

THE

PORTFOLIO



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.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

NO. III.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BATTLE OF THE FALLS.

IT was once our intention to prepare for The Port Folio, in our own language, a description of the sanguinary conflict of the Falls, making use of the substance only of what is contained in the following extract. A reluctance, however, to keep from the view of our readers even the minutest particular of that ever-memorable and gallant affair, and an unwillingness to run any risk of misrepresenting the meaning of our correspondent, induced us, on reflection, to relinquish our determination. What a man of erudition and intelligence sees and hears himself, his own language is best calculated to communicate to others. It is, therefore, that we have given the narrative in the author's own words, convinced that no harmony, elegance or polish of style by which the matter might be ornamented, would be, in all respects, so highly gratifying to the public.

As the statement exhibited in the present article differs, in relation to several points, from that contained in the biographical memoir of general Ripley, it might be supposed that the former was written with a view to excite suspicion as to the correctness of the latter.

VOL. VI.

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This we assure our readers was not the case. The two manuscripts came into our possession within a few days of the same time; the present article having been written, as we confidently believe, long before that detailing the life of general Ripley—certainly no inconsiderable period before its publication. Nor is it, we think, possible, that the writer of the one could have had any knowledge of the views and opinions of the writer of the other, at the time he was preparing his manuscript for the press. However different, then, the two articles may be in the details they exhibit, they are not to be regarded as opposition papers, in the common acceptation of the term; and our reliance on the veracity of honourable men, compels us to receive them as containing nothing but what the writers honestly and conscientiously believed to be true.

There is one officer whose gallant and masterly conduct and important services in the battle of the Falls, have never yet, as we feel persuaded, taken their due rank in the estimation of the public. We allude to colonel Jesup.

That youthful hero commanded, in the affair to which we refer, the twenty-fifth regiment, which formed a part of the brigade of general Scott. At the commencement of the action he was detached to the left of the enemy, with the discretionary order, to be governed by circumstances. The commander of the British forces had committed a fault, by leaving a road unguarded on his left. Colonel Jesup, taking advantage of this, threw himself promptly into the rear of the enemy, where he was enabled to operate with brilliant enterprise and the happiest effect. The capture of general Riall, with a large escort of officers of rank, was part of the trophies of his intrepidity and skill. It is not, we venture to assert, bestowing on him too much praise to say, that to his achievements, more than to those of any other individual, is to be attributed the preservation of the first brigade from utter annihilation.

Among the officers captured by colonel Jesup was one of general Drummond's aid-de-camps, who had been despatched from the front line to order up the reserve, with a view to fall on Scott with the concentrated force of the whole army, and overwhelm him at a single effort. Nor would it have been possible to prevent this catastrophe, had the reserve arrived in time; the force with which

general Scott would then have been obliged to contend being nearly quadruple that of his own. By the fortunate capture, however, of the British aid-de-camp, before the completion of the service on which he had been ordered, the enemy's reserve was not brought into action until the arrival of general Ripley's brigade, which prevented the disaster that must otherwise have ensued, and achieved in the end one of the most honourable victories that ever shed lustre on the arms of a nation.

With such skill and address did colonel Jesup direct his movements, when in the rear of the enemy, that, had it not been for the impression of an unfounded report, under which he unfortunately remained for a few minutes, he would inevitably have made a prisoner of lieutenant-general Drummond—an event which would, in all probability, have completed the disaster of the British army. The commander-in-chief of the enemy was completely in Jesup's power; but being confidently informed that the first brigade was cut to pieces, and finding himself with less than two hundred men, and without any prospect of support, in the midst of an overwhelming hostile force, he thought of nothing, for a moment, but to make good his retreat and save his command. Of this temporary suspension of the advance of the American column general Drummond availed himself to make his escape.

A trait in his conduct eminently honourable to colonel Jesup is, that his humanity as a man triumphed over his technical duty as an officer. Such was for a time his situation in the field, that every prisoner he took, by impeding his operations against the enemy, not only injured the cause in which he was engaged, but endangered the safety of his own corps. According to the canons of war, therefore, his duty, as we believe, was, to make no prisoners, but to put to death every man who might oppose him in arms. Regardless, however, of these sanguinary statutes, and listening only to the voice of mercy, he gave quarters to all that surrendered to him, although conscious they would diminish his effective force, and that he must necessarily suffer them again to escape. This conduct was noticed by some of the British officers, and commended as highly honourable to the young American. Had Jesup been less humane as a man, and more technically rigid as an officer, he might have acted, as the aid-de-camp of general Drummond ac-

knowledge, with more deadly effect against the enemy. But *he* knew the road to glory better. The fairest wreath in the hero's chaplet is that which is entwined by the hand of Mercy. We are pleased—particularly pleased with this opportunity of paying what we consider a well-deserved tribute to one of the most intelligent and interesting young officers we have ever known.—An officer, who, should his life be prolonged, and future wars lay open again the road to promotion, is destined, or we are much mistaken, to rank with the foremost in the favours of his country.

To the gallantry, skill, and perseverance of colonels Wood and McRee of the engineers, in the battle of the 25th, in reconnoitering the enemy, ascertaining and reporting his positions, encouraging the troops, and conducting columns to their places of destination, and throughout the whole operations of the army on the Niagara frontier, we are warranted, by high authority, in saying that no terms of praise can do justice.

The fall of the former of these officers in the sortie from fort Erie, was among the heaviest individual losses our army sustained during the war. As he performed a soldier's highest duty, he enjoys a soldier's proudest monument, an honourable place in the history of his country, and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of the particular actions of general Porter, of the New-York volunteers, in the campaign of 1814, we are unable to speak. We hazard nothing, however, in stating, that they must have been meritorious in an eminent degree; for he stood equal to the foremost in the confidence and good opinion of the commander-in-chief. We have repeatedly heard that distinguished officer speak in the highest terms of his intrepidity, intelligence, perseverance, and zeal. His routing with his militia, at the point of the bayonet, an equal column of British regulars, in the battle of the Falls, was an achievement unprecedented, as we believe, in the wars of our country. During the investment of fort Erie, too, particularly on the occasion of the memorable sortie, his conduct, we are informed, was such as won the applause of the officers and army. He has the spirit and intelligence of an able commander, experience alone being necessary to form him.

Ed.

Extract from the Journal of an officer who was in the battle of Niagara, intimate with general Brown and high in his confidence.

"In pursuance of a previous determination, the army was busily engaged preparing for a rapid march upon Burlington. About noon colonel Swift, who was posted at Lewistown, advised general Brown, by express, that the enemy appeared in considerable force in Queenston and on its heights; that four of his fleet had arrived during the preceding night, and were then lying near fort Niagara, and that a number of boats were in view, moving up the streight. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, the commander-in-chief was further informed by captain Denman of the quarter-master's department, that the enemy was landing at Lewistown, and that our baggage and stores at Schlosser, and on their way thither, were in danger of immediate capture. It was conceived that the most effectual method of recalling him from this object, was to put the army in motion towards Queenston. If he was in the field upon the Canada side of the streight, our business was to meet and fight him without loss of time, as general Brown had almost ceased to hope for re-enforcements or co-operation from any quarter. The support, upon which the general hitherto relied, had failed to appear, and the enemy having the power of the lake could reinforce at pleasure.

"General Scott, with the first brigade, Towson's artillery, and all the dragoons and mounted men were accordingly put in march on the road leading towards Queenston. General Scott was particularly instructed to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance if that were necessary—Having the command of the dragoons, he would have, it was believed, the means of collecting and communicating intelligence.—On the general's arriving near the Falls, he learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of woods alone intercepting his view of them. Waiting only to send this information, but not to receive any communication in return, he advanced upon them—Hearing the report of the cannon and small arms, general Brown at once concluded that battle had commenced between the advance of the armies, and, without waiting for any information from general Scott, ordered the second brigade and all the artillery to march as rapidly as possible to his support. Having done this, he rode with his aid-de-camps

and major M'Ree with all speed towards the scene of action. As he approached the Falls, a full mile from the Chippewa, he met major Jones, assistant-adjutant-general, who had accompanied general Scott, bearing a message from him, advising general Brown that he had met the enemy. From the information given by major Jones, it was concluded to order up general Porter's command. Major Jones was sent with the order to general Porter. Advancing a little further, general Brown and suite met major Wood of the corps of engineers, who had also accompanied general Scott. He reported that the conflict between Scott and the enemy was close and desperate, and urged that reinforcements might be hurried to his support—The reinforcements were now marching with all possible rapidity. Major Wood accompanied the commanding general to the field of battle. Upon his arrival the general found that general Scott had passed the wood and engaged the enemy on the Queenston road, and on the ground to the left of it, with the ninth, eleventh, and twenty-second regiments, and Towson's artillery. The twenty-fifth had been thrown to the right to be governed by circumstances.

"Apprehending that these troops were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely in the contest, general Brown determined to interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage general Scott and hold his brigade in reserve. By this time captains Biddle and Richie's companies of artillery had come into action, and the head of general Ripley's column was nearly up with the right of general Scott's line. At this moment the enemy fell back, and, as was believed, in consequence of the arrival of fresh troops, which they could see and began to feel. General Ripley was ordered to pass Scott's line and display his column in front. The movement was commenced in obedience to the order. Majors M'Ree and Wood had been rapidly reconnoitering the enemy and his position. M'Ree reported that the enemy appeared to have taken a new position, and with his artillery occupied a height which gave him great advantages, it being the key of the whole position. To secure the victory it was necessary to carry his artillery and seize the height. M'Ree was ordered by the commander-in-chief to conduct Ripley's column on the Queenston road, with a view to this object, and to prepare

the twenty-first regiment, under colonel Miller, for this duty. The second brigade immediately advanced upon the Queenston road. General Brown, with his aid-de-camps and major Wood, passed to the left of the second brigade, in front of the first, towards the enemy's artillery: an extended line of infantry was formed for the support of his artillery.

"The first regiment of infantry, under the command of colonel Nicholas, which had arrived that day, and was attached to neither of the brigades, but marched to the field of battle in the rear of the second, was ordered promptly to break off to the left, and form a line facing the enemy's on the height, with a view of drawing his fire and attracting his attention, as Miller advanced with the bayonet upon his left flank to carry the artillery. As the first regiment, conducted by major Wood, and commanded by colonel Nicholas, approached its position, the commander-in-chief rode to colonel Miller and ordered him to advance with the bayonet and carry the enemy's artillery—he replied, with great promptness and good humour, "it shall be done sir." At this moment the first regiment gave way under the fire of the enemy; but Miller, without regard to this occurrence, advanced steadily and gallantly to his object, and carried the heights and the cannon in a style rarely equalled—never excelled. At the point of time when Miller moved, the twenty-third regiment was on his right, a little in the rear—General Ripley led this regiment: it had some desperate fighting, and in a degree gave way, but was promptly rallied and brought up and formed upon the right of the twenty-first, and the detachments of the seventeenth and nineteenth.

"General Ripley, being now with his brigade, formed in line, with the captured cannon, nine pieces, in his rear, and the enemy driven from their commanding ground—The first regiment having been rallied, was brought into line by colonel Nicholas on the left of the second brigade; and general Porter, coming up at this time, occupied with his command the extreme left—Our artillery formed on the right and between the twenty-third and twenty-first regiments.

"Having given the order to colonel Miller to storm the heights, and carry the enemy's cannon as he advanced, general Brown moved to the rear of his right flank with major Wood and

captain Spencer, as far as the Queenston road. Turning down that road, he passed directly in the rear of the twenty-third regiment, as they advanced to the support of colonel Miller. The shouts of the American soldiers on the height, at this moment, convinced him of Miller's success, and he hastened towards the place, designing to turn from the Queenston road up Lundy's lane. In the act of doing so, Wood and Spencer, who were about a horse's length before him, were very near riding upon a body of the enemy, and nothing prevented them from doing this, but an officer exclaiming before them, "they are the Yankees:" the exclamation halted the American officers, and upon looking down the road they saw a line of British infantry drawn up near the north fence of the road, with its right resting near Lundy's lane.

"The officer who gave the alarm, had at that moment discovered major Jesup. The major, as has been already stated, had been ordered by general Scott, at the commencement of the action, to take ground to his right. He had succeeded in turning the enemy's left flank, had captured general Riall and sundry other officers, and sent them to camp; then, feeling his way silently towards where the battle was raging, he had brought his regiment, the twenty-fifth, with but little comparative loss up to the southerly fence of the Queenston road, a little to the east of Lundy's lane. The moment the British officer gave Jesup notice of his having discovered him, Jesup ordered his command to fire upon the enemy's line.

"The lines could not have been more than four rods apart; Jesup behind the south fence, the British in front of the north. The slaughter was dreadful: the enemy's line fled down the Queenston road at the third or fourth fire. As the firing ceased, general Brown approached major Jesup; the latter asked where he should form his regiment, and was directed to move up Lundy's lane and form upon the right of the second brigade.

"The enemy rallying his broken corps, and having received reinforcements, was now discovered in good order and in great force. The commanding general doubted the correctness of the information, and, to ascertain the truth, passed in person with his suite in front of our line. He could now no longer doubt, as a more extended line than he had seen during the engagement was near and advancing upon us.

"Captain Spencer, without saying a word, put spurs to his horse and rode directly up to the advancing line: then, turning to the left towards the enemy's right, inquired, in a strong and firm voice, "What regiment is that?" and was as promptly answered, "the Royal Scots, sir." General Brown and suite now threw themselves behind our own troops without loss of time, and patiently awaited the attack.

"The enemy advanced slowly and firmly upon us: perfect silence was preserved throughout both armies, until the enemy's line approached to within from four to six rods—our troops had levelled their pieces, and the artillery was prepared—the order to fire was given—most awful was its effect: the lines closed in part before that of the enemy was broken: he then retired precipitately, the American fire following him. The field was covered with the slain, but not an enemy capable of marching was to be seen. We dressed our lines upon the ground we occupied: general Brown was not disposed to leave it in the dark, knowing it to be the best in the neighbourhood: his intention then was to maintain it until day should dawn, and then to be governed by circumstances.

"Our gallant and accomplished foe did not give us much time for deliberation. He showed himself again within twenty minutes, apparently undismayed and in good order.

"General Ripley now urged the commander-in-chief to order up Scott, who had all this time been held in reserve with three of his battalions. The commander rode in person to general Scott and ordered him to advance. That officer was prepared and expecting the call. As Scott advanced towards Ripley's right, general Brown passed to the left to speak with general Porter, and see the condition and countenance of his militia, who, at that moment, were thrown into some confusion under a most galling and deadly fire from the enemy: they were, however, kept to their duty by the exertions of their gallant chief, and most nobly sustained the conflict. The enemy was repulsed and again driven out of sight. But a short time, however, had elapsed, when he was once more distinctly seen, in great force, advancing upon our main line under the command of Ripley and Porter.

"The direction that Scott had given to his column would have enabled him, within five minutes, to have formed line in the rear of the enemy's right, and thus have brought him between two fires. But in a moment most unexpected, a flank fire from a party of the enemy, concealed upon our left, falling upon the centre of Scott's command, when in open column, blasted our proud expectations. His column was severed in two; one part passing to the rear, the other by the right flank of platoons towards our main line. About this period, general Brown received his first wound, a musket ball passing through his right thigh. A few minutes afterwards, captain Spencer, aid-de-camp to general Brown, received his mortal wound.

"By this time the enemy had nearly closed with our main line. Moving up to the left of this line, general Brown received a violent blow from a ball of some description upon his left side. The ball did not enter, but such was its force that it nearly unhorsed him. In the general's own words: "he began to doubt his ability to sit his horse; and, meeting with his confidential friend, colonel Wood, he thought proper to inform him of his wounds and condition." Wood exclaimed, with great emotion: 'Never mind, my dear general, you are gaining the greatest victory that was ever gained by your nation.' "His gallant soul (says general Brown) was exclusively occupied with the battle that was then raging, if possible, with redoubled fury."

"This was the last desperate effort made by the enemy to regain his position and artillery. A broader display of heroism was never exhibited: the hostile lines met in several places, and we captured a number of prisoners who surrendered at the point of the bayonet. Porter's volunteers were not excelled by the regulars during this charge. They were seen precipitated by their heroic commander upon the enemy's line, which they broke and dispersed, making many prisoners. The enemy seemed now to be effectually routed—they disappeared. In a conversation which occurred a few minutes afterwards, between general Brown, colonels Wood and McRee, and two or three other officers, it was the unanimous belief of the whole circle, that we had nothing to fear from the enemy, with whom we had been contending; but it appeared to be admitted upon all hands, that it would be judicious

to retire to camp. The idea did not occur to any one present that it would be necessary to leave behind a man or a cannon. Colonel McRee expressly stated, that there would be no difficulty in removing the cannon by hand: wagons had been provided for the wounded. General Brown, suffering severely from his wound, now moved off with captain Austen, his surviving aid-de-camp, observing to the other officers, that they would remain and aid general Ripley by all the means in their power.

"As the general moved towards camp, many scattering men were seen by him on the road; none appeared to be alarmed; not a man was running away; but, having lost their officers, had taken the liberty to seek for water, and were either drinking or struggling for drink. This scene confirmed general Brown in the belief that it was proper for the army to return to camp, for the purpose of being reorganized and refreshed before morning; that being the only situation where our scattering men could, in the night, be certainly collected and arranged to their companies and battalions. An officer was accordingly sent to say to general Ripley, that the wounded men and cannon being brought off, the army would return to camp.

"Being supported on his horse, the commander-in-chief moved slowly on to his tent. It was not many minutes before it was reported to him that general Ripley had returned to camp, having left the captured cannon on the field. General Ripley being immediately sent for, general Brown stated to him, that no doubt remained upon his mind but that the enemy had retired, and that our victory was complete. He appeared to be of the same opinion, as was every officer present.

General Brown then, in strong and emphatical language, ordered general Ripley to reorganize his battalions, to see that they were refreshed with whatever comforts it might be in his power to afford, and put himself, with every man he could muster, on the field of battle, as the day dawned, there and then to be governed by circumstances:—at all events to bring off the captured cannon. It was not believed that the enemy would dare to attack him if he showed a good countenance. General Ripley left general Brown with the conviction that he would execute the order given him—he did not make the slightest objection to it—no objection was made from any quarter.

"As day approached, finding that the columns had not moved, general Brown ordered his staff to go to the commanding officers of every corps, and order them to be promptly prepared to march in obedience to the order given to general Ripley; but it was sunrise before the army had crossed the Chippewa. General Ripley led on his troops as far as Bridgewater mills: halting his column there, he returned to the commander-in-chief, and objected to proceeding further—General Brown persisted: when he informed him that general Porter was also opposed to proceeding. At these words, general Brown replied, "sir, you will do as you please:" and had no farther intercourse with him until they met at Bufaloe.

"General Brown entertained no doubt of the intelligence or personal bravery of general Ripley; nor did he ever express himself to that effect. In consequence, however, of the events of the night of the 25th, but more especially of the morning of the 26th, his confidence in him as a commander appeared to be somewhat diminished. He was apprehensive that he dreaded responsibility more than danger—that he had a greater stock of physical than of moral courage. General Scott and himself being both severely wounded, he, therefore, without loss of time, despatched a courier to general Gaines, ordering him on to take the command of the gallant remains of the army of Niagara, that were now preparing to defend themselves within the lines of fort Erie."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF GENERAL FRANCIS GURNEY.

If a long, interesting, and useful series of services to his country, in a civil and military, a public and private capacity—if to have been firm among the firmest, active among the most strenuous, and conspicuous in the midst of those remarkable for courage and noble daring, in times that, by danger and meditated oppression, subdued the timid, but awakened to resistance the manly and

high-minded—if to have been engaged in extensive commercial transactions and in numerous other situations of trust and responsibility, from youth to patriarchal age, without sustaining a blot on the purity of his reputation—if to have been the benefactor of the widow and the orphan—the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the kind master, and the sincere friend—noted for hospitality and all the social charities of the heart—if a character thus constituted gives a claim to remembrance and posthumous praise, the much-lamented subject of this article should not be suffered to slumber unnoticed in the tomb. Did our limits and leisure permit us to descend to the requisite details, we have documents to show that few individuals have gone down to the grave with a stronger title to the fair fame which a union of such excellencies is calculated to bestow. But instead of a full and well-digested memoir of the deceased, we shall be obliged to rest contented with a biographical sketch.

Francis Gurney was the second in descent from his European ancestors, who emigrated from England with William Penn. His blood, therefore, like his spirit, was exclusively American. Even Washington himself was not his superior in the purity and fervency of his love for his country. He was born in Bucks county, in the province of Pennsylvania, about the year 1738. With the history of his boyhood we are totally unacquainted, as well as with that of his early instruction in letters. We are simply given to understand that he received the rudiments of an English education in a country school near the place where he was born, and that he had no knowledge of the learned languages. To a mind, however, strong, vigorous and enterprising, inclined to improve itself by observation, reflection and an intercourse with the world, this was sufficient to qualify him for weighty and important business—business to which minds of a feebler texture must prove inadequate even with the aid of the best education.

It is thus that to such men as Washington and Franklin, Green and Putnam, Wayne and Brown, Rittenhouse and Fulton, although a learned education proves highly beneficial, in calling forth and polishing the powers of their mind, it is not necessary to enable them to prove in an eminent degree the benefactors of mankind, and to act a most conspicuous part on the theatre of

the world. It renders them the brighter and more finished, but not, perhaps, materially the greater or more useful.

Young Gurney was inclined by nature to deeds of enterprise, hardihood and valour. He manifested from his early years a strong predilection for the use and profession of arms. Nor had he more than entered on the threshold of life, when he was presented with an opportunity of gratifying to the utmost his favourite propensity. When he arrived at his eighteenth year, he found the embittered war of 1756 inundating in blood the northern section of the British provinces. He accordingly, with a promptness and ardour peculiar to his temperament, volunteered his services in the provincial army to aid in protecting his countrymen from the French bayonet and the Indian tomahawk. His place of destination was the frontiers of Canada, a region famous in history for its sanguinary wars, and the hardships to which troops are exposed when on service. It was here his fortune to participate in many of the dangers and exploits of the celebrated Putnam, and other officers of daring intrepidity. Being young, active, and emulous of distinction, he was engaged of choice in almost every spirited and gallant enterprise that was, from time to time, undertaken against the enemy. Nor did he ever fail to act the part of a brave, determined and high-minded soldier. Although he could not at all times command success, his prowess and conduct uniformly deserved it. Among other important services in which he was engaged, he bore his part in the capture of Cape Breton.

But it was not alone in the regions of the north, suffering from cold and menaced by the hatchet and scalping knife of the savage, that this brave young Pennsylvanian served his country in the character of a soldier. Determined to pursue glory wherever she might lead the way, and, if possible, to weave for himself a chaplet from the laurels of different climates, he embarked on board the British fleet destined to act against the French West-India islands. Here, neither the burning sun, nor the sultry and relaxing air of the tropics, was sufficient to subdue his spirit or unnerve his arm. The same energy and enterprise which he had previously displayed at the taking of Cape Breton, and elsewhere on the continent, he manifested again at the capture of Guadalupe.

The war being closed, his inclination led him to return to the enjoyment of peaceful and domestic scenes; for he felt now no disposition to follow arms as a profession for life. He accordingly settled in Philadelphia in the capacity of a merchant, where he pursued his business with industry and correctness, reputation and success, till the commencement of our revolutionary war.

Ranking with the foremost in his attachment to liberty, and his abhorrence of every thing that might tend to destroy it, he viewed with indignation the unhallowed attempts of the British ministry to trample on the rights of the infant colonies. He was not of that saturnine disposition which waits till it feels the lash of oppression. He was one of those discerning, keen-scented patriots, who, in the language of an eloquent statesman, "augur misgovernment at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." No less prompt to act than vigilant to discover, he was among the first to raise his voice and extend his arm in behalf of the invaded liberties of his country.

In the year 1774 and 1775, when opposition to the measures of the British government began to be seriously meditated and organized, his public services in Philadelphia were above all price: His ardent and active disposition first contributed to rouse to resistance many of his less sensitive and energetic compatriots; and, having no inconsiderable knowledge of tactics and arms, he was highly instrumental in the formation and disciplining of military corps. In these he refused at first to accept of a commission, believing that he could render to his country higher services, by continuing to act as a general and voluntary instructor of the duties of the soldier. His primary wish was—and in this he manifested that soundness of judgment for which he was remarkable—to see men of rank and fortune heartily and practically engaged in the cause. He was anxious to see them take that lead to which their standing in society, no less than their heavy stake in the approaching contest, so fairly entitled them, and which he considered essential to the success of our measures. To this end, he laboured assiduously and with the happiest effect. Several gentlemen, who afterwards acquired a name in arms, among whom may be mentioned, Mifflin, Cadwallader, Meredith and others, were in no small degree indebted to him for their first appointment to mi-

litary rank. When they became known, they were afterwards, on that ground, appointed to higher and more conspicuous stations.

At length, on the 25th of May, 1775, Mr. Gurney was prevailed on to accept the commission of captain of infantry, in a regiment of troops raised by authority of the province of Pennsylvania. In the course of the following year he agreed to enter into the regular service, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the eleventh regiment of the Pennsylvania line. While in this command he was present at the battles of Iron-hill, Brandywine, and Germantown; in each of which he behaved with his accustomed bravery, but had no opportunity of acquiring distinction. In the first of them he was slightly wounded in the foot.

Soon after this period, some irregularity having occurred on the score of promotion, to which he thought it dishonourable to submit, colonel Gurney resigned his commission in the army, and returned once more to private life. Still, however, was his country benefited by his judgment and active services, he being immediately placed on the committee of safety for the city of Philadelphia, and also on that for the defence of the Delaware river and bay. The vigilance and competency which he manifested under these appointments were important in their effects, and placed him high in the confidence of his fellow citizens.

On the conclusion of the peace of 1783 he resumed his mercantile pursuits in this city, and continued in them with great industry and merited success, till within a year or two of his death; when, owing to his advanced age and the embarrassments of the times, he determined to abandon them. But during this important period of his life, his attention was far from being devoted exclusively to his private concerns. Few inhabitants of Pennsylvania took a more active part in the management of the affairs of the city and the commonwealth. For nearly thirty years he was constantly employed in the discharge of some public function, civil or military; nor was he ever found otherwise than industrious, competent, and faithful to his trust. He held, for several years, the appointment of warden of the port of Philadelphia, during which time he suggested and had carried into effect an important improvement in the buoys and beacons in the Delaware bay. That establishment is much indebted to him for its present state of con-

venience and excellence. We state on authority which we believe to be correct, that he was the inventor of something useful in the construction of the buoys and beacons now in use, but more particularly of a new and highly improved mode of securing them.

He was for a while one of the aldermen of the city, and served a long tour in the city councils, chiefly as president of the select council. He was for several years in succession elected a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, first to the house of representatives, and afterwards to the senate. In both bodies he became a leading character. For although a man of great humility of pretension, he acquired, by practice, a habit of speaking in public with facility and effect.

He was also, a considerable time ago, created a trustee of Dickinson college, an appointment which he held at the time of his death. In all these situations he sustained the reputation of a man of integrity, firmness, and sound intelligence.

Such are, in part, the offices and employments of a civil nature, in which it was the good fortune of Mr. Gurney to render services to his fellow citizens, and to acquire their esteem. On that of county-commissioner, church-warden, and trustee or director of various institutions, in which he promoted the interest of individuals or of the city, we forbear to dwell. He was also among the most active, skilful, and indefatigable of the militia officers of the state. He wore a colonel's commission from the first of May 1786 to the month of March 1799, when he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

The only active military service in which Mr. Gurney was engaged subsequently to the close of the revolutionary war, occurred in the year 1794, when a considerable force was called into the field, to suppress an insurrection in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania. The troops assembled on that occasion from Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, amounted to about fifteen thousand rank and file. Mr. Gurney, in the capacity of colonel, commanded the first regiment of the Philadelphia brigade, which, owing to his skill and attention, was, with the exception of M'Pherson's Blues, a body composed of young gentlemen of family and education, who would have done honour to any service, the best disciplined and most effective corps in the field.

Colonel Gurney's command amounted on this occasion, to about six hundred men, raw in service: their fatigues and exposures were great, and the weather was oftentimes tempestuous and inclement: notwithstanding this, he lost from sickness, we believe, but *two men* during a campaign of three months continuance. This fact must be regarded as a high eulogium on his attention to the accommodation and health of his troops.

The subject of this notice, feeling somewhat, although but slightly for his age, the pressure of years, had, for some time before his death, declined all participation in public employments. The evening of his life was retired and tranquil, rational and dignified—such as need not have caused a blush on the cheek of the best-born citizen of Rome. It was passed in social intercourse, amusement from books, and the cultivation of a favourite country-seat in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

He died on the 25th of May 1815, after a severe and painful indisposition of one month, which, particularly towards the close, he bore with fortitude and perfect resignation. There exists the fairest ground of belief, that his last moments were those of the christian in communion with his God.

His body is in the dust, his spirit, we trust, in the paradise of the redeemed, his virtues enshrined in the hearts of his friends. We can honestly say, that *few* men whom we have ever known, have lived more esteemed, or died more lamented—within the immediate circle of his acquaintance—*none*.

General Gurney was, in his personal appearance, particularly striking. No one could pass him in the street as a common man. He was nearly six feet high, portly and well formed, and, considering his age, unusually erect. Although considerably turned of three score and ten, he had, both mentally and corporeally, much of the vigour and elasticity of the meridian of life. The frost of years was white on his temples, but its rigours had not penetrated to his mind or his heart. His affections were still warm, his memory retentive, his powers of intellect active and pliable, and his spirits had much of the buoyancy of youth. He had a complexion unusually florid, an aquiline nose, blue eyes capable of strong expression, and a forehead lofty but somewhat retreating. Although he could not be said to have the physiognomy of genius,

he had that of great sensibility, connected with judgment and decision, intrepidity and firmness: and these were prominent traits in his character.

C.

VEGETABLE LIFE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following paper will probably conclude, for the present, the controversey on the subject of vegetable life—a controversey conducted under a display of ability and learning eminently creditable to the parties concerned; but, we are sorry to add, with a spirit of asperity and mutual crimination, which, is neither favourable, we apprehend, to the development of truth, nor consonant to the temperament of genuine philosophy. It is a law of our nature, that feeling indulged to the extent of passion, detracts, of necessity, from the clearness of our perception and the soundness of our judgment. A disputant resembles, not a little, a swordsman engaged in combat with his adversary: a calm and collected mind and a dispassionate manner, constitute his only effectual means of either defence or annoyance. In proportion as he suffers feeling and resentment to gain an ascendancy and to influence his movements, he inevitably fails in skill and address, till he falls under the weapon of his wary antagonist.

But, without assuming the character of either a censor or an umpire in relation to our correspondents—to whom we shall always esteem it an honour to be considered an equal—we hold it not amiss to make known our sentiments in the form of a few general and summary remarks on the subject in controversy.

Although we do not rank ourselves with the most strenuous advocates of the doctrine which attributes to individuals of the vegetable kingdom feeling and spontaneity, perceptivity and voluntarity, we, notwithstanding, think that there exists in nature respectable testimony in favour of its truth—testimony, on which, consistently with candour and fair reasoning, it is difficult to place a contrary construction. Confidently and without fear of contradiction do we assert, that many actions are daily exhibited by plants, under the eye of common observation, which, if performed by ani-

mals, would be universally regarded as the result of choice. But choice presupposes the existence of the four qualities of life and intellect just enumerated.

The actions of plants to which we here refer, it would be superfluous to specify. They are familiar to every one observant of the phenomena of the vegetable kingdom. They are manifested by all plants in their eager quest of light, and sometimes in their evident struggles with each other to obtain it, in the varied and complicated movements of scandent plants, by the horizontal roots of certain plants, but more especially, perhaps, in what are denominated the habits of plants.

When an animal goes in quest of food, it is admitted to do it voluntarily and of choice. Whence is it, then, that a similar concession is not made in relation to vegetables, when they evidently turn aside in quest of light, which, if not their proper food, is at least necessary to their existence and health?

If an animal of but feeble powers attach itself to a firm body with a view to support, or to enable itself to ascend from the ground, the action is acknowledged to be the offspring of feeling, perception and voluntariness. On what ground of reason, then, do we refuse to derive from the same sources, similar actions performed under similar circumstances by the hop, the pea-vine, the convolvulus, and the whole tribe of scandent vegetables?

When an animal goes out of its way to avoid a body that is offensive or injurious to it, we attribute its conduct to a motive of choice; to what other motive, then, can we rationally ascribe a similar movement, performed under a like emergency by the horizontal roots of plants? That such movements are daily exhibited by the description of roots of which we are speaking, is a fact which has been long known to every intelligent cultivator of the soil.

But a case stronger, perhaps, in itself, and certainly no less pertinent to our purpose, arises out of what are denominated the habits of plants.

A plant of a southern climate puts forth its leaves about the middle of March, when the temperature of the atmosphere is at 79° of Fahrenheit. Wherefore does it do this? Because, say the botanists, it is stimulated to vegetation by the heat of the weather. Remove this plant to a northern climate, and it will, for the first

few years, begin to vegetate about the same period, although all the native vegetables of the place are still in a state of winter torpidity, and the temperature of the atmosphere is not, perhaps, higher than 50°.

In this latter case, vegetation cannot arise either from the warmth of the weather, or from any other external cause. In the surrounding elements no cause exists at all calculated to awaken vegetation. On the other hand, the chill of winter, continuing still to linger both in the atmosphere and the earth, has a manifest and strong tendency to protract in the plant the period of inaction. Under these circumstances, it puts forth its leaves in obedience to a cause internal, peculiar to itself, and capable of producing the effect we are considering, without the aid of external agency. It vegetates thus prematurely in relation to its new place of abode, in consequence of a habit of action previously acquired, and which it now exerts in a manner that has all the characters of spontaneity. In an animal no observer would hesitate for a moment to call it by that name, nor would any one question the correctness of his decision. Where is, then, the philosophical heresy of attributing the vegetable phenomenon to the same source? We confess ourselves unable to answer the question. It is a perfect *ceteris paribus* case, the only difference consisting in the name and configuration of the agents concerned. Two subjects of the great umpire of nature, the one called an animal, the other a vegetable, both living, both organized beings, perform, under similar circumstances, actions so precisely alike, as to exhibit no one point of difference: yet, by men of enlightened intellects and investigating minds, the actions of the one are admitted to be voluntary, while those of the other, are, on no better grounds than that of custom and antiquated authority, designated by some different and inferior name: they are said to be actions necessary, mechanical, chemical, vegetable, any thing, in fact, but spontaneous. In the language of the great dramatist, we do fear that "there is something more than natural in this, if our philosophy could find it out." We are not without some apprehension that

"From pride, from reasoning pride our error springs."

We are unwilling to allow to inferior beings their due standing in the scale of nature, lest our own pre-eminence should be, thereby

diminished. In our estimation a sentiment like this is equally foreign from the spirit of christianity and true philosophy; for, if we mistake not, we learn from both, that we are allied to the vegetable no less than to the worm: nor can christian humility be more effectually cherished, than by the steady inculcation of such a belief—so far is the doctrine from being at all unfavourable to the spirit and practice of vital religion.

Our able and much esteemed correspondent, J. R. W. admits explicitly the *life of all* vegetables, but contends, if we mistake him not, that only *some* of them possess *irritability*. In this exposition of the subject, there exists, we are apprehensive, a little inconsistency, arising, perhaps, from a misconception on the part of J. R. W. of the meaning of irritability, as understood by physiologists.

Although we would not say, that, strictly speaking, life and irritability are synonymous terms, yet it must be conceded, we think, that there can be formed no rational idea of the existence of the former, independently of that of the latter. Irritability is a fundamental property of life—a *sine qua non* of vital action. As well might you contend for combustion without combustibility in the body burnt, as for vital action without irritability in the body that acts. Secretion and growth, the two cardinal phenomena of vegetation, are nothing else, under ordinary circumstances, than the result of heat, light and moisture acting on the irritability of plants. Extinguish this quality, and plants will be as incapable of vegetation as stones. Experiments long since made, prove demonstratively, that the juices of plants circulate only by reason of the irritability possessed by their vessels. This property is to be regarded, then, as the true source of the imperceptible, no less than of the visible motions of plants; a truth to which our correspondent J. R. W. does not appear to have sufficiently adverted. Few plants, it must be acknowledged, exhibit to the eye such movements as are obviously the offspring of irritability, but all, without exception, present them to our reason.

The source of vegetable irritability, whether it be electricity, galvanism, oxygen, or any other subtle and active principle, is a matter of no moment in the present inquiry. Our object is the existence, not the cause of this vital property. There are not wanting,

moreover, physiologists of high distinction, who attribute animal irritability to the same origin, viz. a modification of the electric fluid. The objection which our correspondent J. R. W. has planted on this ground, we are compelled, therefore, to regard as altogether invalid.

Nor are we inclined to say less of that which he has attempted to draw from the consideration that the stamina of the berberry retain their power of motion for a considerable time after their separation from the flower. The same thing is true of the limbs of many animals after their complete disseveration from the trunk. Yet it has never been doubted that the motions they exhibit arise from irritability.

ED.

Τὸ ξίφος ἀμφιβάλλει, μὴ πρὸς φονὴν, ἀλλ' εἰς ἄμυναν.—*Phocilis*.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT animals, vegetables, and minerals form three grand divisions, in the empire of nature, has been recognised in all ages as a dictate of common sense and sound philosophy. As no one, so far as I know, has attempted to remove the land-marks which the God of nature sets up to fix the boundaries of the mineral kingdom, I shall not wait to point out the line of demarkation. The vegetable kingdom has been less fortunate. As many conquerors have done with conquered states, so some *soi disant* philosophers, under pretence of imparting dignity to the vegetable commonwealth, have attempted to destroy its independence, and form it into a province of the animal kingdom. As these revolutionizers belong to the latter empire, it is not wonderful they should make such an attempt. Sir, in the name of the common sense of all nations, I protest against such invasions of the rights of others, under whatever pretence they may be made.

No nation can be named that has not considered animals and vegetables as belonging to different departments of nature. Let us instance a few, by recurrence to their languages. First of the Hebrews. Their generic word for vegetables is עֵשֶׂב a plant; as a verb it signifies to vegetate or grow. עֹשֶׂב then is a thing which grows. Their generic phrase for animal is בְּפֶשֶׁת חַיָּה a living creature, and is applied to all terrestrial and marine animals. נָפֶשׁ as a verb signifies to breathe, and חַיָּה as a verb, to live. Hence we arrive at two of

the properties which the framers of the Hebrew language thought distinctive of animals—*living and breathing*, while their distinctive property of vegetables was mere growth, without life or breath. We have indeed another word רכש, applied by the Hebrews to every individual which they comprehend in the animal kingdom. It signifies to move, and, connected with the other two words, evinces that the ancient orientalists possessed the same views with Linnæus; except that the Swedish naturalist attributes life to vegetables, which they did not. Their רכש corresponds with his sententia, and their רכש, with his "sponteque se moventia."

The Greek generic word for vegetable is φυτόν, derived from φύω, to spring up, and corresponds precisely with the Hebrew עשב, a thing which springs up or grows. The Greek word ζῶον, which extends to the whole of animated nature, is derived from the verb ζᾶν to live, and signifies a *living thing*. The spirits before the throne of God, supposed to represent christian ministers, are, in the Apocalypse, called by this name. The word ἑμφύχον is also applied to animated nature, so extensively as to embrace all terrestrial animals, or rather, as it seems the Greeks thought, terrestrial living things. It signifies *animated or breathing*, and corresponds with the Hebrew נפש. The Greeks, then, like the ancient Hebrews and other Asiatics, give us the properties which Linnæus attributes to animals and vegetables, leaving out the property of life in vegetables. That they did so, is plain from their distinguishing animals by a name signifying life, which they must, of course, have thought peculiar to that genus.

The Latins also expressed their views of the distinctive properties of animals and vegetables, by words of the same import with those of the Hebrews and Greeks. Their planta, herba, and, at a late period, their vegetabilis, all signify no more than *things which grow*, and grow in a fixed spot. The latter of these properties corresponds with the Hebrew עץ, tree, as a verb signifying to fix firmly. The Latin word animal, carries in it the notion of life and sensation. Thus we have the common sense of antiquity, in Asia, the north of Africa, and south of Europe, deciding on the distinctive properties of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

What says the German, the hereditary prince of the vast Celtic commonwealth, extending over a great part of Europe?

Das thier, signifies a living, animated, thing; (see Ambrosius) while *kraut baum*, &c. signifies things which grow. I shall not meddle with the *Irish* and *Carthaginian*, as I do not understand them. I am disposed to keep to the text in Tom Jones, "to know something of the subject upon which I write." He who *understands* Hebrew, Punic, and Irish, may dip into them.

By the help of this induction, from various languages, we may judge of the correctness of the following assertion of Dr. Percival: "And because the framers of the systems have invented arrangements and divisions of the works of God to aid the mind in the pursuits of science, we implicitly admit as reality what is merely artificial, and adopt distinctions without any proof of essential difference. Lapidēs crescunt, &c.—This climax of Linnæus is conformable to the doctrines of Aristotle, Pliny, Iungius and others." How incorrect is this representation! Did men think that animals and vegetables were of the same order of beings, until philosophers taught them otherwise! All the naturalists who gave these distinctions did very little more than mark the classes which common sense had formed and embodied into language.

If any one should say that the term *life* ought not, in strictness, to be applied to vegetables, he would do no more than what it seems nearly all antiquity has done before him. I have not, however, made any such assertion; nor even offered a hint to that effect. It is probable that the term *life* was originally applied to that class of beings, by personification, and that, as often happens, long use has caused us to lose sight of the figures in common parlance. Admitting, as I do, that vegetables may now be said, with the utmost propriety, to live, it will not follow that they also possess perceptive and voluntary powers. These latter I denied them in my former paper on this subject. I shall now offer some farther considerations which I think fortify not a little the position I have taken.

Voluntary power necessarily infers the capacity of choosing between two objects. It has scarcely been contended that vegetables can thus elect. They are actuated by uniform laws, as invariably as falling bodies. Who would not be startled at such an assertion as this; "stones must possess a voluntary power, for they always fall to the earth." Is it not equally absurd to say that ve-

getables possess a power of this kind, for they *always* turn their leaves to the light, shoot their roots towards nourishment, their radicle *always* downwards, and their plumule upwards—the bean *always* shoots towards the pole, and the vine *always* sends off its tendrils towards the support? Where, in fact, is the use of voluntariness when the plant cannot depart from fixed laws? No power is bestowed upon any being in vain. If this power were conferred upon plants, it would appear to be for no valuable purpose. The oyster, when the tide is coming in, turns itself up, and opens its shell; when the tide begins to go out it turns the open part of its shell down. This, however, is not invariable, and we know that it serves valuable purposes. Hence we fairly infer that oysters are endowed with voluntariness. If we could believe that mushrooms were endowed with voluntariness and sensation, we should not doubt that oysters might in time become as learned as “one lawyer Searchem in fact.” This delightful and benevolent hypothesis receives some countenance from the enlightened discovery, celebrated by Lucretius the poet, and retailed in an interesting manner by two very illustrious modern philosophers, Moaboddo and Darwin—“that we are all lineally descended from certain aquatic ancestors, vulgarly called tadpoles.”

Again, sensibility and voluntariness seem to require a common sensory. I would like to know how any one can conceive of these powers either in exercise or in existence, without a common sensory. We know that in animals, where the existence of these powers is unequivocal, they are referable to such a sensory. Are we warranted in attributing these qualities to beings not known to possess such a common centre of sensations and volitions? Certainly not. But who has pretended to discover it in vegetables? In the instance of the Athenian poplars in the centre square of Philadelphia, mentioned in a late number of *The Port Folio*, it will be necessary to imagine a common sensory for every one of the poplars. For we cannot well suppose, on the Darwinian theory, that all the buds should at once happen, each being a distinct animal, to conceive and act upon an aversion to their enemies from Lombardy. In the case of the balm of Gilead, the supposition is directly in reverse. The two branches contending for preeminence, have not different only, but hostile, voluntary opera-

tions: of course, there cannot be a common sensory for the whole plant. Since it is ascertained that this is not the case; whether has each of the contending shoots a common sensory? or has every one of the smaller shoots a common sensory of its own? The latter would seem on the hypothesis of the writer to be the more propable supposition. Then there must be some common council chamber for each of the hostile confederacies—one where the conspiracy was matured, and another where counteracting plans were adopted. It behoves those who adopt the hypothesis of vegetable voluntariness, if they wish to come close to the point and discuss it fairly and luminously, to tell us which theory they adopt. They will find serious, and, I think, insurmountable difficulties in both. In relation to the Athenian poplar, having mentioned it incidentally, I would remark, that the writer of those elegant articles seems to have overlooked the fact, that in this city both the species of poplar bend from the walls near to which they are planted. We have a striking instance of this in the Lombardy in Chestnut between Eighth and Ninth streets of this city.

Another topic from which arguments may be drawn against the sensibility and voluntariness of vegetables, is their want of nerves. No vegetable physiologist has demonstrated the existence of a nervous system, nor shown satisfactorily that they possess any thing like it. Until this be done, the friends of the Darwinian theory have made no progress in the establishment of their hypothesis. We know that in animals there is an admirable system of organs wholly appropriated to the business of feeling and voluntary action. No one hesitates about its existence. Did such a system exist in vegetables, there would surely be little difficulty in detecting it. Its sensibility, as in animals, would render it remarkably conspicuous. Some have indeed supposed the central fibre of the leaf to be a nerve. “This part,” (says Dr. Barton, *Ele. Bot.* v. i. p. 35. of the leaf) “has been by some denominated a nerve. This term ought not to be admitted in accurate botanical language, since there is no reason to believe that any peculiar sensibility, the attribute of nervous matter, resides in the central fibre.” Some have supposed the pith to be analogous to the spinal marrow, or rather the brain; but it is now well known that trees grow and appear to be in good health when

the whole central part has rotted away. Upon the whole, I fancy there is no philosopher who will at present risk his reputation by pretending to demonstrate the existence of nerves in vegetables.

Until this be effected, it is surely unphilosophical to attribute to them powers inherent in the nervous system of animals only. It would be as philosophical to affirm that plants see without eyes, smell without olfactory nerves, hear without ears, and taste without palates. To prove that plants possess irritability, circulation of fluids, &c. &c. is doing nothing towards proving their voluntariness and sensibility, unless they are shown to have nerves. In animals we have instances innumerable of irritability and every property which can be clearly shown to belong to vegetables, entirely separate, not only from voluntariness, but even from feeling. I need not quote authorities to prove that if a nerve be tied and cut, the part or limb through which its branches ramify lose all feeling, though the irritability continues apparently undiminished, and all the functions of animal life, sensation excepted, appear to be performed for a long time with unabated vigour. Truly it will require a *Searchem* to induce the readers of *The Port Folio* to believe that vegetable organs are so much more perfect than those of animals, that they can perform all their own functions, and attend to the concerns of feeling and voluntary action besides, while animals must have a distinct system organized to manage these important concerns. I think it would be to make the vegetable fibres forget the salutary remark which their friend quotes from Tom Jones. To make them feel and be the messengers of volition from—nobody knows where, would be “to employ them on a business they know nothing about.” In fact, I suspect when the “crier calls another cause before the Judex,” it will be found to be an action versus vegetable fibres for not obeying the *fieri facias* of the court, commanding them to perform nervous functions.

When a system of nerves shall have been discovered in plants, it will be necessary to discover muscles. Of what avail would be nerves and volitions without muscles to be operated upon—to be moved by the volitions. To fix at random upon any part of the vegetable and call it a muscle will not be sufficient. From its structure and functions it must be demonstrated to resemble the animal muscle.

From all these considerations, I think myself warranted to draw the conclusion, that sensibility and voluntary power are distinctive attributes of the animal kingdom. Some animals, indeed, descend very low in the scale of feeling, and some vegetables appear to be elevated to the very confines of the regions of sensation. In some cases the shades seem to blend the borders of the two kingdoms together so much, that we have difficulty in ascertaining precisely the course which the line of demarkation runs. In this case, however, it becomes a mere question of classification. I have little doubt, that could any individual, which may have heretofore been denominated a vegetable, be clearly ascertained to possess locomotion, sensibility, and voluntariness, even the common sense of my opponents* would prevail over their subtle speculations, and induce them to assign it to the animal kingdom.

—————turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

Before I conclude this essay, I should, perhaps, take some notice of four or five papers which, either in whole or in part, have been written against my former observations on this subject. As they have all, with the exception of the elegant narratives relative to the Athenian poplar and balm of Gilead, consisted of personal abuse, rather than argumentation, I have felt much disposed to let them pass for what they are worth. However, I shall still beg your patience while I make a few remarks on T. C.'s paper, of May—a paper which I consider as equal to a relinquishment of his former theory, or at least an acknowledgment that he could not support the ground he had taken. He represents the whole question at issue to be, whether vegetables *live*. He charges me with asserting that they do not. I should be very sorry to say that this is a wilful misrepresentation on the part of T. C.; yet it would seem strange that he could possibly have so far mistaken me. I do not, as he must be sensible, deny that vegetables live. He knows very well that the subject of controversy is, whether vegetables *feel and exercise volitions*. Let him not shrink from the question

—————Amphora caput
Institui: currente rota, cur urceus exit?

* Who may be named Phytonecians.

His whole paper descends far below the dignity of philosophical discussion, and seems to bespeak an impatience that any one should presume to call in question the accuracy of his speculations. Such usurpations are not permitted in the republic of science.

He is remarkably sore on the ground of his having been charged by me with infidelity. I have not charged him with infidelity. I have indeed supposed that his paper was designed as a covert attack upon the immateriality of the human soul. Does T. C. consider this as equivalent to a charge of infidelity? I do not. Though I believe this doctrine to be both a truth and an important truth; still I think a man may deny it and yet be a good christian. I had not the least intention to charge him with hostility to revealed religion. But he must have a wonderful infelicity of expression, that he should be so liable to be misapprehended. Your very learned correspondent of Duanesborough, G. W. F. thinks he discovers infidelity in the pages of T. C. If T. C. is really a friend to the immateriality of the human soul and to revealed religion, it would give no one greater pain than myself, that his character and views should be misrepresented. I hope he is so. But why, when he is attempting to express his belief of the Holy Scriptures, in his reply to G. W. F. why does he limit his faith to the "*Old Testament*," and "*the present discussion*?" I have heard this interpreted unfavourably. But to say so much about the faith of an individual is really bestowing too much importance upon his opinions. We are glad to find that he wishes to be thought an orthodox believer.

T. C. shelters himself behind the names of Bonnet, Landaff, Bell, Percival, Smith, and, to put his orthodoxy beyond impeachment, Darwin! Let us see what the opinions of those gentlemen are:

M. Bonnet says (*Histoire Naturelle*, vol. viii. p. 466) "*S'il est une faculté, qui paroisse propre à l'animal exclusivement à la plante, c'est assurément celle, d'être animal, je veux dire, d'être doué d'une âme capable de sentir.*" From various parts of his works we learn, that that amiable philosopher did consider plants and animals to belong to distinct classes. He, indeed, goes on to remark various vegetable phenomena, which might, he says, excite a suspicion in the mind of an intelligence from the moon,

that plants have some degree of sensation. After elegantly exhibiting those phenomena, which Darwin, T. C. and others, have done little more than repeat after him, he asks whether we ought to yield up ourselves to these evidences, or whether we ought to be entire sceptics on the point? The latter, I believe, was the ground he took. He possessed a fine imagination, and, on this occasion, seems to permit it to make one of its most daring excursions into regions hitherto almost unexplored, that he may delight himself in witnessing its lofty flights. In the end its illusions almost carry him away. What his sentiments really were, we learn from a conversation which he had with Dr. Smith. The doctor says (*Phil. Trans.* vol. lxxviii. p. 162) "In a conversation with the celebrated M. Bonnet, he informed me he was strongly of that opinion." What opinion? That "*irritability*" pervades the whole body of vegetables. Instead of believing that they feel and will, he is only "*strongly of opinion*," that they possess, in every part, irritability. What he means by this being "*strongly of opinion*," is, we find again, no more than a strong conjecture; for he urges Dr. Smith to institute a set of experiments, to ascertain whether such irritability does really exist or not. What is the result of all this? Why, truly, that M. Bonnet is doubtful whether plants possess even irritability, and wishes to ascertain the truth, by the aid of experiments conducted by his friend Dr. Smith. Hence, M. Bonnet, whom T. C. represents as the orthodox fountain of his theory of vegetable mind, was nearly, if not precisely, of the same opinion with professor Davy, whom T. C. attacks with such merciless rage.

But the excellent and industrious bishop of Landaff will help on the orthodox paradoxes of T. C. He follows M. Bonnet in attributing "*something like* voluntary power to vegetable organization." Not to the vegetable, but to its "*organization*!" In what discourse does he do this? Could T. C. not have told us where to find it? The illustrious prelate, in his *Institutiones Metalurgicae*, says what amounts to the contrary opinion:—"Partium animalium, figuram, nexum et motum—vegetabilium structuram." (See vol. v. p. 303 of his *Chymical Works*.) Under the *motus* of animals he no doubt comprehended the sensation and voluntary power which produce animal locomotion. If he had ascribed such

powers to vegetables, or rather to the "organization" of vegetables, why does he confine himself merely to the word *structura*?

What says Dr. Smith, a stanch churchman and president of the Linnæan Society? Speaking of the stamina of some plants, especially of the *berberis*, he says, they possess irritability on one side. But more; he tells us, and let it be remarked carefully:—"those (stamina) which were already fallen to the ground, proved fully as irritable as any I had examined." If from such irritability as Dr. Smith found resident in the inner side of the stamens of the plant which he examined, we are to infer, as T. C. does, sensibility and voluntary power, when the stamina live and are connected with the other organs of the blossom, are we not also to infer that the same powers reside in it when dead, and fallen to the earth? This would be a most enviable vegetable attribute—sensation and volition after death! The conclusion is as just in the latter as in the former case. If the living stamen, as T. C. affirms, when pricked with a needle, bends voluntarily and sheds its pollen upon the pistil; it also bends voluntarily after death, probably remembering the joys of love which charmed it when living!

But what inferences did the judicious Dr. Smith draw from these phenomena? Hear himself:—"As the foregoing experiments show vegetables to possess irritability in common with animals, so there are plants which *seem* to be endued with a *kind of spontaneous motion*. I could wish to find an instance of this spontaneous motion, combined with irritability in one and the same plant; but, I confess, I do not know one. There still remains this difference, between animals and vegetables, that although *some* of the latter possess *irritability*, and others spontaneous motion, even in a superior degree to many of the former, yet these properties in animals have only been found in one and the same part." What does this amount to? Not as T. C. would have us believe, that all vegetables possess the powers of feeling and willing; but that *some* plants have something that *resembles* spontaneity, which is not so strong a term here as voluntariness, and only *some* of them possess even irritability. Such was the greatest length which that respectable naturalist thought he might go in what he evidently considers as a playful exhibition of his ingenuity.

With the accuracy or perspicuity of Dr. Smith's inferences, respecting the irritability of plants not residing in the same part as in animals, I am not concerned. I hope I have shown, with sufficient plainness, that he is far, very far from the Darwinian theory, which T. C. has espoused.

While on the subject of irritability, it may be remarked, "that the abbé Bertholam de St. Lazare, from various experiments, infers, that the plants called *mimosa*, are endowed with a greater portion of electrical fluid than others; that this fluid escapes when touched by a foreign body, capable of conveying it away, and that they shrink by being deprived of what is essential to their health and vigour."—(Percival's Essays, Med. & Phil. v. ii. p. 133.)—Dr. Percival says, his own experiments did not give countenance to the opinion of the abbé. They might be easily repeated. The thought is ingenious. As electricity undergoes a peculiar modification in living animals, so it may receive a still different modification in living vegetables. Here is a fine field open for extensive and interesting observation of electrical phenomena, in relation to vegetables, and particularly their living and active functions and irritability. That the phenomena of the sensitive plant may be satisfactorily accounted for on the ground of mere irritability, without recurring to feeling and voluntariness, is certain. The limb of a frog, several hours after its death, may be violently convulsed, by presentment to the operation of the Galvanic fluid. Surely T. C. will not affirm that the limb, torn from a frog, many hours dead, is capable of feeling and voluntary motions; and yet, if mere irritability be an evidence of the presence of these powers, it gives greater evidence of them than the *mimosa*. The flesh of an animal will contract and expand, with very considerable force, several hours after death, and that merely upon being touched with the finger, as every one has often seen. Here is irritability separated from sensibility. It may be so in the sensitive plant. Irritability does not require a common sensory. Professor Davy, in the text which T. C. comments upon so largely and so unmercifully, gives it as his opinion, that the evidences of vegetable irritability are by no means clear and decisive. As a property common to all vegetables, he is certainly correct. However, it is possible, and future experiments may ascertain the

fact, that irritability is that vegetable attribute which elevates above, and distinguishes from minerals, every member of the great vegetable family—that attribute by which they make the nearest approximation to animated nature. I confess I am more inclined to this opinion than when in a former essay I intruded my crude thoughts on the readers of *The Port Folio*.

Let us next hear Dr. Percival, who must be orthodox, as he allowed (for any thing we know to the contrary) his son to take orders in the established church. After having, as T. C. says, attributed "*something like voluntary power*" to vegetables, he goes on to say, "truth indeed obliges me to acknowledge, that I review my speculations with much diffidence, and that I dare not presume to expect they will produce any permanent conviction in others, because I experience an instability of opinion in myself. For, again to use the language of Tully, '*Necio quomodo dum lego, assentior; cum posui librum assentio omnis illa elabitur.*'" (*Essays Med. and Phil.* v. ii. p. 244.) The doctor, in his introduction, calls his essay a *jeu d'esprit*. Thus, even in a *jeu d'esprit*, he is diffident in attributing *any thing like voluntary power* to vegetables. Is T. C. now safe behind the buckler of Percival? The readers of *The Port Folio* will judge.

Who is Dr. Bell? Perhaps T. C. means Bell the anatomist. What has he said on this subject? And where? T. C. knows. When he condescends to quote, it will be time enough to examine Bell's Views.

Well, Darwin is still behind. But he "*may be suspected*" of a want of orthodoxy. I do admit that *he* is truly and to all intents and purposes T. C.'s predecessor in this theory of vegetable feeling and thinking. In fact he is the only gentleman called a philosopher, who, before T. C. boldly and decidedly adopted the hypothesis. It is, therefore, fair, as is done in this essay, to call it Darwinian. That Darwin, who was nearly all imagination, however he might believe himself mere matter, should embrace with ardour such a fanciful theory, and believe it true, is not a wonderful phenomenon. That in his rage for tearing away all the ancient land-marks in the moral world, he should attempt to confound the beautiful order of the physical world—take mind from men and give it to vegetables, was perfectly in character. But how

a plain matter of fact philosopher, "one T. C. in fact," who deals so much in solids, should become all at once, such "a dealer in paradoxes," is not easily explained by the common laws of matter and motion.

I have yet to defend the authorities which I quoted in my former essay. Has T. C. found that any one of them even hints his belief in the voluntariness and sensibility of vegetables? We cannot doubt but that he examined them with care. As he has produced no such opinion, it must be taken for granted, all the sand he would throw in our eyes notwithstanding, that Buffon, St. Pierre, Boerhaave, Aristotle, Pliny, Iungius, and "sir Charles Von Linné" are all on the side of common sense. I freely admit that in my quotation from sir Charles, I inadvertently used the word *crescunt* instead of *vivunt*. That it was not an intentional error, as T. C. with great liberality represents it to have been, is plain from this consideration, that I admitted the life of vegetables as T. C. well knows: and the quotation, from the smaller *systema* of Linnæus, "*Lapides crescunt, vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt. Animalia crescunt, vivunt et sentiunt,*" answers my purpose precisely; which was to show that Linnæus considers the power, *sensitive*, to perceive, or feel, as a distinctive attribute of animated nature, and consequently, that vegetables do not possess such a power. But, to put the matter out of all doubt, as to the opinion of Linnæus, I have to inform T. C. of what I really suspect he does not know—that the immortal Swede *expressly* declares that vegetables have not the power of sensation. Let us hear himself: "*Lapides corpora conigesta, nec viva, nec sentientia: vegetabilia corpora organisata, et viva, non sentientia:—Animalia corpora organisata, et viva, et sentientia, sponteque se moventia.*" (*Caroli à Linné Systema Naturæ. Vol. i. p. 11. Holmæ, 1776.*)

The means by which animals might have been parted, without destroying one another, and the character of Stewart and co. as contrasted with Hume and co. viewed as metaphysicians and moral philosophers, are subjects which I had intended to notice in this paper. But it has already extended to an almost unpardonable length.

With respect to the *analogies* between vegetable and animal physiology, I admit that in many instances they are peculiarly

striking and beautiful. But calling them "*analogies*" is yielding the controversy. It admits the distinction.

I admire as much as any one these analogies and delight to trace them. I thank T. C. and La Metherie for their disclosures on this beautiful subject. I also most sincerely accord the remark, that true philosophy is friendly to sacred theology—that the unity of design in the works of God, leads directly to the unity of the author. All I wish is, that the differential attributes of genera and species should not be confounded. In short, that a man is not a horse, nor a horse an ass, and vice versa; all which I believe T. C. is *now* willing to grant.

My dear Oldschool, cordially,

Yours, &c.

J. R. W.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

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.

(Concluded from page 159.)

THE table of contents embraces seventy-five articles, each of which might be made the subject of considerable discussion, and to each of which the writer has devoted, upon an average, more than two pages of his book. It will be, therefore, impossible to give even an intelligible syllabus of his remarks; much less, any thing like a full account of them:—nor do we think this necessary. Many of the subjects here treated of, have been handled pretty satisfactorily by the author of the pamphlet, to which we have several times alluded—many are incumbered with quotations from well-known works, and others have neither significance nor interest enough to merit a particular consideration.

We pass by our author's remarks upon Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, together with some unhappy observations upon the late war; but must extract one or two sentences from p. 18, where he is speaking of the conduct of the war.

"The inhabitants of Upper Canada were chiefly emigrants from the United States, and left behind them brothers and sisters, parents and friends. Those of Lower Canada *were perfectly friendly to us*, &c.

Speaking of the same people a little further on, he says—

"Our government was ill-informed, and weak enough to believe *these people their friends*: and under this persuasion, resolutely attempted, at the commencement of the war, to detach them from their allegiance, and their interests," &c.

We know not how to account for this contradiction, unless we suppose that the author considers the administration as distinct from the people; a supposition which only changes the charge of inconsistency into that of violating common sense.

We are so much afraid of overstepping the bounds of political neutrality, that we have been long debating with ourselves whether we ought to admit the two following passages into the pages of *The Port Folio*. In order to shelter ourselves from prejudicial imputations, we must remind our readers, that they are introduced—not for the sentiments they contain—but for the example which they furnish of our author's manner of writing. We have before expressed our pointed disapprobation of the party-spirit with which these remarks abound.

"You complain, and justly, of the hypocritical politics, and false professions, of these presidents (Mr. J. and Mr. M.) Mr. Madison's hypocrisy is clumsy and awkward. Mr. Jefferson's is adroit, and sits upon him like an accomplishment; and, visible as it always was to men of sense and integrity, has nevertheless satisfied his party, and kept them in order. That of Charles II, though he was plainly inferior to Mr. Jefferson in talents, was equally efficacious in controlling the principal men, and the great body of the English nation. Not only did they unite generally in his profligate and ruinous measures, but addressed, and spoke of him publicly and privately, in terms of the most exaggerated and fulsome adulation; such as on a modern ear produces effects very similar to those which are experienced by the palate when tasting ipecacuanha. A few of the distinguished ministers of your church, and a few illustrious laymen, opposed the abominable measures of this fiend in human shape; but the rest, your clergy, nobles, par-

liament and people, united together in a vast mob, and followed with a hue and cry of applause this vile man, who was labouring to destroy at once their liberty and their religion." p. 22-3.

"Very unpleasant tales hang upon the private character of Mr. Jefferson; but he never sacrificed his own daughter, as James the first did the wife of the elector Palatine; nor his friend, as the same miserable prince did sir Walter Raleigh: and his life, with the utmost enormities attributed to it, cannot be placed by the side of that brute in human shape, Charles II.—Charles's whole private life was a mere mass of putrefaction." p. 25.

We shall next take some extracts from the author's defence of our national legislature. After exhibiting the charges brought against those who compose it, by the Quarterly Reviewer, he rebuts them by the following indignant recrimination:

"Pray, sir, what think you of John Wilkes, elected into your parliament by the proud city of London: of which you and your countrymen boast in much the same terms with those in which Nebuchadnezzar boasted of Babylon; of John Wilkes, elected a member of parliament by the city of London; expelled by the house of commons, and by the same city elected a second time; of John Wilkes who wrote the *Essay on Woman*, a mass of corruption and impiety, such as probably the world never saw before; of John Wilkes, elected at the very time when this putrid production came to light, and thus sanctioned and supported, in this stupendous iniquity, by the public voice of that great city? What think of Sykes, who was elected member of your parliament, after having starved in India, one million of people, by purchasing the rice, on which alone they were to live, and refusing to sell it again till he could obtain the price put upon it by his own avarice? What think you of sir Francis Burdett, the representative of your polite city of Westminster? For his character I need not refer you to the books whence I have learned it. I refer you to your own knowledge. Now, sir, permit me to ask, do you believe that any scoundrels in the American congress are greater scoundrels than these; or that any orator of a stump in the southern states, or any *backwoodsman* in Kentucky, Ohio, or Tennessee, ever deserved to be hanged half as many times?"

"Let me remind you, also, that this custom of haranguing a mob, as means of obtaining an election, is derived from Great Britain; that the names of Fox, and Burke, are enrolled, as well as those of Wilkes and Burdett, among your field orators; and that although they did not mount a hogshead, or a stump, the difference of the rostrum makes no difference in the practice, to the eye, either of morality or taste; that, although they were probably more eloquent than the Ciceros of Kentucky, or Tennessee, and somewhat more learned, and thus were able, like Virgil, "to toss about their dung with an air of majesty;" yet the superiority of their character serves only to display the conduct with more deformity; and, that the higher your claims of intelligence and refinement are, the deeper is your disgrace on account of this barbarism." p. 28-9.

We are now obliged to skip over a great many valuable pages of this volume—partly for want of room, and partly because the author's remarks would furnish our readers with very little knowledge which they were not in possession of before. We must stop, however, at page 52, where we find this very eloquent paragraph upon camp-meetings and methodism:—

"The camp-meetings, of which you make mention, are derived from Great Britain. The very bishops of methodism, whom you sent over to this country; the travelling ministers who came from England, have given birth to these shameful extravagancies: and these extravagancies, notwithstanding their public, solemn declarations to the contrary, are, with the highest probability, secretly cherished and supported by the leading methodists in Great Britain. *Here*, by the great body of sober men, they are held in contempt and abhorrence. But they have been means of indulging a spirit of propagandism, and have actually contributed to swell the muster-roll of methodism, by adding to it, annually, a considerable number of miserable wretches, easily made victims through their profound ignorance, the dictates of a vivid imagination, and ardent feelings, to the vociferation and anathemas of these itinerant exhorters. I doubt not that the sober and virtuous men of this class, (for such, it is fairly presumed, there are) really disapprove of this excess; and are reluctantly induced to wink at them, from the mere spirit of propagandism: a spirit, which, when once imbibed, is too powerful to be resisted by any ordinary human virtue."

We see nothing in the next thirty pages which it is worth while to notice particularly. Under the article intitled consumption of ardent spirits, we are presented with an elaborate arithmetical comparison between the temperance of a Londoner and an American. As this is valuable, only as a mere matter of fact, we shall give it to our readers in as short a compass as possible. From the "Stranger's Guide through London," we learn that eleven million one hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-two gallons of spirituous liquors—eight million and sixty-four thousand gallons of wine, and thirty-five million six hundred and thirty-two thousand gallons of ale and porter, are yearly consumed by the inhabitants of the British metropolis! The population of London may be estimated at one million. One half of this number is, however, composed of children and women who drink no ardent liquors. Accordingly, each of the remaining five hundred thousand swallows, upon an average, twenty-two gallons of spirits, sixteen of wine, and seventy of ale and porter, or one hundred and eight gallons of strong drink annually. Now, in the year 1810, the quantity of ardent spirits which was either imported into this country, or manufactured by its inhabitants, according to the highest estimate, amounted only to thirty million gallons, and the population by the census of the same year was ascertained to be seven million two hundred and eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and three. By a parity of calculation, then, the number of gallons consumed by each individual in the United States is a little more than nine. As the quantity of wine, ale and porter drank in this country, is trifling in comparison to the consumption of ardent spirits, two gallons of each to every individual is deemed an ample allowance. The result is, that a Londoner drinks one hundred and eight gallons of ardent liquor, while an American drinks only about twelve—or the inhabitants of London are nine times more intemperate than those of the United States!

One of the defects which the Quarterly Reviewer pretended to have discovered in our political institutions, was, that we extended the right of suffrage to every free woman in the country.* The author before us, after asserting in his text, upon the authority of Colquhoun, that fifty thousand females support themselves

* The shameless falsity of this allegation is apparent *prima facie*.

by prostitution in the city of London, subjoins very sarcastically in a note, "This is worse, sir, than voting."

The solid good sense and the polished language of the following passage will amply apologize for its introduction here:

"The mediocrity of our circumstances has often been an object of ridicule, as well as of contempt, with Englishmen. Here, however, it is believed to be a source of no small happiness to the inhabitants. There is, it must be acknowledged, much less splendour, much less to admire, much less to boast of. There are fewer palaces, fewer stupendous public buildings, fewer magnificent public works. But, sir, one rich man is always surrounded by many who are poor; and one great man by many who are little. Wretchedness always follows in the train of pomp, and rags and beggary haunt the mansions as well as the walks of pride and grandeur. If we have not many opulent inhabitants, we have few that are indigent. If we have not palaces, we have few cottages. One would think, that a benevolent man would feel some satisfaction in looking around him, and seeing competence and enjoyment diffused universally; in believing that, exclusively of the unavoidable calamities of this world, the multitude, and not merely a few persons possessed of princely fortunes, were fed, and clad, and lodged in a pleasant and desirable manner. To me no prospect, confined to this world, has been so delightful, as that which I am always sure to find, when travelling in this country; the great body of the inhabitants enjoying all the pleasures furnished by these very circumstances." p. 104-5.

If the character of our congress is to be deduced from the disgraceful rencontre between Roger Griswold and Matthew Lyon, what shall we say of the members of the British parliament, if John Elwes is a faithful representative of the whole?

"Look at this man in the possession of near eight hundred thousand pounds sterling; after having expended eighteen pence for his election, setting out from his seat on horseback, with two hard boiled eggs in his pocket; shunning carefully every turnpike road, lest he should be obliged to pay the fare; stopping under a hedge, feeding his horse upon the grass in the road, and himself upon the egg; wearing a wig cast off by a beggar, and picked up by himself out of the kennel; and following from morning to night

the carpenters who were repairing his houses. View him again at his own seat, mending his windows with a piece of broken glass, or a bit of brown paper; gleaning corn out of his tenants' fields; picking up stray chips and bones to carry to the fire in his pocket; pulling down a crow's nest to add to his stock of fuel, and then complaining of the extravagance and waste, with which these creatures built their nests. See him again, stealing into the stable and taking away the hay which his servant had given to the horse of a friend who visited him; eating corrupted meat, and the animals which had been bred in it; and devouring the small fry taken by his net, instead of replacing them in the river until they should be grown, because he should never see them again. Behold him hiding his money, wrapped up, a few guineas in a paper, and deposited in corners and other secret places, and rising by night as well as watching by day, to see whether it had been stolen. Finally, mark this man, then worth a million sterling, and on the verge of death, crying out in his sleep, "I will keep my property, no man shall rob me of my property." p. 126-7.

We confess we see not the propriety of coupling an attack upon the Edinburgh Review with a defence against the assaults of the Quarterly, nor can we compliment our author for any address in introducing the subject. His shower of reproof upon Mr. Jeffrey, surnamed "the Reviewer of Sodom," is pregnant with the very fire and brimstone of invective. In the XLIVth number of the Edinburgh Review, a writer, speaking of the effect which the passion of monarchs for their mistresses has upon their own honour, and the happiness of their people, observes that "the moment when a nation most dreads and abhors the dominion of a mistress, is when they see in it the result of luxurious habits, rather than of passion—the feverish want of a decayed constitution, rather than the honest demands of nature and imagination:"—to which our author replies in the following justly indignant strain:

"Lewdness, then, it seems, that putrefaction of the human mind, that sin of Sodom, that sin, to pour upon which the vengeance of an angry God, an angel summoned from heaven a storm of fire and brimstone, and emptied its terrible magazines of destruction upon that abandoned city; lewdness, raised to the infamous excess of adultery; lewdness, changed into an incurable habit of adultery;

facéd with bronze, and in an open, shameless concubinage, proclaiming to the world its indelible and hopeless infamy, is, what? "The honest demands of nature and imagination." Such is the decision of this Reviewer of Sodom. What is the sentence of his Creator? Of the *strange woman*, "None that go in unto her, turn again; neither take they hold of the paths of life." p. 131.

The president of Yale College has been over and over again accused of coining new words, and we are heartily glad that somebody has at length stepped forth in his defence.

But "the president of Yale College talks of a *conflagrative* band, and president Jefferson of *belittling* the productions of nature. Be it so. The members of your parliament, on the floor of debate, use the dignified words, *diddled* and *gullibility*."

"We retain some words, which you have dropped; and you retain some which we have dropped. We have made a small number of new ones. You have made ten times more. Have not we some rights in this respect, as well as you? If we have not, where is the proof?" p. 139-40.

We come now to the subject of the British Reviews. So far we have travelled along with the New-Englander without much quarrelling, though we have often been teased with the cynic peevishness of his remarks, or incommoded with the baggage of his quotations: but we cannot be silent on a question in which our own character is in some measure concerned, and about which we differ very widely from the author before us. We complain, in the first place, of the unmerciful prolixity of his quotations; and in the second place, we beg leave to *challenge* the witness which he has summoned in support of his allegations.

Our readers must see at once, that fourteen pages of quotations (one third of the number contained in the review of Inchiquin) from one book and on one subject, are out of all proportion.

The character of British Reviews, and of their conductors, is taken from the Picture of London. According to this, the authors of the anonymous criticisms, which overload the English press, are persons mured in prison—rival authors—adventurous young men, who are destitute of any honourable calling—or employed by different booksellers to promote the sale of their own

books, and to depreciate those of their neighbours. A great deal more is said by this writer against the censorial fraternity, which our limits oblige us to omit; but the most precious information of all is, that, a few months before making this disclosure, the writer himself had "PLAYED A PRINCIPAL PART IN THE FARCE OF ANONYMOUS CRITICISM!" Now the question is, if this kind of *state's evidence* is to be admitted? Here is a writer who confesses himself to have been engaged in the most criminal of all deceptions—that of disseminating false principles—to have reviewed books without reading them, and to have been an associate of men who were compelled to hire out their talents, and to scatter their noxious arrows from the dark grates of Fleet, King's-bench, and Newgate prisons. In consequence, perhaps, of a failure of patronage, of some personal pique, or of some other unknown emergency, he has quitted his old occupation, turned upon his former coadjutors, and, although he acknowledges he was false as a critic, calls upon the public to believe him as a confessor. From what circumstance are we to rely more upon the veracity of this writer while drawing a picture of London, than while penning an anonymous criticism? For our own parts we cannot unite with our New-Englander in applying to him the appellations of *frank, honest-hearted, and judicious*.

We must now close our extracts with the following character of the English nation.

"The character of your nation is well understood on this side of the Atlantic. By a great part of the people of the United States, full justice is done to your talents and your worth, your institutions and your efforts. We know, that you are a great nation, and have achieved distinguished glory in many ways, and those of supreme importance. But we do not think, *that you have any knack at making friends*. You form too high an estimate of your own importance to suffer you to be agreeable to others; loftily claim the respect, which other nations solicit; and receive it as a tribute, where other nations receive it as a proof of civility. In their books, and in their conversation, *Englishmen* are, more than any people, busied in comparing themselves with other nations, and whatever is contained in *England*, with the same or similar things found in other countries. The result of this comparison

is almost always in favour of themselves, and of whatever is theirs. Their climate, their soil, their weather, their productions, their talents, their institutions, their religion, their church, their manners, their morals, are all better than the same things in any other country. *They* only are clean, and neat, in their persons, and houses. *They* only, have good beef. Their peaches, under a half frosty sun, are better than those of the United States, with all the advantages which the finest seasons can give; and a Scotchman, rioting on the rich fruits of this country, will gravely inform you, that *they are not so gude as those which grow in the garden of the duke of Argyle*. American apples are exported to *England* in great quantities, and are cried in your markets at high prices; yet an *Englishman*, sojourning in the United States, pronounces without hesitation, that they are inferior to the apples of his own country. An *Englishman*, not long since travelling in the state of New-York, stopped at an inn in Poughkeepsie. Here he called for a beefsteak; and at the same time complaining bitterly, that he had not found a single good dish, of this kind, since he had been in America. The innkeeper told him, that he would give him one; and going into the kitchen, ordered the cook to sprinkle the stake with sulphur. The *Englishman* pronounced it delicious." p. 172-3.

Our author has made a few attempts at wit, some of which are truly good, and others truly contemptible. The following raillery at the Edinburgh Review, is without wit, because it is without sense. After introducing the passage from that Review, already cited concerning the effects of the passion of monarchs for their mistresses, he starts off on a "long run" with the following *wonderfully shrewd and cutting questions*:

"Pray sir, is not the conductor of the *Edinburgh Review* a descendant of those cattle, who, according to lord *Monboddo*, were the first ancestors of the human race, *who wore tails*, and lived in the near neighbourhood of our cousin *Ourang-Outangs*?" * * *. "This conductor," he afterwards adds, "must have been born in the vicinity of his lordship: and, if the proper investigation were to be made, it would, I presume, be found, that the tail had lately fallen off from the man, or that the man had fallen off from the tail: for it is doubtful which was the principal part of the composition." p. 130.

These smaller faults, however, are much overbalanced by the excellence of the writer's observations on the importance of the preservation of a spirit of mutual good will between the United States and England. We have no room, however, for further quotation; nor if we had should we deem it necessary at present; for we believe that the specimens which we have already exhibited, will be sufficient to recommend the whole book to the perusal of our readers.

With regard to the subject matter of this pamphlet we may now observe, that the author exhibits more solid learning, and a more extensive acquaintance with facts, than any other writer who has hitherto appeared on the same occasion. Local prejudice has evidently, however, we think, restricted his defence to a single section of the union, and party spirit has often distorted his greatest beauties. But if he should here assert his innocence, and declare himself an impartial friend to every portion of the country, then, by his own acknowledgment, he falls into a still more detestable situation, and shows, as respects the middle and southern states too much of the spirit described by Terence—

—————"Facile omnes perferre et pati,
"Nunquam præponens se aliis."

Some too will urge that his pages are sometimes overburdened with the lumber of unwieldy erudition. He evidently considers the press as consecrated to truth, and, when it is in his power, delineates circumstances and prunes assertions with that indefatigable minuteness—that close precision which is as valuable as it is rare, and which in doubtful cases must give much weight to the '*ipse dixit*' even of an anonymous pamphleteer. It is for this reason that the seemingly dogmatical assertions, which occasionally occur, command a respect which a less learned writer, and a less steady adherent, could never obtain. Warm with zeal and conscious of the rectitude of his cause, he comes forth the vigorous champion of New-England, and the British Dares sinks down before the American Entellus.

We have before observed that we believe he has confined himself too much to a single model of good writing. He plainly has not the faculty of amusing his reader with empty words while

he cheats his intellect—he has neither the "ease of Addison" nor the "force of Johnson." Plain, blunt, and manly, and, like the object of his imitation, seldom if ever trifling, his style will probably meet with favour, though it merit commendations. We will now take leave of our author by remarking, that if he ever offers his name to the public, however lofty may be his station, his literary reputation may be raised, but can hardly be depressed by the act.

* * In estimating the relative intemperance of Londoners and Americans (p. 258) we ought to have mentioned that the subjects of comparison are not strictly upon the same footing. In almost all large cities, it is necessary to remedy the badness of water by an admixture of ardent spirits,—or by resorting to a substitute of ale, beer, and other kinds of beverage. The consumption of strong liquors, by a given number of inhabitants, is, therefore, very different in the metropolis and in the country. But making due allowance for this fact, we think, that the calculation of the New-Englander is not materially altered, and that at all events, this circumstance cannot be supposed to account for a disproportion of nine to one in our favour. Y.

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.

(Concluded from p. 159.)

HAVING presented the reader with an analysis of the discourse itself, I proceed to the notes, which are to the former like gems that surround the ring; without meaning, however, to imply exaggerated praise, for the pamphlet under review is neither marked by brilliancy of diction nor novelty of discovery; it is what such a discourse should be, well characterized by competent knowledge of the subjects discussed, suggestions truly useful and patriotic, and strong features of unpretending good sense, pervading it throughout.

The notes from A to G relate to subjects merely local, and therefore not likely to be generally interesting.

In note G the author makes some remarks on the natural features of the lake country of New-York state. He supposes, in conformity to the general opinion, that the falls of the Niagara were

once at Queenstown and Lewistown; and (as I fancy must be allowed by all that have been in the country) that the *Gravel-ridge*, about six miles south of Ontario, was the former boundary of that lake. The falls of the Genesee (for the high land extends from Genesee to the falls of Niagara) have not worn away near so much as those of Niagara; and, I am persuaded, that those who will travel from Queenstown to the upper falls of Genesee, will be satisfied that they have travelled along the original line of the high land, and the distance between Niagara falls and Queenstown has been really worn away.

Note H. briefly touches the very curious and important subject of petrifications; those medals, as Dr. Barton terms them, by which nature commemorates the revolutions of our globe. Mr. Clinton, after Kalon, notices a cornu ammonis of two feet diameter. There is one, I believe, nearly of that size, in a garden fence wall at Chambersburgh in Pennsylvania, between the north mountain, which is secondary, and the south mountain, which is in the transition range.

The history of the revolutions of our globe, is just now beginning to be somewhat understood; the science is yet in its very infancy. Werner and Cuvier have thrown *some* light on the subject, but they have done much, by comparison only, with the feeble attempts of their predecessors. A few general facts have been established upon a tolerably sound foundation: such as

1. That the shell surrounding the nucleus of our globe, is composed of a series of formations of different ages, but which repose on each other every where in a manner so much alike, that their relative situations must be ascribed to one common cause originally.

2. That the original situation of these formations, layers, or strata, has been in various places altered by the operation of causes acting underneath them; so that they have been heaved up out of their original position, in directions that vary more or less between the horizontal and perpendicular; occasioning the disruptions, dips, inclinations, out-breakings, over-lyings, &c. which we observe in these strata, or formations, in various parts of the earth.

3. That the oldest of these strata or formations, are manifestly crystallized depositions from solution or mixture in water, of the

particles that compose them: the newer or younger of these formations, are more confused deposits of stony or muddy particles, not bearing general marks of chrySTALLIZATION.

4. Of metalline substances, whether native or mineralized, whether in beds, in veins, or in nodules, no facts are as yet known, that enable us to assert positively any thing explanatory of present appearances.

5. That the oldest or chrySTALLIZED formations (strata universally deposited and found) must have been long anterior to any vegetable or animal formations, for they contain no marks or remains of these organized substances.

6. The smaller and less active kind of sea animals, such as the echinites, ostracites, belamnites, &c. are found in strata, manifestly anterior to those formations that contain vegetables, so that these aquatic animals, have lived and died during the gradual deposition of the stones and earth that now envelop them.

7. That a long space of time must have intervened, before those strata were deposited, which were fitted to subserve the growth of vegetables.

8. That a long period of vegetation must have taken place before the production of animals: for these could not be formed until they had the means of subsistence. Hence, the formations that contain only vegetable debris, must have been long anterior to those, which contain the undecomposed remains of land animals.

9. That graminivorous must have long preceded carnivorous animals, for before the latter could have been formed or produced, the graminivorous animals must have been in numbers too great for the subsistence the earth afforded. This coincides with the *exciting cause* of hunger which would tempt to the devouring of each other, where the natural means of so doing was bestowed, and the *final cause* of preventing increase beyond the means of subsistence.

Hence it would seem that on land, graminivorous and herbivorous animals were the oldest; that omnivorous preceded carnivorous animals, and probably amphibious were coeval with omnivorous.

Hence I should doubt, whether the teeth were of themselves a sufficient criterion of animals who fed on vegetables or on

flesh: or that the pervading, intermixed enamel, formed any certain criterion; for, much stronger teeth would frequently be required for hard vegetable, than soft animal food. The final cause of the permeating enamel in the tooth of a graminivorous animal, is to be sought for, as I think, in the acid nature of many vegetables, which do not act on enamel (fluat of lime) but which would gradually dissolve and wear away the common phosphat. But this is speculation: nor would I venture to argue *from* a final cause, and with caution, *to it*.

10. That many species of animals formerly existing, are now extinct. Cuvier, as Mr. Clinton observes, has classed the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, of which forty-nine are distinct species, hitherto unknown to naturalists.

I would remark, en passant, that although Mr. Chevenix denies it, every practical mineralogist knows, that one kind of stones gradually pass into another kind of contiguous, but somewhat varying appearance and properties; thus small and accidental varieties of component parts will form opaque quartz, agate, flint, chert, hornstone; so in chemistry, how easily are the citric, malic, &c. acids converted into the acetic? And so also, as I think, in animals, slight variations are frequently occasioned by exposure to different circumstances, that thus form the varieties of species. So the mammoth may gradually be worn down into the elephant, as the wild turkey has degenerated into the tame bird.

11. The older animals, and those existing on the earliest plant bearing formation, seem to have been larger than animals of modern days.

May not this have been the natural effect of more abundant nutriment? Do not all animals now decrease in size, as food becomes scarce?

12. Terrestrial, and particularly carnivorous animals, are found only in the most recent formations, as in marl, mud, and alluvial deposits.

13. Every fact relating to the science of fossils, and petrifications gives reason to believe, that man, is the most recently formed animal on our globe.

These positions may be regarded as, in the present state of our knowledge, highly probable, though not absolutely certain.

There ought to be, in every state, some public institution under the fostering patronage of the legislature, where men of research may find those European publications, which are too expensive for individual collections; such as those of Michaux, Humboldt, Cuvier, De Non, Parkinson, &c. How can our scientific men have pretensions to European accuracy, when they are debarred from European information? What inconvenience would the expense of a couple of thousand dollars a year, in each state occasion, compared to the convenience and satisfaction of such a resource? and why is not every state explored, mineralogically, agriculturally, statistically, and for lines of canal also?

Note K. There is very little difference between the petroleum of the Genesee country, and that of the Birman empire. Naptha has not yet been found in our country. These bituminous springs, the gypsum, the salt, the sulphurated hydrogen, &c. are marks of alluvial soil, which I think extends from Passamaquoddy, through the Genesee country, taking in the head of the Chippewa.

There is no good map of the United States. The best I know of is Arrowsmith's: the more shame for us. No other map will serve the purpose of the following remark, which I owe to a friend. Stick a pin at the south point of Salina in New-York state, extend a string from thence to the salt springs in Louisiana, on the west of the Mississippi, between thirty-one and thirty-two degrees north latitude; look along the course of that string, and within ten miles on each side of it, you will observe salt licks in more abundance than in any other part of the union.

Note L, on the American languages. These are so numerous, so dissonant, and so difficult to be reduced to European pronunciation, that all attempts at conjecture, concerning the origin of the nations from their language, must fail, as it has failed. A man must have a great deal of faith who has any to bestow, for instance, on Dr. Barton's collection. The best vocabulary of the northern Indians, and that of a confined district, is Long's. But when the most learned men of Europe, at this day, disagree so enormously, in their mode of pronouncing and spelling the name of any well-known place in the East Indies, who can depend on the pronunciation of a Savage, or the orthography of his visitors?

Note M. Classification of animals, according to Linnaeus, Blumenbach, and Cuvier.

Note N. A brief account of the discoveries relating to the mammoth and the elephant, very interesting for original information, as well as for a very good view of what is known, so far as could reasonably be compressed in the compass of a note. Mr. Clinton concludes:

1. That the Asiatic and African living elephants, and the Siberian mammoth, are specifically distinct.
2. That the New-York, the Onio, or American mammoth, is specifically, if not generically, different from them.
3. That it was carnivorous.
4. That it lived upon the land, in opposition to Mr. Peale, who supposes it amphibious, and governor Pownal, who supposes it an aquatic animal.
5. But that it might also have been graminivorous, or omnivorous and amphibious.
6. That it was not of a larger size than the living elephant.
7. That it has become extinct.

I am of opinion, with Mr. Jefferson, that the animal mammoth must have been at least twice the size of an ordinary Asiatic elephant, nor can I conceive on what *good* authority Mr. Clinton states the *Elephas Indicus* to be from ten to fourteen feet high. (Discourse, p. 88.)

Mr. Corse, whose papers in the Philosophical Transactions for 1799, I have examined for the purpose, had the command of the elephants and elephant hunters at Tipperah, in Bengal, from 1792 to 1797, and must have had some hundreds under his eye. He states the height of female elephants at from seven to eight feet in India, the males from eight to ten, measured at the shoulder. He never *heard* of but one elephant (on good authority) that exceeded ten feet. The largest he ever saw, belonged to the nabob of Dacca, and did not exceed ten feet. He mentions, that captain Jandys, who commanded one hundred and fifty elephants in the war against Tippoo Sultan, showed him a list of their heights; of these, not one was ten feet high, and only a few males were nine feet and a half. Elephants, of the largest breed, that exceeded nine feet were uncommon.

Now, Mr. Peale's skeleton was eleven feet high at the shoulder, while the thigh bone was only three feet seven inches. I have

before me a thigh bone of the following dimensions: three feet nine inches high, one foot six and a half inches at the smallest circumference, three feet three-fourths of an inch at the largest circumference, and two feet seven inches and three-fourths in circumference at another part. If the middle size of the *Elephas Indicus*, as we may gather from Mr. Corse, is, when alive, and clothed with cartilage, flesh, skin and hair, but nine feet high, at the utmost average calculation, surely the mammoth, when clothed with the same coverings, must be a prodigiously larger animal.

The teeth seem to indicate an omnivorous animal.

Mr. Sylvanus Miller, in a letter to Mr. Clinton, states the explanation given by Dr. Mitchill of the climates in which these elephantine relics are found, so different from the climates which living elephants now inhabit; namely, that at some very remote period, the axis of the globe has changed ninety degrees. I am disposed to allow every thing to Dr. Mitchill's ingenuity, but these gratuitous hypotheses communicate no information, and confer no credit.

Note O, is on the brown or grizzly bear, an animal very little known to European naturalists. Mr. Clinton with reason divides the animals called *bears*, into 1. The polar bear. 2. The grizzly bear. 3. The common bear of Europe. 4. The common bear of America. He inclines to think it is the *Megalonix* of Mr. Jefferson. The *ursus lotor* is our racoon.

Note P, the animal *bos*, is noticed by the ancients, who mention the *bos bonasus* (Aristotle) the *urus* (Cæsar) the *bos ferus* (Strabo) the *bison* (Pliny) the *biston* (Oppian) beside the common domestic animal of the same kind. Mr. Clinton classes them thus,

1. The *bos indicus* or *bubalus*; the Asiatic and African buffalo.
2. The *bos bison*, or American buffalo. (*Bonasus*.)
3. The *bos taurus*, or domestic bull.

He does not notice the Mexican, or musk bull, nor the grunting bull (Grunnians, Sarluk) nor the *bos gnou* of the Cape of Good Hope. Is the *gnou* the same with the *jomello* or *jumart*? It is described as between the *pecora* and *bellua* by Zimmerman.

Note Q, contains a dissertation on the *moose-deer* and *elk*, not

yet sufficiently distinguished and described here, and still less known in Europe. We want further information from travellers and naturalists of our own country.

Note R, Mr. Clinton's review of Wilson's Ornithology, a work that has done great credit to the American press, as well as to American science.

Notes S and T continue the subject of ornithology, with some observations on the difference, if any, between the turkey of Europe, and our wild turkey; on the reed-bird, and on the crows and ravens. The wild turkey can certainly be induced to live with the tame turkey.

Note U, on the lepus or hare. It is yet uncertain whether we have the same species with the European hare. I am inclined to think that the white hare of this country, which I have known once caught in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, and shown to me by Mr. Ewing, formerly prothonotary of that county, at Sunbury, is not the English hare. The flesh is indeed of the colour of the hare, but I know not that the animal is ever found here otherwise than white. It would certainly be worth while to import the European hare, and the warren rabbit.

Note V, on the migration of birds.

Note W, on birds. The number of species is about three thousand now known, of which Mr. Clinton allows one thousand to America within the bounds of the United States.

Note X, on the genus anas. This includes all the geese, and ducks: every one of which, according to Mr. Clinton, may be domesticated. So may the genus Columba. The goose and duck are profitable, the one for its feathers and the other for food. All ducks that are known and tried can be fed on offal meat: certainly an advantage in great towns. It would be well if more ducks and fewer dogs were kept.

We want here the English partridge and pheasant: our birds of that name are not similar to the English. They are neither so large nor so beautiful as the common birds of the same name there; these are also much inferior to the ring pheasant and the golden pheasant.

I purchased about six years ago, a swan exactly like the swan of Europe, in size, appearance, down and whiteness; it was sold as

a loon: I know not that it would be worth domesticating. It is beautiful, but very coarse and black food.

This note contains much useful remark on the variation of these birds and other fowls, that might be beneficially domesticated here.

Note Y, on the Ichthyology of this country. Notice of a work on this subject, projected by Dr. Mitchill, which, when it appears, will deserve, I hope, the good opinion Mr. Clinton seems to entertain of it. The poetical version of the third piscatory Eclogue of Sannazarius by Dr. Mitchill, is not calculated to extend that gentleman's fame as a poet; for, in good truth, it contains much homely verse, and nothing like poetry.

Note Z, on the spawning, breeding, descent, and return of fishes. Among some curious information in this note, Mr. Clinton mentions from Clavigero, that the Indians of the Antilles had the art of taming a sea fish to chase other fish.

It appears a natural propensity in fishes spawned in fresh water, to return if they can at spawning time, to the place where they first perceived themselves alive.

Notes AA, BB, and CC, the subject of fishes continued.

Note DD, American history of various vermin.

Note EE, honey and the honey bee.

Note FF, serpents.

Note GG, on the wild potatoe and the Jerusalem artichoke: this latter vegetable is too little known and employed. I can assert, that in flavour it is equal to the European artichoke: that it requires little care comparatively in the cultivation; that it is as productive as the common potatoe; that it is more hardy; that animals, particularly hogs, eat it greedily; that it produces more manure from the haum than the potatoe.

Note HH, on the wild oat, or wild rice.

Note II, on the wheat and its varieties; and on the insects that infest our useful vegetables. I take this opportunity of again noticing Mr. Melsheimer's Entomology. Hanover, Adam's county, Pennsylvania.

Note KK, on grasses. Sain foin, hedasyrum onobrychis. I have tried this grass by accident thus: I procured from Europe many years ago, some luzerne (medica) sain foin, timothy, ray

grass, burnet, some of the poas, and tescues. I sowed them in a garden in separate beds, near to a stable. They were kept clear and grew well. When nearly ripe a cow and a horse broke through the stable by bursting open the door, and entered the garden. I saw them go to the sain foin in preference, after smelling at the luzerne, and they devoured it, while I stood by to observe the choice they made. This grass grows in great abundance on the arid gravelly soil of Abingdon, near Oxford, in England. It is calculated particularly for gravelly soils.

I wish somebody would make an experiment on the most productive of all grasses, not noticed by Mr. Clinton. The succory, *chicorium intribus*. I have seen horses leave oats for this grass. The roots are the best substitutes for coffee I know of. Curtis's treatise on grasses, and his directions for the mixture of seed proper to make a productive and bateable meadow, deserve more attention than we pay them.

Note LL, on the seneca or sweet-scented grass: on botany generally; about twenty-two thousand plants are known, and have been characterized and described. Dr. Muhlenberg has described only two thousand eight hundred species belonging to eight hundred and sixty-three genera? Mr. Clinton estimates the plants of the United States at eight thousand.

"Page 148. The *crap plant*, says Vander Donk, for dying red, is not cultivated in New Netherland, but it is not to be questioned that if it were tried it would yield well." The *crap plant* is madder, which will grow in New-York and Pennsylvania as well as wheat.

Note MM, on the original introduction of various garden plants.

Note NN, on diseases. Consumption greatly on the increase. I am persuaded that the substitution of silk stockings and muslin dresses next the skin, in lieu of flannel, among our females, is one great cause of consumption: another connected with it, is exposure to midnight and wintry blasts, after dancing: another is the use of corsets.

Our great-grand mothers who clothed in woollen, were little annoyed with consumption. Scanty drapery in a female is equally offensive to good taste, good health, good morals, and good sense.

Cotton shirts are decidedly more wholesome, and more economical than linen.

Dr. Hosack's treatment of this disease, is that of every judicious physician; bleeding, emetics, and blisters in the early inflammatory stage. Mercury and digitalis have had their day. A sea voyage is excellent, for it is the best and most effectual emetic. The cow-stable and hydrogen *certainly* alleviate the symptoms, but they have not yet effected a cure.

Note OO, on contagion and infection: a note full of good sense and distinct arrangement. As to the yellow fever, no one who has perused the evidence with the eye of a lawyer can doubt about its importation. The case appears to me fully made out.

Dr. Hosack's letter is not entirely new: I think some of his ideas are anticipated by Ferriar; but it is the letter of one who, having clear ideas in his head, knows how to make them clear to others.

Dr. Mitchill's ingenious doctrines on the pestilential fluids, had better remained unnoticed. They have certainly added nothing to his own reputation, or to the scientific character of his country. The way to make this valuable man, more valuable, is, to impress upon him the absolute necessity of accurate and laborious research, before he starts upon the race-ground of science, any other new and ingenious theory. The unfortunate doctrine of Septon, which the nitric oxyd so completely demolished, ought to teach him to go to a *laboratory* for the foundation of new doctrines, and to lay Schrevelius's Lexicon on the school-boy's shelf. His knowledge is extensive and his talents considerable: but he will be spoiled, if he be praised for careless flights of fancy, where the world looks for an accumulation of well ascertained fact.

"Europe (says Mr. Clinton) is already greatly indebted to that spirit of investigation, which characterizes the professors of the healing art in this country. A spirit which has led to the overthrow of many errors, and to the discovery of new physiological and pathological principles; which has prompted its professors to exertions, that have eminently contributed to the general adoption of a more judicious treatment of many disorders, to the rejection of many inert substances from the *materia medica*, and to

the augmentation of the list of those of approved medicinal virtues; to a more liberal use of vigorous remedies, and to a more bold and successful method of practice." This is true: it is owing partly to the more decided and dangerous character of our diseases, and to the necessity that physicians here are under, of making up their own prescriptions. In England, a young physician must keep in with the nurse and the apothecary. He dare not venture to say, that poisons are the most valuable remedies, or that the modern practice can be well pursued with five-and-twenty or thirty drugs. Here, a physician may put in practice his own ideas on the *materia medica*, and discard what is useless and expensive. He may prescribe, if he pleases, to the *rich*, out of the *pharmacopæia pauperum*; which in England would be too hazardous.

I do not *entirely* approve of counsellors being their own attorneys; but I am satisfied it has led to much useful brevity of practice, and much gentlemanly understanding between the *gentlemen* of the bar.

The great desideratum both among the professors of medicine and law, is, to make admission more difficult and more honourable; and not to permit any young man just of age, to trifle with the lives, characters and fortunes of his confiding fellow citizens. No man ought to be allowed to practice either law or physic till he be twenty-five years of age at least.

Such are the subjects treated of in the notes to this discourse. This review has been extended far beyond the apparent importance of the pamphlet, in point of bulk: but it proceeds from the pen of a man, well known among us, as a very active member of political society. I have little acquaintance with his person, and less with his politics: but it is well for the country, that men looked up to among the partisans of the day, should be so well informed on so many important subjects of scientific discussion, and entertain views so just and so extensive, on the best means of promoting the permanent interests of the community to which they belong. Mr. Clinton's discourse shows him to be, not indeed a solitary, but a very honourable example of this remark.

T. C.

Carlisle, July, 1815.

ON THE CHARACTER AND ELOQUENCE OF WILLIAM PITT.
MR. OLDSCHOOL.
IN the June number of your highly instructive work, an article on eloquence attracted our notice: the title was alone sufficient to excite our eager desire to peruse its contents. We read it with attention, for every admirer of uncommon men, distinguished by uncommon talents, particularly devoted to the service of their country, and rendering its fame splendid by the display of eloquence, cannot but be supremely interested when are mentioned the names of Pitt and Fox. With the poet, while in imagination we are lingering over the tombs of these illustrious dead, we exclaim,

"And ne'er held marble in its trust,
"Of two such wond'rous men, the dust."

Genius and eloquence and patriotism, nourish and guard the laurels of their tombs, and lend their splendours and their charms to grace their names, and to perpetuate their memories. No wonder that, while Britannia in the pride of country, bends over the annals of her learning and victories, she points to the names of Chatham, Burke, Pitt, and Fox, with an exulting challenge to the world.

We have read with no common interest the history of the political course of Pitt and Fox—we have contemplated their characters in all their different points of view, and particularly we have read their speeches with that glow and admiration which the charms of eloquence never fail to awaken.—It is but seldom we view them in comparison. Had we undertaken to express an opinion about them, it should have been on the separate and distinct character of the one or the other. To delineate the character of Fox by doing injustice to that of Pitt, is not only *unjust*, but unworthy of him who would write or speak of such men. Such, however, is the course which is pursued in the article "On Eloquence," in the June number of *The Port Folio*. In exposing the errors of that article, we mean not to bring into view the frailties of Fox:—the fame of William Pitt needs it not. Ardently as we admire this great man, we should be mortified not to believe that,

as, in the character of a statesman, he was above comparison, so as a private man; he was without reproach.

The writer of the "Extract on Eloquence," in his overweening partiality for Fox, falls into contradictions. This is the case with all who seek to enhance the merit of their favourites by degrading that of others. Even as to Fox, he is inconsistent. We are told, in the extract, of Fox, "that there was no chain of consequences too vast for the powers of his comprehension: that the different parts and ramifications of his subject were never so involved and intricate, but they were easily disentangled in the clear prism of his understanding;" and yet we are told shortly after, "that he was a man of clear understanding rather than an accurate observer or a profound thinker." It would appear to us, that if the first part of the character be true, he must have been "a profound thinker." We do not dissent from what is said of the illustrious Fox, but it appears to us that his panegyrist has contradicted himself, and done an injustice even to the object of his unqualified approbation. We mean to say nothing more of Mr. Fox, but by a short historical sketch of the political life of Pitt, and a hasty criticism on his eloquence, to show that it could not justly be said of him, as it is said of him in the "extract," that his weapons were laths, which the wind could turn aside; and that he who could say of him that he had none "of the dazzling force of argument," is either ignorant of the character of his eloquence, or unable to comprehend the force of his argument!

William Pitt was elected into parliament about the year 1780. In 1781, then in only the twenty-second year of his age, he first displayed his genius and knowledge on the celebrated question of parliamentary reform: he urged the necessity of a reform with such ability and knowledge, that the eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon him. The man "whose weapons of argument were laths which the wind could turn aside," has drawn the following just character from the historian, the impartial admirer of Pitt and Fox:—"In every stage of his education, young Pitt impressed all who knew him with admiration of his talents and acquirements. As he advanced in years, he had progressively risen in estimation, and was chiefly eminent for masculine strength and compass of intellectual powers, rapidly mastering the various departments of

knowledge and science; studying as a scholar, comprehending and generalizing as a philosopher; bold and original in conception, profound in research, indefatigable in application, he had a firmness of temper which steadily pursued what he thought to be right, undisturbed by the ridicule of frivolity, and unseduced by the allurements of vice."*

Like the illustrious Chatham, his immortal son, sought not power by the aid and influence of parties and political combinations, but relied on his own ability and character.† In 1783, Pitt was chosen, without solicitation or party violence, one of lord Shelburne's administration. This appointment was a most honourable testimony of the high and commanding genius and character of Mr. Pitt: it was conferred on him, not as a supporter of this or that measure or coalition, but as a member of the councils of his country, who supported what he thought to be right, not caring with what man or party it originated. His conduct proved, that while a member of the Shelburne administration, he attended to his own department without becoming a partisan. "Hence," says the historian, "it was apparent that he thought it wiser to stand on political talents and character, than to seek the props of coalitions and combinations." At the dissolution of the Shelburne administration, Pitt discovered neither pique nor mortification. He had been solicited to receive power, and he did not repine when the house of commons thought fit to distrust the cabinet of which he was a member. Fox and his friends succeeded. During his ministerial elevation, his celebrated East India bill was discussed, and though it prevailed in the house of commons, it was rejected by the house of lords. The voice of the nation, indignant at the bold attempt to perpetuate the influence of the coalition-party by means of the East India bill, forced Mr. Fox from his place. The arguments and eloquence of Pitt was greatly instrumental in changing the ministry. In 1783, Pitt was appointed prime minister of England; he was opposed (youth in comparison as he was) by a coalition, which, for ability, eloquence, rank, and reputation, never was equalled. Burke, Fox, North, Sheridan, and others, were his vehement and never-ceasing opponents: they had more than once driven able ministers from their seats; yet Pitt stood alone against this formidable phalanx, which the historian of England

* Bisset, vol. ii, 340.

† Ibid.

has handed to posterity, as an aristocratic faction, grasping for their own gratifications at the powers of the British constitution. The genius of Pitt maintained the combat,* so unequal in point of number, and finally put down, seconded by the voice of the people, ascertained by the general election of '84 (and while he lived he kept it down) that ambitious confederacy.

Thus triumphed the man ("whose arguments were laths which the wind could turn aside,") "supported," says the historian, "by no family influence, or political confederacy; having no adventitious props—resting solely on his own ability, aided by those whose admiration and confidence his intellectual and moral character had secured, without any means of securing his influence or increasing his friends, but those to be found in his own head and

* The firmness and inflexibility of Mr. Pitt on this occasion, is thus expressed in a letter from the late governor Reed, of Philadelphia, dated London, March 4th, 1784, to his friend, the late honourable Francis Hopkinson.

"Mr. Pitt, a young but able minister, supposing himself to stand well with the people, though a majority of the present house of commons is against him, *perseveres in holding the reins* of government. This young man, not yet 25, is now chancellor of the exchequer, and first lord of the treasury. The house of commons have once addressed the king, in effect for his removal, which he declined, alleging that no specific charge was made against him. This day they go up with another address, pointed directly at him. Still he holds on his course, regardless of the storm which is thus thickening around him."

To Pitt, when convinced that he was in the right, might be applied as literally, perhaps, as to any other individual that the world has witnessed, Horace's well known portraiture of a virtuous and upright man:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus,
Si pactus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

The last lines have been thus paraphrased:

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

heart." Yet, Mr. Oldschool, this is the man whose arguments were laths which the wind could turn aside, and who possessed none of the "dazzling force of argument." The historian to whom we have before referred, in the following words recapitulates the powers and circumstances of the leaders in the famous parliamentary warfare of '83:—"On the side of Mr. Fox there was consummate ability and intrepid boldness, fortified by a *special confederacy*—on the side of Pitt, there was consummate ability and unquestionable character, fortified by no special combination, but increased, extended, and enlarged, by that general connexion which wisdom, virtue, and appropriate fame, rarely fail to attach to a senator among an informed, distinguished, and free people."

No one has yet denied that Mr. Pitt was the first financier that ever presided over the fiscal concerns of any people.

In the war against France, he displayed an ability never surpassed, in calling forth, under the most adverse circumstances, to an incredible degree, the strength, courage, and resources of Britain. In Pitt alone, revolutionary France found an adversary more formidable than the disciplined armies of Austria and Russia, led by an archduke Charles and a Suwarrow. Under him the glories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, of Egypt, of the Nile, and of Trafalgar, brightened the name and emblazoned the renown of Britain.

We will now speak of his genius and eloquence.—The genius of Pitt was splendid and comprehensive; his talents, varied and profound; his knowledge, extensive and accurate; his eloquence, impressive, powerful, classical, and brilliant. His eloquence did not consist, as the writer of the extract asserts, alone "in the formal division of his subject, being aware of the mode in which the argument should move with all its non-essentials, dilemmas, and alternatives," but in the force and fascination of his diction, and the powers of his argument, combined with a profound knowledge of the subject in debate. It did not consist alone "in the pomp and sound" of his words, but in "the singular precision and luminous order in which the minute details of business were blended with the ornaments of imagination, and the fascinations of style." The force of his genius, and the beauty of his eloquence, "moulded the roughest materials into symmetry and proportion," and ornamented and enlivened the dryest subject.

As an orator, he was graceful in delivery, powerful and convincing in argument. In appealing to the passions, he was equalled by none of his contemporaries. As a debator, he was a polite and accomplished gentleman, and hence we challenge any one for an instance where, he ever "bullied or blackguarded a man for any difference of opinion;"—such an assertion is most unfounded. The historian thus speaks of him: "And never, perhaps, was there a minister who, in all the contentions of debate and irritation of invective, so completely retained the command of his own powers and passions."

To adduce any special evidence of his strength in reasoning, would be to insult his memory. We leave it to the understandings of all candid men, to find an ample refutation in every speech he ever delivered, of the assertion, that "his weapons were laths which the wind could turn aside." We cannot help indulging in a contemptuous satisfaction, and we therefore beg all who have read the strictures upon him in "the extract," to read his celebrated speech in 1800, on a motion of address relative to a negotiation with France. This speech is *unrivalled* for a comprehensive view of the subject, for argument, powerful and unanswerable, and for uniform, splendid and impressive eloquence. We would offer the conclusion of his speech on the slave trade as a specimen of the most sublime eloquence. He urged and supported the abolition of that infamous traffic, with all the arguments and eloquence that genius could invent, and a refined and generous humanity prompt. So striking and impressive was his appeal to the humanity of the commons, that we are told by Dr. Chapman, in his preface to his fifth volume of Select Speeches, it was "apprehended that the question would be carried by acclamation."

Pitt, like Chatham, was incorruptible and unimpeached.

He, ——— "in his mightiest hour,
"A bauble held, the pride of power:
"Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
"And serv'd his Albion for herself."

For gigantic ability, comprehension and wisdom of design; for splendid eloquence and incorruptible integrity, we do not hesitate to believe, that William Pitt was the most exalted and illustrious minister that ever graced a country.

L.

MELANGE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PAPAYER ALBUM.

LET not the miscellaneous reader start at the title of this article, in anticipation of a botanical or chemical essay. No! We mean to treat of the papaver, and its product opium, generally, eulogistically, and poetically. Philips, the author of the poem on cider, has also written one on tobacco, the noxious and pernicious use of which is so disparaging to almost all our gallant youth and fashionable cavaliers. Yet the product of the papaver album, whose all-pervading influence, and almost magic powers, have bestowed ease on countless mortals, labouring under irremediable ills, of whose aid so many poets have, no doubt, availed themselves in hours of mental exhaustion and anxious irritation, whose soothing potency is even capable of alleviating the pangs of Death, when he approaches, with too terrific anguish—that production, though deserving of an epic, has hardly obtained an ode. If plants could speak, as well as the botanists say they can feel, well might the papaver exclaim:

"Opifer per orbem dicor."—OVID.

And assume, as a badge of its qualities, the words of Salvini:—

"Oblio dei mali e del pensier sollievo."

It is true that, when used to excess, like all other human goods, its blessing is converted into a curse; and its pernicious effect, in such a case, is to destroy the vital powers and undermine the mental energies. Yet to such a rule of its operation, when taken in excess, three extraordinary cases can be adduced as exceptions:

Lord-chancellor Erskine was addicted to the practice of taking large quantities of opium; yet his eloquence never failed to sink to the deepest recesses of the hearts of his hearers, and his powerful sagacity to penetrate the obscurest labyrinths and rive the most gnarled points of the law. A celebrated orator of the rostrum also, used to swallow considerable portions of the same article; yet all who have heard him, can be appealed to for testimony of his powerful eloquence, extensive knowledge, and copious

induction. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of great talents and commanding powers of oratory at the bar, who, at first from necessity, at length from habit, nearly equalled Erskine in this excess. When under a deficiency of this stimulus, he could not manage a case in a manner satisfactory to himself. One day, being about rising for the purpose of opening a case of importance, and wishing to resort to his usual auxiliary, he found he had unfortunately left his opium at his chambers. He arose and requested the judge to defer the cause a moment, until he could send for his customary dose. The judge observed, laughing, that he knew of no precedent for such a delay on such an excuse. The counsel replied, he could refer his honour to a case somewhat similar; but, unfortunately, not in a law-book—That the Spectator had recorded the case of a lawyer, who was not able to pursue his argument without the help of a packthread. In like manner, he could not pursue his without the aid of his pill. In the former case, the thread had been stolen from the pleader by his facetious client, who had thereby lost his cause. In the present instance, the pill had not been stolen by his client, who ought not, therefore, to incur a similar loss, without having committed a similar offence. The permission was, therefore, granted.

In the following Italian verses, by a physician and a poet, the plant from which opium is made, being mentioned in relation to a case where it was necessary to procure sleep, we are induced to consider them as a metrical medical prescription, connected with this subject, and to present it to the readers of The Port Folio, together with a translation.

But before we proceed to the poem, we must say a few words in regard to its author:—Girolamo Fracastoro, born at Verona, in the year 1484, considering Apollo as the god of healing as well as of song, consequently combined the professions of medicine and poetry. He was the friend of Scaliger and Bembo, and has given to posterity several Latin poems, remarkable for classical elegance. He has also left some works on medicine and astronomy. One circumstance, in relation to his astronomical writings, deserves to be remarked:—It will be remembered, that although friar Bacon is said to have known the use of glasses in the thirteenth century, and Spina claims to be the first to have made their use known to

the world, yet the most definite date of the invention seems to have been 1590, when Johannides of Middleburgh, invented the telescope with concave eye-glass. Still it is apparent, that the telescope was an instrument not entirely unknown to Fracastor about the year 1520, seventy years before the invention of Johannides, as is proved by the following words of Scipione Maffei—"Disse nel capo 23 degli omocentri, che riguardando la luna, e le stelle con certi vetri, venivano a parer vicinissime, et non piu alte delle torri"—"e disse nel capo 8: si quis per duo specilla ocularia perspiciat, altero alteri superposito, majora multo, et propinquiora videbit omnia." Fracastor died 1553.

But to return to the poem, which being without title, we illustrate our assertion of its being a metrical prescription by the ensuing remarks:—Fracastor is called upon, in his medical capacity, to visit a fair patient—what was her complaint history does not report. Probably he finds her fair form agitated with nervous irritation, and her fair eyes dazzlingly bright with fever. He prescribes an opiate; and as it was equally his province, in his double capacity, to rescue suffering Beauty from the grasp of Pain as a physician, and to allure her into the bowers of Imagination as a poet, he indites that prescription in choice verse—like the rhyming apothecary in Colman, whose label verse

"When taken,
"To be well shaken,"

occasioned so fatal a result. Fracastor in addition to his prescription, also enlarges on the soothing and refreshing powers of sleep. It is a question yet *sub judice* with the learned, what was the species of opiate here ordered to be exhibited?—by poetical license, certainly "*bianchi papaver*" might be construed into opium—the plant for its produce, like the cup for its contents; yet, from the addition of "*nere violé*," we are induced to think, that gentle slumbers were to be allured to the pillow of the suffering fair one, by scattering around her couch, the leaves of the poppy to lull the senses, and of other flowers to delight the eyes. Another point is involved in some uncertainty:—Who is Alcippus?—A husband or lover? It might seem likely that the prescription should be directed by the physician to the spouse of the lady whom he has visited; yet if

Fracastor was acquainted with the invincible apathy of the emotions of the loving state of marriage, he could hardly expect from a husband that watchful attention, necessary to sooth the impatience or animate the languor of a sick bed. Yet this point must be left for the discussion of future commentators, while we close our *introductory remarks*, by recommending the example of Fracastor to all poetical physicians.

RIME DE GIROLAMO FRACASTORO.

Questi bianchi papaver, queste nere
Viole Alcippo dona
Al Sonno, e tesse una gentil corona
Per lo soccorso, che sua Donna chere.
Langue Madonna, e ne begli occhi suoi
Sonno ti chier, che ristorar la puoi;
Placido sonno solo
D'ogni fatica, e duolo
Pace, e del mondo universal quiete,
Te ne' l'ombra de Lethe
Creò la Notte, e empio
Di dolcezza, e d'oblio
D'ogni cura noiosa, e d'ogni male,
Tu dove spieghi l'ale
Spargi rorido gelo,
Che gli affanni, e le doglie
D'ombre soave invoglie,
E copri d'un ameno, e dolce velo.
Tu per tranquilli mari, e lieti fiumi
Per le selve, e per dumi
Acqueti gli animali,
Et a tutt'ie mortali
Licvi 'l pensier, et il lor fascio grave,
Sola la Donna mia pace non have.

TRANSLATION—BY W. P. GRESWELL.

For sleep—this poppy's snowy flower
With purple hyacinths combine,
To lure him to thy lady's bower,
Alcippus! thou the wreath entwine.
Those eyes, in sickness bright, implore
His aid—he only can restore.

O fraught with balm for every wo
The kind mellifluous boon supply!
To bid the tear forget to flow
And sooth to peace the sufferer's sigh
'Tis thine;—and well Affliction knows
The blessings of endeared repose.

Bland child of night! from Lethe's bourne
Thou com'st to weave the oblivious veil,
And on the wretched and forlorn
Can'st bid the dear illusion steal;
In dim suffusion wants to fling
The freshness of thy dewy wing.

Even now, mild power! thy sway pervades
The calm recesses of the main,
To stillness charms the leafy glades,
And lulls each mortal care and pain:
Yet deigns, regardless of our prayer,
No respite for the suffering fair.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following remarks are tendered to you, Mr. Oldschool, under a full consideration of the circumspection imposed upon you by your function of editor, and a thorough understanding, that while a desire to please your readers and to render your magazine worthy of the patronage of the discerning, prompts you to shun triteness, as well in the choice as in the manner of treating your topics, on the one hand, it no less admonishes you on the other, to be cautious in the admission of matter, which may chance to clash with opinions, which, from the generality of their adoption, may not improperly be termed national. Of this kind is the political tenet, that the American is a miscreant, in the language of Homer, "unworthy property, unworthy life," who may be found in a state of hostility to his country; and that such conduct, can, on no pretence, be justified or even palliated.

It might appear more correct to broaden the position, and instead of confining it to an American, to extend it to a native of any country. But, besides that this would be an inaccurate statement

of the tenet, it would be depriving myself of the resource of a very embarrassing dilemma, should some patriot be induced, peradventure, to take up the cudgels against me, and to belabour me with all the means his more popular side of the question may enable him to wield: in which case, he may be assured, I shall not fail to remind him, that the doctrine of which he is the advocate, never imputes criminality to a European for this act of expatriation, so unpardonable in an American.

This subject, which has frequently employed my thoughts, was at this time suggested by a passage in captain Porter's Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific ocean. In pages 184 and 185 of the first volume of that amusing narrative, the captain in speaking of the commander of the Atlantic, one Obadiah Wier, who, it seems, was a Nantucket man, calls him a wretch, for bearing the flag of England, in hostility to his native country. This Wier, might, for ought I know, have well earned the epithet of wretch, by the insolent and abject demeanor attributed to him by captain Porter, but whether he merited it from the mere circumstance of being, as he said, "an Englishman in heart," as he was in colours, is the question. The political expediency of holding men to a perpetual allegiance to their native soil, I have nothing to say to. Were the position indeed tenable, and I to be a supporter of it, I should so far be a bad citizen, inasmuch as I should be directly at issue with the administration-doctrine of my country, however, in this particular instance, I might coincide with captain Porter. But I shall leave this matter to the writers on public law, and consider the question merely in regard to the moral turpitude it is supposed to involve.

Lamentably phlegmatic must be the man, who cannot work himself up into a glow, on the recital of Scott's

Breathes there a man so cold, so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand, &c. &c.

These sentiments it must be confessed, are not only in the spirit of poetry, but truly natural and exhilarating, and such as are

likely to find an echo in every bosom: But if we aspire to the rank of just and liberal men, we must be cautious of surrendering ourselves to the dominion of impulses, or of suffering ourselves to be hurried along by the *impetus* of ardent feelings, without attending to their propriety, or considering whether the lengths to which they may carry us, are justifiable. That a feeling is natural is no reason that it ought to be indulged, nor is its political expediency, any voucher, that to yield to it, is a moral duty. Who but must venerate the character of Cato of Utica! Not merely that he obtained the reputation of patriotism, but because he loved his country, as every man should, in the spirit of justice and social order, because his benevolence was coextensive with the world; because, as Lucan says,

Non sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo.

And because, exempt from the illiberal prejudices of party-rage, he alone, of all his countrymen, could bewail the afflictions of mankind.

Uni quippe vacat studiis, odiisque carenti,
Humanum lugere genus.

Not so the bigotted Censor, who, by his *delenda est Carthago*, displayed the narrow, intolerant, vulgar-hearted patriotism of the multitude; those patriots of the soil, as they are called by lord Shaftesbury, whose sense of justice is regulated by geographical boundaries, or the spirit of clanship, and who are bound to their native spot by the same kind of ligament, as that which attaches the strutting chancleer to his dunghill. This is the spirit, that upon a narrower scale, will sometimes array a whole village in opposition to an unfortunate stranger, who may undertake to resist the insolence or injustice of some individual of the contracted, illiberal gang. Upon these occasions, equity is wholly lost sight of, and it is enough for the unthinking herd, that they see their townsman on one side, and a man unknown to them, on the other. That the Roman patriotism so much boasted of, was a kindred feeling to this, may, in some degree, be inferred, from the same word, *Hostis*, designating both an enemy and a stranger.

But though we may arraign the attachment to our native country, when carried to such excess as to overbear the dictates

of general benevolence and justice, it is not denied, that, within due limits, it is highly amiable and meritorious, as a want of it, is very far from a recommendatory circumstance; and unfortunate, if not criminal, is he, who may be tempted by interest or passion, to contravene the suggestions of a virtue deriving obligation no less from natural feeling than policy. If, however, a man's country should prove unjust to him; should refuse him the means of obtaining his bread in it; should deprive him of the rights which other men enjoy; should proscribe him and endeavour to render him odious, without deserving it, to the rest of the community, who shall say, that such man is not justified in the sight of God, and the liberal part of the world, in changing his country and his allegiance along with it, should he choose to do so? Who, but an ignoble soul, would attempt to vilify Coriolanus, "awake to all that injured worth can feel," for turning the avenging steel upon his brutal and ungrateful countrymen? And who, that has "courage to call in his honour's debts," will say, that the much injured constable Bourbon, was to be pitied for the just and noble revenge the victory of Pavia gave him over his oppressor? Esteem as we may, the loyalty of the chevalier Bayard, who told him he was an object of pity and reproached him, with "fighting against his king, his country, and his oath, was not the ground he stood upon full as elevated as that of the chevalier? Should any one doubt it, let him ask himself, if the immutable principles of justice are to yield to the courtly duty of obedience, under the most iniquitous oppression; or, if the country can be separated from the wrong, when it acts in support of the wrong-doer?

That this is the opinion of the world, and that all men think in this way, when uninfluenced by the passion of patriotism, is, I presume, apparent from the sober award of history. Has it ever, for instance, censured prince Eugene, for leading the armies of Austria against his native country, France; and being one of the most persevering and fatal enemies of Louis the fourteenth, the prince to whom, by birth, he was bound in allegiance? Has it ever stigmatized the officers of the Irish brigades that were in the service of France, for bearing arms against England? Has it reprobated the similar, every-day occurrences of Europe? And if not, does it not become us to pause a little, before we anathematize, without mercy,

all native Americans that may be so unfortunate as to be arrayed with our enemies? If want of patriotism is a vice, bigotry is no less so; and we ought to learn to moderate our zeal in national quarrels, by reflecting, that both sides cannot be right, however each may sing *Te Deum* for its victories.

INCOLA MUNDI.

The apostrophe of one of the Roman poets to Fortune,

Rerum humanarum potestas,
Quæ nova semper amas et mox possessa relinquis!

which may be rendered in English, "Thou controller of human affairs, that ever affectest what is new, and relinquishes it as soon as possessed," would seem much better to apply to fashion. Who sees not the influence of this incomprehensible power in all sublunary concerns, in the most important as well as the most trifling. We trace it in the arts and sciences, no less than in manners and dress. Even the medical and military art are not exempted from its interference; neither are systems of government, nor any of the departments of literature. Hence the perfect style of to-day will be found vicious and inelegant in a few years to come, when models will be adopted wholly dissimilar in character, to those which are now considered to be faultless. This is a discouraging consideration for authors, and one which admits of no consolation, unless it may be found in the reflection, that a second or a third whirl of the fantastic wheel, may restore them what a first takes away. I know not any where a more lively picture of the potent versatility of this capricious deity, than is given in the complaint of a peevish disappointed poet in the romance of *Gil Blas*. "There is no criterion," says he, "by which to determine how public favour is secured or lost. It is a capricious being that thinks in one way to-day, in another to-morrow. How foolish then are the writers for the theatre to be inflated with vanity when their pieces happen to succeed! Whatever fame they may acquire by novelty, if brought upon the stage some twenty years after, they are for the most part very badly received. The present generation attributes bad taste to the preceding one; and its decisions in their turn, are superseded by the one that comes after. Whence I con-

clude that the dramatic writer who is applauded now, must lay his account in being scouted hereafter. It is the same with novels and other books of amusement, which, however they may at first obtain the general approbation, fall insensibly by degrees into neglect and contempt. The honour then, which one derives from a successful work, is but a mere chimera, a mental illusion, a flame of straw, whose smoke is quickly dissipated in air."

There is unquestionably much truth in these observations. Besides the change of style from the alterations or improvements in language, there are others brought about by the caprices of taste. At one time, the period must be long, at another it cannot be too short. In the one case, the numerous members of the sentence are strung together, almost without end, by means of conjunctions; in the other this part of speech is wholly rejected, and the several portions of the discourse, stand insulated and disconnected like a collection of proverbs. Now the language must be lofty, sonorous, and dignified: anon, pomposity must of all things be avoided, and we must be as familiar and colloquial as possible: this is to be natural and easy; the other, stiff, affected, and pedantic. Nor is poetry less subject to these "skiey influences" than prose. In a discussion of the Edinburgh Review, we find the school of Dryden and Pope, or rather that of the writers who were formed upon the taste introduced from France at the restoration, much depreciated on a comparison with the older English writers. Their manner is distinguished by the epithet *continental*; and, in the good old English spirit, put much below the *insular* one which preceded it. Each manner, probably, has its beauties and blemishes, and far be it from me to undertake to decide, which upon the whole may be best.

While in the enjoyment of Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, I should deem it a misfortune to be so exclusively prepossessed in their favour as to be destitute of a relish for the poets of the other class, but would much prefer that state of neutrality between them, that would enable me to say with Vicessimus Knox—"Let both schools flourish together, and receive their due share of applause!"

Of the prose writers of England there is reason to believe, that Bacon stood very high in his day; but his language is so antiquated, so obsolete, and foreign to what would now be called ele-

gant, that he cannot with any propriety be brought into a comparison with modern writers. Lord Shaftesbury was, probably, the first who wrote in a style that would have any pretensions to grace at this time. He has been highly admired both for his manner and matter, but seems now to be little regarded for either. By Smollet he is termed a frothy writer. Lord Bolingbroke who came after him, was supposed in point of style to exceed him; and is considered by lord Chesterfield as the model of good composition. His manner for the higher kinds of prose, such as deal in political or historical matter, was deemed unrivalled, till the appearance of the Robertsons, the Humes, the Johnsons, the Beaties, &c.; whether or not he was surpassed by these, little is said of him since they wrote. But Junius, whose letters came out about the time, or shortly after the works of these authors, bore away the palm of fine writing from them all. In him the perfection of eloquence was supposed to be found, as well as the highest graces of diction, of which the English language is susceptible. After him came Gibbon, rivalling, and even surpassing, in the opinion of many, both Hume and Robertson. Burke too, takes his place in the first class of beautiful writers. Yet all of these have been found wanting in the balance of fastidious criticism. All that it would now deign to say of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, would be that they were good writers in their day. Robertson has been found fault with, not only for the construction of his periods, but for declaiming more in the style of a rhetorician than a historian. Johnson has been ridiculed and burlesqued. Gibbon has been pronounced feeble, effeminate, monotonous, and obscure. Hume keeps his ground rather better than his brother historians, but is no longer, in point of style, an object of admiration, and even Junius we are told, is only at the head of his class, which is not the highest. The higher class alluded to, is probably that of Burke, whose style, nevertheless, is said to be deficient in music and cadence; and is so little estimated by Dugald Stewart, that he says his imitation of Bolingbroke, is his best piece of writing. Dr. Blair too, who obtained so much celebrity by his belles-letters and sermons, has lately been torn to tatters by the pen of a style-dissecting critic.

Where then are we to look for a model, amid the swiftly fading, evanescent forms of literary beauty? Having no standard left

but fashion, by resorting to it we find, that the excellence of the present day, as collected from the most celebrated English magazines and reviews, consists in a plain, unadorned, familiar vernacular diction, vigorous without the flippancy which used to be a never-failing accompaniment of what was called smart writing, though not, however, in the best taste. The present mode in this respect, seems better, and has no doubt much merit and beauty. Still I should not venture to pronounce, that it will not, in its turn, "go to the tomb of the Capulets," and be superseded by a manner perhaps totally different. Besides the Edinburgh Review, essays under the title of *The Reflector*, republished in the *Analectic Magazine*, furnish specimens of this style, as do also notices of some of the most eminent parliamentary speakers by Hazlett, a few selections from which appeared in *The Port Folio* for June last. The manner of all these, though lively and forcible, displaying also great variety in the structure of the sentences, and of course, in the cadence, has nothing of the majestic swell and smoothly-flowing rounded period, which used to be admired by readers and aimed at by writers, and was in vogue for, perhaps, the last half century.

But in works of literature, as in other things, there are different styles of beauty; and why, by repudiating all but one kind, should we narrow our capacity of enjoyment? Why not rather imitate the amorous luxuriousness of Ovid, who says he is so impassioned and general an admirer of the sex, that he hardly knows what form it is, that for him has most attraction.

Non est certa meos quæ forma invitat amores:
Centum sunt causæ cur ego semper amem.

After the example then of this poet in his amours, instead of assuming the function of an umpire among the contending claims for literary superiority, I shall adopt the humbler, wiser part of appreciating their individual merits, and deriving what pleasure I can from each of them. This, as a reader, I may do; but the writer, being under the necessity of adopting some mode, must boldly encounter the fluctuations of fashion, and compromise, as well as he can, between present and future opinion.

INCOLA MUNDI.

LITERARY NOTICE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, being desirous of extending the sphere of its usefulness, and calling into action the talents of those of its members, whose pursuits have been more particularly directed to the moral branches of science, has lately added to the number of its standing committees, a committee for *history, the moral sciences, and general literature*. The number of persons composing this committee is indefinite, every member of the society has a right to enroll himself within it. Many of our associates having evinced a desire to participate in its labours, the committee has organized itself, appointed its officers, and is now sedulously engaged in promoting the objects of its institution. Among those, the means of obtaining a correct historical and statistical knowledge of our country have appeared to them not the least deserving of their immediate attention. Sensible of the eminent usefulness of the exertions of the societies established in some of the states, for a similar purpose, and particularly in Massachusetts and New-York, they are anxious to concur in their patriotic pursuits, and, with that view, have already collected and rescued from oblivion several interesting documents illustrative of the history of the United States and of Pennsylvania. These will be given to the public in due time, either at large, or by extracts, in the *Transactions* which the committee is authorised by the society to publish under its own responsibility. Meanwhile, they think it their duty to solicit the aid of men of information throughout the union, but more particularly in Pennsylvania, and those other states where no analogous establishments have been formed. The historical memoirs of individuals, public documents, scarce pamphlets, manuscript notes, public and private letters from eminent men, and from men of knowledge and observation; in short, every thing which may be considered as interesting to this country in an historical, statistical, geographical or topographical point of view, will be thankfully received, either as a gift to be deposited among the archives of the Philosophical Society, or as a loan to be returned after a certain time to the owner. Communications of interesting facts, known to individuals by their own observation, tradition, or otherwise, are also respectfully solicited.

To the Pennsylvanians, the committee particularly address themselves. Many interesting points of the history of our own state remain to be elucidated. Many important details are yet to be collected respecting the aboriginal Indians, the emigrations from various countries which have so largely contributed to the increase of our population, the history and peculiar tenets and rules of discipline of the different religious sects that are established among us. Information respecting these and other matters connected with the history of this state, and particularly every thing relating to our venerable patriarch and founder, William Penn, and his first associates; their history in Europe and in this country; their political opinions, and views of civil government and policy, and the foundations which were laid by them for the prosperity and happiness which we now enjoy, will be received with peculiar gratitude. Our views, however, are not limited by the bounds of any particular state—this appeal is made to the citizens of the United States at large, and we confidently expect, that those members of the American Philosophical Society, who reside in different parts of the union, remote from the city of Philadelphia, will zealously co-operate in promoting the objects of the committee, who will be happy to see their names inscribed on their roll, and will inscribe them whenever requested.

All communications are to be addressed to the chairman or either of the secretaries.

Philadelphia, 14th August, 1815.

WM. TILGHMAN, *Chairman.*

PETER S. DUPONCEAU, *Corresponding Sec'y.*

JOHN VAUGHAN, *Recording Sec'y, P. T.*

OGILVIE'S LECTURES ON ORATORY.

We have received from South-Carolina the inclosed advertisements, relating to "a new branch of education," which seems to have been cultivated there with unexpected success. At all events, the merit of Mr. Ogilvie must be undeniable, when it calls forth these public testimonies of approbation from Dr. Maxcy, the head of the Columbia college, from the faculty and from the trustees. We present it to our readers as a document at once curious and important.

OGILVIE'S LECTURES ON ORATORY. 297

We rejoice at being informed, and congratulate the citizens, particularly the youth, of Philadelphia, on the prospect, that it is the intention of Mr. Ogilvie to deliver, next winter, a course of lectures on oratory, in this city. From the estimation in which the talents of that gentleman are justly held by all who have witnessed his powers on the rostrum, the success of his experiment, should he, as we sincerely hope he will, pursue his present purpose, cannot be doubted.

We flatter ourselves that Mr. Ogilvie has, by his genius and industry, opened for himself a most splendid and useful career: for, if we mistake not, the citizens of the United States generally, hold oratory in too high estimation, and are too sensible of its beauties and fascinations, not to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to have their sons instructed in the noblest of arts.

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 11, 1815.

MESSRS. FAUSTS,

I INCLOSE for insertion, in your paper, communications from the faculty of this college, and from the standing committee of the trustees, in relation to Mr. Ogilvie's Lectures on Oratory. These communications contain a spontaneous and distinct expression (by those who had a full opportunity to judge of the character and tendency of his course) of the opinion they entertain of his ability to execute the arduous design he has undertaken, and of the success which has crowned his first effort for that purpose.

As Mr. Ogilvie proposes (after delivering successively in the principal cities of the United States, three discourses on oratory from the rostrum) to repeat his course of lectures, in other American colleges, the insertion of the inclosed testimonials, in your paper, and their re-publication in other gazettes, will have some tendency to facilitate the execution of an enterprise not less splendid than useful. Can any reflecting and intelligent person, in any class of society, but in that class more particularly, who are engaged in the education of youth, be insensible to the advantages which would result from the success of a systematic and extended effort to promote the cultivation of oratory, as a branch of liberal education, in a country that presents so many peculiar incentives to the

acquisition, and opportunities for the exercise of oratorical skill, in a society where public speaking, next to the press, is the most authentic organ of public opinion, and contributes, perhaps, more than the press to influence the public mind? Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in this instance, one of the first, perhaps the very first systematic effort, to promote the cultivation of oratory in modern times (by uniting lectures on rhetoric with regular and elaborate exercises in elocution) has been made by a man who devoted twelve years with unwearied assiduity to the instruction of youth in Virginia; who, from the moment when he shut the door of his academy, and ascended the rostrum, has given continued and unequivocal proofs, that his exertions were stimulated more by the glory of the enterprise, and by a desire to render himself useful, than by any prospect of benefit exclusively personal or pecuniary; who has the satisfaction of recollecting, that there is scarcely a literary or charitable institution in the United States, to which he has not rendered substantial services; who, in passing from the rostrum to the lecture room, at the very time when his oratorical exhibitions were most popular and attractive, and voluntarily undertaking to deliver an original and elaborate course of lectures on oratory, for a pecuniary compensation, that fell short of the emolument arising from the delivery, even of one of his orations, has founded his hopes of success, solely on the disinterestedness of his motives, and the utility of his exertions.

Mr. Ogilvie commenced his lectures in shattered health, and in a state of great bodily debility; yet such was his enthusiasm, that his exertions were strenuous and indefatigable from the first hour to the last. The man who professes to act, and does act, under the influence of motives thus liberal and expanded, has a solid and indisputable claim to the countenance and co-operation of every good citizen, of every real patriot. He has a right to that portion of public patronage, which is essential to the execution of his plans.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JONATHAN MAXCY.

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 3, 1815.

THE underwritten consider themselves as discharging a debt of justice, in submitting to the public, the following statement, concerning the course of oratorical lectures, lately delivered in this college by Mr. JAMES OGILVIE.

On his arrival at this place, he communicated his wishes and intentions to the faculty and board of trustees, and an arrangement was immediately made to accommodate his system of instruction. A class of twenty, which was afterwards increased to nearly thirty, was formed out of the two highest classes belonging to the college. Mr. OGILVIE began his lectures in March, and continued them until the latter part of June: he gave lectures twice in each week, on Wednesday and Saturday: after each lecture, questions, the answers to which would involve the principal points which had been discussed, were delivered to the different members of the class. These questions they were required to answer in writing, exhibit to the lecturer at an appointed time, and submit them to his inspection and criticism. This proved a very useful exercise in composition. In order to render his instructions substantially useful, Mr. OGILVIE during the whole course of his lectures, exercised the class three hours every day (except Saturday and Sunday) in declamations and recitations. Mr. OGILVIE's exertions in this, as in all other parts of his course, were constant and indefatigable; and their salutary effects soon became visible, in the just, manly and graceful delivery of his pupils—On every Wednesday evening exercises in elocution, and specimens of criticism were publicly exhibited in the college chapel. The audiences on these occasions were numerous and highly respectable; and constantly gave the most decisive evidences of their approbation.

At the close of his course on the last week in June, Mr. OGILVIE's class sustained a public examination on oratory; and on the two evenings entertained very crowded and brilliant audiences with specimens of original composition. On all these occasions the proficiency of his pupils evinced the superior skill and ability with which they had been instructed. Though the attendance of the young gentlemen on Mr. OGILVIE's lectures was entirely voluntary, yet such was their conviction of his real ability to

instruct them; and of the advantages to be derived from a comprehensive and brilliant display of elementary principles, enforced with all the energy of practical skill; that their industry, ardour, punctuality and correct deportment were probably never exceeded in any college.

In order to excite general attention, and to attract national patronage, to a new or, neglected art no plan can promise better success, than the delivery of a course of lectures illustrating its utility successively, in the colleges of any civilized nation. This plan, judiciously executed, would impart to the rostrum some portion of that permanent and diffusive influence, which belongs to the press. The witty lines of Hudibrass,

"That all a rhetorician's rules,
"Teach only how to name his tools,"

cannot be applied to Mr. OGILVIE's lectures. He has attempted to teach the student how to use these tools with dexterity and energy. He has done more; he has dared to attempt the fabrication of more efficient tools. He has in fact commenced at the stage, where preceding lecturers have suspended their inquiries and speculations; and advanced a step farther, analysed the elementary principles on which the efficacy of oratory in all its departments essentially depends; and in the progress of his analysis, concentrated the light, which the present advanced state of mental philosophy, has shed upon oratory. His lectures, of course, are not confined to oratory alone, but develop those principles of the human mind which are intimately connected with philology, rhetoric, logic and ethics. This course of lectures constitutes but a part of a more extensive and arduous undertaking, which aims at the accomplishments of the same object, and which, should Mr. OGILVIE recover sufficient health and vital energy, we trust, he will be able to execute. His mode of lecturing, we conceive, deserves peculiar attention: it is singularly calculated to awaken and keep alive curiosity; to exercise not only the faculties of intellect, but the best affections of the heart. This has been fully proved by his having been able to induce the class to exert their minds with unabated energy during three hours at every lecture. Nor ought we to overlook his substitution of a species of moral disci-

pline that almost wholly supersedes any recurrence to authority or coercion, in his control over the minds of his pupils; a species of discipline which we believe to be peculiarly adapted to the education of young persons, destined, in the maturity of life, to exercise the inestimable rights, which republican liberty secures and perpetuates. Nor does Mr. OGILVIE omit, in his lectures, any opportunity to inculcate the pure and sublime principles of christian ethics, and to illustrate the pre-eminent rank which pulpit oratory is entitled to claim, and which under the auspices of a regulated and moral freedom, it may be expected to attain.

Mr. OGILVIE's purpose is noble and elevated; his object grand and patriotic. We most cordially wish him success in his splendid enterprise of reviving, in the United States, the noble art of oratory; and we hope that other literary institutions may share in the same advantages which his eminent talents, learning and skill have conferred on this.

JONATHAN MAXCY, *President.*

THOMAS PARK, *Ling. Prof.*

B. R. MONTGOMERY, *Mor. Phil. & Log. Prof.*

E. D. SMITH, *Chem. et Phil. Nat. Prof.*

} *Faculty of
the College.*

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 7th, 1815.

SIR, Your connexion with the South-Carolina college, has now ended; but before you take your final leave of it, the standing committee are desirous of expressing to you their sense of the services you have rendered that institution.

The improvement of your pupils, is a sufficient evidence of the merit of your plan of instruction in oratory. This improvement has been rapid; perhaps we might add unexampled. The most superficial observer could not fail to be struck with it in witnessing their public exhibitions. There were none amongst them who could not recite with justness and intelligence; and some seemed to have made considerable advances in the higher walks of impassioned eloquence.

But the improvement of the students under your care, has not been confined to mere manner and delivery; the original compositions they recited, were of a character far superior to what we

have been accustomed to hear from persons of their age. There was a spirit and correctness in their manner, which showed that they were not mere automata; they evidently comprehended the sense and felt the force of what they uttered.

To produce effects like these it was necessary that the instructor should be laboriously attentive; and we know that your industry has been indefatigable. Mere industry on your part, however, though joined to the profoundest knowledge in the science you professed to teach, would have been of little avail, had you not possessed some means of producing corresponding exertions on the part of those instructed. And this is one of your peculiar merits. We have never known an instructor who possessed, in an equal degree, the talent of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils. You have taught them to love the science in which they were instructed; and improvement must be the necessary consequence of such a disposition.

Nor is this spirit confined to the science in which the students of this institution have been instructed by you. You have excited amongst them a general enthusiasm for literature; an enthusiasm which we flatter ourselves will produce effects permanently beneficial to the college and the country. In this view alone we should feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, in the strongest terms, your merits and services towards the South-Carolina college. With the best wishes for your individual prosperity, and the success of the plans you have formed for the public advantage,

We are, sir,

Your obedient servants,

H. W. DESAUSSURE,	} <i>Standing Committee of Trustees.</i>
ABM. NOTT,	
WM. HARPER,	
WALT. CRENSHAW,	
HENRY D. WARD,	
JOHN HOOKER.	

Mr. Ogilvie.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH-CAROLINA,
July 7th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately resigned my office as professor of mathematics and astronomy in this college, I cannot affix my name to the

well-merited eulogium of the president and the professors. You will please, nevertheless, to accept with theirs, my sentiments of approbation and esteem. You happily unite two branches of instruction, which in this country are of inestimable importance, and which I have never before seen combined in the same person, either in Europe or America. The compositions of your pupils, delivered from the rostrum, with grace, with ease and dignity, are calculated to amuse, to please, and to delight. But you have done more; your private lectures on oratory, embrace the widely extended circle of science: they enlighten and they expand the human mind; they excite the ardour and the emulation of youth. You possess, in a signal degree, the power of animating them to run a glorious race. Permit me to wish you continued success, and to subscribe myself,

Your friend,

GEORGE BLACKBURN.

TO JAMES OGILVIE, ESQ.

COOPER'S PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DYEING AND CALICO PRINTING.

It gives us great pleasure to introduce into *The Port Folio*, the following notice of a work, on the merits of which we have no pretensions to decide ourselves, but which, relying on information received from individuals competent to judge, we firmly believe to be among the most useful treatises now extant, on the important subjects to which it relates. ED.

"WITH pleasure we announce to the public one of the greatest benefits conferred hitherto upon the useful arts in this country. It is the work just published, by judge Cooper, of Carlisle, on dyeing. In this very able and timely performance, the just principles of science and the most approved practice of the manufacturing nations of Europe, are happily united, reflecting light and certainty upon each other. It strengthens our reliance on the processes of the author, that, in early life, he was himself personally conversant with the business in which, at a later period, he instructs his fellow citizens.

"We have already embarked in the fabrication of cotton and woollen stuffs, to an extent, were it duly protected, that would

soon be adequate to our own consumption; and we have among us workmen from Europe, equal to the best they left behind them; but dyeing is no less a manipulation of art than a process of chemical science, which not one man in a thousand, of those who commonly labour at it, understands in any country. The work before us, evidently executed with great judgment and knowledge of the subject, is, therefore, of the higher value, as it develops the true cause of those changes which take place in every manipulation of dyeing,—and, consequently opens an extensive prospect of improvement to every dyer who seeks to direct the practice of his trade by the best and surest principles of philosophy.”

Views of Louisiana, together with a Journal of a Voyage up the Missouri River in 1811. By H. M. Brackenridge, esq.

WITH extracts from this interesting work, we shall take the liberty of enriching our pages hereafter. Justice compels us, in the mean time, to remark, that, although its plan is not quite completed, its outline is comprehensive, and its arrangement excellent; that it is replete with curious and valuable information, and written in a style not unworthy of its other qualities.

The author of it is no closet composer, but an American traveller: he became, for a time, a man of the woods, and a patient explorer of the western wilds. Most of what he describes he has himself seen, and, for the sake of accuracy, appears to have recorded his observations on the spot. Whoever may be desirous of information touching the subjects of which this volume treats, will find himself gratified and rewarded by a careful perusal of it.

A new and correct Map of the United States of North America, exhibiting the counties, towns, roads, &c. in each state, carefully compiled from surveys and the most authentic documents, by Samuel Lewis.—Philadelphia, published by Emmor Kimber, 1815.

THAT an accurate and well executed map of the United States, exhibiting a full and faithful view of its present divisions and state of settlement, corresponding in its dimensions, as far as may be practicable, to the vast extent of the territory which it represents, and, by its bold and spirited delineation, picturing forth the grandeur of the natural scenery of the new continent—that

such a map constitutes an important desideratum in the arts and literature of America, is a position which we shall not undertake to prove, because we are persuaded it will not be questioned.

For the use and information of foreigners, a territorial portrait of this description is acknowledged to be essential. Nor is it in reality of less moment to the *natives* of the soil. Without its aid even *they* must remain, throughout the course of the longest life, notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions to the contrary, strangers, in a great degree, to the country that gave them birth: no devotion to books, no examination of the maps of individual states, no intercourse with travellers, nor the accumulated observations of years spent in travelling themselves, can impart to them a satisfactory knowledge of its outline and features; much less of the relative distances, situations and bearings of its sections and rivers, cities and towns, and other places of inferior note. Such knowledge, being beyond the reach of individual industry, can be derived only from a judicious combination of the attainments of many, well-arranged, carefully digested, and laid before the world in a graphic form.

It may be safely asserted, that there are among us but few individuals, not excepting those of the most respectable acquirements, who are not better acquainted with the geography of Europe, and even of some parts of Africa, than they are with that of the United States—with the boundaries and relative positions of England and France, Germany and Holland, Switzerland and Italy, Spain and Portugal, than with those of many of our own states and territories—with the courses, characters, and commercial advantages of the Thames, the Nile, the Rhine, and the Danube, than with those of the Ohio, the Alabama, the Tombebee, and, perhaps, we might add, the Mississippi itself. Nor is it difficult to discover the principal source of this mortifying lack of domestic knowledge: it is the want of a suitable map of our own country—a map, which, whilst it shall afford, by its fulness and correct delineation, encouraging facilities to the study of American geography, may at the same time invite to the task by its elegance of execution.

Were a map of this description hung up in the hall of every family of our country able to afford it, the children of the people

of the United States would become geographers by instinct. By the time they could lisp and spell the names of the states and territories, rivers and mountains, and other objects presented to the eye, many of them would put their parents to the blush by their superior attainments in geographical science. On this topic we speak from experience, and therefore know that we speak correctly.

The mind of childhood is active and inquisitive, its memory retentive, and the eye not only its first but its widest and most pleasing avenue for the admission of knowledge. Hence the keen and ever increasing delight with which it pores over pictures, drawings, and other representations directed exclusively to the sense of vision. Let the principal picture it has access to be a faithful and attractive portraiture of its own country, and it will repair to it hourly, because the variety is great, and dwell on it not only with present interest, but with grateful recollections and solid advantages that will endure to the latest period of life.

To assert that Mr. Kimber's map of the United States is in every point of view precisely such a production as we have here described, would be saying much—more, perhaps, than facts might justify: we hazard nothing, however, in declaring, that it approaches by many gradations nearer to it than any thing else that has fallen under our notice—that it is certainly more full and elegant, and, as far as we are competent to judge, more accurate also, than any other map covering the same extent of country that has hitherto appeared.

In reference to its impression on the eye, and the ideas its appearance excites in the mind, this map may be denominated, without extravagance, a magnificent performance. You involuntarily think of it as the representative of something of vast limits and exalted qualities. It exhibits a view of lakes and rivers and plains and mountains, wilderness and cultivated land, not unworthy of the immense extent and lofty character of the country it delineates. In casting your eye over it you realize at once, a continent in miniature, and seem ready to exclaim, "this is the plot and counterpart of a tract of territory, great as it was fashioned by the hand of nature, and intended to become powerful in the destinies of the world." From the province of Maine

to the gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the vast regions that lie beyond the Mississippi, most objects practicable for the geographer to delineate within a reasonable compass, or useful and necessary for the inquirer to know, crowd on the eye in rapid succession.

If we prepare this notice somewhat under the influence of our feelings, they are such feelings as, we honestly trust, are not incompatible with the exercise of judgment: they are not in their nature unworthy to have been awakened by looking on a faithful and interesting parental likeness: we, therefore, further trust, that they are such as no American will think it unbecoming in him to cherish, or will blush to avow, when examining an excellent and beautiful map of his native country, which he admires and loves—a country, which 'tis his duty to prize, and of which his hereditary privilege entitles him to be proud. Until favoured with a view of the representation we are considering, we can truly say, that we had never beheld a graphic performance capable of communicating any tolerable idea of the magnificent outline and august features of the United States.

Mr. Kimber's map being, in the true sense of the word, a national work, creditable to the country, and finished after six years of labour and trouble, and at an expense that must have been seriously felt by the resources of an individual, it is hoped that it will be received under national patronage. It is, we believe, much the largest specimen of geographical design ever produced in the United States, being six feet three inches in one direction, and five feet nine inches in the other, amounting in the whole to an area of six feet square. For fulness of matter, elegance of execution, and, as far as we can judge, accuracy of delineation, we have seen no map of the United States among all which have been published, that can be placed in competition with it. In point of neatness and excellence of engraving, we do not think it equalled by any large map of European workmanship we have ever examined. If we be mistaken in this, the error is an honest one, for, in whatever we have said, we have endeavoured to be just. Although its being an American production is grateful to our feelings, it has no influence to sway us in our decision from rigid impartiality. But the work being published, is open to the

examination of artists and geographers. Such examination it will, no doubt, receive; and, provided it be conducted with a spirit of liberality, we are perfectly content that the judgment we have ventured to pass should be tested by its issue.

We are far from alleging that the performance under consideration is entirely free from errors and defects. Like all other human productions, it is marked with both. To furnish a *perfect* map even of a small, old and long settled country, that has been actually surveyed, much more of a large, new and settling one, that has not, may be pronounced impossible—at least, it is a task that has never been accomplished. Such, from the progress of cultivation and improvement, is the ever-varying aspect of our own country, in particular, that, while the work is going forward, fresh objects are rapidly springing up, in hundreds of places, that are worthy of delineation.

The faults, however, which we have been able to discover are so few and inconsiderable, that a detailed notice of them might be justly deemed hypercritical and superfluous. Hence, the business of commenting on them is referred to those to whose disposition it is more congenial to censure than to praise.

ED.

MESSRS. TANNER, KEARNEY AND TIEBOUT'S IMPROVED METHOD
OF ENGRAVING BANK NOTES.

No branch of engraving is of more importance than that of bank notes, the public interest being materially concerned in having them executed in the manner best calculated to prevent imitation. We are, therefore, much pleased to be enabled to present our readers, in this number, with a specimen of bank note ornaments, executed in a manner entirely new, which it is believed will very much increase the difficulties of counterfeiting. This is the invention of Mr. H. S. Tanner of Philadelphia, for which he has lately secured a patent.

Two modes of engraving are used for those ornaments: the end of the annexed plate marked "Patent," and the small ornament marked "B. N. E." are executed by a process entirely new, the whole effect being produced by straight *white lines* on a *black ground*, which form a variety of figures, assuming dif-

ferent appearances, on moving the plate to or from the eye; an effect, it is said, not easily produced by the ordinary mode of engraving, where *black lines* form the most conspicuous parts of the impression; hence counterfeiting by the old mode is impracticable, as the slightest variation from the figure in the genuine bill, will be obvious to the most inexperienced eye.

The other mode of engraving is exhibited in the end-piece, marked "Philadelphia," and the ornament marked "T. K. & T." which differs essentially from that mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, and is executed by means of complicated and expensive machinery, the construction of which is unknown to any but the proprietors; and were it even to be discovered, the expense and difficulty attending its formation would be sufficient to deter counterfeiters from attempting it. It is hardly necessary to observe, that these figures cannot be successfully imitated otherwise than by the same or a similar machine. The figure produced may be varied, if required, so as to give a different appearance to the notes of different banks.

The great advantage of this invention lies in the simplicity of its appearance, combined with the difficulty of its execution; for where figures are numerous and complicated, none but an artist, or one who has made the appearance of bank notes his study, can detect a counterfeit bill, even though a considerable dissimilarity should exist; but the figures, in this new mode, are so simple in their design, that the slightest failure in an attempt to counterfeit them, will be easily detected. Another advantage attending this mode is, that the lines may be mingled with the writing; a circumstance which will almost preclude the possibility of the denomination of the note being altered.

Proposals for publishing a Digest of the Laws of the Spanish Indies, by James Workman, esq. counsellor at law.

ON the prospect of being shortly in possession of this curious, interesting, and important work, we cannot forbear to congratulate those who study law as a liberal science. Considering the close connexion and extensive intercourse which, at no distant period, we are likely to contract and carry on with the Spanish provinces, such a digest must also, as appears to us, be not only highly use-

ful, but altogether essential to those gentlemen of the bench and bar who may be practically engaged in commercial jurisprudence. Nor can it be indifferent to the general reader whose object is the knowledge of a neighbouring people: for an able exposition of the laws, institutions, customs and practices of a community, considered in a public and private, a civil and military, a commercial and religious point of view, constitute essentially the history of that community. When studied as a branch of general knowledge, the Justinian code throws, perhaps, more light on the state and condition of the Roman people, at the time it was prepared, than any other work that has descended to modern times. Such, to a certain extent, will be the effect of the code of laws we are now considering, in relation to the people of the Spanish provinces.

It is reasonable to believe that the manner in which the Digest will be prepared, will correspond with the character and standing of its author. On this point it would be superfluous in us to dwell. The character of Mr. Workman for talents and information is too well known to require illustration, and stands already too high to derive any additional celebrity from aught that we could say in his behalf. As a jurist and civilian, we *believe*, and as a writer, a historian, and a general scholar, we *know* him to be equal to the most distinguished in the United States.

Mr. Workman's Proposals, marked throughout with much good sense, and written in his usual terse, chaste, and lucid style, exhibit an analytical view of the contents of his intended publication. Had they not been received at too late a period it would have gratified us to lay them before the public. They would serve, we think, as no small recommendation of the work. In our next number we shall endeavour to find room for them. In the meantime, we hope that Mr. Workman will receive, in his undertaking, the encouragement he deserves.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PROSAID AND POESYAD, OR AMERICAN AUTHORS AND FOREIGN LIBELLERS.

"The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed Pegasus—ye strains of great and small,
Ode! Epic! Elegy! have at you all!"

A POEM, in manuscript, of nearly a thousand lines, entitled as above, the production, we believe, of a very youthful pen of this city, has been some time in our possession. Although as an entire work we think it too crude for the public eye, and therefore recommend to its author a careful revision of it, we are far from pronouncing it devoid of merit. It manifests reading, observation, point, and no inconsiderable command of language; but it has been written hastily, which, in reference to composition, is only another term for carelessly. Time, attention, and labour, without which no work of lasting reputation has ever been composed, may render it hereafter a creditable performance.

For the entertainment of our readers we shall publish from it a few passages, extracted, although not altogether at random, yet without any particular solicitude to select the very best. We will not relinquish the hope, that, by all those aids and means known to be essential to success in writing, the youthful author will endeavour to render it, as we feel persuaded he can, reputable to himself and worthy of the attention of an enlightened public. It only remains that we ask his pardon for having so long delayed this notice of his poem. We are convinced he is himself too ingenuous not to confide in our veracity when we say, that the cause of this was necessity, not intentional neglect.

In speaking of a rabies scribendi which he thinks exists, our poet exclaims:

Gods! what a host of would-be poets tear
The tender fibres of the aching ear,
Pour forth the varied metre of their song,
Each self-appointed Laureat of the throng!
What childish nonsense all at once rehearse,
And seek applause for turning prose to verse;

Break down the barrier of common sense,
And write for pleasure, while they work for pence;
Sing o'er a love-sick ditty of their own,
Disgrace the country—inundate the town.

The following are a few of the lines in which he applies the caustic of his satire to those foul excrescences of society, "foreign libellers:"

Can we not stem the ever-foaming tide
Of British insolence, or Gallic pride?
Show the ingratitude of selfish man,
And foreign swarms of low abuses scan?
A solid right to Taste and Genius claim,
And vindicate the honour of our name?
Lo! bailiff hunted, master JANSON hurl'd
A thundering quarto at the dogging world,
In terror written—and in vengeance sold,
A leaden bullet, garnish'd o'er with gold;
A string of falsehoods, made for ready sale—
A worn-out epicurean regale!
Can English literati bear the dose,
And swallow lies so palpable and gross?
Or can our literary pride submit
To foreign insolence and vulgar wit?
How oft our hospitable hand is smitten,
And wilful errors—causeless falsehoods written!
The hospitable door, thrown open wide,
The strangers' comfort and our country's pride!
And foreign prejudice, ungrateful, boast,
A new-found savage in his heart-warm host!
Poor "master JANSON!" hapless lawyer! knows,
A bailiff-hunted, flying, swindlers' woes:
He knows full well, in spite of quirk or flaw,
That *even* lawyers sometimes fear the law.

Having done with "master Janson," he makes the following hit at Mr. Southey,* poet laureat to the royal family of England:

* Mr. Southey has of late publicly disavowed the profligate paper in the *Quarterly Review*, to which our author here refers. We are particularly

One noisy SOUTHEY has attuned his throat,
And bellow'd forth his castigating note:
A "hundred pounds," sir—and a "butt of sack,"
A royal master stroking down his back,
A hundred ministers with open grin,
Would almost turn a saint himself to sin!
No wonder then that simple SOUTHEY's head
Grew just as empty as his nose grew red!
A "hundred pounds" to vomit forth abuse:
A "butt of sack" to elevate his muse!
And poet laureat to a crazy king,
By no means is a despicable thing!

The following are our young poet's reflections on the preference which he supposes to be given to foreign writers over those of our own country:

Neglected Genius claims a grateful strain;
Neglect, which long has proved our country's stain;
While foreign libellers in crowds arise,
And libell'd freemen—praise them to the skies,
Our native poets, unsupported, find
No due incitement for the glowing mind;
But ill-judged prejudice has palsied powers,
Which might have bloom'd in never-fading flowers;
But still undaunted by the foreign charm,
Our Poets' souls have brav'd the partial storm,
But found at length that ceaseless, midnight toil,
Is pass'd unhonour'd in their *native* soil!
Ye honour'd few! whose noble souls disdain
The partial phantom, rais'd beyond the main,
Which, stalking proudly o'er our western land,
Has blasted Genius with its fatal wand,

pleased that a gentleman, whose name in letters is by no means inconsiderable, has promptly and effectually removed from himself, not only the stigma, but the foul suspicion, of having thus wantonly and scurrilously prostituted his pen. The disavowal plainly shows, that Mr. Southey feels, on the occasion, precisely as a man of honour and delicacy ought to feel, indignant at being suspected of a flagitious act.

Whose trans-Atlantic influence has sped
 The wasting passion, which itself had shed,
 And like the Upas with its deadly power,
 Has check'd the vigour of the blooming flower—
 Ye honour'd few! may you in triumph stand
 A firm—decided—and unshaken band;
 With breasts of adamant opposed to those
 Who prove of Genius the relentless foes,
 And free in thought—as free in action, guard
 The taste and talents of a native bard:
 No cringing slaves to prepossessing fools,
 Yield up your sense to European schools,
 No shameful tools!—to paralyse the sight,
 And shroud our talents in a gloomy night;
 But stanch supporters of unsullied worth
 Proclaim our soil—the noblest soil on earth!

The lines in which our author dwells with animation and delight on the achievements of our naval heroes, will be acceptable to all who hold in estimation the renown of our country and the true glory of the American name:

But who can paint the bright, effulgent flame,
 Which shines eternal round our naval name?
 Who can describe our honour'd, gallant tars,
 The dauntless heroes of our marine wars?
 No bard of earth! unless Apollo's fire
 Has kindied halos round his veteran lyre,
 Can mark the prowess of our infant fleets,
 Unknown to terror—strangers to defeats—
 See conquering HULL his flag in triumph wave,
 The sea—his field of glory, or his grave!
 See brave DECATUR bare his dauntless arm,
 And still the fury of the raging storm!
 See Britain's boasted lion fall—and die—
 And BAINBRIDGE wave his trophied flag on high!
 See JONES in thunder seize the high command,
 Old Neptune's trident grasping in his hand!
 While all mankind with wondering eyes behold
 The "infant navy" mount above the old!

The lawless savage of the western wood
 Has view'd his inland ocean dyed with blood,
 The warrior's shout, the thund'ring cannons' roar,
 Have broke the solemn silence of its shore,
 And rode in triumph o'er the azure wave,
 Where bled the hero, and where sleep the brave!
 PERRY! the waves of ERIE proudly claim
 The first effulgence of thy naval fame;
 And future cities towering on the shore,
 Shall claim their honour from the deeds of yore;
 Our "children's children" glow with kindred fire,
 And taught by thee, to noble deeds aspire,
 'Till proud Columbia's standard is unfurl'd
 And waves unrival'd by the conquer'd world!
 M'DONNOUGH's name and thine, eternal live,
 With all the honour that *this* world can give,
 And when translated from this busy stage,
 Be traced with dazzling flames on Hist'ry's page.

But does no mournful, envious thought intrude?
 Is Pleasure's cup with not a tear imbrued?
 Does mirth alone, sound o'er the glittering main,
 And leave no solitary thought of pain?
 Yes—gallant LAWRENCE, o'er thy honour'd bier,
 Has dropt the real, sympathizing tear;
 A nation's gratitude—a nation's grief,
 Have mark'd the downfall of a noble chief!
 A foe, too just to press misfortune down,
 Has added incense to thy mortal crown;
 A foe, too great to trample on the brave,
 Has bent in sorrow o'er a hero's grave;
 The flag he honour'd was his winding shroud,
 The land that bless'd him, was his last abode!

Long—long Columbia's weeping tars shall mourn,
 The fall of BURROWS and revere his urn;
 He rush'd to meet the willing foe and—fell!
 The cannons' thunder was his dying knell!

And Death in terror, hovering o'er the scene,
 Destroy'd his life to make his laurels green:
 While Victory perching on his fleeting soul,
 Bade Fame's loud blasts o'er Ocean's billows roll,
 And sound his Enterprise from pole to pole.

The poem closes thus:

But I have that within, which bears me through,
 And bids me be a modern poet too:
 An ardent wish to check the foolish song,
 And fix a bridle on the impetuous tongue;
 Hunt out that foreign influence which dares,
 To blast the native plant which Genius rears,
 And teach the simple fact which all *should* know;
Columbia's libeller is Columbia's foe.

TRITE ADVICE.

SEEK not in Pleasure's round
 For Bliss, that stranger of the earth,
 Whose aloe flower was never found
 To bloom 'midst flaunting weeds of mirth.

Seek not in wanton Beauty's spells,
 For Joy, the balm of earthly pains,
 Whose angel likeness never dwells
 Where Frailty breathes, and Falsehood feigns.

For Bliss, that stranger of the earth,
 Go—seek Religion's sacred pale,
 Whose hallowed joys, of heavenly birth,
 Man, nor in life nor death shall fail.

And Joy, the balm of earthly cares,
 Is found in woman's wedded love,
 A solace through this vale of tears,
 To bonds of pure delight above.

ANACREONTIQUE.—“*Vive la Bagatelle.*”

COME, captain, give rest to that war-beaten sword,
 And with it that war-breathing oath,

Yield this hour to mirth, and the next, on my word,
 We'll arm you, brave captain, with both.

Nay, talk not of battles, of sieges, and flames,
 Of congreves, torpedocs, and darts,
 Or if any, what sieges you've laid to fair dames,
 What havoc you've made among hearts.

All arms I detest, save the arms of the fair,
 But on them it is heaven to sleep,
 The fair garland of Cupid's the crown that I'd wear
 Since tears from the laurel still weep.

Vive la bagatelle now and drown fiery war
 In bumpers of sparkling champagne,
 Awake jolly Bacchus with chansons-a-boire
 Or trill us an amorous strain.

Now pledge we in bumpers each nymph brown or fair,
 All are fair when they smile and are kind,
 Then we'll crown thee with wreaths such as soldier should wear,
 Of the laurel, vine, myrtle entwined.

Let the war rage without, and let statesmen cabal,
 We more wisely their discord will shun,
 In the bright beaming eyes that illumine our hall,
 Vive la bagatelle, frolic and fun.

QUEVEDO.

BOREAL'S TRUCE.

Now western lakes are frozen o'er,
 And battle fields late grim with gore,
 Are deckt as gay as bride;
 And war-worn soldiers, friends or foes,
 In winter's-quarters snug repose
 By lake or border side.

Along the bleak Atlantic coast
 Blockading fleets are tempest tost,
 Thanks to Boreal's care:
 E'en meteor Cockburn's flaming brand
 By Vengeance and the Furies fam'd,
 Hath ceas'd awhile to glare.

Now Carnage hath short respite found
 Since Mars in icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd doth quit the field.
 Let's seek that good, in sober mood,
 Ere Spring shall mount rebellious blood,
 That cool reflections yield.

Another fam'd campaign is o'er,
 And many valiant warriors' gore
 Hath drench'd Canadian plains.
 Forts ta'en through seas of blood are lost,
 Ere conq'ring chiefs can count the cost,
 Or either count his gains.

Fair shines Columbia's starry crest,
 In martial pride high swells her breast,
 Victoria rends the air;
 But orphans' sighs, and widows' moans,
 And dying soldiers', parents' groans,
 Fall heavily on the ear.

The laurel wreath the conq'ror wears,
 Is dew'd by many a mourner's tears,
 In bitter anguish shed:
 May efflorescent genial Spring,
 From Belgian shores the olive bring,
 To flourish in its stead.

—
 QUEVEDO.

STANZAS

Commemorative of the 23rd December, the day when the British were repulsed from New-Orleans. Attempted in imitation of Walter Scott's verses on Mr. Pitt's birth-day.

O dark was the cloud, and more dark the foreboding,
 When the conq'rors of France and the champions of Spain
 Turn'd hither those bolts late so fatal exploding,
 Far flashing the lightnings of battle again!
 Now the blackness no more our horizon deforms,
 Be the incense of thankfulness wafted on high;
 Nor let Gratitude's flower, which has flourish'd in storms,
 'Mid the sun of Security wither and die.

When the earth with its groan joins the sea with its roaring,
 In a menace that startles his tottering walls,
 To his tutelar saint for protection imploring,
 The terrified Lusian in agony calls.

But departs with the danger the feeling it forms,
 When Nature resumes her original guise,
 And Gratitude's flower, that was nourished in storms,
 'Neath the sun of Security withers and dies.

Far from us be the sin of thy slaves, Superstition!
 Whose ingrate sensations no ardour retain,
 'Till the element-war that portends their perdition,
 Shall shock them to feeling and phrenzy again!

More gen'rous emotions our bosoms shall warm,
 Than Timidity's tremour that danger is nigh;
 Nor shall Gratitude's flower which we cherished in storm,
 In the sun of Security wither and die.

For yet hail we the chieftain commission'd to save,
 We invok'd as our guardian from perils at hand,
 When the bellow of battle was heard on the wave,
 And kindred convulsions were shaking the land.
 That sea-shout he still'd—those convulsions he stay'd!
 Then be Gratitude's fragrancly still wafted high,
 And beware lest the flower safe thro' storm and thro' shade,
 In Security's sun-beam be suffer'd to die.

Yet cheer we the chief, who empower'd by high Heaven
 Reduc'd civic chaos to order and plan;
 Made to contrary forces one impulse be given,
 And the mind of the many, the mind of one man.

To him and his band, as returns this proud morning,
 Fresh chaplets we'll culture all change to defy;
 From our heart's hardy flower, that all seasons adorning,
 Nor in storm nor in sunshine can wither or die.

Sprung from Scotia,* whose sons, northern lights 'mid the nation!
 Illumine the mists of the spirit-star'd sky,

* General ANDREW JACKSON is stated to have been born in Scotland.

There beatified Moore, from his bright elevation,
Shall bend on thy valour a brother's fond eye!

Ah! happy no tear damp'd the wreath that we form—
With thy palm and thy laurel no cypress we tie;

They are Gratitude's flowers which, immortal through storm,
In the sun of Security never shall die!

—
We all recollect the deep gloom of the period so suddenly and unexpectedly illuminated by the victory of Plattsburg. We all recollect that time of keen anguish to our pride of country,

"When breathless in the mart the couriers met
"Early and late, at evening and at prime,"—

not as the harbingers of the shout of victory, but as the heralds of some additional pang to the sense of national dishonour, or of some additional excitement to the fear of immediate danger. We all recollect, our hearts still beat at the recollection of the joyful feeling of release from the pressure of apprehension, and from the conviction of national disgrace, produced by the heart-stirring annunciation of victory on the shores of the Saranac and in the bay of Plattsburg. If ever there were a case, where it was admissible to ascribe particular results to a particular Providence, that case is the battle of Plattsburg. Under those circumstances, and with that belief, the following lines were written, immediately on the reception of the news of the transactions at Plattsburg.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—JUDGES.

O dark is the tempest of peril and fear,
O'ershadowing the torrent, resistless descending
From the wilds of the north, in its ruthless career,
The harvest and herd from the ravaged fields rending.

But the Sabbath-day dawns—in its hallowed light,
Behold the bright arms on yon eminence gleaming,
Where the death-threatening battery frowns from the height,
And broadly the banner to the light winds is streaming.

They come from their ships, on the dark ocean wave,
With the conquering sword, at the victor's decree,
From the angel-like task of unfettering the slave,
To the fiend-like commission of crushing the free.

With the bright smile of triumph they bend to the bay
Their looks—where their pendants exultingly stream,

And hail the proud hour, ere the close of the day,
When the cross o'er the stars shall victoriously beam.*

With the proud smile of scorn, to the land then they turn,
Where the star-spangled banner their foemen display,
And certain of success, impatiently burn
To sweep the weak barriers full quickly away.

Yes! smile ye in triumph! the warrior who stands
On that deck, where he swears or to conquer or die,
In the heart of each comrade a hero commands,
With their swords in their grasp, while their trust is on high.

Or recks he thy boasting, who scorning despair,
Gives the signal of fight, where his veterans repose:—
"There's life for your valour, but death for your fear,
We triumph as victors, or sink with our foes!"†

The conflict is past on the lake and the plain,
And where does the banner of Britain now wave?
'Tis beneath the proud stars, where the heaps of the slain
To the victors a path for its downfall scarce gave.

And gone is the host of the conquering sword?
They fled at that sight, with a pang of dismay,
With the spirit of panic all scattered abroad,
All melted like snow from the face of the day.

'Tis the victory of God! then presume not to wreath
Round the brow of a mortal the badge of his praise;
But lowly in heart all thy gratitude breathe,
For His arm of defence, in our perilous ways.

But honour the warriors who wielded His sword,
As Gideon of old, who the spoiler o'erthrew,
When he gave, with the force of his heart-stirring word,
The force of a host to the arm of a few.

* "The British army was so posted on the heights, that it could not but behold the interesting struggle for dominion on the lakes. At the same hour the fleets engaged, the enemy opened his batteries on our forts."

Macomb's Order, Sept. 14, 1814.

† Alluding to the general order of Macomb, that every one who broke from their stations should be immediately put to death.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE two excellent translations, one in prose the other in verse, signed V. from a well known and highly valued pen, to which we are much indebted for former communications, shall appear in an early number of *The Port Folio*.

"One day in May," a poetic effusion by G. M. B. is on our files. It has faults as well as merits; but criticism should act towards young writers like judicial power towards young offenders; always lean to the side of mercy: the piece shall, therefore, find a place in our future pages.

We earnestly recommend to the youthful writer the only mean by which the growth of either the soil or the intellect can be brought to perfection, assiduous cultivation; and shall be happy to receive hereafter some of his more matured productions.

The observations of "Montanus," in the neighbourhood of the city, are acceptable, and shall appear in a future number of *The Port Folio*. From the present they are excluded by other papers of a prior claim. We request him to continue his excursions, and to favour us, from time to time, with the result. We fully concur with him that the appearance, improvements and resources of Philadelphia are unknown, not only in Europe and to most Pennsylvanians on this side of the mountains, but even to most *Philadelphians themselves*. As self-examination, although of the first importance, is apt to be more sparingly cultivated than almost any other source of knowledge, such is the case with ourselves in relation to our own city. While we are attentive to more distant objects, it, as a subject of useful inquiry, lies neglected. Hence a few well-written papers, communicating an able and correct view of Philadelphia and its environs—reflecting faithfully their image, as from a mirror or the bosom of an unruffled lake—would be not only gratifying in their effects, but important in their uses. We wish Montanus pleasant excursions, whether they be in or around our city, and hope that, while he is thus indulging his fancy and enriching his mind, he will not fail to record whatever he may observe capable of contributing to the gratification and improvement of others. The task is certainly none of the

case, and will, therefore, require the exertion of his highest powers for its accomplishment.

Communications from our friend "The Hermit," are always hailed by us with a peculiar welcome. It is not, therefore, without reluctance and regret, that we are obliged to postpone till our next number, his "Thoughts on Rhyme."

We have reason to believe that this postponement will be a source of concern to most of our readers, as well as to ourselves. Wherever sound sense and correct taste prevail, the "Thoughts of a Hermit" will not fail to be held in high and lasting estimation.

To several of the dealers in rhyme, we are under obligations for unacknowledged favours, with which we mean to enrich our pages hereafter.

To our correspondents generally, we return our sincere thanks for their manifold attentions, and hope they will give us cause for a continuance of the same grateful sentiments towards them. To them belongs, in large proportion, the kind sentiments and flattering expressions which are frequently communicated to ourselves, in person, by some of our most enlightened readers, touching the satisfaction they derive from *The Port Folio*. We beg them, therefore, to accept of their due. Like a military chief, we can do little more than superintend, organize, and direct to its object, the disciplined force which they put at our disposal. While the trophies of victory, whatever they may be, are the fruits of their exertions and skill, we have no wish that the laurels should be deemed exclusively ours.

Sept. 18/55