular, of two thousand men, drove from his intrenchments, beat and forced to retire, a regular enemy of more than four thousand. The original plan of this brilliant effort was said to have been suggested by major Wood* of the engineers, who fell in the attempt which his genius had originated, without reaping the laurels due to it. As to the plan of operation, the volunteers under general Porter were to make a detour through the woods on the enemy's right, to throw themselves on the flank and rear of his intrenchments; the first brigade, under general Miller, was to move in direct line between two of his batteries, and after advancing a given distance, to divide and attack each of them in flank; the second brigade, under general Ripley, was to advance upon another point of the batteries in direct front. The gallantry with which this plan was executed was tested by the result. The batteries and intrenchments were stormed and carried, and the line of the American army formed between those intrenchments and the British main camp. At this period general Brown sent to inform general Ripley that the command of the operations rested with him. The line in front was then protecting the detachments employed in the demolition of the captured works, and general Ripley now strengthened that line in order to act on the enemy's camp during the moment of panic. While forming such arrangements, he was struck by a musket ball and fell, as if dead, by the side of the gallant colonel Brooke of the 23d. Shortly after his fall the troops returned to their camp, whither the general had been borne before them. For some time after the wound he remained insensible; it was in the most delicate and vital part of the neck, and assumed a most alarming appearance. He was shortly removed to the American side of the river, and throughout a long course of suffering his life was despaired of. During this period of pain and danger, there was by his side one who had pre-

* We have been otherwise informed. It is confidently believed that the original idea as well as the plan of the sortie belongs to general Brown, who very properly, however, conferred with majors Wood and M'Cree, of the engineers, as to the practicability of carrying the enemy's works. En.

viously shared his labours and privations, and now like a ministering angel assuaged his suffering.*

To this benign influence, he may be considered indebted not only for solace, but for the continuance of life. After three months of painful and dangerous confinement, his convalescence commenced; in order to render it perfect, he prepared to leave the frontier, and, in the month of January 1815, quitted camp for Albany. For more than two years he had never been removed from immediate service in the army; he had contributed to create it, had watched and fostered its formation, and given it a direction when formed. He had been with it in its disasters and disgrace, to which his conduct had formed an exception, and had led it in its triumphs, of which he was a principal cause.

The subsequent close of active operations affords no farther opportunity of mentioning different corps of the army. Before parting, we would give one word to the memory of the twenty-first regiment. That corps was raised, as we have stated, in the state of Massachusetts, by general, then colonel Ripley, and from him received all its training. Throughout the war it was steady, patient, and of a gallantry that has spoken too loudly in deeds to require words. Its conduct at York and Williamsburgh, scenes, the one of less magnitude, the other of less glory, its charge at Niagara, its resistance at fort Erie, its union of both at the sortie, form a combination of all that military merit would aspire to. It had seven times met the enemy in considerable engagements; in every one of these seven the enemy had been repulsed or broken, and in almost every one by the individual exertion of the twenty-first.

After his arrival at Albany, it was the first effort of general Ripley's returning strength to put in action the court of inquiry which he had previously and for a long time solicited. After various preventions it was at length convened, but continued scarcely a sufficient time to receive the testimony of a single witness, when it was dissolved by an abrupt order from the department of war. The country, it seems, had taken the question into its own hands; congress, by its resolve, and the president by his confirmatory opinion, had rendered nugatory an inquiry into a conduct to

* General Ripley had been married during the year 1811, to the daughter of the reverend Thomas Allen of Pittsfield, Mass.

which they had both conceded the laurel. Relative to the more immediate motives for the dissolution, various and severe opinions were entertained. The country in general, without judging whether there might not be other considerations, beyond those for general Ripley personally, that prompted a discontinuance of the inquiry, were pleased that they no longer witnessed the ungrateful and incongruous idea of an officer, arraigned for gaining a battle and saving an army.

The speedy return of peace draws us to a necessary termination. In the reduction of the army, general Ripley has been retained with the brevet and command of major-general. May his country have no immediate occasion for his services; should the occasion occur, may she lean for support only on those as valid as she knows him to be.

After this long detail of his conduct, it is unnecessary to give an outline of his character; that is sufficiently apparent in the conduct itself. His own regiment, which knew him best, the states of New-York, South-Carolina, Georgia, and the country at large in congress, have, by honorary tokens and expressions, testified their grateful impressions toward him. To his friends, these general demonstrations are needless; public applause is unnecessary to the man who is beloved for himself.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Introductory Discourse, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1814, by De Witt Clinton, L. L. D. president of the society—4to. pp. 160.

THE misuse of Aristotle's writings, for a long time led the literary world astray, and fixed their attention to theories not founded upon fact, and to words which had no precise and definite meaning. Disputes were endless, when the basis of all reasoning was supplied by imagination instead of observation, and real knowledge for many centuries was stationary, because the language of the learned was built upon hypothesis, and had no real archetype in animate or inanimate nature. This was not the fault of Aristotle himself; probably the first man in respect of cultivated intellect

that the annals of knowledge presents for our admiration. His attention to things, to the facts which nature offers to our view, was not less than his attention to language: and if men of learning have amused themselves by playing tricks with syllogisms, it is because they have not used, but abused that elegant compendium of the theory of ratiocination.

The middle ages, however—the dark ages as they are called—were not destitute of arts that implied great knowledge of theory, and great skill in practice. I know not that ancient or modern times can afford specimens of architecture, better adapted to the gloomy character of the devotion of the day; better calculated for the climates where we originally find them, or implying more profound knowledge of theory, or more admirable dexterity of art, than the structures usually termed Gothic. The specimens of painted or rather stained glass, so very common in those buildings, has not yet been equalled by modern experiment; and though the simplicity of Grecian architecture may gratify more highly a correct taste, there is certainly no comparison in the skill required from the builder of a Gothic, and the builder of a Grecian temple. But this knowledge does not seem to have been the subject of written and published communication; the fraternity of Freemasons seems to have owed its origin to societies of architects of the dark ages, whose knowledge was generally transmitted by oral communication: what knowledge is transmitted by the modern societies of Freemasons, the world, as far as I am informed, has yet to learn.

Weary of the logomachies, and the jargon of the literati of those ages, science seemed to have deserted the nations of Europe.

The first person whose vigorous intellect pierced through this cloud, was lord Bacon; whose *Novum Organum* was entitled in allusion to the *Organum* of Aristotle. This book, the best part of his great design, the *Instauratio Magna*, was published in 1620, and although many great men had dedicated their time to the pursuit of experimental knowledge, no one before, had systematically discussed the fallacy of the prevailing notions, or traced clearly the real path of scientific improvement!

The ideas of Bacon, struck upon the literary world like an electric flash. The truth of his system was clearly seen, and it

was not long before the votaries of experimental philosophy in his own country, combined to pursue knowledge in the way he had recommended. The Royal Society of London was organized in 1660: the Academy del Cimento preceded it nine years, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris was established in 1666. The use of these societies soon became manifest, notwithstanding the sneers of wits and sciolists. Facts were registered, that would otherwise have been lost to the world; investigations took place, which would never have been entered into, but for the stimulus of these societies on the minds of the members; knowledge of things became secured from knowledge of words; experiments were instituted to remove doubts; new instruments and apparatus were invented; the properties of surrounding bodies began to be investigated; and the laws of nature were deduced, not from conjecture, but from careful observation and induction of facts. To these societies it is that we owe that most important truth, which the last fifty years has so fully confirmed; that no experiment carefully made, fairly related, and accurately registered, is ever made in vain. Sooner or later, every new fact will be found to have its uses; and if it cannot be applied in the age of its discovery, future investigators will bring it into play, and find when and how it may subserve the gradual advancement of real knowledge.

The Royal Society of London, after an interval of more than a century, found imitators in other parts of the kingdom. In Manchester, in Birmingham, in London, in Edinburgh, and other places, literary men felt the want, and found the convenience of mutual intercourse. The interests of literature have been greatly promoted by all these societies; and experience has shown them to be equally pleasurable and profitable. It is not too much to say, that since the institution of the three societies before mentioned, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the progress of real knowledge has been accelerated at least one half, by means of their direct and indirect influence upon the labours of scientific men.

In 1769 the American Philosophical Society was instituted at Philadelphia, at the instigation of Dr. Franklin; six volumes of its labours have been published, containing many excellent papers, although a great part do not rise above mediocrity. This was the case with the Royal Society for a long time, and will be the case

with almost every similar institution, where the primary object is, as it ought to be, mutual improvement among the members, rather than instruction to the world at large. This last will naturally follow, when the first object has succeeded, but not before.

In May, 1814, the literary class among the citizens of New-York, determined upon forming a similar society; and good reason they had for so doing. There is no place in the United States where literary men are more abundant, or where a common centre of communication and union is more requisite than New-York. Nor can there be any doubt, but the effect of this new institution will be like its predecessors, to increase the number of votaries to science, and extend a taste for every kind of knowledge that contributes either to use or to ornament.

On the first meeting of this society, the members unanimously elected DE WITT CLINTON their president; and properly. A gentleman, whose unremitting endeavours have been so long and so successfully exerted in promoting objects of science and benevolence in his own state—whose useful life has called forth the deliberate and voluntary panegyric of his political opponents, as well of his decided friends, well merited the suffrages he has received on the present occasion.

I proceed now to give an account of Mr. Clinton's inaugural discourse delivered at the first meeting of this society.

After a brief exordium, Mr. Clinton proceeds to state the European calumnies against America, and her productions:

"The solemn considerations which grow out of an establishment of this nature, must press upon our sensibility with redoubled force, when we reflect on the accusations which are brought against our country by the literati of Europe. The celebrated Buffon hath declared, that in America, animated nature is weaker, less active, and more circumscribed in the variety of its productions, than in the old world—that there is some combination of elements and other physical causes, something that opposes its amplification—that there are obstacles to the development and probably to the formation of large germs; and that even those which, from the kindly influence of another climate, have acquired their complete form and expansion, shrink and diminish under the niggardly air, and in an unprolific land. Dr. Robertson has also said that the

principle of life seems to have been less active and vigorous here than in the ancient continent; and that Nature was not only less prolific in the new world, but she appears likewise to have been less vigorous in her productions. Need we add to this, the obloquy that has been cast upon our country, by the herd of tourists and travellers who have attempted to describe it? With some of them, our soil is destitute of prolific power; our atmosphere teems with disease and death; our lives are comparatively short; our institutions are tottering under debility and decay; our national character is marked by all the traits of *premature* corruption and *precocious* turpitude; our manners are barren of refinement, and our minds are destitute of learning and incapable of great intellectual exertion. When we adventure into the field of science, the master-spirits who preside over transatlantic literature, view us with a sneer of supercilious contempt, or with a smile of complacent superiority, and consider our productions as Oases in the regions of Africa, deriving their merit, less from intrinsic beauty and excellence, than from their contrast with the surrounding deserts. And it has even been gravely proposed as a subject of inquiry, whether the discovery of America, has been advantageous or prejudicial to mankind.

"While we look down upon these aspersions, it is due to candour, and a just estimate of our own character, to acknowledge, that, generally speaking, we are far behind our European brethren in the pursuits of literature; the enterprising spirit which distinguishes our national character, has exhibited itself in every shape, except that of a marked devotion to the interests of science.

"There is nothing in the fixed operation of physical or moral causes; nothing in our origin, in our migration, or in our settlement; nothing in our climate, our soil, our government, our religion, our manners or our morals, which can attach debility to our minds, or can prevent the cultivation of literature. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since the first European settlement was made in this state, and if, in the course of two centuries, labouring under difficulties of various kinds, we have not attained the first elevation in the ranks of knowledge, surely sufficient reasons may be assigned without impeaching the character of our minds, or degrading us in the scale of being. Although in a review of these

causes, which I shall now attempt with all possible brevity, my remarks relate particularly to this state, they will apply, generally speaking, to the United States at large."

Mr. Clinton then goes on to assign the causes of American inferiority in this respect; but before I proceed to analyse and arrange them, I beg leave to offer a few suggestions on the alleged want of taste for science and literature so frequently objected to the American character, and so candidly, not to say needlessly admitted by many of our own authors.

That there is not an equal number either of useful or ornamental writers in this country as in Europe, must be allowed.—Neither is there so much wealth, or an equal mass of population. Nor have we yet the means of making equal attainments with the older nations of Europe; literary institutions, and a literary class of society, who bear that character by profession, cannot be brought into action in a few years, among a people who have had to contend with the obstacles enumerated by Mr. Clinton in a subsequent part of his discourse; but I think it may be asserted, that there are as decided marks of a taste for literature, and a respect for literary eminence among the American people, as among any of the European nations. Nor can the annals of literature exhibit at any time, on any other part of the globe, such an improvement in scientific pursuits, as can be shown in America, during the short period of her emancipation from the British yoke.

The calumnies against America in this respect, have been reiterated with provoking perseverance by British writers chiefly—a class of men, proverbially notorious for their bigotted attachment to their own habits and prejudices—an overweening conceit of their own national superiority in every respect—and a profound contempt for the manners, institutions, science and literature of other nations.

The events of the last war, have annihilated all their boastings of military and naval preeminence, heretofore so confidently made: and they have found, that one mark at least of civilization, humanity and generosity to a vanquished foe, has been the constant attendant on American valour. But previous to that war, our military spirit and naval pretensions were spoken of by British writers, in terms of the same insolent contempt with our literature.

It is impossible, in the compass of a short digression in a short review, to discuss the extensive subject of national taste. But one or two plain facts strike upon the memory as nearly decisive of the question.

What is meant by literature? Is it confined to plays, poems, novels, and belles lettres essays? If it be, we must give up the point. We are not about to contend that M'Fingal is equal in all respects to Hudibras, or the Vision of Columbus to Paradise Lost: nor do we pretend that the versifiers in The Port Folio, are equal in elegant libertinism to Moore or Byron. Nor shall we compare, upon the present occasion, our Salmagundi, or Knickerbocker, with the periodical essayists of the old country, from Steele and Addison to the juvenile efforts of Eton college. But if literature include mathematical, mechanical and scientific knowledge, I know not the spot that can boast more of such knowledge, displayed in the compass of a dozen years, than the patent-office of our own country can exhibit. The ship-builders of England are anxious to copy from American models; and even while I am writing, American science has triumphed over the efforts of European skill, by navigating, not only the rivers of our country, but the ocean also, by means of STEAM. Is it any degradation of national character, that the mass of intellect among us, is not wasted on pursuits that occupy the triflers and idlers of Europe, but exerted on those objects which so wonderfully add to the wealth and power of the nation, as well as to individual comfort?

I do not dwell on the political investigations that absorb so much more than they ought of our mental exertion in America; because there may be an overweening predilection among us for our own political institutions; a fault, if it be one, surely on the right side. But we may fairly ask, have the Americans been deficient in political investigation? Have the discussions of our own countrymen had no influence on European practices and European theories? I inquire not into their merit or demerit, their truth or their fallacy; but can it be denied that our writers have given the stimulus and the tone to the boldest investigations of Europe on the general science of politics?

Who are the painters of England who excel West, Copley and Turnbull?

I have not the most distant wish in any manner to decry the British constitution, though I prefer our own more republican forms. We owe much to it. The world owes much to it. But we may be allowed to examine one feature of that constitution, and compare it with a similar one of our federal government. *The head of the British constitution is the king.* Has any one known or heard of a literary monarch in that country? Henry the 8th wrote a book against the pope, *as we are told*; for the book itself is unknown. Some pious priest, forged, under the name of Charles the first, a small tract, entitled "Eiken Basilike." James the first, wrote a philippic, as we have heard, against pork and tobacco. We have read also the epistolary correspondence of the old duke of Cumberland and the present duke of York; and we may be well excused, by the most prejudiced admirer of that country, from dwelling any longer on this "catalogue of royal and noble authors."

In our republican constitution, *the president is at the head of the government*: he is elective; the people call him up from the rank of a private citizen, to manage the affairs of the nation, because they like his character. The people's taste, therefore, may well be judged of, by the manner of man they elect into this situation. An ignorant community will naturally choose an ignorant magistrate. To discern talents, is to possess them. Now, it so happens, that every president yet chosen by the people of the United States, has been a literary character—has given public evidence of skill in composition—has been an AUTHOR.

I would ask an Englishman, where among his nation can he show me an epistolary correspondence of more dignified elegance than the letters of general Washington?

Mr. Adams's defence of the constitution of the United States, however his opinions may be controverted on this side of the Atlantic, is such a condensed view of the merits and defects of the various forms of government, ancient and modern, as is nowhere else to be found, so far as I know. An Englishman would probably admire it more than I do; but Mr. Adams has certainly furnished ample materials for reflection to those who differ from his political creed. England can show no such work: the trifling and popular panegyric of De Lolme is not to be compared with it—

Nor can that nation produce any book that, in so small a compass, gives such a luminous, and at the same time such a comprehensive view of a country, under every aspect that a naturalist or a statesman would wish to contemplate, as Mr. Jefferson's account of Virginia. Nor do I know of any diplomatic correspondence more honourable to the statesman, than Mr. Jefferson's discussions with Mr. Hammond.

Mr. Madison's political tracts, previous to his being chosen president, are well known: those who dislike his politics allow his powers of reasoning; and, I believe, his argument on neutral rights, is generally considered as having exhausted the subject in a small compass. To me, it seems, in the language of Montesquieu on a similar occasion, *reponse sans replique*.

If then, every president hitherto chosen by the American people, has been publicly known as a literary man—as an author of repute on subjects of importance—how can the American people be fairly charged with a want of taste for literature? Can any more decided proof be given of the attachment of a whole people to literary eminence than the instances I have adduced?

It is singular, that of the Europeans who have favoured the world with their travels in this country, and their speculations on America and the American character, all that I now recollect, save Cooper and Mellish, have calumniated with so little regard to appearances or probability, that the motto of St. Leon would serve each of them: "Ferdinand Mendez de Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!" Even the French have abused the characteristic kindness of the American people, by private anecdotes of scandal, that disgrace the national character of French politeness; and ought to put us on our guard against even the moderate requests of a common introduction, lest the stranger, like Chatelleux and Liancourt, should partake of our hospitality for no other purpose than to exhibit us ludicrously or disrespectfully in his lying volume.

I will close this digression by one remark more, that some of your readers may have often made for themselves:

Of late years, several works of importance in literature and science have appeared in America. Among the British reviewers, there has been a manifestly studied care taken, to say nothing

respecting them. One or two careless effusions in the pamphlet form, have been eagerly seized hold of, for the purposes of calumny so gross, that nothing but an envious and malignant sense of our rising eminence could have dictated. It is unpleasant to offer these suggestions, but I am satisfied they have frequently forced themselves on the mind of your literary readers.

Mr. Clinton in stating the causes that have hitherto concurred to depress our national literature, has enumerated and discussed them very satisfactorily though briefly. They may be thus analyzed and arranged, not in his language, but from his statement.

1. The first settlements on this northern part of the American continent were made from mercenary motives, by men who had no other pursuit than that of wealth.

2. They were made by men, who came here only for a temporary residence, and, like the present adventurers to the East Indies, with a full intention of returning home, when their object was attained.

3. These settlements were made before science had taken root in Europe; before the modern paths to knowledge were struck out, or understood.

4. None of the English monarchs since the first settlements of the country had any taste for, or any disposition to promote the interests of science. This was not to be expected from the dissipated Charles, the bigot James, the soldier William, or the foreigners George the first and second, who were utterly devoid of any sentiments or wishes connected with science. With George the third, we were in a state of almost constant hostility. Indeed our opportunities of improvement can only be dated from the peace of 1783.

5. Under the provincial governments, the clashing interests and views of the mother country and the colonists, engendered eternal factions, that absorbed all the talent of the colony in local politics and disputes. It is well and wisely observed by Mr. Clinton, "that when the human mind is called away from the interests of science, to aid by its faculties the agitations of party, little can be expected from energies thus perverted and abused." It would be well if there were less occasion for the same remark in the present day, than at the period to which he applies it.

6. There was no temptation to science from the love of fame, sufficiently strong to withdraw talents from the pursuits of self-interest. Before the love of fame can act, there must be an enlightened public, capable of estimating and rewarding exertions, which no stimulus but public approbation can give rise to. That stimulus was wanting in the colonial state of our country, except indeed when colonial politics called forth opposition to some real or supposed abuse of delegated authority. Colonial dependence, a scattered population, the prevalence of political factions, and the more baneful violence of religious controversies, employed and perverted all the knowledge and talent that might otherwise have been dedicated to objects of real and permanent improvement.

7. Nor were colonial governments at any period attentive to the improvement of the colonists, but the reverse. A jealous and monopolizing policy, aimed solely to make the inhabitants of the colony subservient to and dependent upon the mother country; and all knowledge not dedicated to this service, if not depressed, was not promoted.

8. The colonies of North America were peopled from various parts of Europe, by persons of different habits, manners, and language—English, Dutch, Germans, French, Scotch, and Irish. These discordancies are wearing away, but the effect is still manifest, and even now presents an obstacle to national improvement.

9. Great Britain discountenanced the emigration of her more respectable subjects. The very circumstance of sending hither her *convicts*, was an obstacle to settling here, that to many was insurmountable. Hence the carelessness about knowledge of all kinds, and even of education among our early settlers.

10. Until the year 1725 printing presses were discouraged. In that year the first newspaper was published in the now state of New-York.

11. The want of communication of knowledge, the want of books, the want of encouragement, kept back the progress of the learned professions. Regular physicians, and well-read lawyers were scarce. Youth were sent, when their parents could afford it, to England for education, because the colonial seminaries were in a very low state. Some of the men thus educated, returned with respectable acquirements, and excellent intentions.

But for a long time, these were but flashes amid the gloom; the steady light of knowledge was hardly discernible among the settlers.

Mr. Clinton then gives a history of the endeavours of well-educated and well-informed men, to remedy this state of things in the colony of New-York, from the year 1754 downward, including a brief history of the establishments in that province, instituted for the promotion of knowledge, slightly touching on their connection with religious sects.

By degrees the seminaries of education were improved: well-read lawyers appeared: subjects of constitutional law began to be well argued and discussed: state papers were penned with a force of argument and of language, that called forth the panegyric of statesmen in the mother country, and discussions took place that led to the American Revolution, which terminated in the emancipation of the colonies from the power of Great Britain.

Learned institutions began now to be thought of: and from 1784 to the present time, several colleges have been established in New-York state, greatly to the advancement of all kinds of knowledge. Of these Mr. Clinton presents us with a brief but accurate enumeration.

He then enters into the circumstances that seem to have a present tendency to depress the advancement of learning and the interests of science.

1. The never-ending violence of party spirit, and the acrimony of political discussion. This acrimony he attributes, in a great degree, to the propensity of our political writers, to copy the virulence of invective which Junius and some similar politicians of the old country have too much indulged in. This propensity to imitate the vituperative style of that mysterious author, and to prefer violence of language to force of argument, has done much injury to the interests of literature among us.

2. The feuds among the medical profession in New-York state, have tended to depress the advancement of knowledge, among a class of men better calculated than any other (when they think fit) to promote it.

3. The inclination so common among the practitioners of law to discourage rather than encourage general literature. It is

indeed with sympathetic feeling that every classical reader must regret with Mr. Clinton, "How seldom do we hear those classical allusions, those literary references, which enliven the tedium of abstract discussion, and illustrate with streams of light the darkest topics of investigation!" He well illustrates the difference in this respect between a mere technical lawyer and a man of science, by a comparison between the two cotemporaries, lords Coke and Bacon. Indeed this abrogation of ornamental literature, is now professional with the bar. The latest treatise of advice to a young lawyer, published in England, strenuously exhorts him from the unprofitable pursuit of that ignis fatuus, general knowledge. But as our statesmen also are generally manufactured out of our lawyers, the same dearth of enlivening allusion is felt in our debates, where the arguments scattered through the verbose and heavy speeches of our parliamentary orators, are as dull and drab-coloured as ignorance can wish. Scattered indeed they are, amid the vast ocean of words *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.

Oh when, among our sombrous and monotonous debates, shall we start electrified with delight at the classical brilliancy of allusion, that kept the English house perpetually awake to North and Fox, and Burke and Barré, and that flashed occasionally through the solemn and measured declamation of the younger Pitt, especially when elicited by the polished point of Sheridan!

4. The general consent to bend all the energies of mind to the acquisition of wealth; which sinks into comparative insignificance every attainment but the attainment of bank notes.

5. And lastly, the want of a literary corps, a class of authors by profession, among us. This is a want that it will take a long time to supply. Owing to the similarity of language, our booksellers (the best rewarders of literary merit) seek in London for the books that are to contribute to public amusement or information. Hence they feel no inclination to reward literary merit at home, when they can obtain it gratis from abroad.

Mr. Clinton then proceeds to discuss the advantages which the people of America can reasonably boast of, particularly in the middle states. A climate favourable to health, to long life, to mental exertion.—A soil fertile.—Our origin from nations in the highest rank of civilization. Our form of government bearing beyond any other the stamp of freedom in all its parts.

He proceeds to delineate the situation of New-York, populous, opulent, if not the first, not the second habitation of commerce and manufactures among these United States. Favourable for literary and scientific pursuits also, from the extent of its communication inland, as well as the perpetual opening it possesses to European communication; suggesting, of course, the propriety of such an institution as that which he addresses.

Mr. Clinton then enters into a distinct enumeration of the objects of literary and philosophical inquiry that offer themselves to the investigation of the members:

The *Geology* and *Mineralogy* of the state.

The history of the human species on this part of our continent: *Anthropology* as we may term it.

The history of the animals of the brute creation; that is the *Zoology* of the country.

The history of the birds, the *Ornithology* of America. Mr. Clinton reviewed the American Ornithology of Mr. Wilson. Has it been reviewed in England?

The history of the fishes, the *Ichthyology* of the American seas and rivers, for which New-York is singularly well situated beyond any other city, perhaps, on the American continent. Mr. Clinton gives us hopes of soon seeing the treatise of Dr. Mitchell on this interesting subject of inquiry.

The history of insects, the *Entomology* of America: under this head, the president has not noticed (probably from the obscure situation of Dr. Melshcimer) that learned man's incipient catalogue of American insects; which, I hope, his son will find leisure to finish on the system of Fabricius.

The *Botany* of America: a subject which owes much indeed to Dr. Hosack of New-York, perhaps more than to any other American, except the much lamented Dr. Muhlenberg of Lancaster.

The *Medical* history.

The general *politics*, and

The political economy and statistics of our country.

Such is a brief analysis of this sensible and well-written address; wherein all the topics here noticed, are brought into view, with such evident knowledge of the questions they embrace, and such enlightened views respecting their present utility and future

improvement, that the discourse must have been heard with deep interest by the society before whom it was delivered, and with manifest satisfaction at the competence of their president to the chair which he was chosen to fill.

But this discourse, as now published, forms but the minor part of the dissertation under review. All the topics here presented to the consideration of the society, are illustrated by notes, that form the most valuable part of Mr. Clinton's pamphlet, and which I now proceed to analyze for the information of those who have not yet perused the work itself.

(*To be continued.*)

Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; addressed to the right honourable George Canning, Esq. By an inhabitant of New-England. Boston: published by Samuel T. Armstrong. 1815, pp. 176.

THIS is a good thing. It is apparently the offspring of a strong mind, long addicted to methodical reflection, and well seasoned with good principles and useful information. Particularly the author seems to be acquainted with the history of our relations with England; and to have made the means of promoting the mutual advantage of the two countries a constant subject of his care and consideration. He signs himself an inhabitant of New-England; and indeed the work is marked all over with the peculiar characteristics of the people among whom it originated—a people conversant only with matters of fact, which relate to the real and daily business of men—rejecting every thing that looks like speculation—tenaciously fond of ancestral customs—and showing a somewhat illiberal predilection for their own institutions. The author before us, however, is, notwithstanding his local prejudices, generally open, honest, and patriotic: and this character alone will cover a great many subordinate faults, and allay the frowns of the sourest critic.

The style of the writer is a little peculiar. If we were to characterize it by analogies from the material world, we should say it is too hard, too dry, and too tough. It is a fabric of strong materials, somewhat roughly hewed out, and altogether destitute of what Blair would call the *lath and plaster* of composition.

The chief object of our author seems to have been, to exhibit a mere detail of facts and inferences, without any regard to the embellishments of language. His sentences are frequently broken and, as it were, dislocated, either by erroneous punctuation, or by that injudicious protraction which always lays a writer under the necessity of stringing together a great many little members and subordinate circumstances. In few words—the author is seldom fluent, but always forcible.

Of the little metaphorical language which he employs, we are compelled to speak in terms of reprobation. It is almost always drawn from the most nauseous and loathsome objects; and so vividly, indeed, are these set before us, that we forget the occasion of their introduction, in the rank offensiveness of the objects themselves. A great deal must be presumed upon the forbearance and the olfactories of his readers, by a writer who strews his pages with dung, putridity, and ipecacuanha. Nearly allied to this is his use of the word *brutal*; which is so frequent, as to become absolutely senseless and insipid. It seems to be the only word, indeed, which can adequately convey his indignation at villanous men and villanous transactions. We should scorn to make such a verbal criticism as this, did not the occasion imperiously forbid us to be silent.

Our readers will not do us the injustice to presume from what is here said, that we pass a sentence of unqualified exprobration upon the style of our author. All we have aimed at, has been, to point out some of the prominent and obtrusive attributes of his manner, and to advise him of the danger he is in, of impairing the popularity of his writings by neglecting too much the graces and fascinations of composition. We are now pleased in being able to bear testimony to the excellencies which are peculiar to our New-Englander, and with which we have been gratified in the perusal of these pages. He often brings out a thought with uncommon vigour and felicity of expression—occasionally warming us with the honest zeal, the manly independence, and the earnest eloquence with which he enforces his subject—and sometimes surprising us with his pithy and caustic manner of drawing an argument to a point. We must tell him, however, that the confidence which he feels in the strength of his position, and in

the rectitude of his cause, betrays him now and then into an omission of some steps in his reasoning; and then his conclusions seem to be more the round asseverations of dogmatism, than the results of close dialectical precision. We must, nevertheless, do him the justice to add, that this is by no means a predominant fault, for he is in truth remarkable for sound induction, and a steady adherence to facts.

So far as we can judge from all the circumstances attending this publication, the faults of its author may be traced to these two sources: *First*, to haste: *Secondly*, to an attachment to one model of good writing.

1. We go here professedly upon conjectural ground—and since our readers may think one *guess* as good as another, we boldly assert our persuasion that the writer of these 'Remarks' is a New-England clergyman. A great many little circumstances uphold us in this belief. Among them are the following: Our author seems to know more about matters of church, than about any thing else; he devotes more of his pages to observations upon the English clergy, than to any other subject; appears all the while inclined to rate every individual and event according as it bears upon the Christian system; treats very contemptuously many of the British worthies whom we have been accustomed to hold in *some* estimation—such for instance, as Burke and Fox—while he goes frequently out of his way to lavish encomiums upon Wilberforce, Clarkson, Hannah More, and the Christian Observer; and thinks that "The British and Foreign Bible Society, were there no other monument of the nation to be left, would transmit her character to future generations with a glory, which will expire only with the ages of time." If these facts be admitted to countenance the opinion we have hazarded, an opening is gained, we think, to the fountain-head of our author's chief imperfections. The customary prolixity of a Presbyterian* sermon, together with the secular duties which the minister is obliged to discharge, necessitates him to hurry through his compositions, and to neglect every thing but a naked exposition of his text: and such a necessity seldom begets any thing else than an incorrigibly uncouth and disjointed style.

* Our author acknowledges himself to be of this persuasion. (p. 108.)

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excuse, that we wish to direct his attention to the improvement of his style, with a view to his future reception in public. If he ever reads our lucubrations, and is not above advice, we hope he will profit by our strictures. From the stretch and vigour of thought which he every where displays in these Remarks, we know he is capable of making efforts of the highest and happiest order; and it is a pity, we think, that he should depreciate the value and prevent the circulation of his own good sense, by disregarding the dress and decorations in which it ought to appear. His own experience must have taught him that a permanent literary reputation can never be expected from a drowsy detail of mere facts.

In the foregoing observations we have been speaking of the work before us somewhat abstractedly: we are now to consider it in relation to the object for which it was professedly written, viz: as a reply to the calumnies contained in the 11th Art., XXth number, of the Quarterly Review.

Matthews Hollenbach
was President

and Jacob Coad his son
an old housekeeper of
the Bridge Company
that built this bridge &
Coad designed the entrance
ad looks same and

Coad was my great grand
father and
Hollenbach my great grand
grandfather & this was a
very nice place in front of
our old house.

Amelia

Jan 53

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* Our author acknowledges himself to be of this persuasion. (p. 108.)

2. We suspect the author has adhered too strictly to an individual model of good writing:—we suspect, in short, that he is very fond of Paley’s style. Of this we are by no means sure of convincing our readers—partly because it is difficult to lay hold of the trivial circumstances which go to make up such an opinion, and partly because the same circumstances may lead different individuals to conclusions very wide of each other. We shall state, however, very succinctly, some of the reasons upon which our own belief is built, and leave the decision, of course, to the better judgment of our readers. In the first place, then, our New-Englander speaks very highly of Dr Paley; in the second place, we see everywhere in this production, that open blunt manner of carrying on a process of argumentation, which stands out so conspicuously in that philosopher’s writings; and in the third place, what indeed is a very equivocal circumstance, both Paley and the writer before us disfigure their pages by indiscriminately *italicizing* all the proper names.—Our author need not certainly be told that a good style is no more to be acquired by imitating *one* example, than true politeness is to be learned by attending to the conduct of a single gentleman.

If we have been culpably minute in the specification of our New-Englander’s faults, we must intrench ourselves behind the excuse, that we wish to direct his attention to the improvement of his style, with a view to his future reception in public. If he ever reads our lucubrations, and is not above advice, we hope he will profit by our strictures. From the stretch and vigour of thought which he every where displays in these Remarks, we know he is capable of making efforts of the highest and happiest order; and it is a pity, we think, that he should depreciate the value and prevent the circulation of his own good sense, by disregarding the dress and decorations in which it ought to appear. His own experience must have taught him that a permanent literary reputation can never be expected from a drowsy detail of mere facts.

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1. Ever since the appearance of this offensive number, we have thought that any reply to it would be unnecessary. The unfair and unphilosophical reasoning which every page of it presents—the flimsy authority upon which the writer depends for the accuracy of his statements—the air of disingenuousness with which the whole is marked, are so many unequivocal indexes of malicious design, that no man would hesitate to pronounce it the legitimate offspring of cold-blooded mendacity. Indeed we have never seen forty pages stuffed with so much minute misrepresentation as is here exhibited. It appears to be a superaddition of malignity to the tittle-tattle of garrulous anility.—If the writer entered upon his task merely because Inchiquin wrote letters in favour of the United States (and this is the only reason which he gives) his conduct is attended with anomalous wickedness: he exhibits the strange phenomenon of a man who belies without motive, and calumniates without provocation.—We have seen the footsteps of this same writer in many other articles of the Quarterly Review. He is a creature blessed with an unbounded volubility of tongue. It is not in the nature of things that a being of such a character should always tell truth, or always talk sense; unless indeed there is an inexhaustible stock of truth and sense in the world—which nobody will believe.—A fabric laid upon such foundations, constructed of such materials, and erected by such hands, can never require any serious opposition to overthrow it, and would eventually fall, without any aid, from its own weakness.

But we are glad upon the whole that the article in question was not left to sink of its own weight, and drag down the Quarterly Review along with it: for we are always glad to see our countrymen triumph over their enemies, and it makes no odds to us with what weapon—whether with the sword or with the pen. The sun of British glory may be said to have gone down in the west at the battle of New-Orleans; while the vindictive malignity and the unprincipled misrepresentation with which the English writers have so long endeavoured to traduce the American name, have found ample retribution in the publication of the work before us, and in the pamphlet called “The United States and England,” of which we took notice in a former number of our magazine.

Indeed we are so much gratified at the utter discomfiture of our calumniators, that we are really inclined to reprove the author of these Remarks for laying out too much strength to accomplish his purpose, and for taking too much notice of the Quarterly Review. The obnoxious article to which he replies, consists of about forty pages only: but here is a *bona fide* book of one hundred and seventy-six pages, introduced by a long preface, and furnished with a complete table of contents!—This is certainly supererogatory chastisement: this is answering a pop-gun with a blunderbuss.

2. We are not altogether satisfied with the manner in which the writer before us treats the work of his predecessor. “When the following remarks were almost finished,” says he in the preface, “I was informed that Strictures on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters had been just published in New-York. As I have not seen the work, I can say nothing of its merits: but some of my friends, who had seen it, urged me to finish what I had proposed, and to send it to press.”—This is sly language; but our readers cannot fail, we think, of discerning the plain English that lurks beneath it. It amounts to precisely this—that the Strictures in question had fallen far short of their object, and that a good reply to the Quarterly Reviewers was still a desideratum in American literature. If this is the real meaning of our author, we must assure him that his criticism is very much misplaced. We are sorry he did not vouchsafe to read the pamphlet for himself, instead of trusting for its character to the partial opinions of friends—the poorest judges in the world in a case of comparative merit. Had he done it, we are confident that his own good sense would have disabused him on this point; and that, so far from underrating the production of his coadjutor, he would have thought it adequate in all respects to the object for which it was published, and would have spared himself the trouble of writing a book. In neglecting to do it, he has in our opinion committed a sin of omission, for which a worse work than his own could never have atoned.

As an answer to the slanderous article in the Quarterly Review, the pamphlet “United States and England” almost distances the production of our New-Englander. Its form, its size, its style—all are better calculated to stop the mouths, or, as our

author has it, to "smooth the shag" of these latrant reviewers. It is a full measure of chastisement for the malicious vulgarity of the writer for whom it was intended; and is itself a practical refutation of the charges so often brought against our literary character. The enemy was fairly beaten and prostrate—when our New-Englander comes up, and without even stopping to ask if he had got enough, falls lustily upon and belabours him with one hundred and seventy-six octavo pages of solid satire. This is too much. Even *we* would interfere in such a case—though at the imminent hazard of getting our own heads broken.

3. We have not yet finished the unpleasant work of detraction. The disclosure which is made in the following paragraph, is, we humbly conceive, inappropriate and vituperable: "I am a *federalist* and a New-Englander; a Yankee, as a multitude of your (Canning's) countrymen choose to style *us*, with the same gentlemanly spirit, with which they call the French frog-eaters, the Italians fiddlers, the Russians bears, &c." There is something at least venial in the frank self-congratulation and fearless good-nature with which a man sometimes acknowledges his state and his party. But such an acknowledgment is altogether out of place here. When an attack is national, it ought to be met with a national defence; and this is particularly true in the present instance, where the easy vincibility of the assailant renders no very great labour necessary to effectuate his total defeat. But our author has thought differently, and has laid himself open to reproof in two very important points.

In the first place, he confines his exertions to the exculpation of a party. This is a matter of fact—as our readers cannot but have remarked in almost every page of the book before us; and indeed the same thing would be inferable *à priori* from the avowal here made of the writer's politics. There is an uncharitableness (we had almost said, a meanness) attending the whole of this disclosure, which does no honour to the candour of the author, and ill-accords with the object of his undertaking. The initial sentences of the passage we have just quoted, are these:—"There are two subjects, on which you (Canning) have remarked extensively, and about which I shall give myself little concern. These are the characters, and the administrations of Mr. Jefferson and

Mr. Madison. I AM A FEDERALIST, &c."—Now had our author shrunk from the defence of these gentlemen upon the plea of his not being able conscientiously to say any thing in their favour, he would have escaped at all events the imputation of unfairness. But no such thing is pretended. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison are excluded from his "concern," plainly not on the ground of demerit—but because they are not New-Englanders—Yankees—federalists!

Let us not be misunderstood. We meddle with no man's politics. We are perfectly aware that the light of truth can never be elicited in the corruscations of party heat. It has been our aim, in our editorial capacity, to steer clear of both the political whirlpools; and if at any time we have been compelled to touch upon the subject, it has not been with a view to favour one party more than another; but to deprecate that factious partiality which sees no merit beyond certain degrees of latitude, and sets a man down to be praiseworthy, or censurable, according to the side he takes in the national affairs. We wish to inculcate a spirit of mutual concession and forbearance in the bosoms of all our countrymen; and this spirit is more than ever wanted in the present situation of the world. The tempest of revolution hangs over the east—and can we long expect an unclouded horizon in the west? If we are again called upon to fight (which God forbid)—is it not necessary that the adverse tempers of the two parties should be softened and made to coincide, so as to convince our enemies of the utter impracticability of making head against a simultaneous effort of national energy?—But we are upon too delicate ground, and must hasten to our second head.

The fact, that our author limits his defence to the boundaries of the eastern states, is liable to no dispute: the only question is—if he has any satisfactory excuse for this limitation? Must we let him escape (as he every where tries to do) through the accidental circumstance of his not being *personally* acquainted with any other district of the country besides New-England? Were a commander arraigned for misconduct in refusing to detach troops for the defence of an invaded city—would he dream of exculpating himself upon the plea, that he never had visited the spot in *propria persona* to survey the ground and take a map of it with his own hands?

But we will place this subject in a different light. Our author informs us (page 91) "that he is advanced far in life, and that he has travelled through a considerable part of the northern states, in both the old and new settlements, in all directions, and that very extensively; that he began this course at an early period of life, and that he had mixed freely, from the beginning, with men of most descriptions, &c."—Accordingly almost the whole of his defence (even of New-England) is founded upon facts for which we have his own authority only. But is this not going upon a system which is radically fallacious? Can an anonymous traveller expect to gain assent to the facts which he relates to have fallen under his own observation only;—and more particularly, can he hope to be believed, while he charges other travellers, who have given their names to the world, with mendacity and misrepresentation?—*We* are not presuming to question the veracity of our New-Englander; but we cannot help suggesting to him the liability of his plan to the just aspersions of his enemies, and how little he is likely to be accredited among his friends and his countrymen. He seems to have written exactly as if he intended to publish his work under his own proper signature; and had such an intention been consummated, we doubt not that most of his readers would have received his statements as bearing the stamp of legitimate authenticity.

We pay him all the respect due to a man "advanced far in life," and give him full credit for the extensiveness of his travelling; but we are left to regret that neither his age, nor his peregrinations have had their usual effect—by obliterating his prejudices and liberalizing his views. We are obliged, though reluctantly, to allege these as the causes of the delinquency we complain of in our author, because we see no other possible reason for excluding the southern states from a participation in his "concern." Most certainly a person who has spent so many of his three-score years and ten in the United States, and has attended so much, as we are confident our author has, to our political affairs, can hardly be supposed to be unacquainted with the character and manners of his countrymen. Nor do we believe this is the case. The comprehensive knowledge of facts which he every where displays, even concerning countries three thousand miles off, for-

bids us to think for a moment that he is ignorant of the private history as it were of his immediate neighbours.

We have now finished what little we wished to premise before we came directly to the book before us. We shall next proceed to make such extracts as, we hope, will bear us out in the observations we have ventured to make.

After some stale though sensible remarks upon the advantages which are likely to result to Great Britain and to America from a state of peace and a spirit of reciprocal forbearance—followed up by denunciations against the short-sighted infatuation of those writers on both sides of the water, whose effusions have tended to alienate the two countries; we find, near the conclusion of the preface, the following manly appeal to the feelings of our countrymen upon the subject of their treatment to foreigners. We quote the passage with the greater pleasure, because it exhibits more of the author's beauties and blemishes than are any where else to be found in the compass of a single paragraph:

"It is time that the people of this country should begin to estimate the foreigners, who visit it, more justly. Nine out of ten, so far as their observations are published, are mere common slanderers; and appear to cross the ocean for little else than to *belic* us, as soon as they leave our shores. If they dislike our country and its inhabitants, let them stay at home. We shall not molest them. Here they claim, and receive, an attention due only to persons of worth; and then repay our civilities with contempt and abuse. It is sufficiently painful to be ill-treated by men of respectability; but to be subjected to the heels, and the braying of such creatures as *Janson*, *Ashe*, and *Parkinson*, and that in a sense voluntarily, is to be humbled indeed. It is to be hoped, that *Americans*, before they again open their houses, and their hearts, for the reception of foreign stragglers, will demand some evidence, that they are not scoundrels. Every worthy man, from every country, I would welcome, and wish my countrymen to welcome, to every good office. But it is time that we should begin to select from so *corrupt* a mass, such parts as are, at least, not *putrid*."

(To be continued.)

THE OBSERVER, NO. I.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I HAPPENED lately to be in a company, where the conversation was as various as the elements of the composition of the assemblage. Being, as every observer should be, by appearance and by manner, less calculated to attract attention than to bestow it on others—observed by none, but observing all, the discourse of the different groups successively commanded my attention. Sauntering through the apartment, I observed several persons, elegantly dressed and of fashionable appearance, who, apparently unwillingly and involuntarily, had become the auditors of a gentleman in an undress military coat, with threatening whiskers and a smart cockade. The attention of his hearers seemed scarcely to be commanded by the utmost stretch of their politeness, while he delivered himself in the following terms, with great animation:—"I tell you what, gentlemen, though I say it, who should not say it, I've seen as hard service and as severe fighting as the best of them—none of your summer fields—your frolics in town-quarters—no, no—real d—d hard blows.—I'll tell you how that affair was—I know particulars of it, that the commanding general did not do justice to, in his general orders—which if known, damme—but let that pass.—The elite was ordered to debouch to the right—several regiments in the centre to form in echelon—our company were ordered to charge—advanced quick-step upon the enemy—they gave way at all points—at that moment I received a wound in my leg—think you I minded it?—not the least.—But as I said before, there was damn'd injustice—but I see my friend major——entering.—How are you, my dear fellow—when did you see our distinguished friend the general last?" said the captain marching up the room.—His auditors seemed now relieved from painful restraint.—"Stuff!"—observed one of them, with the utmost look of contempt capable of being assumed by an inanimate face, whose well fed lines were little adapted to expression of any kind—"I wonder how that man can think any of us cares for his debouching!" A delicate looking gentleman, with a remarkably white waistcoat, and his cravat tied in a manner, which must have been the admiration and envy of his companions, observed, "How disagreeable the society among the officers of a

camp must be! upon my soul, I would not for a general's commission, undergo such a bore of insipidity and profanity."—Turning now, with great self-complacency, to a well-conditioned and well-dressed middle-aged gentleman, he said,—"Well, Mr. Schæffscheiffer, how did that package-sale go to-day? Great profit, hey? beautiful goods those? Never saw more elegant articles, particularly the prints—and the chintz—the shawls—and—" "Yes!" answered Mr. Schæffscheiffer, "very good goods those—Mr. Whistlebody, how are shipments to England?" "Very dull—flour—a—tobacco—a—potash—a—&c. no stir hardly—and—"—here my attention, which had been as little interested with the men of the pen, as it had been with the man of the sword, was suddenly attracted to a young man of a very spare frame, who stood near, listening to this discourse, with so triumphantly contemptuous a twirl of the nostril, and such an evident self-congratulation of superiority in his eyes, as to rivet my gaze upon him alone.—He was attired with studious carelessness.—He had a pair of green spectacles on his nose—and out of his waistcoat pocket peeped a very small volume in 24mo. splendidly gilt and bound, with a green riband inserted in its leaves, and on the back could be read, "*Horatii Opera*." What can this mean, thought I. I will accost him.—Advancing, I said hesitatingly—"Very pretty weather sir?"—"Yes sir, but indicative of an approaching diminution in the heat of the atmosphere."—"You seem, sir, to be very much interested with the agreeable conversation of our neighbours there?"—"Interested! impossible! One whose mind is enamoured of the charms of divine philosophy, can find nought but food for contempt in the discourse of those in whose estimation the goddess of trade is superior to the deity of reason—listen to them—and then be convinced that they are guided by a similar principle to that attributed to a similar class of persons, in the words of the Roman satirist Horatius Flaccus—'*Virtus post nummos*'—Money, money sir, is their Νῆς—their το Καλον."

"From the zeal of your remarks I presume, sir, that you subscribe fully to a maxim, the truth of which, however oracular, I never myself felt disposed to experience in its full extent—

"Learning is better than house and land."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied he, "but the superiority of literature to sordid gain is too manifest to be disputed—and the charms of its pursuit require a better eulogy than the praise implied in the vulgar maxim you have quoted—I would exalt those charms in the words of the elegant Naso:

"—Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

"I beg your pardon in my turn, sir," I replied, "but I do not understand Latin at the present moment, and in the present company."—He turned contemptuously away, and I heard him mutter, as he retired,—"nor any where else, nor at any other time, I dare venture to assert."—

"I will fly for refuge, said I to myself, to woman—charming woman. Her presence will be a sure protection from the irksomeness of exclusive conversation. In that lovely presence, surely the soldier will cease to recapitulate the tale of blood and wounds—the scholar will forbear from pedantic quotations—and the merchant from the phrase of trade." I advanced towards a lovely group. There I observed a beautiful and graceful girl attending, with great urbanity, but painfully repressed impatience, to a very young and very handsome man, whom I had previously heard called doctor, though from his very juvenile appearance, I have some suspicion, that that appellation might be his *nom de guerre*. "As I was observing, ma'am, previously to this epoch, the properties of heat were hidden under an almost inscrutable mass of mysticism, in relation to the supposed laws of phlogiston—but in regard to this, and other discoveries, in the divine art of chemia, whoever may claim the primary glory, the French school is surely entitled to undying honour—we need but mention the various gasses—the oxygen and hydrogen—the iode, to"—*De mal en pis*, I exclaimed to myself, and made my escape to the door, then fortunately open—I took my hat with a sensation of joyful release and departed.

In returning home I could not but reflect on the advantages that general social intercourse might derive from the suppression of this too prevalent manifestation of the *esprit du corps*.—But

the good people of Philadelphia are too tenacious of their progress in any particular direction—too accustomed to proceed straight forward and turn at right angles, to adopt the pliant and winding graces of conversation by curving and bending from the direct line of the topics of their particular occupation.

Nor is this adherence to one's own *esprit du corps*, less inimical to the mingled ease and grace of conversational intercourse, than the manner founded upon the belief of its existence in others. Thus have I seen a person of a particular profession, addressed with amazing condescension, upon the topics of his occupation, his own particular business selected, most flatteringly, as the subject of discourse, while the unfortunate wight, perhaps, found nothing more irksome, than thus to be dragged back from the hour of social intercourse, to the shop and its details.—Another person has been, most unfortunately, tempted to commit the sin of authorship. He is addressed in almost every society, most complacently, upon the subjects on which his book may have shown him to be conversant—while the author, disgusted with the mechanism of composition, may have been allured into that society solely with the hope of relaxing the tension of mind, produced by wearisome examination of those very subjects.—He is surfeited with letters, yet is he forced, by the condescension of friends, to swallow an additional draught—nay, it is sometimes worse with him.—Some coxcombical pretender to literature, will nail him down to the discussion of all the common places of criticism, that have been tossed about from Blair to Lindley Murray, until *they* are perfectly in shreds—and until *we* are tempted to find refuge in the variety of error, from the everlasting and monotonous ringing in our ears of trite truths.

Upon the whole, it were to be wished, that every person would divest himself of the badge of his profession, upon entering the mosque of social worship.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON DENSITY OF POPULATION.

NATIONS are commonly compared, as to their physical strength, by comparison of their respective numbers; but this would give us a very fallacious standard, unless we also took into consideration the *density* of those numbers. There are some among us, however, who, while they admit the effect of compactness of population on the power and the wealth of a nation, think it unfavourable to morals and happiness; and, consequently, deprecate as a serious evil, our continual approaches to the populousness of the ancient world.

Let us consider this subject, one certainly of no contemptible importance, with regard to the national defence—the national wealth—the advancement of literature and the arts—and individual virtue and happiness.

As to national defence.—It seems sufficiently obvious that the thinner the population the more exposed is a country, during war, to partial attacks, and the less capable it is of repelling them. Where there are but ten or twelve persons inhabiting a square mile, as in many parts of the United States, hostile incursions may be safely made with a force which, in Europe, would certainly be intercepted and destroyed. A dispersed population is also less capable of offensive operations. Much time is lost and extraordinary expense is incurred in collecting the scattered forces together. Nor is this all: the facility of raising and paying large armies is in proportion to the cheapness of human labour, which again is in proportion to the density of population.

With this manifest disadvantage, however, in partial military operations, it must be admitted that a thinly-peopled country is more secure from foreign conquest, than if the same numbers were gathered into a narrow compass. The same delay and expense of transporting troops which are felt by itself, also impede the advances of the enemy; and while one part of the invaded country yields to the ascendancy of superior power, others, by their remote situation, are able to bring their resources into action, and to furnish a new rallying point to the defenders of their soil.

The safety of these consists in this, that their adversary can come into contact with but a small part of them at once. European politicians, judging by what they had always seen in Europe, expected that the capture of Philadelphia and New-York, and our other chief towns, in the revolutionary war, was the conquest of the whole country. It was found, however, that the war was not carried on with less spirit or effect, in other quarters, on account of these disasters. In like manner, it will be impossible for the French emperor to overcome Russia; if the people of that country are united in opposing him.* Thus too, while a single ship of war may annoy any part of our widely-extended and thinly-settled coast, before an adequate force can be collected to repel it, the conquest of the whole country is beyond the reach of any foreign nation; for what would it signify towards subjugating Georgia or Carolina, that Boston or New-York was in possession of the enemy? or, who can suppose that the people beyond the Alleghany would surrender themselves prisoners of war, because a hostile force were masters of the eastern-shore of Maryland and Virginia? In fact, it would often happen that the moment of capture to the one, would be the moment of liberation to the other.

Where, however, a nation is sufficiently strong to be under no danger of foreign subjection, its exposure to partial invasions from the thinness of its numbers, is a most serious evil; and this is the present situation of the United States. Their numbers, their courage, and above all, their remoteness from the military nations of Europe, afford them sufficient security against subjugation; but when involved in war (and it appears that even *they* cannot always escape it) they are exposed along their whole line of coast, to the incursions and ravages of every petty marauder who can command a ship and fifty men. A large naval force may, indeed, defend us from this mischief; but such a compact population as exists in Europe would also do the same.

2. *As to national wealth*, or the abundance of those things which contribute to human comfort and enjoyment.—The time that is saved and the skill that is gained by distributing the different operations of a manufacture among several distinct hands, has

* This was written in the year 1813.

been very satisfactorily shown by Adam Smith, and is now familiar to all; but this advantage cannot be attained but in countries thickly peopled, because a dense population alone can afford a sufficient market for a manufacture carried on upon that extensive plan. Therefore, where the population is very dispersed, one man not only completes every part of the same manufacture, but often does that which belongs to several distinct branches. By the division of labour then, which can prevail extensively only in a populous country, the effect of manufacturing industry is greatly multiplied, and, of course, all those various commodities which are produced by human ingenuity and skill, are cheaper and more abundant.

But not only is the labour of the community employed to more advantage; there is also saved much of that species which is altogether unproductive, I mean that which is expended in transporting commodities to and from market. Suppose a shoemaker to do the work of a hundred persons: if they are spread over a surface of eight or ten miles, as is often the case in the southern and western states, much time must be spent either in his going to his customers, or in their coming to him; but if they are, as in Europe, within a compass of a half mile, nearly the whole of that time is saved. It is, indeed, the time which is requisite to bring the manufacturer and consumer together, that in thinly-peopled countries principally induces a man to turn his hand to such various employments, and to be content with worse work at home, rather than go to a distance for better. It must be recollected that commerce, or the exchange of one surplus commodity for another, does not *directly* generate any thing; it merely prevents loss, by converting that which can be spared into that which is wanted, and the labour spent in the transportation is just so much taken from the value of one article or added to the price of the other. But the more compact the population, the less is this labour likely to be. In a small compass, every man will probably find a market for whatever he wishes either to purchase or sell; and besides shortening the distance to market, a close population can greatly facilitate transportation by means of canals and artificial roads, which are commonly beyond the capacities of a country thinly settled.

There is, moreover, greater industry and emulation when men are brought closer together. The reward of diligence is nearer at hand, and can be estimated with a more assured correctness. Examples, both good and bad, are immediately under observation; and pride, as well as interest, will operate to produce a salutary rivalry. Besides, of that which is produced, much more will be lost and wasted in one country than the other. Many things of no value, when in small quantities, or at a distance from market, are turned to profitable account when they are to be had on the spot, or in that abundance which a numerous population affords: of this nature are rags, bones, soot, &c.

3. *As to literature and the fine arts.*—Where much time is spent in satisfying the more imperious wants of man, he must be less able to cultivate letters and the liberal arts. In a thin population few can have the leisure indispensable to proficiency in learning and science. Most men are occupied in earning a livelihood; and of those who turn their attention to literary pursuits, they are engaged either in the active duties of the liberal professions, or in discharging the functions of the magistrate or statesman. For the same reason, indeed, that there is less wealth in such a community, there is also less of juvenile instruction and of individual leisure. What there are of these, will be barely sufficient to furnish the requisite supply of lawyers, physicians, and civil officers: there are none left to prosecute intellectual pursuits for the mere pleasure they give, or the reputation they confer; and it is this class of men which chiefly advances the literary character of a country. Nor can the business of book-making be as profitable in a poor and thinly-peopled country, as in one whose population is crowded and wealthy. There are, perhaps, more purchasers of any book of more than ordinary merit in the city of London alone, than in the whole United States; and it is easier conveyed to its readers in a week in the one case, than in a twelvemonth in the other. Thus the prospect of gain, as well as of being read, the two chief incentives to authorship, must act with a greater force in a populous country. Indeed almost all the circumstances which have been mentioned to explain the inferiority of American to European literature, are inseparably connected with our dispersed population.

The fine arts—sculpture, painting, engraving, and architecture—have, in all countries, been the offspring of luxurious opulence; for nothing less than the rewards of superabundant wealth have been found sufficient to *excite* and *keep up* that patient industry which is necessary to their perfection. The elements of taste and genius abound, no doubt, in every soil; but they are matured and perfected only by the genial influence of the riches or applause which populous communities alone can give. It was the splendid munificence with which the Greeks and Romans rewarded the artists who fabricated their deities and constructed their temples, that made those artists the idols of their own country and the admiration of every other. It was the wealth of the Medici which decorated Florence with so many noble productions of art; and in the United States, the talents of a West, or Copley, or Stewart, would, probably, never have been known, if they had not found encouragement in a wealthier country than their own. Engraving seems to have taken a good foothold among us, and is rapidly improving; but it is only in our most populous cities, Philadelphia and New-York, that it as yet meets with the encouragement necessary to its growth.

The intimate connection which exists among all the arts, whether liberal or mechanical, must operate to the disadvantage of the former, where the latter are discouraged, as they necessarily must be in a thinly-settled country. Whilst manufactures are directly aided by the discoveries in chemistry, metallurgy, natural history, botany, &c. these branches of knowledge are on the other hand indirectly advanced by the employment which manufactures give to them. Nothing has so much improved the science of chemistry as the aid it has lately afforded to the mechanical arts of dying, bleaching, tanning, agriculture, and mineralogy, some of which are little likely to be cultivated in countries that are not populous.

4. *As to private morals and happiness.*—It is admitted that where population is not yet full, as in the United States, and land, of course, is easily obtained, the necessaries of life are more abundant than in more populous countries. In a country full of redundancy of inhabitants, there is a large portion both of wretchedness and vice, which may be ascribed to poverty, which in its

turn is caused by the want of employment. The account which Colquhoun, in his View of the Police of London, gives of the frauds, the vices, the crimes and sufferings of thousands in that vast metropolis, exhibits a frightful picture of the difficulty of obtaining subsistence in an over-crowded population, and of the deplorable mischiefs it produces. In the United States, on the other hand, capital crimes are rare, and pickpockets and highway-robbers, in the greater part of them, are scarcely known. Some few, indeed, even here, feel the hard gripe of poverty; but how different is their poverty from that which weighs upon, perhaps, one half the human race in Europe! There is seldom a day that the most indigent person among us does not eat animal food; and it is next to impossible for any to suffer here from the want of employment.

In this simple mode of comparing the two states of population, that which is dispersed over a great surface would seem, at first view, to be much the most favourable to human comfort, and, consequently, to the practice of virtue. But there are many considerations which, if not sufficient to lead us to an opposite conclusion, may persuade us that the difference is far less than we had at first supposed. The vices and crimes of so populous a city as London, though they might not be proportionally greater than in other places, yet being seen congregated within a comparatively narrow compass, strike the imagination with great force. When we are told that *twenty thousand persons* in that metropolis, know not in the morning where they are to find subsistence for the day, our minds are filled with the vast extent of wretchedness which this fact conveys; but on sober reflection, we find that great as is this *aggregate* number, it amounts to but one in fifty of the whole population—a number *proportionally* so small, that it may exist in any country place or small town without being known or regarded. As to individual cases of *extreme* misery, it may naturally be expected that the larger the whole number, the more remarkable will those of them be who are preeminent in any thing, whether of excellence or deformity, natural or moral. *Unus e multis* implies very different degrees of distinction when the many are a million and when they are but a thousand. That a large part of those who subsist in London on casual charity, or by their wits or their frauds, prefer the evils of a precarious exist-

ence, chequered as they are with some of the pleasures of a town life, to certain employment and wages in the country, would seem probable, from the circumstance that, in particular seasons, the pay of agricultural labour in England is sufficient to induce numbers to come over from Ireland to get employment.

But although it could be demonstrably proved that there was the most wretchedness in the most condensed population, it does not necessarily follow that there may not also be a greater sum of happiness. While a larger number may suffer for want of the necessities of life in the populous country, those who are exempt from this evil may be also more susceptible of enjoyment. On this subject there is room for little more than general speculation and conjecture. Quantities that cannot be measured cannot be accurately compared; and where is the mode of weighing and ascertaining the pains and pleasures which agitate the heart, not for an hour or a day, but during a whole life, and not of a single individual but of a whole community? Indeed, so bountiful has Providence been in accommodating us to the pains we are compelled to undergo—so active and ingenious are we in working out our own good, and in counteracting evil in whatever situations we may be placed—so much of *suffering*, both in body and mind, is found in the *best* situations of life; and so much of *enjoyment* in the *worst*, that a cool and unprejudiced observer (if such a one could possibly be found) would, perhaps, say, that the sum of human happiness, in every country and in every age, does not materially vary. But whether the difference be little or much between a rude and a civilized people—a poor and a rich community—a weak and a strong nation—a free and a despotic government; men will ever strive after that which is best in their eyes: and, though the object of their endeavours were an illusion, this active pursuit itself would be beneficial—Though they may not catch the game, they have the advantage of the chase.

If a denser population seems likely to produce peculiar vices and sufferings, it is also favourable to particular virtues and enjoyments. A diffusive population is also in some respects auspicious, and in others unfriendly to morality and happiness.

In hazarding some speculations on this copious subject, to narrow the field of inquiry, it will be assumed that the country

having the most compact population possesses the most wealth, the most strength, the best literature, and the most mechanical art; but the necessities of life in the least abundance.

It is a strong argument that such a country is most conducive to human happiness, that, generally speaking, virtue is promoted by intelligence and civilization. The most philosophical of our historians, Hume and Gibbon, are decidedly of this opinion; and the former adduces some strong facts in support of it. As society advances in refinement, the *moral sense*, as well as every other faculty, will become more susceptible of impressions, and though an increased sensibility may often lead to evil as well as to good, yet the good will be most promoted, if there be more of it than of evil in the world—a proposition which, however it may be disputed by the gloomy misanthrope or frivolous declaimer, every man's conduct and feelings acknowledge to be just. In short, if men are superior in happiness and virtue to brutes, then also is civilized society superior to that which is rude and uncultivated. It would, indeed, be against the universal economy of nature, which impels every species of animals to efforts for their preservation and well-being, if man, who is perpetually urged to form societies and to advance in civilization, should, by so doing, be labouring for his misery instead of his happiness.

Refinement and civilization confer on us new pleasures and cut us off from none of the old ones. Intellectual pleasures are exclusively the fruit of their culture. When we consider the agreeable ideas and emotions which are communicated by books—by the prosecution of scientific pursuits—by music, painting, sculpture, and architecture—by theatrical exhibitions, and by those mechanical arts, which can exist only after a long course of improvement; it must be admitted that they are the instruments of no inconsiderable portion of human happiness; and that while they are created by civilization, they neither destroy nor diminish those simple pleasures which a state of nature can give.

If civilization occasionally brings with it new pains, it also often brings alleviations of those which are inseparable from human existence in every state of society. By the arts of medicine and surgery, a casualty or a disease, which might destroy the savage or afflict him for life, is made an evil of but a few weeks or

days. How many and what ingenious contrivances has man devised to shelter him from the inclemency of the seasons—to multiply his food, both as to quantity and variety—and lastly, to preserve all that he values from that mutation and decay to which they are ever hastening! What other object, indeed, have all our manufacturing labour and skill, but to enhance our pleasures and to mitigate our pains? It is the stock of these *goods*, as they are emphatically called, possessed by each nation, which constitutes its wealth, and we have seen that this will be the greatest in a well-peopled country.

But it may be objected, that although the most populous country may possess the greatest stock of those materials for the enjoyment of man, which are fabricated by his labour and art, yet, as they are also very unequally distributed, the poorer class will not be benefited by such excess, whilst they materially suffer from the greater scarcity of food.

In the condensed population of Europe, it is true that the fruits of the improvements which progressive art, science and civilization have made, seem to be gathered by a small portion of society, whilst the mass of the people are doomed to misery and want. There are a hundred, or perhaps a thousand kept poor, or made so, for one that is rich.

To this objection it may be at least plausibly answered, that the unequal division of property does not seem to be so much the consequence of a dense population as of government—of the blind and unjust institutions of society. Were things left to their natural course, though there would still be inequality, it would be less considerable and less pernicious—or rather it would be no more than would be salutary and just. By burthensome taxes—by exorbitant salaries—by feudal privileges and perquisites—by the laws of primogeniture—of apprenticeships and settlements, and exclusive tests, property is forced into particular channels, and is not suffered to distribute itself according to the industry, prudence and good fortune of each individual. Were all those legal shackles taken off from human exertion, and those bounties on indolence removed, the number of the wretched would be comparatively small; and much of what is now wasted by the wealthy few, would then increase the comfort of the residue.

But although the preceding hypothesis may not be strictly true, and though in so populous a country as China, or even part of Europe, there must necessarily be a great number who feel the want of the common necessities of life—that last point in the scale of human misery—still it does not follow that a country where the population is compact, without being redundant, may not be more favourable to happiness, than one whose numbers are scattered over an extensive surface. There may, perhaps, be a middle point between excessive thinness and closeness of population which is most propitious to human comfort and enjoyment; and possibly, that point to which it would naturally arrive, and where it would as naturally stop, if nature was not counteracted by our unwise intermeddling, might give us this golden mean. Liberty seems to have been productive of so much good in whatever it has been fairly tried—in government, religion, and commerce—(and liberty is nothing but leaving things to their *natural* course)—that we are encouraged to hope it would not occasion a mischievous excess of population. And it is most consoling to the philanthropist to believe, that the evil he so much deprecates, is more to be feared from human error, which may be averted, than from the laws of nature, which are neither to be avoided nor controlled.

Without, however, indulging in visions, which may be as fallacious as they are agreeable, let us consider the world as it actually is, and ask in what stage of population is the greatest happiness probably found. If our pride or partiality leads us to the conclusion that man is happier in America than he is on the old continent, yet still this question recurs, would our happiness be increased or diminished by a yet further density of numbers?

A greater facility in procuring the conveniences and elegancies of life could not, we may suppose, but be felt by our whole community. If this increase of the materials of enjoyment were the consequence of an increase of toil and care, the case would be different; but the gain, as has been shown, proceeds from the greater ingenuity and skill, and saving of labour, which a denser population produces. Thus, if the greater part of that irksome labour, which is now expended in wagoning our bulky commodities to market, or in the slovenly cultivation of our extensive fields, was devoted to the fabrication of comfortable and ornamental ap-

parel, of commodious houses, of elegant and convenient furniture, every one will say that our situation would be greatly improved. Or, if our weavers and dyers could make fine fabrics of brilliant hues, with as much ease as they now make their homely homespun; or, Mr. C. Crolus could fashion a piece of beautiful porcelain as readily as he does his stone ware, nobody would be the worse for the exchange; but most of us, if not all, would be the better.

Again: if a taste for literary pursuits were more general, how many of our fox-hunters and hunters of squirrels, and gamesters and tiplers, would be spared the sad necessity of flying from themselves! and when kept, by bad weather or indisposition, within doors, how many hours, now passed in heaviness and weariness, would they spend in pure and rational delight? How different too, is the old age of him who has a taste for letters and him who has no resources beyond his own blunted sensations and barren mind?

Let us bring the comparison nearer to our view. Nine-tenths, or perhaps more, of the people of these states, live in the country. Where is the man of unvitiated feelings who would not rather be surrounded by neighbours of intelligence, of refined manners, and in easy circumstances, than by those who are coarse, ignorant and needy: and who, but one whose affrighted conscience saw his own guilt reflected from the faces of all he met, would not choose to have such neighbours as the former, at a nearer rather than at a greater distance?

In support of these arguments it may be farther remarked, that it is the opinion of an observer, equally ingenious and profound, that the happiness and virtue of the English nation has increased with the increase of population. That capital crimes are less frequent, he proves beyond a doubt. Nor do we observe that as any particular portion of our country advances in population, that the people are less moral or happy; but the direct reverse is frequently conspicuous. So that whatever may be our opinion of the ultimate point of density which a nation may reach, without lessening the chances of happiness to each individual, we must be persuaded, from a candid review of the preceding considerations, that we are yet far from having reached it; and that as, under the genial influences of freedom and abundance, we continue to increase

in numbers, we shall, in a still greater proportion, advance in political wealth and strength, and in individual improvement and happiness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Select American Speeches, forensic and parliamentary, with prefatory remarks: being a sequel to Dr. Chapman's 'Select Speeches.' By S. C. Carpenter, esq. in two vols.

"It is hardly requisite to urge the utility and delightfulness which such a work is capable of combining. The study of eloquence possesses in a very high degree the power of calling into activity all the energies of the mind. In none of its varied exertions, does the human intellect appear with more fascinating splendour, than when an accomplished orator, animated by patriotism and the love of virtuous glory, maintains before an enlightened senate his country's rights, and the universal cause of justice and freedom. The sway of eloquence over the imagination has no limits but those which nature prescribes to the imagination itself; while its control over the passions is often irresistible. In those free states, in which a considerable portion of the public authority is vested in popular assemblies, eloquence is the potent and faithful minister to ambition. In republics, therefore, where ambition has always found the widest scope for its daring efforts, oratory has attained its highest perfection; inasmuch that at this day, the best criterion of the excellence of an oration, is its approximation to the admirable models of eloquence transmitted to us from ancient Greece and Rome.

"It would be degrading to the present compiler, and no doubt disgusting to his readers, were he to claim for the eloquence of his country, the highest rank. But he will assert, without fear, that the talent of public speaking is widely extended throughout the United States; and though in a few instances inferior in quality, it is in the compound ratio of quality and quantity, far superior even to that of Great Britain. We may look in vain, it is true, among the discourses of our best orators, for the 'profound phi-

SELECT SPEECHES.

‘ philosophy, the splendid imagery, the vast reach and comprehension of view, the unbounded variety of allusion, illustration and ornament, drawn from every province of nature or of science—for the unrivalled mastery over language’—for ‘the versatility of imagination which at will transforms itself from sublime and terrific genius into gay and playful fancy’—for ‘the happy power of relieving the harshness of political dispute by beautiful effusions of sentiment, and of dignifying composition by grave and lofty maxims of moral and civil wisdom’—for ‘the unlimited sway over the human passions which fills the auditor at pleasure with indignation, with horror or with pity, and equally commands his laughter and his tears—in a word, for wit, humour, pathos, invention, force, dignity, copiousness and magnificence’—all of which the most luminous and learned of living authors* has in these words ascribed to BURKE. In vain too may we look for the overwhelming Demosthenian torrent of Fox, or for the splendid conflagration of PITT. But in that style of oratory which elucidates truth and comes home with force to the understanding; which ‘shines without dazzling, and charms rather than excites astonishment or kindles enthusiasm,’ our public speakers are undoubtedly eminent. Though none of them may be equal to the most distinguished leaders of the British senate, a much greater proportion of them understand and can explain their subject well. We have not a Windham, or a Sheridan; but we have, in our house of representatives, composed of only one hundred and eighty-two members, more orators of the class of Gray and Whitbread, than the British house of commons, though almost four times more numerous, can boast. To adopt the elegant illustration of this point by the editor of the work, of which the present is the continuation, ‘there have been, perhaps, brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we are entitled to boast of as much eloquence as has been exhibited in any age or country.’

Without following strictly the chronological order, the compiler has arranged the speeches in such a manner as to assist those who study the history of the United States.—He is indebted

* Sir James Macintosh.

SELECT SPEECHES.

to the pen of Mr. Workman for the observations prefixed to the speech of Patrick Henry.”

These observations, expressed with as much elegance and force as they are conceived with propriety and good sense, are as follows. The reader of judgment and taste will at once perceive them to be as masterly in their kind, as the specimens of eloquence which they so correctly characterize.

“Patrick Henry, of Virginia, stands conspicuous among the illustrious patriots of his country, and may be compared, without disparagement, to the most eminent orators of any age or nation. For a long time previous to the adoption of the present federal constitution, on the merits of which Mr. Henry’s most eloquent speeches were delivered, the public mind was alarmed with the terrors of anarchy, faction and civil war. The new constitution was eagerly expected as the preventive or the cure of every political evil. At that period no quarrel between government and liberty existed or was apprehended. The dread of licentiousness and turbulence absorbed every other fear. All felt the evils of too little government, few foresaw the dangers of too much. Mr. Henry, however, was one of those who impressed with habitual distrust and jealousy of great power, in whatever hands it might be placed, examined the proposed establishment in the spirit of a cautious and enlightened statesman. The difficulties of the moment did not affright his mind ‘from its propriety.’ He took a wide, comprehensive, and penetrating view of this new and untried political system. He perused its principal features with intense scrutiny. He subjected its component parts to the severest analysis. His fears and predictions of its injurious tendency were considered visionary, or exaggerated by most of his contemporaries; but we hazard little in asserting, that in his speeches on this grand national experiment, there will be found a rich treasure of political knowledge, and excellent models of argumentative eloquence. He possessed, in fact, all the characteristics of the genuine orator. Plain, perspicuous, convincing, persuasive, he reasons with commanding force; and never reasons unnecessarily. In his harangues, we find no truisms elaborately proven; no aristotelian syllogisms in which the conclusion is as evident as the premises; none of the parade or pedantry of argu-

mentation. He at once takes for granted, and boldly asserts the maxims of common sense, and all the leading principles of civil and political liberty. Proceeding from these unpolluted sources, his way is clear; his march steady, assured and unembarrassed. Of a capacious and powerful intellect, and thoroughly acquainted with his subject, his views are quick and piercing. He has no useless common place. He distinguishes the proposed institution from every other; his discriminations are intelligible to the meanest capacity, and he traces things to their remote consequences with admirable perspicuity, and sometimes with a prophetic spirit. His mind possessed astonishing fertility. Nothing from which an argument could be drawn, escapes his penetration; and if his separate reasonings are occasionally feeble, they are so well embodied and marshalled, that their united force becomes almost irresistible. In him there is no trick, artifice or affectation. He is earnest and ardent in his cause, and his language bears the stamp of his sincerity and his zeal. No playful refinements of imagination, no pompous or elaborate expressions, no learned allusions, no far-fetched illustrations, no brilliant metaphors, no magnificent ciceronian periods decorate his discourse. Intent only upon instructing and persuading his hearers, he seems to forget himself and to be indifferent to fame. Neither the lust of power nor the love of popularity appears to influence him. He whines out no mawkish parliamentary cant. He does not disgust with any nauseous professions. It is for the rights of the people, not for the opinions of the people, that he is anxious. He displays at once the simplicity of truth, and the majestic might of conscious virtue. Were we to compare him with the public speakers of other times, we should confidently pronounce that he combines many of the excellencies of the Athenian Demosthenes, and the English orator Charles Fox."

On the whole, we cannot but welcome this publication as a work of uncommon merit—as creditable in no ordinary degree to the literature, but more especially to the parliamentary and forensic eloquence of the United States.

From a hasty glance over many of its pages, we are strongly inclined to believe, that the compiler, in his preface, has been modest to a fault; that he has graduated the work by too humble a

standard. We are pleased with modesty; but where that virtue degenerates into diffidence, and that diffidence becomes the source of injustice, it is a virtue no longer. Such, we fear, is somewhat the case in the present instance.

We fully accord with Mr. Workman, that Patrick Henry, in particular, "*may be compared, without disparagement, to the most eminent orators of any age or nation.*" To which we will add, that if the comparison be candidly made, we have no fear of its resulting to the disadvantage of our illustrious countryman.

We hazard the assertion, and should we be found in the wrong, although we may hereafter acknowledge our error, we shall not be easily induced to say we are sorry for it, that, both for manner and argument, certain parts of the speeches of the great Virginia orator, are equal to any thing that has ever been delivered in the British parliament; at least we have met with nothing superior to them. Nor, in thus eulogizing Mr. Henry, do we mean to disparage the other speakers. He is only most excellent where all are excellent.

We earnestly hope that this collection of speeches, so rich as a repository of moral and political truth, so pure as an expression of patriotic feeling, and so honourable as a standard of national eloquence, will find a place in the library, not only of every orator and statesman in our country, but of every candidate for eminence in the commonwealth. It is a work *exclusively American*, and that alone ought to aid in giving it currency.

"COALE and MAXWELL, booksellers, Baltimore, propose to publish, a valuable elementary and practical work, entitled 'A GENERAL DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE, TRADE AND MANUFACTURES, EXHIBITING THEIR PRESENT STATE IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.' Compiled from the latest and best authorities, by THOMAS MORTIMER, esq. Carefully revised, and adapted particularly for the use of the merchants, traders and manufacturers of the United States of America.

"Since the publication of the dictionaries of Postlethwaite and Beawes, the face of commerce has undergone so total a change, that these works have become no longer useful. Mr. MORTIMER's dictionary was published in the year 1810. As a *practical*

work, it is very highly esteemed. The editor seems to have introduced into it whatever it is requisite for a man of business to become acquainted with; and his dictionary contains at least *two thousand articles more than any similar production in the English or in any other language.*

"Under the heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, is introduced a methodized account of the commerce, manufactures, and in some instances, of the politico-commercial regulations of the several governments.

"This very important work will be revised and made particularly useful to the American merchant and manufacturer, by gentlemen of long experience in trade, of considerable acquirement in science, and in all other respects well qualified for the undertaking. And to embrace as much useful information as can be brought within the limits of such a work, all dictionaries of commerce and manufactures, of reputation, heretofore published, Oddy's European Commerce, Jackson's Trade of the Mediterranean, Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, Beaujour's Commerce of Greece, &c. &c. will be consulted.

"As an *elementary* work, rendered a *practical* one, by being thrown into the *dictionary-form*, it will be interesting to men liberal, intelligent and rational of all professions, but to the members of the profession to which it will appertain, it will be particularly valuable. In fine, it is intended to make the work convenient and necessary to young persons in the course of their education to trade and commerce, and a useful book of reference to the most experienced, whether he be a merchant or manufacturer, a legislator, statesman, or political economist.

"It is scarcely necessary to observe that such a publication, must, in every point of view, prove a *desideratum* in a country whose commerce has, within the last forty years, increased in a wonderful ratio, unknown in the annals of the world, and whose manufactures are at this time in a highly flourishing state. To render this work altogether useful in the counting-house, and of necessary reference to men of business, and to inquisitive persons generally, no expense or labour will be spared in giving it every possible degree of perfection; the publishers, therefore, flatter

themselves that they shall meet with their recompense, in the approbation and patronage of the public.

"*Conditions.*—This work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, in extra boards, and printed on good paper and type. The price to subscribers will be four dollars per volume, payable on the delivery of each volume, and it will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expense of publication."

To those acquainted with the merits of the publication here-in proposed, it will be itself its own best recommender: to those who are not, we need only observe, that it is already, we believe, considered as by far the best work of the kind in the English language; and that the American edition will receive material and ample additions and improvements from the pens of gentlemen skilled in commerce, trade, and manufactures, through whose hands it is to pass in its preparation for the press.

As the work will be a valuable addition to American literature, in branches of knowledge that concern the vital interests of our country, we hope it will receive the encouragement it deserves.

There are peculiar reasons why the American merchant should be well educated, well informed, and, we might add, well bred, beyond the merchant of any other country. We have amongst us in the United States no titled orders or *well-born* classes of citizens, according to the technical and usual acceptance of these terms; no descriptions of persons exclusively privileged by law or usage to do the highest honours of society and of the country, either in a public or private capacity. To these distinctions the merchant may be called, and may therefore reasonably aspire, as well as those of any other denomination of his fellow citizens. Hence it is proper that his education and attainments should be such as might fit him for the discharge of the most elevated functions.

In other countries the case is different. The merchant is confined almost exclusively and necessarily to the walks of trade, while the honours of society, both public and private, are in the hands of personages of higher rank. If, therefore, he understand well his professional pursuits, it is not very material whether he trouble himself much about any thing beyond them.

These are considerations which cannot fail to make the American merchant prize his privileges, and feel the weight of his character in society. But they should do more. They ought to operate on him as strong inducements to avail himself of every practicable opportunity for the cultivation of his mind, and the augmentation of his knowledge both professional and general.

For these and other reasons of no less weight, and equally connected with the respectability and solid advantages of the American merchant, manufacturer and trader, we again hope that the important publication herein announced will be favourably received.

Ed.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WE received the other day, by favour of Dr. Hosack, a late able and well-written report of a committee of the New-York Institution for the promotion of Arts and Sciences. It is our intention to give hereafter a notice of that interesting paper more extensive than our limits in the present number of *The Port Folio* will allow. We shall, in the meantime, however, observe, that for their munificent encouragement of useful and ornamental knowledge of every description, the state and city New-York are worthy of the admiration and imitation of every state and city in the union. While we sincerely wish that important member of our political family every distinction and advantage, to which, from public and individual exertion and enterprise she is so amply entitled, we hope that her example will not fail to awaken in other sections of our country a spirit equally favourable to literature and science, and all the liberal and useful arts.

A new system of Mythology, in two volumes, giving a full account of the idolatry of the Pagan world, illustrated by analytical tables and fifty elegant copperplate engravings, representing more than two hundred subjects, in a third volume, particularly adapted to the capacity of junior students, compiled, digested and arranged, by Robert Mayo, M. D. author of *A View of Ancient Geography and History*.

The first volume of this work, of which we have long thought our country in need, has just made its appearance and is

now before us. We have looked into it with sufficient attention to acquire a knowledge of its plan, and to form an idea, as satisfactory as can arise out of a perusal in part, of its manner of execution. We are pleased with both. The arrangement is good, the quantity of matter abundant, well digested, clearly expressed and much condensed, and the proposed illustrations by engraving ample and well selected. When complete it will form a body of elegant and interesting knowledge, which should be found in the library of every classical scholar, as well as of all those who are curious on the subject of the history of idolatrous worship. We wish it the success justly due to a very respectable addition to the literature of the United States.

LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY.

It is not without a sentiment of sincere gratification that we witness, in the following proposal, arrangements making, by a competent hand, to do justice to the character of one of the most worthy and distinguished of our countrymen. As a statesman, a civilian, an orator and a patriot, Patrick Henry was entitled to stand in the foremost rank. Nor do his merits claim an inferior station as a firm, an honest, and an honourable man. He was one of those worthies on whose purity suspicion could never fix a stain.

If nature did much for Mr. Henry's character while living, accident has not been wanting in its favours to his posthumous fame: for to have found such a biographer as Mr. Wirt, so competent as a writer, and so peculiarly well qualified in every moral relation, is not the least fortunate incident in his history.

In Mr. Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry* we are irresistibly impelled to expect much; the materials being excellent, and in great abundance, and the writer able and devoted to his subject. Nor do we think that the public will run any risk of being disappointed by bearing us company in our high anticipations. We hope, and, indeed, have no doubt, that the work will receive a liberal patronage.

Ed.

"Proposal by JAMES WEBSTER, of Philadelphia, for publishing by subscription, the *LIFE OF THE LATE PATRICK HENRY*, containing many of his speeches, &c. embellished with a likeness.

by WILLIAM WIRT, esq. of Richmond (Va.) author of the British Spy, &c.

"Conditions.—The work will be printed on a fine paper, in one octavo volume, and will contain from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages. It will be delivered to subscribers, in good calf binding, at three dollars per copy. The price to non-subscribers will be three dollars and fifty cents."

DR. ABERCROMBIE'S EDITION OF JOHNSON'S WORKS.

It will be recollected by many of our readers, that a few years ago proposals were issued for publishing, by subscription, these masterly productions, so correctly denominated by an enlightened critic, "rare and gigantic efforts of mind."

The late war occurring, with its mental distractions and pecuniary embarrassments, produced a temporary suspension of the design.

With the happy return of peace, we are not a little gratified in being able to inform our readers, that the business is about to be resumed; and, provided the requisite encouragement be given, the people of the United States will shortly be put in possession of a monument of intellect, which those of Great Britain have never yet beheld; a *complete* edition of the Works of Dr. Johnson, rendered so, by the present editor's correspondence with Mr. Boswell some years before his death, and by the discovery of several effusions of Dr. Johnson's pen, which have not been inserted in the former editions of his works.

As the engagement is weighty, we hope the patronage will be extensive in a corresponding degree.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN, A POEM, BY JAMES HOGG.

In the last number of The Port Folio we simply announced the intention of Mr. Thomas to publish an American edition of this elegant little production of fancy, which has conferred on its author no ordinary share of reputation, in the highest circles of taste in the enlightened metropolis of the British empire. Since that period the poem has made its appearance in a neat 18mo. volume.

Reserving to ourselves the privilege, should we deem it advisable, of resuming and dwelling more fully on the subject hereafter, we shall only, for the present, introduce into our Journal

a few extracts, which, we doubt not, will so far recommend themselves, as to awaken in many of our readers a desire to procure and peruse the entire work.

The dedication to lord Byron is well conceived, terse and pithy.

Not for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,
Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,
(God bless the mark!) do I this homage plight;
No—'tis thy bold and native energy;
Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,
Ranging through Nature on erratic wing—
These do I honour—and would fondly try
With thee a wild ærial strain to sing:
Then, O! round Shepherd's head thy charmed mantle fling.

The approach of the pilgrims to the vicinity of the pavilion of the Most High, the glories they there beheld, and the peals of heavenly music which burst on their ears, are set forth in a strain of elegance, sublimity and force, which would not have disgraced even the pen of Milton.

At length they reached a vale of wondrous form
And dread dimensions, where the tribes of heaven
Assembly held, each in its proper sphere
And order placed. That vale extended far
Across the heavenly regions, and its form
A tall gazoon, or level pyramid.
Along its borders palaces were ranged,
All fronted with the thrones of beauteous seraphs,
Who sat with eyes turned to the inmost point
Leaning upon their harps; and all those thrones
Were framed of burning chrystal, where appeared
In mingled gleam millions of dazzling hues!

Still, as the valley narrowed to a close,
These thrones increased in grandeur and in glory,
On either side, until the inmost two
Rose so sublimely high, that every arch,
Was ample as the compass of that bow
That, on dark cloud, bridges the vales of earth.
The columns seemed ingrained with gold, and branched
With many lustres, whose each single lamp
Shone like the sun as from the earth beheld;

And each particular column, placed upon
 A northern hill, would cap the polar wain.
 There sat half shrouded in incessant light
 The great archangels; highest to the throne
 Of the Almighty—for—O dreadful view!
 Betwixt these two, closing the lengthened files
 Stood the pavilion of the eternal God!
 Himself unseen, in tenfold splendours veiled,
 The least unspeakable, so passing bright,
 That even the eyes of angels turned thereon
 Grow dim, and round them transient darkness swims.

Within the verge of that extended region
 Our travellers stood. Farther they could not press,
 For round the light and glory threw a pale,
 Repellant, but to them invisible;
 Yet myriads were within of purer frame.

Ten thousand thousand messengers arrived
 From distant worlds, the missionaries of heaven,
 Sent forth to countervail malignant sprites
 That roam existence. These gave their report,
 Not at the throne, but at the utmost seats
 Of these long files of throned seraphims,
 By whom the word was passed. Then fast away
 Flew the commissioned spirits, to renew
 Their watch and guardship in far distant lands.
 They saw them, in directions opposite,
 To every point of heaven glide away
 Like flying stars; or, far adown the steep,
 Gleam like small lines of light.

Now was the word
 Given out, from whence they knew not, that all tongues,
 Kindreds and tribes, should join, with one accord,
 In hymn of adoration and acclaim,
 To Him that sat upon the throne of heaven,
 Who framed, saved, and redeemed them to himself!

Then all the countless hosts obeisance made,
 And with their faces turned unto the throne,
 Stood up erect, while all their coronals
 From off their heads, were reverently upborne.
 Our earth-born visitant quaked every limb.
 The angels touched their harps with gentle hand
 As prelude to begin—then, all at once,
 With full o'erwhelming swell the strain arose;

And pealing high rolled o'er the throned lists
 And tuneful files, as if the sun itself
 Welled forth the high and holy symphony!
 All heaven beside was mute—the streams stood still
 And did not murmur—the light wandering winds
 Withheld their motion in the midst of heaven,
 Nor stirred the leaf but hung in breathless trance
 Where first the sounds assailed them!—Even the windows
 Of God's pavilion seemed to open wide
 And drink the harmony!

The following curious and fanciful account of the cause and
 productions of comets, will not, we think, be read without interest:

While thus they stood or lay (for to the eyes
 Of all, their posture seemed these two between,
 Bent forward on the wind; in graceful guise,
 On which they seemed to press, for their fair robes
 Were streaming far behind them) there passed by
 A most erratic wandering globe, that seemed
 To run with troubled aimless fury on.
 The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause
 And nature of that roaming meteor world.

When Cela thus—"I can remember well
 When yon was such a world as that you left;
 A nursery of intellect, for those
 Where matter lives not.—Like these other worlds,
 It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
 With wide and rapid motion. But the time
 That God ordained for its existence run,
 Its uses in that beautiful creation,
 Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more!
 The saints and angels knew of it, and came
 In radiant files, with awful reverence,
 Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,
 To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
 Think of the impetus that urges on
 These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.
 Just in the middle of its swift career,
 Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
 That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed!
 And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
 Of these celestial regions. Down amain
 Into the void the outcast world descended,

Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurred
Around it like a dew.—The mountain tops,
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night forever.

“Away into the sunless starless void
Rushed the abandoned world; and thro’ its caves,
And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness
Which there from all eternity had reigned
Was rudely discomposed; and moaning sounds,
Mixed with a whistling howl were heard afar
By darkling spirits!—Still with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Rolled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,
Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
Were blown into a flame—When, meteor-like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it.
Save as an instance of Almighty power:
Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw
In yon blue void, that hideous world appear!
Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth
O’er half the breadth of heaven!—The angels paused!
And all the nations trembled at the view.

The descent of the two pilgrims from the confines of heaven
is described in a style picturesque and beautiful in the highest
degree.

They turned around,
And kneeling on the brow of heaven, there paid
Due adoration to that Holy One,
Who framed and ruled the elements of nature.
Then like two swans that far on wing hath scaled
The Alpine heights to gain their native lake,
At length, perceiving far below their eye
The beauteous silvery speck—they slack their wings.
And softly sunk adown the incumbent air:

So sunk our lovely pilgrims from the verge
Of the fair heaven, down the streamered sky;
Far other scenes, and other worlds to view

We shall conclude our extracts at this time with the follow-
ing beautiful little apostrophe to Hope:

O! seraph Hope! that here below
Can nothing dear to the last forego!
When we see the forms we fain would save
Wear step by step adown to the grave.
Still Hope a lambent gleam will shed,
Over the last, the dying bed.
And even, as now, when the soul’s away,
It flutters and lingers o’er the clay!
O Hope! thy range was never expounded!
’Tis not by the grave that thou art bounded!

Without detaining our readers any longer at present, we
hold it best that such of them as have it in their power should
procure the little volume we are examining, read it carefully, and
mark the beautiful passages themselves. Nor do we hazard any
thing in assuring them that they will be amply rewarded for their
pains.

Ed.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICS, or rather criticisers of more petulence than erudi-
tion, have affected to consider certain words now in use among us,
here in America, as not genuine English. I have considered
many of those phrases, and am confident that they are real legiti-
mate English words, which have been preserved in their collo-
quial language, among those unmixed descendants of the old-
fashioned British, who now constitute the population of the east-
ern states, while they have sunk entirely into disuse, and become
obsolete, or else totally changed their meaning among the living
inhabitants of the mother country.

At the house of a friend of mine where I was on a visit, a con-
versation arose a few days ago, upon the subject of that change of

meaning, which words in every language are liable to sustain from the lapse of time; and I found to my surprise, that but one in the company was aware of the extent to which those changes have been carried. I recollected to have read in an old volume that I had on my shelves, a dissertation of the subject, and I stated one or two things from it, which surprised them so much that they expressed a desire I should publish the whole in some of our periodical works. I agreed to do so, and wishing to give *The Port Folio* the preference, I now send it to you for the purpose.

C. R.

One of the most peculiar circumstances relating to language, is the mutation of the sense of words, in different ages, so that the same word to which a good meaning was formerly annexed, may now have a signification directly opposite. This happens so universally, that probably no language whether ancient or modern has been exempted from it; but the change proceeds so slowly and insensibly that the life of one man is not sufficient to afford him an opportunity of perceiving the change. With regard to our own language, if we look into those authors who flourished a century and a half ago, numerous instances will occur. The reading of the following passage in Turberville's second eclogue, a gentleman who was educated at Oxford, and wrote in the reign of queen Elizabeth, led me into this observation:

Among the rest of all the route
A passing proper lass,
A white-hair'd *trull* of twenty yeares,
Or heere-about there was;
In stature passing all the rest,
A gallant *girl* for hewe;
To be compared to townish *nymphs*,
So faire she was to viewe.
Her forehead cloth with gold was pur'l'd,
A little here and there;
With copper clasp about her neck,
A kerchief did she weare
That reached to her breasts and paps;
The wench about her waist,

A gallant gaudy ribande had,
That girt her body fast.

Here we find the poet in describing an innocent country beauty, does not scruple to call her a *trull*, which now signifies a strumpet. Doctor Swift says,

So Mævius, when he drained his skull,
To celebrate some suburb *trull*;
His similies in order set
And every crambo he can get;
And gone through all the common places,
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close
The lovely Nymph had lost her nose.

In the same manner Turberville puts *wench* for a young woman, which is now rarely used, but by way of contempt, and seems to be threatened with the same fate that *trull* has received.

The alteration of *knave*, which formerly signified a servant, and of *villain*, a sort of slave, is generally known. Pedant anciently meant a school-master—thus Shakspeare in his *Twelfth Night*, mentions,

"A pedant that keeps a school in the church."

But now, this word gives an idea of a stiff, formal and unpollished man of literature. Thus Addison in his *Whig Examiner*:

"The remaining part of the preface has so much of the *pedant*, and so little of the conversation of man in it, that I shall pass it over."

And Swift,

"In learning let a nymph delight,
"The pedant gets a mistress by't."

In like manner the word *leech*, anciently signified a physician:

"And straightway sent with careful diligence,
"To fetch a *leech*, the which had great insight
"In that disease of grieved conscience;

"And well could cure the same: his name was *Patience*.
Spencer's Fairy Queen.

Even Dryden uses it in this sense:

"Wise *leeches* will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude,
Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill."

Roscommon has thus described the insect which has now usurped this name by being used in bleeding:

"Sticking like *leeches* till they burst with blood.

Leechcraft was also used for the science of medicine:

"We study speech, but others we persuade,
"We *leechcraft* learn, but others cure with it."

SIR JOHN DAVIS.

"The word '*dame*,' says Dr. Watts, in his *Logic*, 'originally signified the mistress of a family, who was a *lady*; but in common use, now-a-days, it represents a farmer's wife, or a mistress of a family of the lower rank in the country.'"

Though the cause of such mutations may be principally ascribed to the caprice of mankind, yet much may be imputed to words being debased by vulgar use. An instance of this we have in the word *lawyer*, a name vulgarly given to every the meanest pettifogger. Every little apothecary, surgeon's mate, or even farrier, is also commonly honoured with the title of *doctor*; even chimney doctors are become frequent—so that *doctor* and *lawyer* will in time undergo the same changes with *leech* and *pedant*, though *physician* and counsellor still retain their dignity.

However, it is to be hoped that our language will be more fixed, and better established, when the public is favoured with a new dictionary, undertaken with that view, and adapted to answer several other valuable purposes—A work now in great forwardness.*

C. R.

OSTIAKS.

TOOKE, in his "*RUSSIA*," informs us of a very singular opinion that prevails among the Ostiaks—a Finnish nation: "The

* This essay was evidently written before the publishing of Johnson's Dictionary.

Ostiaks (says he) believe that bears enjoy, after death, a happiness at least equal to that which they expect for themselves. Whenever they kill one of those animals, therefore, they sing songs over him, in which they ask his pardon, and hang up his skin, to which they show many civilities and pay many fine compliments in order to induce him not to wreak his vengeance upon them in the abode of spirits.

C. R.

CURIOUS RIVER.

In the province of Andalusia, in Spain, there is a river of the most extraordinary and singular qualities. It rises in the Sierra Morena mountains, empties itself into the Mediterranean near the town of Huelva, and is named "*THE TINTO*," from the tinge of its waters, which are as yellow as topaz, hardening the sand and petrifying it in a most extraordinary manner. If a stone happens to fall in and rest upon another, they both become in a year's time perfectly united and conglutinated. All the plants on the banks of this river are withered by its waters whenever they overflow, as are also the roots of trees which it dyes of the same hue as itself. No kind of verdure will come up where its water reaches, nor any fish live in its stream. When given to cattle to drink it kills worms in them: but, in general, no animal will drink of it, except goats, whose flesh, nevertheless, has an excellent flavour. These singular properties continue till other rivers run into it and alter its nature; for when it passes by Niebla, it is not different from other rivers, and falls into the Mediterranean six leagues lower down, at the town of Huelva, where it is two leagues broad, and admits of large vessels which come up the river as high as San Juan del Puerto, three leagues above Huelva.

C. R.

A HUMAN CREATURE THAT CHEWED THE CUD.

Mrs. Piozzi, in her journey through Italy, met a natural curiosity, of which she gives the following account, in the second volume of her observations.

B b

"But a natural curiosity seen at Milan this 16th day of August 1786, leads my mind into another channel. I went to wait upon and thank the lady, or the relation of the lady, who lent us her house at Varese, and make our proper acknowledgments; and at that visit saw something very uncommon surely: though I remembered Dr. Johnson once said that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing, and challenged the company (about seventeen people, myself among them) to produce a strange thing; but I had not then seen Avvocato B—, a lawyer, here at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox, which he did at my request and in my presence. He is apparently much like another tall, stout man; but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks. He can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure, and did absolutely in the course of two hours, the only two I ever passed in his company, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation, of eating, masticating, swallowing and returning by the mouth a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction nothing more was wanting; but I obtained beside, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony to this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited nervous man; and I suppose his *ruminating* moments are spent in lamenting the singularities of his frame."

C. R.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The following admirable maxims are extracted for the benefit of the female part of the readers of The Port Folio, from a work written by the countess dowager of Carlisle, and published about five and twenty years ago.

"Habituate yourself to that way of life most agreeable to the person to whom you are united: be content in retirement, or with society, with the town or the country.

If he should prefer the country during your earlier years, a period when diversions are most attractive, it may be at first

painful; you may be sensible of the privation; but your chance for durable happiness is infinitely greater there, than where each side is beset with continual dangers to domestic tranquillity.

Make choice of such amusements as will attach him to your company: study such occupations as will render you of consequence to him; such as the management of his fortune and the conduct of his house; yet without assuming a superiority unbecoming your sex.

If his turn of mind lead him to the inspection and care of his estate, avoid to interfere with a branch of government not properly within your sphere.

Should he be neglectful of his family interests, supply his place with redoubled attention, and take care not to remind him of his negligence by a vain and unnecessary display of your zeal.

If public employments demand his frequent absence from home, make his supposed intentions there to be as much respected as if he were present, by your own deference to them.

If the contagion of example gain too strong an empire over him; if misled by pleasures, or hurried by passion, let not your impatience prevent his return to reason.

Let an early examination of his temper prepare you to bear with inequalities to which all are more or less subject.

Do not attempt to destroy his innocent pleasures by pretexts of economy; rather retrench your own expenses to promote them.

Should he sometimes delight in trivial occupations, treat such with complaisance; as few but the idle have leisure to be very ill-tempered.

Disturb not the hours he may have allotted for amusement, with the recital of domestic grievances.

Watch for and profit of such moments of his leisure, as will allow him without pain or chagrin to redress them.

Let your attentions be so continued, accompanied with no affectation, yet so easy as may prove they flow from the heart.

The least appearance of flattery mingled with assiduity, conveys a suspicion of self-interested motives.

If absolute necessity, or free choice, call him often from home (suppose it be too often) when he revisits that home, make it so agreeable to him that it shall finally acquire his preference.

Show the greatest respect to his near relations: observe a constant civility towards the more distant: let there be no marked distinction between those on either side, in your own breast.

During the education of men in schools, academies, and colleges, friendships are formed, perhaps too early sometimes to be judicious, but equally hard to dissolve. If, in consequence, you should have occasion to behold such with pain, do not attempt to break them off with precipitation.

When a man sees his friends coolly received in his own house, he will naturally seek occasions to meet them abroad: maintain, therefore, your interest with him, by a polite deportment to those he so prefers, though you do not.

Jealousy is mostly ideal: of consequence it is capricious; its actions and motives inconsiderate, and all its suggestions fatal to mutual repose and destructive of domestic felicity.

The delicate but firm counsels of a friend, of religion, and, if possible, a speedy retreat for awhile, are the safest remedies against the artful; but soothing attentions of real or seeming admirers, at moments when the mind is irritated by reproach, or the severities inflicted by unjust suspicions.

Should your union be attended with greater felicity than is the usual lot of our sex, govern your just affection to preserve it: by too much anxiety you may destroy it.

Sufficient are the real difficulties we have each to encounter in the course of our lives; create none therefore: use your reason in combating the former, and be silent if the weakness of your frame prevent an entire suppression of fictitious ones.

If afflicted with bad health, study to avoid complaint; it is an increasing habit, affording no essential relief to the sufferer, and apt to make the lives of others as irksome as your own.

By a habit of describing your infirmities, you contract indelicacy: you may perhaps excite compassion from a very humane disposition, but you run the risk of diminishing affection and respect.

Whatever dissention may arise between yourself and your husband (how much soever your conduct and understanding may justify the part you take in them) suffer the interference of *no* third person; but more especially, if you suppose their partiality would induce them to decide in your favour.

Those friendships which are early produced between two very young women, in the theatre of the great world, and where both are equally engaged in the frivolities of fashion, are usually but very slightly cemented, and are as briefly dissolved.

If your fortune be moderate, economy is absolutely necessary; if considerable, method and prudence will render it doubly beneficial.

Observe the utmost regularity in the keeping of your household accounts: to yourself it is tranquillity—to your dependents it is but justice.

The luxury of this age exacts from the mistress of a great house, or indeed a smaller, some attention to the table; disdain not, therefore, to give a proper application to that study.

With regard to dress, do not aspire to be a leader in fashions, nor excessive in point of ornament.

Follow fashions at a moderate distance, nor blindly adopt such as may expose you to ridicule; for servile imitation makes no distinctions.

Should a plentiful fortune enable you to indulge a disposition to give, complete the happiness of the receivers by the manner of bestowing.

If naturally blessed with a good memory, exercise it continually.

Rest not contented with a bad memory; it is but another name for negligence among young persons.

There are certainly degrees of memory; some more feeble, some more perfect than others: for the one there are many helps; the other must be supported by constant exercise.

Resolution and perseverance are correctives to an indolent memory.

Materials with which memory should be charged, ought to be of the benevolent kind; and, when reproduced, let discretion and charity distribute them.

Employ the powers of memory in the recollection of the favours of Providence, or the blessings and escapes vouchsafed by that All-giving hand.

If the love of admiration, in your youthful days, shall bear no part in your attachment to the amusements of the theatre, there are none more instructive—none more eligible for relaxation.

When you can fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye does not wander, nor the heart flutter at the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities of well-acted tragedy are, the exciting your compassion for real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity and arrogance in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles; be impartial in the application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintances and friends, and even with your enemies.

A very few precepts, and much salutary example to persons destitute of education, are the surest methods of encouraging virtue among them.

Profit by others' misfortunes and mistakes, as a correction to your pride, and as a guard to your steps.

Extend your kindness, and continue your affections to all that shall remain of those you loved, if worthy; it is the only sure mode of consolation you can have recourse to.

In grief, sickness and danger, make your first and constant supplication to that Power who alone can relieve and save.

Let your conduct be such to all around you, as shall lead them to the same path without affright.

If strength of mind remain during your malady, if it gives you leisure for the exertion of rational power, let it check, as much as possible, those encroaching indulgencies which sickness is perpetually craving.

Be assured, that when able to exert your cheerfulness, it is nowise contrary to the precepts of religion.

Fix your eyes habitually on immortal life, to pass more lightly through the pangs of mortality.

A continued and humble resignation will secure your peace in the most awful of moments, that of your dissolution."

C. R.

TURIN AND THE ALPS.

We do not expect from female tourists, that able delineation of the characteristic features of particular nations, which requires profound knowledge, vast comprehension of mind, and judgment naturally strong, invigorated by much experience; but, for an amusing and interesting sketch of individual parts; for interesting descriptions of the particular manners and customs of society, and of the prominent parts of the character; for a lively detail of the passing incidents of a day or a week, and for the happy power of giving to common occurrences an air of novelty, and transfusing into them a portion of the spirit of adventure and romance, we think the ladies bear away the palm. The following short sketch of Turin and the passing of the Alps, borrowed from the pen of a lady of high consideration in the world of letters, will bear us out in this assertion.

C. R.

"We have at length passed the Alps, and are safely arrived at this lovely little city, whence I looked back on the majestic boundaries of Italy, with amazement at his courage who first profaned them; surely the immediate sensation conveyed to the mind by the sight of such tremendous appearances, must be in every traveller the same, a sensation of fulness never experienced before, a satisfaction that there is something great to be seen upon earth—some object capable of contenting even fancy. Who he was who first of all people pervaded these fortifications, raised by nature for the defence of her European Paradise, is not ascertained; but the great duke of Savoy has wisely left his name engraved on a monument, upon the first considerable ascent from Pont Bonvoisin, as being the author of a beautiful road cut through the solid stone for a great length of way, and having by this means encouraged others to assist in facilitating a passage so truly desirable, till one of the great wonders now to be observed among the Alps, is the ease with which even a delicate traveller may cross them. In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost

point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with the golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades, meantime, bursting from naked mountains on the one side; cultivated fields rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away, to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid, though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottoms, and bells in thickly scattered spires, calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one's mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.

"Going down the Italian side of the Alps is, after all, an astonishing journey, and affords the most magnificent scenery in nature, which, varying at every step, gives a new impression to the mind each moment of one's passage; while the portion of terror excited, either by real or fancied dangers on the way, is just sufficient to mingle with the pleasure and make one feel the full effect of sublimity. To the chairmen who carry one, though nothing can be new, it is observable that the glories of these objects have never faded: I heard them speak to each other of their beauties, and the change of light since they had passed by last time; while a fellow who spoke English as well as a native, told us that having lived in a gentleman's service twenty years, between London and Dublin, he at length begged his discharge, choosing to retire and finish his days a peasant upon these mountains, where he first opened his eyes upon scenes that made all other views of nature insipid to his taste.

"This charming town is the Salon of Italy; but it is a finely proportioned and well ornamented Salon, happily constructed to call in the fresh air at the end of every street, through which a rapid stream is directed that *ought* to carry off all nuisances, which here have no apology from want of any convenience, purchasable by money; and which must, for that reason, be the choice of inhabitants, who would, perhaps, be too happy had they a natural taste for that neatness which might here be enjoyed in its purity. The

arches, formed to defend passengers from the rain and sun, which here might have serious effects from their violence, deserve much praise; while their architecture, uniting our ideas of comfort and beauty together, form a traveller's taste, and teach him to admire that perfection of which a miniature may certainly be found at Turin, when once a police shall be established there, to prevent such places being used for the very grossest purposes, and polluted with smells that poison one's pleasure.

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ANECDOTE.

Madame Terein, a lady of erudition and discernment, gave to Marmontel, when he was a young man, a piece of advice with respect to the management of authorship, which ought to be a perpetual lesson to all writers by profession. "Secure yourself," said she, "a livelihood independent of literary successes; and put into this lottery only the overplus of your time: for wo to him who depends only on his pen!—nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes, is sure of his wages; but the man who writes a book is never sure of any thing."

There is a fact related of the late admiral sir Samuel Cornish, which may be put in comparison with any thing feigned by Smollet of commodore Trunnion, captain Crowe, or Ben Bowling. Sir Samuel, like most of the great British seamen of old, rose entirely by his merit, from a low life to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were extremely slender. At the surrender of Manilla in 1763, his colleague, colonel Draper, who was shortly after sir William Draper, and who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, and prided himself highly on his literary attainments, carried on all his negotiations, relative to the ransom of the city, in the Latin language with the Spanish archbishops. On the shameful evasion of the payment of the ransom, admiral Cornish who, like Trunnion, could not write Latin or any other foreign lingo, and suspected that the whole failure was to be ascribed to the negotiation being carried on in that antiquated jargon, declared and confirmed it with a forecastle oath; that he never would accept a command again with any man who understood Latin.

A certain bookseller of Paternoster Row—one of those who follow the trade of publishing things in numbers, went to Gibbons's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a history of England done by several good hands. I understand you have a good, a pretty good kind of a knack at them there sort of things, and I should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered from his astonishment, and could muster up the use of his legs and tongue, he ran to the bell and, summoning his servant, ordered him to *show that encourager of learning down stairs.*

ANECDOTE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SIR JOHN HOLT.

The society for the reformation of manners, was set up in the latter end of king William's reign, and continued to the present day, though instituted upon good principles, yet, in many instances, acted upon refinements as unserviceable to the cause of real morality, as to that of common sense. This was exemplified in the case of Leveridge, the well-known popular vocal performer of that time, whom they prosecuted merely for singing an ode of Dryden's, the subject of which was *the praise of love and wine.* It would seem that the fanatical spirit of the society infected the public, for the grand jury found the bill against poor Leveridge.

When the trial came on before sir John Holt, he at once perceived the narrow spirit of the prosecution; and finding the fact of the singing so fully proved, he thought of the following stratagem to get Leveridge out of the scrape. He called for the printed song; and after reading it over very attentively, observed that as he saw nothing in the words very culpable, he imagined the offence must lie in the manner of singing it: he, therefore, desired Leveridge might sing it before the court; the performer readily took the hint, and sung it with so much power of voice and taste, that the jury without going out of the box acquitted him, and he was carried home on the shoulders of the mob in triumph.

Sir John Holt was one of the most dignified, upright and inflexible of the British judges; the integrity of his character is

delineated in the fourteenth number of the Tatler, under the name of Verres: yet he had, in his youth, been extremely wild and dissolute. Being once on the bench at the Old Bailey, officiating as a judge, a fellow was tried for highway robbery, and very narrowly acquitted, whom his lordship recollected to have been one of his early companions in dissipation. After the trial was over, curiosity induced him to send for the man in private, in order to inquire the fortune of his cotemporaries, with whom he was once associated. He, therefore, asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the party to whom they belonged. When the fellow, fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, replied—"Ah! my lord—they are all hanged, except your lordship and myself."

The matrimonial blacksmith of Gretna Green, having bound an old lady and a youth of unrazor'd lips in the silken bonds of wedlock, observed to a friend, "I have just tied a *withered stick* and a *green twig* together with a *cobweb*."

SIMPLICITY IN ORNAMENT.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

I have received more than ordinary gratification in the perusal of the essay on Simplicity in Ornament, in the last number of your magazine. Every remark bears testimony to the just taste, and accurate discriminating discernment of the author. One observation with which I was particularly pleased, and principally, perhaps, because it upholds a doctrine I have often maintained myself, is that which relates to the style of rural embellishment, which ought to prevail in this country. It is remarked that in our country seats, even the set decorations of parterres, strait gravelled walks, avenues of equi-distant trees, and other formalities, which give an appearance of human labour and skill, justly exploded in English gardening, may not only be tolerated, but admitted with advantage, where the features of nature have yet undergone but little change. This is certainly correct; and more particularly so in situations of the more rude and sublime kind, where lofty forest trees, abrupt, projecting rocks, steep precipices, and darksome evergreens, conspire to give wildness to the scene. How revolting to good taste in such a place would be the

artificial construction of a wilderness; the elaboration of the sombre in a situation already overdone with gloom! To old and long cultivated settlements in the neighbourhood of our cities, such ornaments may be well adapted, and produce the agreeable effect of variety and contrast; but to make a wilderness within a wilderness, a little *dismal* within a great one, would be worse than labour thrown away. I except, however, the endeavour to assist nature in the romantic cast of a particular feature already marked, and rendered permanent and characteristic.

But I wander from my object, which was merely to express my sense of the good taste, the refined and judicious thoughts of your Hermit; and to congratulate you and the readers of *The Port Folio* on the pleasing instruction his elegant and profound criticisms are calculated to afford.

July 8th, 1815.

Yours, &c.

A RUSTIC.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ON A BELOVED SISTER.

I LIVED in hopes once more to see
The virtues which excelled in thee,
And in thy fond embrace to be,
Sweet sister, still entwined.

But that too sanguine hope is fled,
For, wo is me! from her child-bed
They've borne my gentle sister dead,
To the cold grave consigned.

But thou hast kept His high command,
And now in triumph dost thou stand,
Thy smiling infant in thy hand,
Before thy gracious God.

Ah! whilst amidst these cares I stay,
For me let thy kind spirit pray,
And guide me to the heavenly way,
Sweet sister, thou hast trod.

A sister's zeal can now implore
Her God, that I may reach that shore,
Where joy celestial evermore

Has crowned her pious worth;
And at thy prayer may He who bled
Upon the cross, sweet comfort shed,
Like dew, upon the silver head
Of her who gave thee birth.

For who but He can stay her tears,
And what but grace dispel my fears,
And who but thee for us appears
Before His mercy seat.

There in the glorious realms above,
Where thou art called by grace and love,
If thy kind prayer thy God may move,
Sweet sister we may meet.

Do thou in each uncertain thought,
By fears, by doubts, in darkness wrought,
Let light into my mind be brought,
And breathe a hope divine.

And till this life of pain shall end,
When peril shall o'er us impend,
Sweet sister from thy heaven descend,
And guard both me and mine.

By all her grief who gave us birth,
By all the tears thou'st caused on earth,
And by thy all consummate worth,
Sweet sister comfort me.

And when I draw the last faint sigh,
Descend, kind spirit, from on high,
To lead my way along the sky,
And I will follow thee.

G. W. F.

March, 1815.

PERFECT SOLITUDE.

He, who in lone seclusion dwells,
Where not a human vestige tells
Of human charm and sympathy—
Where nature only meets the eye—
If that his breast, from sorrow free,
In nature's silent charms can see

Lines, that his mental view shall cast
 In joy, to dwell on features past—
 Or even if aught shall tell of grief
 Of gone by hours—it brings relief—
 If he can people all around
 With forms, in hope or memory found,
 Though beats no heart there but his own—
 He is not *lonely*—though *alone*.
 He, who, in prison walls confined,
 Where gloomy barriers ever bind
 His gaze from God's own precious light—
 Ne'er feasts his eye on human sight,
 Save that, which at his turning grate,
 Forever tells him of his fate—
 If that he feels how innocent
 He bears that weight of punishment,
 And from his dreary mansion springs,
 Refulgent hope on glittering wings,
 While memory calls forever round him
 The scenes and hours where joy once found him—
 Though there he greets no human tone,
 He is not *lonely*—though *alone*.
 But who, in pop'lous city pent,
 Where every eager heart is bent
 On its own views, or its own joys,
 'Midst crowded marts and ceaseless noise;
 And not a busy soul can spare,
 From self the pittance of a care—
 Meets not one glance of sympathy
 In all the torrents rolling by,
 Nor turns his seared sight for rest
 On one sweet face with welcome drest—
 Where on his passing form there dwells
 No look, that to his bosom tells,
 Were the next hour to see him die,
 It would afford a single sigh;—
 Though pressing on him crowds intrude,
 His—his—is *Perfect Solitude*.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."

THE eye may not in crime delight,
 But used to Guilt's corrupting gaze,
 Full soon all singleness of sight
 Is lost, within its *searing* rays.

The tongue may not to falsehood reach,
 But used to Folly's careless phrase,
 Full soon all singleness of speech
 Is lost within its artful maze.

Gross words may not delight the ear,
 But drunk too oft the vicious sound,
 Full soon it will not start to hear
 Discourse, that Purity may wound.

Then O! from Guilt's corrupting gaze,
 Whose serpent looks shoot blasting light,
 From foul discourse, and careless phrase,
 Guard well thy *hearing*, *speech*, and *sight*.

—
 THE CHILD OF SORROW.

I SAW the Child of Sorrow weep,
 By grief and care oppress,
 And heavy sighs convuls'd and deep,
 Perturb her virtuous breast.

And can, I cried, that Power be just,
 Who yields thy heart to wo!
 Then Virtue where's thy hope and trust,
 In heaven, or earth below!

Enrapt, an angel's voice I heard,
 In silver tones exclaim—
 "Oh holy form, oh blessed word,
 Religion was her name.

"Vain, foolish, doubt-assuming man,
 With reason so confin'd,
 Presum'st thou God's decrees to scan,
 To judge Omniscient mind.

"Know that to Virtue woes are given,
To wean her hopes from earth;
To raise the trembling soul to heaven,
There to receive new birth.

"Go—sin no more, but humbly trust,
Affliction's trial proves
His care, whose laws are ever just,
Who chasteneth whom he loves.

—
SYDNEY.

HONOUR AND GLORY WITH PLENTY AND PEACE.

(Tune:—"Hail to the Chief.")

SWIFT o'er the land on his fast-flowing pinions
The angel of Mercy has pass'd on the wind,
Sorrow no more shall bow down to Pride's minions,
Carnage no longer a refuge can find;
Bless'd be his happy way;
Hail! to the happy day,
When rapine and blood-shed in mercy shall cease;
Pledge high the noble toast,
Our dearest pride and boast,
Honour and Glory with Plenty and Peace.
Honour, &c. &c.

Swift o'er the waves of the dark-foaming ocean,
The flag of Columbia in triumph shall ride;
Survive the attacks of the whirlwind's commotion,
Mount high on the billows and float on the tide;
Then shall each gallant tar
Proud of the honoured scar,
Mount up the cordage, and sing to the breeze;
Echoing o'er the sea,
This shall their motto be,
Honour and Glory with Plenty and Peace.

Swift through the air, on the broad wings of eagles,
Fame has extended the blessing afar,
Thanks be to Heaven—fast chain'd are the eagles,
Broken and gone is the chariot—of war;

so even without explanation. In our September number we hope we shall be able to remove all difficulties, and adjust all claims to mutual satisfaction. We, in the meantime, beg our correspondents to continue their contributions.

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In our account of the defence of Sacket's Harbour we stated, that, during the action, the public stores containing property to a large amount, intended for the use of the army and navy, were, by some mismanagement, consumed. This was incorrect. The stores and property belonging to the army were saved; those only belonging to the navy destroyed. Nor, excepting the spoils of York, which belonged in part to the captors, was the loss in property very great.

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Since the biographical memoir of major-general Ripley was in print, we have received from our military correspondents, two accounts of the battle of Niagara, and one of the siege of fort Erie, differing materially, in relation to certain movements, from those contained in the article to which we refer.

Our object being to record important and interesting facts, as reported to us by honourable gentlemen, who, we are convinced, are alike incapable on either side of deliberate misrepresentation, we shall, with as little delay as possible, communicate to our readers such further information respecting these brilliant affairs as we now possess, or may in future receive.

Should any discussions arise hereafter, touching the subject to which this note bears relation, we are persuaded, from the high standing of the individuals concerned, that the communications of our correspondents will be not only free from personalities, but marked with that temperance and courtesy of expression so becoming the character of an American officer. No paper of a different description shall gain admission into this journal.

We shall only further remark, that in the unpublished papers which we still possess, colonels Wood and McCree, of the engineers, are most honourably mentioned, as having contributed, in an eminent degree, to the success of our arms, both on the heights of Niagara, during the ever memorable defence of fort Erie, and throughout the whole of the Niagara campaign.

Historical Sketches of the Late War, &c. by John Lewis Thompson, Esq.

THIS work is, at present, in its progress through the press, nearly one third of it being already printed. It will consist of one volume large duodecimo, containing about three hundred pages, ornamented with the portraits of some of the most distinguished officers of the army and navy of the United States, and with views of places rendered famous in history by recent and memorable achievements in arms.

We have looked hastily through that portion of the work which is already printed, and, as far as we may venture to judge of the whole from the character of a part, are of opinion that it will be a useful because a faithful record of the events of the late war. The modest writer appears to aim at nothing beyond what he is able to accomplish; and we are particularly pleased to observe, that he has avoided all intemperance of expression, which, in a moment of unguarded warmth, might arise either from national or party considerations. He uses the language of an American moderately but firmly. So circumspect has he been in those chapters which have fallen under our notice, that, unacquainted with him as we are, we know not to which of the two political parties of our country he belongs. Certain it is that he writes in such a way as to give no cause of offence to either. The only object he appears to seek is the only one he ought to seek—historical truth; and that, we believe, he endeavours to derive from the most unquestionable sources.

The style of the work is that of familiar narrative, marked, however, by certain inaccuracies, which a little more practice in writing connected with the requisite degree of attention to the use and arrangement of words, will enable the author easily to correct. The studied, lofty, and measured march of history is very properly avoided.

The work is intended, we presume, more particularly for the use of those who have neither leisure nor opportunity for extensive reading; and we honestly confess that we know not, at present, from what other source such persons can derive, with but little trouble and at a very moderate expense, an equal amount of correct information touching the events of the late war. We doubt not but the volume, the interest and value of which will be much increased by its portraits and engravings, will circulate extensively.