

THE
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VOLUME
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THIRD SERIES

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THE PORT FOLIO,

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

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1815.

No. 1.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVLAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEMOIRS OF BROWN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE value the following communication from our military correspondent the more highly, from a belief that the two battles which it so satisfactorily describes, have never been duly appreciated by the public. We are even apprehensive, that by no small proportion of our fellow-citizens, they are entirely forgotten, being lost to them in the more dazzling lustre of subsequent events. It is the more necessary, therefore, to rescue them from this state of unmerited obscurity, and place them on the records of our achievements in arms, where, in the eyes of our countrymen and of the world, they may contribute to brighten our national glory, and be easily accessible to the future historian. In no other way can the brave men who were engaged in them receive that tribute of admiration and applause to which they are entitled. ED.

A DETAILED account of the battles of Oswego and Sandy Creek, on Lake Ontario, on the 5th, 6th and 30th of May 1814, by detachments of the army under the command of major general Brown, reported by an officer of the general staff.

GENERAL BROWN, after his arrival upon the Niagara frontier, with the troops intended to act under his immediate command, having received information that the enemy was preparing

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A

an expedition from Kingston against Oswego, detached colonel Mitchell with his battalion of artillery, armed with muskets, to the arduous and important service of retrograding as expeditiously as possible to the defence of Oswego River, where was deposited an immense quantity of public property, together with the ordnance, ordnance stores, and naval equipments for the Ontario fleet at Sacket's harbour. The colonel arrived at Oswego from Batavia, a distance of *one hundred and fifty-one miles*, in four and an half days march, and such was the order and regularity of this rapid movement, that the soldiers were not injured, nor any left behind. The fort of Oswego was found unoccupied, and only nominally a fortification. Time had destroyed every external defence.

Indeed it was worth occupancy only on account of the barracks. The exertions preparatory for the expected attack were proportionate to the exigencies of the occasion. The guns, which had been considered as unfit for service, were reprovved, and with the batteries prepared for action.

The British Ontario fleet, commanded by sir James Lucas Yeo, having on board more than two thousand regular troops, under the command of lieutenant general Drummond, arrived on the morning of the 5th of May, and anchored off the fort, within the effective range of the guns of the fleet. The attack commenced, and a constant fire was kept up during the day on the fort and batteries. A powerful flotilla attempted repeatedly to land the troops; but such was the destructive effect of the artillery from the batteries, under the direction of that excellent officer captain Boyle, that the enemy was repulsed with great loss of men and several of the boats. The policy of the commanding officer in pitching his tents on the left bank of the river, and his skilful manœuvring of his troops on the right, had the desired effect to deceive the enemy with respect to his numbers. The British troops were re-embarked, the fleet left its anchorage, and the object of the expedition was apparently relinquished.

The next morning the fleet returned, and, anchoring within half cannon shot of captain Boyle's batteries, renewed and continued the cannonade with great vigour. Captain Boyle and lieutenant Legate were not idle. Their batteries and skilful arrangements protected their men, whilst the British ship the *Wolf*, suf-

fered severely in men, masts, and rigging. She was repeatedly set on fire with hot shot.

Colonel Mitchell knowing the fort to be untenable, and finding it impossible to prevent the landing of the enemy who was now approaching the shore at different points in great force, informed his officers of his determination to fight as long as the honour of our arms and the interest of his country should require it, and afterwards effect a retreat to the main depot at the Falls, the protection of which was the great object of his march.

When the enemy, under the cover of the fleet, had landed and advanced on the plain, the firing from the shipping and gun boats ceased. Colonel Mitchell took this favourable opportunity to deploy his battalion from a ravine in rear of the fort, where he had been compelled to remain, to avoid the immense shower of grape from the whole fleet. He now, with Spartan bravery, advanced with two companies, under the command of captain Melvin and lieutenant Ansart, (the latter commanding the excellent company of captain Romaine, who was detached on important duty on the left bank of the river) and attacked the enemy advancing to the fort, whilst captain McIntire and captain Pierce, gallantly engaged and beat off a vastly superior force of the enemy's light troops, who had been detached for the purpose of preventing a retreat. Captain Boyle kept up a deadly fire on the boats landing, and on the enemy advancing. The contest was as daring as it was unequal; for the ground was maintained by the Americans against the main body of the enemy, until a party of them had carried captain Boyle's batteries, and ascended the bastions of the fort in rear of his left flank. Colonel Mitchell says, in his report, that having done the enemy as much harm as was in his power, "he retreated in good order." The force of the enemy on shore was much more than *two thousand* soldiers and sailors, whilst the Americans did not exceed *three hundred* soldiers, and about thirty sailors under the gallant lieutenant Pearce of the navy.

The entire loss of the enemy, in his several attacks on colonel Mitchell's position, was upwards of *two hundred and eighty* in killed and wounded, including among the latter several officers,* while that of the Americans did not exceed fifty in number.

* Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Navy, second in command in the fleet, and a number of officers were badly wounded.

The determined bravery displayed by our troops in the field, and on the retreat, merits the admiration and applause, not only of the army, but of the whole nation. Colonel Mitchell wore his full uniform on the day of action, and, while retreating, was particularly singled out by the British officers as a mark for the aim of their sharp shooters. The colonel, on his retreat, dismounted under a brisk and galling fire of musquetry, and gave his horses to captain Pierce who was exhausted in consequence of ill health, and to a wounded sergeant, thereby saving them, by his bravery and humanity, from the bayonets of a mortified and exasperated foe.

Colonel Mitchell reported, in the warmest language, the gallant conduct of his whole detachment. Those excellent officers, whose names have not been mentioned in this sketch, but who ought, from their heroism, to be made known to their country, were adjutant Charles Macomb, lieutenant Daniel Blaney, lieutenant William King, lieutenant Robb, lieutenant William McClinck, and lieutenant Charles Newkirk. Lieutenant Blaney from Delaware, a young officer of high promise, and a favourite in the corps, was killed gallantly fighting at the head of his platoon. He rests in the tomb of honour.

The result of this affair was a victory to the Americans. In consequence of their obstinate resistance at the fort, persevered in for two entire days, the enemy relinquished the whole object of the expedition. Public property to the amount of more than a million of dollars was saved.

This was the first affair in general Brown's brilliant campaign. It was the precursor of the glory afterwards achieved on the Niagara frontier, by those distinguished troops, who were ordered by the commanding general, when they "*should come in contact with the enemy to bear in mind Oswego and Sandy Creek.*"

The patriotic general Ellis, with his brigade, the militia of the neighbourhood, and the Indian warriors of the Oneida and Onondaga nations, made expeditious marches to join colonel Mitchell and afford protection to the important depot he had been despatched to protect. The colonel was further reinforced by a detachment of riflemen, under the command of major Appling, of the United States army. The enemy, although prepared with proper pilots and boats to ascend the river, made no further attempts to accomplish his important object, which would have gi-

ven him the undisputed superiority of the lake, during the remainder of the war. The enemy, having raised a few navy guns, that were sunk by captain Woolsey, burnt the barracks, and robbed some of the inhabitants, with great precipitation, on the same night, abandoned the fort, and returned without a single laurel on his brow.

Another expedition terminated in the plunder of private property at Sodus, and a complete defeat at the mouth of Genesee River by militia, under the command of that excellent officer, general Peter B. Porter.

The commanding officer of the Canadas, being foiled in his attempts to capture the public stores on the Oswego River, now blockaded and threatened Sacket's Harbour, with the double view of making a diversion in favour of the British army on the Niagara frontier, and, at the same time, of retarding and intercepting all transportation by water.

In this situation, Sacket's Harbour was considered in danger. Colonel Mitchell was ordered to reinforce that post. He left Oswego Falls in command of major Appling, with orders as soon as captain Woolsey should be ready to sail, to embark his rifleman on board the flotilla, for its protection against the light boats of the enemy. Captain Woolsey, by his well directed *demonstrations and reports*, having induced the enemy off Oswego, to believe that all the guns and naval stores were to be sent up the Oneida Lake, to be transported to the harbour by land, soon found a favourable opportunity to run his boats with the heavy cannon, anchors and cables into Lake Ontario. Every exertion was made, and every precaution taken in this important and hazardous enterprize, to run by the blockading squadron in the night, into Sacket's Harbour. Captain Woolsey escaped discovery until he arrived near the mouth of Sandy Creek,* when he was observed by a detachment of gun boats, manned with upwards of *two hundred* choice sailors and marines from the fleet, under the command of captain Popham of the Royal Navy. Captain Woolsey wisely ran his boats, protected by riflemen, up Sandy Creek, as far as practicable, and gave information to general

* Twenty miles from Sacket's Harbour.

Gaines and commodore Chauncey of his situation. The next morning, being the 30th of May, captain Popham ascended Sandy Creek with his gun boats, in the expectation that the rich and important prize in view (viz, all the guns, cables and anchors for the SHIPS SUPERIOR AND MOHAWK, would be obtained without much danger or opposition. The marines were landed and put in order of battle. The gun boats, forming a powerful battery, were placed in a situation to co-operate with them. At this moment major Appling, who was in the woods near the place of landing, advanced and opened on them a fatal fire. It was returned by the enemy; but his artillery and musquetry had no effect. The contest was short. The enemy falling in every direction under the unerring aim of the American marksmen soon surrendered. Our whole loss on the occasion was one killed and two wounded. The loss of the enemy was fifty-six killed and wounded, including officers.

Two post captains, four lieutenants of the navy, and a hundred and fifty-six sailors and marines were made prisoners.

Four gun boats, mounting one sixty-eight pound carronade, one long twenty-four pounder, one long twelve pounder, one five and a half inch cohorn, with sir James Yeo's elegant gig, and a large quantity of ordnance stores, were the trophies of this important victory.

The riflemen under the gallant major Appling were the only troops engaged. They did not exceed one hundred and twenty in officers and men. The Indian warriors and militia were not on the battle ground, until after a proposal was made to surrender.

Colonel Mitchell, who arrived with reinforcements immediately after the action, reported to general Gaines that "major Appling planned and executed this brilliant affair, so honourable to our arms, so deserving of the applause of the nation, and so important as effecting the ulterior operations of the campaign."

Major Appling was deservedly raised by brevet in quick succession, to the rank of lieutenant colonel and colonel: he received, moreover, the thanks of the president of the United States, and the applause of the commanding general of the army, for this distinguished achievement.

ON THE PEOPLING OF AMERICA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE objections contained in the following paper to that hypothesis which would people America from the continent of Asia, by the way of Behring's strait, although not new in themselves, have scarcely, we presume, occurred to the generality of our readers. To them, therefore, they stand in the relation of newly discovered truths. At all events, they are sensible, and will not be read without interest by those who are curious on the subject to which they relate. As a further objection to the same hypothesis, as well, indeed, as to every other on the same topic with which we are acquainted, our correspondent might have added, that there are found in the new world, several species of animals which are not known to exist at all in any part of the old. Whence are these derived? The solution of this question, impracticable at present, should it ever be attained, will be the result of a further development of the system of nature. ED.

WHENCE COME THE MEN AND ANIMALS OF AMERICA?

ON this question, many opinions have been offered at different times, and by writers of various countries, some of them materially differing from the others. Many of these hypotheses have been long since consigned to oblivion, and those that yet remain are so generally lame and imperfect, that we are almost forced into the belief, that the question cannot be satisfactorily answered.

At present, those who do not wish to leave this curious subject in all its original obscurity, have adopted the hypothesis of Dr. Robertson; a preference, which is more, perhaps, to be ascribed to the eloquent and classical language of that great historian, than to the weight of his facts, or even the plausibility of his speculations. As it is the writings of the advocates of this opinion that are usually referred to as authority in relation to the point in question, it may not be improper in me to endeavour to show, that its author formed his belief on very slight grounds, and that there are several important points which such an opinion fails to elucidate.

"The vicinity of the two continents of Asia and America, says Dr. Robertson, renders it highly probable that the human race first passed that way from Asia. In latitude sixty-six degrees north, the two coasts are only thirteen leagues asunder, and about midway between them lie two islands, the distance from

which to either shore is short of twenty miles; at this place the natives of Asia, could find no difficulty in passing over to the opposite coast; which is in sight of their own; they might have also travelled across on sledges or on foot, for we have reason to believe, from the accounts of captain Cook and his officers, that the strait is entirely frozen over in the winter, so that the continents during that season, with respect to the communication between them, may be considered as one land.

"We may therefore conclude, that the Asiatics having settled in those parts of America, where the Russians have discovered the proximity of the two continents, spread gradually over its various regions."

This proposed rout for the emigration of mankind from Asia to America, is, in the very commencement, opposed by the striking fact, that about Behring's straits, the precise spot where Dr. Robertson believes man to have crossed over from one continent to the other, there is a very widely extended race of men interposed, who are utterly dissimilar to either Asiatics or Americans. This race is the Esquimaux, who, as Dr. Robertson himself acknowledges, bear a near resemblance to the northern Europeans, and none to the American Indians.

This fact, so directly adverse to the Dr's. general theory, obliges him to form a new opinion as to the origin of the Esquimaux, whom he supposes to be descendants from the Norwegians and Icelanders. But is it probable, I was near saying possible, that within the time that has elapsed since the fourteenth century, the Norwegians could have been degraded from their lofty stature down to that of Esquimaux? Can we suppose, moreover, that any people used to the comforts of civilized life, would stay in the most dreary, desolate, and unfruitful region on earth—in a tract of country where the cold is so excessive, that ten degrees farther to the south than Behring's Straits every aqueous and fermented liquid is frozen, notwithstanding the efforts of man, and where even spirits of wine are reduced by the frost to the consistence of oil? Is it possible, I say, that any thing short of actual compulsion could have induced a people that had ever been familiar with a better fate, to remain in an abode so uninviting and dismal? An answer in the affirmative would be opposed to every known spring of human action.

Mr. Pennant, though the most able defender of Dr. Robertson's opinion, observes that the Norwegians, when they first landed in America, found the Esquimaux already there, and gave them the name of *Skrælingues*, or dwarfish people, from their small stature. See *Arctic Zoology*, Introduct. Vol. I. p. 164.

But the facts most strongly opposed to a migration to America by way of Behring's straits, may be deduced from the utter impossibility of animals ever reaching this continent, by that route, and if *they* could arrive in this way, still the theory is indefensible; for we must believe, that men and animals did come by the same passage; wherever such passage may have lain. To admit the contrary would be a libel on the proceedings of the Deity, who without a deviation from his uniform wisdom and simplicity of design, could not have provided two ways where one only was necessary. This must be obvious to the lowest capacity.

Some persons, however, have the hardihood to contend, that men and animals did pass by Behring's straights to America.—Such an allegation as this, supposes that animals living now only in the hottest parts of America, such as the guanas, alligators, monkeys, parrots, and a vast number more, actually past in the winter, within the Arctic circle, through a cold that congeals spirits of wine! for the writers who maintain this hypothesis, have been necessarily obliged to make them pass in the winter, in order that they may avail themselves of a bridge of solid ice forty miles in length, which, during this season, connects the two worlds together. Besides, is not all herbage either killed or covered with snow, for hundreds of miles, both on the Asiatic, and the American side of the strait during the inclemencies of winter?

This brief examination of Robertson's theory is all I conceive necessary; the more so, as he himself simply advances it without attempting its permanent establishment. Several writers have, indeed, endeavoured to confirm it, but without success. Neither has the laboured and curious essay of Dr. Barton, nor the shorter attempt of Mr. Pennant eventuated more favourably to their respective writers. Their arguments I shall pass over without notice. Dr. Barton's arguments may be found in his *New Views of the Origin of our Aborigines*, and those of Mr. Pennant in his introduction to his *Arctic Zoology*. Vol. I. p. 161.

Some authors have advanced an opinion, that men and the inferior animals crossed the Pacific ocean by way of the islands extended through that sea, and under their present size and arrangement. As this suppositon has an intimate connection with my own opinions, it shall be considered in a future part, when, I trust, its errors will be rendered obvious to every inquirer.

The opinion of the abbé Clavigero, that land existed in early times between Africa and America, over which men and animals passed, and which has since been destroyed, is erroneous, I conceive, only on the score of locality. The principle I believe to be correct, but its place of application wrong. The new and old worlds were united by intervening land; but the connecting tract of territory was on the west side of America, not on the east. But this position will be discussed hereafter. In the mean time, I would observe that in Rees's Cyclopædia, under the article America, the various hypotheses respecting the peopling of the new world, have been ably considered. To that work, therefore, the reader is at present referred for ampler information.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HAMMOND AND TIBULLUS.

(Concluded.)

THE eighth elegy is borrowed from the third elegy of the third book of Tibullus. It begins:

Ah what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain;

Quid prodest cælum votis implesse, Neera?
Blandaue cum multa thura dedisse prece?
Non, ut marmorei prodirent à limine tecti,
Insignis clarâ conspicuusque domo.

This is the elegy which contains the passage selected by Dr. Russel to illustrate the "soft melancholy and tenderness" which Hammond, beyond all his countrymen, knew to give to his love

verses. Unluckily for the poet, and his panegyrist, they are too evidently borrowed plumes, to afford the wearer a legitimate undivided title to their splendour! Let us compare them with what Tibullus says:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then old with love insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lybian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

Thus Hammond, and now his model, as he is called:

Sed tecum ut longæ satiarem gaudia vitæ,
Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu;
Tunc, cum permenso defunctus tempore lucis,
Nudus Lethæa cogerer ire rate.

Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis,
Nec quas terrarum sustinet orbis opes.
Hæc alii cupiant: liceat mihi paupere cultu
Securo carâ conjuge posse frui.

Elegy the ninth of Hammond, answers to the second elegy of the third book of Tibullus, beginning:

Qui primus caram juveni carumque puella
Eripuit juvenem ferreus ille fuit.
Durus et ille fuit qui tantum ferre dolorem
Vivere et ereptâ conjuge qui potuit.

With the usual fidelity it is thus Englished by Hammond though perhaps a little improved upon by making the lover, who could bear the deprivation even *harder-hearted* than the man who could inflict it.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

A pretty close translation this of the first quatrain! and so indeed it continues, though the elegy is somewhat amplified in its English dress. It is to this elegy that Dr. Johnson applies the censure of "frigid pedantry, Roman imagery," &c. But if the doctor had compared the two elegies, he would have immediately perceived the cause of this pedantry and Roman imagery. Why Hammond first threatens his mistress with dying, and then inquires of her,

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre, &c.

and why he talks of bearing the golden vase in sable weeds, of Panchaia's odours,

And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,

he would have found that Mr. Hammond had been very faithful, as became him, to his original, who has it:

Ergo ego cum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque ossa super nigra favilla teget
Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos
Et fleat ante meum mæsta Neæra rogem.

The allusions in the original, are spread over too large a surface to exemplify them all by quotation. It will be enough to account for the imagery of "culling his ashes," "Panchaia's odours &c."—as thus:

Post hæc carbaseis humorem tollere ventis,
Atque in marmoreâ ponere sicca domo.
Illuc quas mittit pinguis Panchaia merces,
Eoque Arabes, dives et Assyria,
Et nostri memores lacrymæ fundantur eodem.

Elegy the tenth on Delia's birth-day, is borrowed from the second elegy of the second book of Tibullus, beginning,

Dicamus bona verba, venit natalis ad aras,
Quisquis ades, lingua, vir, mulierque fave.
Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores
Quos tener è terra divite mittit Arabs.

Hammond,

This day which saw my Delia's beauties rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamoured of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense if her thoughts be kind:

Ipse suos Genius adsit visurus honores,
Cui decorant sanctas mollia sarta comas.

This elegy is very short both in the original and the imitation, which, though not very close, has sufficient points of resemblance both in the structure and language, to show that Hammond had Tibullus before him when he wrote it. Perhaps, however, we might indulge lord Chesterfield here, in calling him only a model.

Hammond's eleventh elegy begins:

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

It cannot be doubted that this is a translation of the following, which begins Tibullus's eleventh elegy of his first book; and it is the only instance in which the number of the copy and original accord.

Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit!
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata;
Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via est.

It proceeds:

At nihil ille miser meruit: nos ad mala nostra
Vertimus, in saxas quod dedit ille feras,
Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt
Faginus adstabat cum scyphus ante dapes.

Thus Englished:

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

In Hammond, this is entitled an elegy against lovers going to war. It is in fact so in Tibullus; but much longer and more amplified than in Hammond, who, after the two first quatrains, merely preserves the general sentiment of the original, with here and there a few minute coincidences.

The twelfth elegy answers to the twelfth of the fourth book of Tibullus. It begins:

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou only thou can'st please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

And is evidently a copy of this, with which Tibullus commences,

Nulla tuum nobis subducet fœmina lectum.
Hoc primum juncta est federe nostra Venus.
Tu modo sola places; nec jam te præter in urbe
Formosa est oculis ulla puella meis.

With the omission of a few allusions, this elegy which is short, is faithfully and happily translated, of which take the following examples:

Atque utinam posses uni mihi bella videri!
Displiceas aliis: sic ego tutus ero.
Næ opus invidia est: procul absit gloria vulgi,
Qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others and secure my rest,
No need of envy—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede!
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footsteps mark'd the ground;
Thou light of life all darkness can'st expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

There are two more quatrains in this elegy translated with equal exactness, but they are omitted to avoid prolixity. Indeed the quotations might have been fewer throughout, had it not been necessary to establish the position, that the poems in question are rather translations than imitations.

The thirteenth and last elegy but one of Hammond, answers to the very first elegy of Tibullus, beginning thus:

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli:
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Marta cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

This is a long elegy, both in the original and the copy, the latter containing twenty-two stanzas, made up for the most part of this first elegy of Tibullus, though there are intermingled with it, some passages from others, and particularly the fifth. I shall content myself with giving a few instances of translation, beginning with the first quatrain already quoted.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never sound.

The following probably furnished Dr. Johnson with the occasion of reproaching Hammond with an apparent want of feeling and sincerity, in turning himself into a shepherd, and talking of his lambs and goats:

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'ring home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

In the original:

Non agnamve sinu pigcat, fœtumve capellæ
Desertum oblita matre referre domum.

Hammond's next stanza, however, would not subject him to the same reproach, though he is equally indebted to Tibullus for the thought and its appendages.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu:
Aut gelidas hibernus aquas quum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi!

Tibullus taking it into his head to introduce his patron Messala into his elegy, in these words:

Te bellare decet terra, Messala, marique,
Ut domus hostiles præferat exuvias.

Hammond does the same with his, Lord Chesterfield. But as his lordship was no warrior, unless a tongue-one, the compliment would by no straining, apply; and therefore it was of necessity commuted for commendation of another kind, happily lighting on his parliamentary qualifications.

Stanhope in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause.

And again:

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrong.

In the next stanza, however, our poet is completely fortunate in finding a passage in the Roman bard, (though obliged to resort to his fifth elegy for it) which wholly applies; and thus it runs in English:

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Who can doubt that his lordship had read, and was highly gratified with this delicate compliment; and yet had he seen the lines from Tibullus which suggested them, and which follow, he must at least have doubted on this occasion, whether his protégé "sat down to write what he thought, or to think what he should write."

Huc veniet Messala meus cui dulcia poma,
Delia selectis detrahet arboribus;
Et tantum venerata virum, hunc sedula curet;
Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat:

The fourteenth and last elegy, beginning,

What scenes of bliss my raptured fancy fram'd,
In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd, &c.

does not, so far as I have been able to discover, owe any of its beauties to the Roman poet. It appears to be truly original, and is among the best of his elegies. It is expressive of a resolution he has formed, to renounce a hopeless passion, and to devote himself in future, to nobler and more worthy pursuits.

In books a calm, but fixt content to find;
Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

From the foregoing remarks and illustrations, it must, I think, appear, that of the whole fourteen elegies, twelve of them are evidently copied from Tibullus, although Hammond has the reputation of an original author, only adopting the manner and imbibing the spirit of his Roman model.

From the arrangement of the English elegies, carefully varied in numbering from the Latin ones, it cannot be doubted, that an imposition was intended; and that they were designed to be palmed upon the public as original. But whether this was merely a freak of the young author, somewhat like that of Chatterton concerning the poems of Rowley, or a contrivance of his editor for the purpose of gain, can only be conjectured.

With respect to the criticisms of the earl and the two doctors, although the triumvirate are obviously dupes of the imposition, each seems to contain a share of truth, but not the whole truth. With lord Chesterfield and Dr. Russel, it must be admitted, that Hammond is a writer possessing feeling and taste; and yet, considering him with Dr. Johnson, as directly making court to his mistress with the pastoral foolery of kids and lambkins, who will not agree with him, that he deserved to lose her? but the fact appears to be, that from a congeniality of feeling, the lovesick

bard, found a solace in reading and copying the tender effusions of Tibullus, and thence acquired such a familiarity with their sentiments and language, that it was both more easy and more grateful to him, to exhibit them in an English dress, than to draw upon his mind, for original compositions. It is scarcely a correct idea, to suppose, that an enamoured poet is to frame his verses as a mendicant does his supplications,—upon a calculation of the surest mode of exciting the hand of the solicited to a charitable donation. Is it not rather the privilege of the lover, to rave, to chide, to expostulate, to complain? Besides, to a haughty lady of sense and dignity, the mode of addressing her under a feigned character and Roman imagery, might be supposed more grateful than plain and direct whining. That Hammond, however, was sincerely and deeply in love, his mistress could not doubt, unless she was destitute of the sensibility, which might enable her to recognize the strong symptoms of that passion, impressed upon his poems.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ORATION IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

THIS society consists of an association of young gentlemen lately formed in the University of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of mutual improvement in such branches of scholastic literature and science as are suitable to their years. Although the proceedings of the society are secret, as is usually and very properly the case with institutions of the kind, its business is believed to be conducted with a degree of spirit, regularity and intelligence, highly creditable to the youthful members. From the talents it calls forth, the love of letters it awakens, the spirit of enterprize and generous emulation which it cherishes, and above all, from its corrective influence over the morals and behaviour of its members, it gives ample promise of contributing, in no small degree, to the promotion of learning and science, and of enhancing the usefulness and reputation of the university.

An exhibition in oratory having been held by the members of this society, on the evening of the first day of last month, in which the speakers did great honour to themselves and their instructors, we have been permitted to publish the following oration, which was delivered on the occasion. With the spirit which it breathes and the sentiments it expresses, we are not a little pleased, and flatter ourselves that they will meet the approbation of our readers. It is by the fostering of such a spirit and the inculcation of such sentiments, that

our youth are to be inspired with a love of country and taught to respect themselves, our independence placed on an immovable basis, and a national character ultimately formed.—Ed.

DURING a long and eventful series of years, the United States have ranked, both physically and morally, with the most conspicuous objects on the theatre of the world. Since the achievement of our independence by the gallantry of our fathers, and the establishment of our excellent form of government by their wisdom and virtue, it has been our fortune to excite much attention and awaken no inconsiderable share of envy and jealousy among foreign nations. Within this period we have repeatedly welcomed to our shores, and invited to share in the rights of our hospitality, travellers from abroad of specious manners, but depraved hearts—men, indeed, in form, but demons in disposition—who have afterwards made it their business and their boast, to assail us with the most flagitious and indiscriminate calumny—to represent us as a people without talent or energy, knowledge or literature, a spirit of enterprize or resources of art—to denounce and scoff at us as unsightly in appearance, enfeebled in person, corrupt in morals, savage in manners, and, in our whole nature, degenerate and base. Even the soil on which we tread, and the streams which water it, the climate of our country, and the very elements of heaven, have these profligate tourists selected as themes of the coarsest defamation. With talents for misrepresentation, which rank them with the ablest apostles of falsehood, and in a strength of colouring bounded only by the limits of their own conception, they have dared to portray the new world as in all respects degraded when compared with the old.

This feeble but faithful picture of vice and licentiousness, ingratitude and malevolence, will not fail to remind you of those unblushing miscreants—those slanderers by profession, Weld and Volney, Ash and Bulow, Janson and Moore, with a tribe of others, their associates in infamy, whose very names are offensive to the ear of virtue—wretches, whom the troubles of Europe, a state of houseless penury, a restless disposition, the wages of turpitude, or their own crimes and the apprehension of a gibbet, sent forth into our country, to repay with defamation the courtesies they experienced, and scatter their poison on the hand that fed them.

In relation to the people of the United States, one of the most insulting charges of these disciplined calumniators is, that being totally destitute of a national character, and strangers to those highest and purest of earthly attachments, a love of country and of glory, they are entirely absorbed in a dishonest and groveling cupidity of gain.

To some of the accusations preferred against our country by these writers, it would be degrading in us to reply. They carry with them their own refutation in the grossness which characterizes them, and fail entirely of their intended effect, from the violence and indecency with which they are urged. Like a weapon lanced with too much eagerness, they exhaust the vigour of the arm that threw them, and pass harmless by the object at which they are aimed.

Touching several, however, of the charges which have just been specified, a few remarks will not, as I flatter myself, constitute an exercise altogether unsuitable to the present occasion. In the observations I have to offer on these oft-repeated calumnies, I shall not have recourse to abstract reasoning. I shall not, by a logical arrangement of premises and consequences, endeavour to prove, that there exists, in the reason and nature of things, no perceptible source of American inferiority—no cause, why man, in the new world, should not be equal to man in the old.

On this subject, however fair and conclusive the inference might be, I shall not attempt to derive arguments from the unrivalled beauty and grandeur of the inferior works of nature on the American continent. I shall not pause to ask, why the most goodly and magnificent portion of terrestrial creation should be destined as the abode of a race of mortals corrupt and degraded beyond their fellows? Nor shall I condescend to inquire, wherefore an atmosphere as pure, a sun as bright, a climate as genial, and food and drink as wholesome and abundant, as the earth can boast, should prove deleterious in their operation on man, for no other reason, than because he was born to the westward of the Atlantic? The solution of these problems must be reserved for the superior penetration of some of the future tourists that may visit our country.

Instead of attempting, then, by philosophical induction, to establish the theory, that the man of America *may* possess, in the highest degree, all the attributes of human nature, I shall, by a shorter and surer process, appeal to history, and prove by *facts* that he actually *does*.

Turning, in retrospect, to a far distant period, we behold the Americans, while yet in the character of infantile colonists, astonishing England and appalling France, by their prowess and enterprise and talents in war. Corroborative of this assertion we derive conclusive testimony from the brilliant achievement of the capture of Louisburgh, in the year 1745, by a handful of brave but undisciplined New Englanders. An instance of more signal gallantry and successful daring is nowhere recorded in military annals.

When on the banks of the Monongahela, where the unfortunate Braddock was defeated and fell, a savage foe had carried terror and confusion into the British ranks, by whom was the arm of massacre arrested, and the salvation of the discomfited army achieved? Let history answer—it was by the youthful Washington and his brave Virginians. When in a moment of consternation and dismay the veterans of England, forgetful or regardless of their renown in arms, had ingloriously turned their back on the enemy, the intrepid Americans threw themselves into their rear, breasted the desolating tempest of pursuit, and saved the regulars from inevitable destruction. Is it true, then, that on an occasion calculated to test the souls of the bravest, the provincials alone retained their firmness—alone remained the heroes and champions of the day? and were they, notwithstanding, men of enfeebled arms, pusillanimous spirits, and degenerate intellects? On this point we court the decision of an unprejudiced world—we await the sentiment of all posterity. If the soldiers whose bravery retrieved, in part, the disasters of the day, deserve such epithets, where shall we find terms to characterize those whose misconduct produced them?

Descending to a later period in the annals of America, we still find ample cause to be proud of our birthright. The conduct of our countrymen, throughout their long and sanguinary struggle for independence, breaks on us in colours of pecu-

liar brilliancy. Whether we look into the scenes of civil or military life—the senate chamber or the field, of that memorable period, the whole is morally and physically sublime. A broader display of the best and most exalted qualities of human nature—a more resplendent galaxy of greatness and glory, has never presented itself to the admiration of the world. That luminous and inextinguishable blaze of Grecian wisdom supported by more than Roman firmness and patriotism, began with the celebrated battle at Lexington, and terminated only with the capture of York.

Wherefore should I speak of that unprecedented instance of devotedness to country and contempt of death—that *chef d'œuvre* of human gallantry, the battle of Bunker's hill? Already is it as familiar to you as the most recent transactions of your own lives. It mingles with the favourite narratives of the nursery, and constitutes a part of the alphabet of our patriotism. It swells with a laudable and high-minded pride the bosom of the school-boy, fires the soul of youth and manhood, and even rekindles, for a moment, the declining glow in the bosom of age. To Americans of every period and condition of life, it will hold up, to the latest posterity, a splendid object of national exultation. In that most memorable fete of arms, Great Britain saw reduced to a reality and demonstrated as a fact, what, but an hour before, she would have treated with derision as a dream of lunacy—her bravest officers surpassed in prowess by men who had never before unsheathed a sword; and her veteran columns checked, repulsed, almost annihilated, by a body of yeomanry inferior in numbers, unorganized, undisciplined, and many of them unarmed. Yet was this corps of *invincibles*, whose deeds, for patriotism, valour, and firmness, rank with those of the heroes of Thermopylæ, natives of a country so calumniously stigmatized as the birth-place of none but degenerate mortals,—men destitute alike of physical energy, intellectual eminence and moral worth!

A want of time forbids me to awaken in your recollection or picture to your fancy all the scenes of our revolutionary conflict, in which the talents and heroic virtues of many of our countrymen shone with a lustre almost superhuman—a lustre that will irradiate the page of history while letters shall be cultivated or

greatness admired. Nor must I attempt to delineate that unparalleled epitome of all in man that is morally, physically, or intellectually sublime, which shone forth in the character of the commander in chief. Such a task is far beyond the compass of a tyro in learning. It would better suit the matured and masculine pen of a Marshall or a Walsh, or the fervid eloquence of a Randolph or an Ames.

In confirmation, however, of the position I am maintaining—that the American character will sustain a comparison with that of any other people, whether ancient or modern, I must recall to your recollection a few more of the events of our revolutionary war. Here the victories of Trenton and Princeton, Monmouth and Stony-Point, Bennington and Saratoga, rise before us in bold relief and brilliant colouring! On those memorable occasions, American genius and valour achieved an event beyond the power of the nations of Europe. They proudly triumphed over British experience, discipline and skill.

But it is not alone in the northern section of the union, that the laurel was planted during our contest for freedom. In the regions of the south—on the plains of York and Guilford, Camden and Eutaw, the Cowpens and Ninety Six, and even on the much neglected summit of King's mountain, it sprang luxuriantly from the blood of our heroes, and still shades the consecrated earth that covers them. On those and other fields of fame, which are still viewed with exultation by our brethren of the south, the armies of Britain were taught to respect the talents and shrink from the swords of Green and Morgan, Sumpter and Marian, Shelby and Pickens, Washington and Lee, and their brave associates—A brotherhood of heroes more daring and accomplished—richer in expedients or bolder in execution, the brightest period of the most warlike nation has never produced.

But the intellect of America shone in council with as brilliant a lustre, as that which distinguished her armies in the field. Where, within the compass of human performance, will you find examples of greater depth of thought or felicity of expression—more vigour of conception or eloquence of greater fervency and force, than in the productions of our statesmen during our struggle for independence? We may fearlessly point to the several petitions and remonstrances addressed on that occasion to the go-

vernment and people of England, to the speeches of our Lees and Henries, our Adamses and Rutledges, to the declaration of our independence, and, subsequently, to that inimitable state paper, the constitution of our government—we may fearlessly point to these productions, and defy the world to answer our question.

Nor must I forbear to mention the diplomatic correspondences that have occurred at sundry times, and on various topics of policy, between the American ministers and those of France and England, not excepting the recent one at Ghent, in each of which the genius of our country has been signally triumphant. The discussions have resembled the controversies of school-boys with mature scholars, versed in investigation and disciplined in logic.

Another scene of American heroism and greatness was opened to the world on the waters and shores of the Mediterranean. Where and when—the annals of naval warfare are unhesitatingly challenged to answer the question—where and when did ever a British squadron of equal force, achieve as much, dare as boldly and execute as vigorously, as did the squadron of the United States in the Tripolitan war, under the command of the gallant Preble? What nation of modern Europe can boast an instance of lofty magnanimity, self-devotedness and contempt of death, equal to that of Somers and his associates? and where is the name on earth so formidable to the barbarians of the north of Africa, as that of Decatur, though a stripling at the time? We search in vain the history of the Crusades, and even the archives of chivalry itself, for an instance of individual enterprize and intrepidity surpassing in compass of design and firmness of action, the march of Eaton at the head of his Arabs, through the burning and inhospitable sands of Lybia.

Conclusively do I assert—and did time admit, the position might be proved—that Preble and his companions collected on the waters of the Mediterranean, so often the theatre of naval combat, a harvest of glory more rich and durable, than that which had antecedently rewarded the labours of all the squadrons of Greece and Rome, or the more formidable fleets of France and Britain. Europe beheld with astonishment, and Africa not without consternation and dismay, a spirit of daring enterprize, connected with a power of fearful exploit, which threatened to become the terror and pride of the ocean.

But it was reserved for the operations of the late war to throw a still brighter lustre around the naval and military reputation of the United States, and to effect a broader development of the real greatness of the American character. To sketch even the briefest outline of *all* the brilliant fetes so triumphantly achieved by the arms of our country, during that memorable and sanguinary contest, neither comports with my intention nor falls within my province. Most of all, time would be wanting for the completion of the task. Were I to make the attempt, not only would yonder setting stars invite to sleep, but to-morrow's dawn would re-illumine the east, before I should have finished the glowing recital. Besides, such are the brilliancy and attractiveness of numerous points in the stupendous scene, that I should pause and hesitate where to begin, or what course to pursue.

Whether we cast our eyes towards the East, the North, or the South—the Lakes or the Atlantic—the prospect is unspeakably magnificent and sublime. Wherever our army marched of late, or our navy rode from the commencement of the conflict, the flag of our country is waving in triumph—stars of American glory throwing their lustre through groves of laurel present themselves to view with a dazzling effulgence. But the star of Britain shines “dimly through a mist” and victory perches on her standard no longer.

Proud as may seem the declaration, and wounding to the ear of those who were lately our enemies, it is, notwithstanding, true, that for reputation in arms, America stands, at present, unrivalled among nations.* Where are now the laurels of those far-famed INVINCIBLES—those conquerors of Europe, the veterans of Wellington? Blasted at Chippewa and Niagara, Erie and Plattsburg—wrested from their brows on the plains of New Orleans! Where is now that matchless effulgence of naval glory

* The orator is not to be understood as asserting here, that the United States, as a military and naval nation, is more powerful than Great Britain, France or Russia. Such a declaration would be absurd. His meaning is, that, ship to ship and gun to gun at sea, and man to man and bayonet to bayonet, on shore, the American sailors and soldiers have no equals. Of the truth of this point, the events of the late war have furnished abundant and conclusive testimony.

which once encircled the flag of Britain? Transferred by right of conquest to the star-spangled banner of the United States. Where shall we now look for the trident of the ocean, which once formed an emblem of British supremacy? Let our artists, hereafter, answer the question, by placing it on the shield of our national escutcheon, mingled with the arrows of the eagle of freedom.

Should any foreigner, in future times, dare to insult you with the offensive insinuation of American inferiority; pronounce to him but the name of Hull or Decatur, Bainbridge or Jones, Brown or Jackson, Scott or Macomb, Ripley or Miller, or even that of the youthful Croghan or Jesup, and he will be put to silence: if he be an Englishman, point to the Atlantic or the Pacific, lake Erie or lake Champlain, the Niagara frontier or the banks of the Mississippi, and he will turn in confusion from the poignancy of the rebuke.

Such are a few of the existing evidences of the elevation and resources of the American character, and the unconquerable firmness of the American mind.

But the portraiture of our country's greatness and glory is not yet complete. For a peculiar aptitude to the science of mechanics, the genius of the United States is proverbially pre-eminent. So felicitous, too, is its pliancy, so vigorous its powers, so fervent its enthusiasm, and so inexhaustible its perseverance, that it is amply fitted for every species and degree of acquirement. I defy the ingenuity of our ablest calumniator to designate a single pursuit in which the American mind has been seriously and steadfastly engaged, without attaining in it to the highest rank of eminence and honour. In proof of this assertion, I might instance, in particular, commerce and navigation, ship-building and agriculture, architecture and gunnery, with the art of painting and the practice of eloquence, in each of which our country ranks with the most distinguished of nations.

Nor does it comport with the reason and nature of things, that literature should constitute a degrading exception, when men of genius in America shall, hereafter, have become scholars and writers by profession. Then shall the applause of mankind succeed to the reproaches we have heretofore experienced on the score of letters. Then will open on the admiration of the world,

the true Augustan age of our country, ushered in and brightened by the Homers and Virgils, the Tassos and Voltaires, the Shakspears and Miltons, and the Bacons and Lockes of the New Hemisphere, equal in every attribute of greatness and excellence, to those that have given lustre and immortality to the old.

ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BE those who wish to become thoroughly versed in the knowledge of vegetables, and of the numerous and striking analogies, in point of structure, powers, habits, and functions, which exist between them and animals, the following paper will be perused with interest. We, therefore, publish it without hesitation, from a belief, that among the readers of the Port Folio, there are many persons to whom it will be gratifying. Instructive it must necessarily prove to every one who may attentively study it. By disclosing such similitudes, such harmonies, *such approaches towards unity*, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, it simplifies greatly the study of nature, and is not a little favourable to true theology. Had the ancients possessed even a very limited knowledge of the unity of design and workmanship that pervades creation, it is not within the nature of things, that they could ever have been led astray by the doctrines of Polytheism. En.

ON THE ANALOGY BETWEEN ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If your readers are not quite weary of the curious subject of animal and vegetable analogies and resemblances, they will not be displeased at the following summary by La Metherie in his account of the state of science for the year 1813, in the *Journal de Physique*. Tom. 78, p. 19. T. C.

Philosophers of the highest antiquity have compared the organization of vegetables with that of animals. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Aristotle, Theophrastus—they have explained themselves on this subject very decidedly. They supposed that the same *functions* took place in the animal and in the vegetable. They were, indeed, unacquainted with the true circulation of ani-

mal fluids, but they conceived it to be similar in vegetables. They observed that some plants, like the date tree, when single, produced no fruit: hence they drew the conclusion of sexual organization.

Harvey demonstrated the true circulation of the blood: hence it was suspected that the other fluids as the lymph, circulated also. Latterly, the lymphatic vessels in which this circulation takes place, have been discovered.

It has also been thought that the sap and other vegetable juices circulated: and some vegetable physiologists have conjectured that they have even distinguished the vessels which serve this purpose.

The discovery has also been made of real, sexual organs in plants.

It is on a purview of these facts, that I have deemed it proper to treat of Vegetable Physiology. In my "Considerations on organized beings," I have compared the physiology of vegetables with that of animals, and it is thus the subject must be considered in demonstrating that the *functions* of these two classes of being are the same.

I have made it clear, that there are, in vegetables, the same (organic) *systems* that Pinel, Bichat, and others have demonstrated in animals. viz:

- A system of cellular tissue.
- A system of serous membranes.
- A system of mucous membranes.
- A system of fibrous membranes.
- A system of peratic or horny membranes.
- A system of nuclei, (as that of nuts.)
- A system of fibro-serous
- fibro-mucous
- sero-mucous

} membranes.

A system of cicatriceous membranes.

A system of membranes belonging to the gall nut.

An epidermoid system. (Corresponding to the epidermis of animals. T. C.)

A crinaceous or capillary system. (des poils.)

A thorny system.

A dermoid system. (Similar to the true skin of animals. T. C.)

A dermoid system producing colour. (Corresponding to the rete mucosum. T. C.)

A tracheal system. (or system of air vessels. T. C.)

A medullary system.

A fibrous, or sap-vessel system.

A glandular system.

A system of exhalant, or transpiratory organs.

A system of inhalant organs, or absorbents.

A system of moving fibres, in the tracheæ, which supply in vegetables the place of muscular fibres in animals.

A system of vital forces.

A system of organs of nutrition.

A pneumatic system: i. e. of organs of respiration.

A system of organs of circulation. (Not strictly I believe of circulation. T. C.)

A sexual system; organs of reproduction.

An external system of organs of sensation.

An internal system of organs of sensation.

This method of considering the subject of vegetable organization, I say, appears to me to throw great light upon it; and I think I may venture to say that by such means the anatomy and physiology of vegetables may be found nearly as much advanced as those of animals. Doubtless much yet remains to be discovered both in the one science and the other: they are very much behind hand, for instance, with respect to polypi and vermiculæ among animals, and with respect to the fuci and the tramellæ among vegetables: if the one can be made to throw light on the other, each will advance.

We must not wander from the principle acknowledged by the ancients, that the anatomy and physiology of vegetables ought to be brought closer to those of animals, above all with regard to the more extensive species which are best known. The *functions* in these two classes of being, particularly in insects and vegetables, have very striking analogies, which ought to serve as the basis of researches that may be instituted hereafter respecting them.

OF THE ORGANIZATION OF VEGETABLES.

Link has pursued these leading principles in the new researches he has published on the organization of plants. He examines the cellular tissue. According to Link, this tissue is composed of small membranous vesicles, of various figures: he distinguishes several varieties dependant on the figure.

The alveolar tissue.

The lengthened tissue, (alongé.)

The globular tissue.

The vesicular tissue.

The tissue of the rind, or the white and soft substance between the tree and the bark, (aubier.)

Link then speaks of the Tracheæ (or air vessels) of which he distinguishes and describes several varieties.

1. *Vessels spiral and free, or loose.* (en spirale libre.) They are formed of a spiral lamina, which is frequently composed of several others. He has counted as many as seven. They have been described by Grew and Malpighi: those that are composed of others, have been described by Sprengel.

2. *Vessels with cemented spirals,* (soulée.) They do not differ from the others, excepting that they do not unroll. They have been described by Rudolph.

3. *False tracheæ.* The transverse lines which spread over these vessels are much interrupted. Hedwig has described them.

4. *Porous tubes.* The tracheal tubes are perforated with minute pores. Mirbel has described them.

5. *Vessels with false partitions.* The several varieties are marked by lines not very distinct, which appear to be partitions.

6. *Vessels consisting of others in the form of buckets,* (en chapelets.) These vessels sometimes exhibit compressed parts, that seem to separate the others below and above the compression. Etranglemens. Malpighi has described them.

7. *Vessels with false cellules.* The false partitions are sometimes so numerous, that these vessels resemble the porous ones.

8. *Annular vessels.* Consisting of several rings separated from each other. Bernhardt has described them.

All these vessels belong no doubt to the same class of organs, of which they form only varieties: but I am persuaded that in observing them, there is room for optical delusion.

I am of opinion, says Link, that the spiral vessels, the false tracheæ, the porous tubes, and in short all the varieties of tracheæ, form a particular class of organs destined to contain the air necessary to the preparation of the juices. They accompany the sap vessels in plants, just as the sanguiferous vessels of animals are accompanied by air vessels also.

It is well known that Swammerdam has demonstrated air vessels in insects, which are spread all through the body and accompany the larger vessels. The same appearance has been observed in birds.

"Repeated observations, says Link, carefully made, have caused me to abandon the modern theory of the vessels of plants, and to follow that of the older naturalists. At present I consider the fibres of plants as vessels wherein the sap rises: perfectly distinct from the cellular tissue, and constituting a peculiar set of organs. Such was the opinion of Grew and Malpighi.

This opinion I (La Metherie) have demonstrated in my considerations on organized beings, by developing the organization of a vegetable fibre which I have shown to consist of different vessels, principally of two kinds: the one, large, sappy, the other small. This may be distinctly seen by cutting across any tree, as an oak, and remarking the annual growths. The large vessels are sap vessels, the small ones seem to me to be glandular, secreting the peculiar juices of the plant.

The sap vessels, says Link, do not receive their juices directly from the earth. At the extremity of their roots, and in the small capillary fibres, no tubular vessels are perceptible. He has observed like Sprengel, very distinct papillæ filled with nutritious juice, which is pumped up by the tubular vessels, and distributed through the plant.

A fibrous vessel does not pervade the whole trunk of the plant in the direction of its length. In a bundle of fibres, vessels end, and others commence in a curious manner. (Is it not so in animal glands? T. C.)

It is very likely that the juice contained in the vessels as well as in the cells, easily passes through the pores of the membranes into other vessels or cells. Thus, a large poplar cut down, and lying on moist ground, will put forth vertical branches.

OF THE HEAT IN VEGETABLES.

It is well known that nature makes provision to distribute warmth through vegetables as well as animals. In the former, it is often more considerable than in the latter. Indeed it is sometimes very great. You can hardly bear your hand sometimes on the *arum maculatum*.

This vegetable heat arises, 1st. From respiration, but not in a great degree. 2. From fermentation, as in animals. 3. From the different juices forming new products, fluid or solid. 4. From the process of nutrition, producing the solidification and chrystallization of new parts. 5. From galvanic action, taking place between the heterogeneous parts of vegetable, disengaging heat and light. Thus *la Capurine*, (*pastentium*) frequently shoots forth bright sparks. It is to this cause doubtless, that the *arum* is so warm at the period of flowering. The excitability in this and in all the sexual parts of plants at that season is very great, and is probably the effect of galvanism. This observation may be applied to the motions of other plants, as the *mimosa*, the *hedasylum gyrans*, the *dionæa*, the *apocium*, &c. Galvanism greatly contributes to the production of animal heat, and so it ought in vegetables.

Thus far *La Metherie*. As to animal and vegetable heat, it must pervade every such system wherever, by dint of organization, a gas is converted into a fluid as in respiration, or a fluid into a solid as in the progress of nutrition. This is enough to account for all the phenomena, without recurring to the galvanic action of fluids, whose existence is very disputable, or the galvanic heat of such action, even if such actions exist. I do not deny it; but we have as yet no precise facts whereon to affirm it; nor need we introduce more causes than are necessary to explain the phenomena. The vegetable Aphorisms of *Mirbel*, will give a brief view of all the modern notions of vegetable anatomy. T. C.

Carlisle.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LARA, A TALE.—*Eastburn, Kirk, & Co. New-York, 1815.*

IN the olden times of Greece, the *Iliad* laid a broad foundation for Epic poetry. The superstruction however, has ever since been tapering off; and, unless some signal change take place, an event which would formerly have been the occasion of an Epic poem, will ere long be the subject only of a newspaper puff. Once, too, it required the silent labour of several years to polish and perfect a reputable Epic; but, in these days of despatch, we make poems with as much facility as we manufacture pins.

It is to be expected that the gradual improvement of successive generations will introduce facilities in the manipulations of the mechanical arts; but imperishable poetry, it should seem, must be made *in the good old way*. There can be no division of labour in the operations of the intellect. Poets must tread the same old path that Homer trod before them. We see nothing in the mental constitution of the moderns to make their conceptions stronger, or their associations more rapid, than those of the ancients; nor are we yet informed how, from any other cause, they should be capable of producing durable poetry in a shorter time than that which limited the exertions of Homer and of Virgil.—This doctrine, however, we are almost compelled to abandon. Poems which command the general praise, are now the offspring of a few months' labour only. If, indeed, in the republic of letters, merit is to be determined by the suffrage of readers, Scott and Byron will occupy higher niches in the Temple of Fame than Homer or Virgil: for hundreds peruse *Marmion* and *Childe Harold* with avidity, who never have penetrated farther than to the Second Book in either the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*.

But although we boast of living in the United States of America, and may therefore be supposed to apply on all subjects those high-wrought principles of republicanism which characterize our countrymen; yet, at the risk of establishing an *imperium in imperis*, we cannot recognize the above as a legitimate rule in the commonwealth of letters. We disbelieve that the readers of Homer and Virgil have diminished in number, since the appearance of Scott and Byron. Multitudes read the latter who would

otherwise read nothing at all: and most readers, we doubt not, are taught in childhood and take it for granted in age, that the former are the only patterns of excellence in heroic poetry.

Scott and Byron have certainly a numerous host of admirers on both sides of the water. We are with those, however, who think that the duration of their fame will not be commensurate with the extent of their present popularity. Works of imperishable reputation have almost always been obliged to struggle, in the outset, with the tide of popular applause; and in few, (can't we say in *no*?) instances have they succeeded, where long time and assiduous labour had not been employed in their production. So uniform, indeed, has this been the course of events, that whenever a poem is lauded upon its first appearance by the πολλοί, we begin to have fearful anticipations of its durability.

We would not be understood to infer, from experience, the impossibility of making a poem of enduring merit in a comparatively short period of time; but that such a thing is *probable*, we, by no means, believe. Poems, like paintings, seem to require the softening touches of time to fit them for the public eye: and authors who are sufficiently presumptuous to lanch forth their productions into the world, with all the imperfections of the protocol on their heads, must be contented with ephemeral celebrity.

We have not been retailing, here, any new-fledged dogmas of our own. It must be superfluous to mention, that what we have laid down is orthodox among all critics in all ages.

Bespeaking permission to be a little pedantic, we would renew the acquaintance of our readers with a personage, between whom and the authors we have just been speaking of, there appears to us to be a remote family likeness;—we mean Lucilius. Horace characterizes him as,—

—facetus,
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus:

And in another place, the same author acknowledges his popularity when he says, *sale multo urbem defricuit*. This Lucilius, however, did not come down to posterity as an eminent poet. Why?

“*Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi recte:*”

In horâ sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.”

He composed with too much ease and published with too little correction. His poetry was sufficiently elegant for the vulgar eye; but it could not stand the test of time and the scrutiny of taste. He wrote a good deal, to be sure; but—“*ut magnum nil miror*”—poetry is not to be estimated by the quantity.

It is to be regretted that Scott and Byron will not follow the counsel of their critics; that they will not select appropriate subjects: write poems; lay them by; and withhold them from the press till they have undergone all the emendations which time and labour can effectuate. Writings which, with occasional modifications, should suit the taste of such authors for ten years, could not fail of pleasing others forever. But Scott and Byron are too averse to labour and too avaricious of applause. They write fast; and publish as fast as they write. By this means, the manuscripts of the poets and the impressions of their printers are completed almost smultaneously; and their poems oftentimes remind us of the young of the American pheasant, which are said to be so anxious of being disencumbered of the egg, and so eager to be abroad, that they are not unfrequently seen running about with the shells on their backs.—But let us attend to Lara.

This little volume is about five inches in length—two and a half in breadth—and one third of an inch in thickness. Indeed it is the very *minimum visibile* of books. Its first appearance suggested to us the facility with which it is portable in young ladies' bosoms and young gentlemen's pockets. With regard to its internal structure, also, it is peculiar. Instead of imitating the modern method, by bringing up the rear of Lara with a formidable body of explanatory notes, the noble author has troubled us with *one only*; and *that* is protruded into the very van of the poem.

The work is executed with the well-known characteristics of its author; vivid conceptions—strong expression—abrupt narrative. My lord seems to have a great antipathy to the protraction of a bloated epic; and in his zeal to exhibit poetry in its bones and sinews, he has brought it down too near to its skeleton. His condensity of thought is often so great, and his transition so sudden that our attention must be continually on the alert to

keep the thread of the story; and not unfrequently are we obliged to put up the petition of Falstaff to Hal,—

"I would your grace would take me with you."

The characters in this, as well as in the other poems of the same writer, are such only as inhabit the regions of hyperbole;—and yet they exhibit frequently traits which are very natural and very interesting. There is a general similarity pervading all the poems of this author; and indeed he has told us that Lara is but the counterpart of the Corsair:

"The reader of Lara may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared: whether the cast of the hero's character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and colouring of the story, may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination."

With all his over-strained fiction, we always peruse the writings of lord Byron with peculiar pleasure. There is something in them that *harrows up our souls*,—something that shakes up our feelings from the very bottom. We never experience that fatigue which prompts us to number the pages as we pass: for when we are journeying through a wild, romantic region, where abrupt precipices over-shadow our path, and the *disjecta membra* as it were of another world are piled in promiscuous heaps around us, our attention is so much absorbed, that we seldom think of counting mile-stones.

Canto 1.—Lara is the son of a nobleman. His father dies while he is yet too young to appreciate such a loss; and he is left lord of himself, with none to manage his education or to control his will. In these circumstances he very naturally rushes into every extreme of vicious indulgence:

—————all action and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried—he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompence in joy or wo,
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought;
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler elements hath rais'd;

The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not—but he did awake
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.
Books, for his volume heretofore was man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And oft in sudden mood for many a day
From all communion he would start away:
And then his rarely call'd attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around.

This sudden change in the conduct of their master, had the usual effect upon Lara's vassals. Every one knew more about him than any body else; and each suffered his knowledge to exude in hints, conveying most portentous information in a wink and a nod.*

They hear'd, but whisper'd "*that* must not be known—
"The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
Why gaz'd he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,
That still beside his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away?
Why slept he not when others were at rest?
Why heard no music, and received no guest?
All was not well they deem'd—but where the wrong?
Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long:
And such besides were too discreetly wise,
To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;
But if they would—they could"—around the board
Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

* We cannot omit this occasion of giving praise to Shakspeare; and of corroborating the observation of Dr. Johnson—that in the writings of other poets a character is an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species. *Nym* is one of those personages who hug themselves upon the important qualification of *knowing a thing or two*.

"*Nym*.—I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though Patience be a tried mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell:—I say little; but when time shall serve then shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may, &c."

"And Lara left in youth his father-land:"—My lord knows why; and went—my lord knows where. He was gone, however, till memory had almost ceased to name his name; and "comes at last in sudden loneliness," accompanied by only a single page, a youth of foreign aspect. That he had been upon adventures which wrought an entire revolution in his character, was beyond question:—

—'tis quickly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past;
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive;
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.
Not much he lov'd long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast
In those far lands where he had wandered lone,
And—as himself would have it seem—unknown:
Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;
If still more prying such inquiry grew,
His brow fell darker and his words more few.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd gloom
Came not again, or Lara could assume
A seeming of forgetfulness that made
His vassals more amaz'd nor less afraid—

Had memory vanish'd then with sense restor'd?
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
Betrayed a feeling that recall'd to these
That fevered moment of his mind's disease.
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppress'd o'er-laboured heart
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
Could he who thus had suffered, so forget
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
Too deep for words, indellible, unmix'd.
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
They choak the feeble words that would unfold.
In him inexplicably mix'd appeared
Much to be lov'd and hated, sought and feared;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence form'd a theme for other's prate—
They guess'd—they gaz'd—they fain would know his fate.
What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walked their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
But own'd, that smiles if oft observ'd and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye.
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceiv'd, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;
In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having lov'd too well.
There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall

He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
 An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
 A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
 By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
 But 'scap'd in vain, for in their memory yet
 His mind would half exult and half regret:
 With more capacity for love than earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
 His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
 And troubled manhood followed baffled youth;
 With thought of years in phantom chace mispent,
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
 And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,
 And left the better feelings all at strife
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
 But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
 He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
 And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
 She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
 Too high for common selfishness, he could
 At times resign his own for other's good,
 But not in pity, not because he ought,
 But in some strange perversity of thought,
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
 To do what few or none would do beside;
 And this same impulse would in tempting time
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime;
 So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath
 The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe.
 And long'd by good or ill to separate
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
 His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne
 Far from the world, in regions of her own;
 Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
 His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
 Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,
 But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!
 'Tis true, with other men their path he walk'd,
 And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,
 Nor outrag'd Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
 His madness was not of the head, but heart;

And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view,
 With all that chilling mystery of mien,
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen;
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart:
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
 That words can image to express the thought;
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,
 And once beheld, would ask of him again;
 And those to whom he spake remembered well,
 And on the words, however light, would dwell;
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
 If greeted once; however brief the date
 That Friendship, Pity, or Aversion knew,
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
 His presence haunted still; and from the breast
 He forc'd an all unwilling interest;
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

Equally well drawn is the character of his page,—

His only follower from those climes afar
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
 In duty patient, and sedate though young;
 Silent as him he serv'd, his faith appears
 Above his station, and beyond his years.
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
 In such from him he rarely heard command;
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
 When Lara's lip breath'd forth the words of home:
 Those accents as his native mountains dear,
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
 Friends', kindreds', parents' wonted voice recall,
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all.
 For him earth now disclos'd no other guide;
 What marvel then he rarely left his side?

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not marr'd though in his beams he grew;
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment fevered there;
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
 From high, and lightened with electric thought,
 Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there.
 Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share.
 And pleas'd not him the sports that please his age,
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page,
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
 As all forgotten in that watchful trance;
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,
 Brief were his answers, and his questions none;
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook:
 He seemed, like him he served, to live apart
 From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart:
 To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.
 If aught he lov'd, 'twas Lara; but was shown
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
 In mute attention; and his care, which guessed
 Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue expressed.
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
 A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;
 His zeal though more than that of servile hands,
 In act alone obeys, his air commands;
 As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
 That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
 Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
 To tune his lute, or if he will'd it more,
 On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
 To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
 But that well-worn reserve which prov'd he knew
 No sympathy with that familiar crew:

His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
 So femininely white it might bespeak
 Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
 But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
 More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
 A latent fierceness that far more became
 His fiery climate than his tender frame:
 True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
 But from his aspect might be more than guessed.
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
 Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
 For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
 That name repeated loud without reply,
 As unfamiliar, or, if rous'd again,
 Start to the sound, as but remembered then;
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart, would all awake.

Having thus returned from foreign climes Lara joined as before in the carousals of the great and gay; but he was a hermit in the midst of the busiest company. He saw others, but did not share himself, in the *decursum honorum*. Wherever he went, his eccentric reserve excited the silent gaze and the fearful whisper.

He was on a walk in one of those evenings which we have heard so often described,—when gentle zephyrs kiss the fluttering leaf—the glassy stream reflects the immortal lights that live along the sky—the slightest ripple of the brook is heard: it was a night of too much beauty for the evil; and Lara turned in silence to his castle gate, extremely agitated with the associations which the scene was calculated to call up.

He turned within his solitary hall,
 And his high shadow shot along the wall;
 There were the painted forms of other times,
 'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
 Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
 That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
 And half a column of the pompous page,
 That speeds the specious tale from age to age;

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
 And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.
 He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
 And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictur'd prayer,
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
 Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume
 Glanc'd like a spectre's attributes, and gave
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

'Twas midnight—hark!—a sound—a voice—a shriek—a
 fearful call—a long, loud shriek—and silence.—The vassals
 awoke and rushed with their usual cowardice and confusion to the
 spot whence the noise appeared to issue. There

Cold as marble where his length was laid,
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
 Was Lara stretch'd; his half drawn sabre near,
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
 And still defiance knit his gathered brow;
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
 There liv'd upon his lip the wish to slay;
 Some half form'd threat in utterance there had died,
 Some imprecation of despairing pride;
 His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,
 Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
 And now was fix'd in horrible repose.

As they raise him and are about to bear him off, he recovers,
 and begins to jabber away in a language which nobody can under-
 stand. To the page, however, who soon approached, it was suffi-
 ciently intelligible; and the changes in his cheek and brow show-
 ed, that what his lord had uttered ought not to be told in plain
 English. After a little conversation with Kaled in the unknown
 tongue, the horrors of Lara's dream (if a dream it could be cal-
 led) were entirely dispelled.

Day after day his vassals expected to witness a repetition of
 this anomalous exhibition: but their master agreeably disappoint-

ed their fears. He was never heard again to shriek at midnight;
 nor was he ever found a second time in that terrific predicament
 which had struck such a deep dread into his retainers.

Otho, a neighbouring lord, holds a splendid festival. Lara
 is invited and attends. Without mixing, however, in the mirth
 and dance, he leans with folded arms against a lofty pillar, and
 watches with mute attention the steps of each fluttering fair,—
 not observing the stern glance of a stranger, which was steadily
 fixed upon him. At length he met it; and then commenced that
 hostility of the eyes which proud ones always feel when looking
 at each other. The stranger soon put an end to it, however, by
 crying out '*'tis he!*'—'*'tis he!*'—'*'tis who?*' The company were
 thrown into utter confusion. The eyes of all were fastened upon
 Lara;—but he remained unchanged either in look or action; till
 the stranger approached him and exclaimed with sneering imper-
 tinence—'*'tis he!*—how came he thence?—what doth he here?'
 Lara could not pass by interrogation urged with such an air of
 pertinacity and defiance. With great composure and moderation
 he met the inquisitorial tone—"My name is Lara!—when thine
 own is disclosed, expect from me a fit requital for thy unlooked
 for courtesy. 'Tis Lara!—if you would make further inquiries,
 I shun no question." "Thou shun'st no question! Ponder—is
 there not a question, which, though your ear may shun, your
 heart must answer? And am I unknown too? Gaze again!"

With slow and searching glance upon his face
 Grew Lara's eyes:

But recognizing nothing that he wished to know, he was turning
 contemptuously around to pass away,—when the stern stranger
 motioned him to stay:—"A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer
 to one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer; but as thou wast and
 art—nay, frown not, lord; if what I say is false, it is easily dis-
 proved—but as thou wast and art, looks down on thee, courts
 not thy smiles, fears not thy frowns. Art thou not he? whose
 deeds——" "Whatever I be, I shall no longer listen to
 the incoherent gibberish of such accusers as thou art: the won-
 derous tale, no doubt, thou couldst unfold, which begins with
 such a courteous prologue." Here Otho interposed:—"If
 there be any thing between you which requires explanation,
 this is not a fit time or place for its adjustment. If you, sir

Ezzelin, have any thing to say which count Lara should hear, you can communicate it to-morrow, in any place your mutual judgment may appoint. I pledge myself for your appearance. I know you well; although, like count Lara, you have lately returned, after a long absence, from other lands. And if I am not mistaken Lara's blood and birth will forbid him to shrink from the punctilio of knighthood."—"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied.

What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gather'd seem'd on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
In far forgetfulness away—away—
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

"To-morrow!—aye to-morrow!" he finally answers: then seized his cloak—called his page, and marched off—*mad enough!*

Kaled had marked the strife between Lara and sir Ezzelin; and when the crowd around him expressed their wonder at the calmness of his lord under the insult of a stranger, his colour went and came—

The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
The sickening iciness of that cold dew
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
Yes—there be things that we must dream and dare,
And execute ere thought be half aware:
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonize his brow.
He gaz'd on Ezzelin till Lara cast
That sidelong smile upon the knight he passed;
When Kaled saw that smile, his visage fell,
As if on something recognized right well;
His memory read in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore.

In about an hour Ezzelin also retires.—The carousal breaks up in due season: the all-approving guest has gone, and the courteous host has crept to his couch.

Canto 2.—The time for the disclosure arrives. Lara is punctually on the spot;—why comes not sir Ezzelin? When a story is to be told, upon which depends the life or death of Lara's future fame, the accuser's rest should not be so long indulged.

The hour is past: why comes not sir Ezzelin? Murmurs begin to rise, and Otho is not a little annoyed. "I know my friend," says he; "if he be yet on earth, we may expect him here: the roof that held him is in the valley between my own and noble Lara's lands; and he certainly had been punctually present, unless the necessity of obtaining proof for the appointed explanation, had occasioned his delay. But I pledged myself for his appearance; and I repeat the pledge; if sir Ezzelin come not, I will myself redeem his knighthood's stain." Lara answered:—"I am here; and ready to listen to the tales of evil from the tongue of a stranger, whose words already might have wrung my heart, had I not considered him as mad; or, at worst, a most ignoble foe. I know him not—but he pretends to have known me in lands where—; but I must not trifle too: produce this babbler—or, here in thy hold, redeem the pledge with thine own falchion."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."
With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke,
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's phrenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.
Short was the conflict, furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.
"Demand thy life!" He answered not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue:

And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;
 So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
 That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
 He almost turned the thirsty point on those
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose:
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent,
 Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
 That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life,
 As if to search how far the wound he gave
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

The chieftains raise the bleeding Otho—while Lara, the cause
 and conqueror in this affair, heedless of them all, strode off in
 haughty silence—mounted his steed, and took his way homeward.

Where was Sir Ezzelin all this while?—He left Otho's hall
 long before morning; but the path was so familiar to him, that he
 could not well miss it in the darkest night. His dwelling is near
 at hand;—he is not there: his host is alarmed—his squires dis-
 tressed; they search with great eagerness along and around the
 path, in dread of discovering some signs of perpetrated murder;
 but their search is bootless;—

— not a brake hath borne
 Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
 Which still retains a mark where murder was;
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
 When agonized hands that cease to guard,
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
 Some such had been, if here a life was reft,
 But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
 And strange suspicion whispering Lara's name,
 Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;
 Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
 Awaits the absence of the thing it feared;
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

Such sway did the feudal chiefs exert throughout this clime,
 that their infant monarch could hardly be said *to reign*; and there-
 fore Otho, when his wounds were healed, resolved to take upon
 himself the authority of demanding account of Sir Ezzelin at La-
 ra's hands. Suspicion had grown almost into belief, that *he* was
 the cause of this Ezzelin's sudden disappearance: for who but
 Lara could have reason to fear his presence? who had made him
 disappear, if not the man on whom his threatened charge would
 otherwise have rested too deeply?—The general rumour, bearing
 in its aspect that air of mystery which is so grateful to the crowd,
 the apparent friendlessness of Lara, who neither solicited the con-
 fidence nor cared for the love of any, joined with that disposition
 in men, to blame rather than to praise,—contributed to gather
 over his head a most portentous storm.

There were at this time a great many malcontents in that
 land, who had long cursed the feudal oppression under which
 they were compelled to groan; and who waited but a leader and
 a signal to commence the havoc of civil discord. By his bounty
 and courteousness, Lara gained great numbers of these despera-
 does to his interest; inasmuch as Otho's

— Summons found the destined criminal
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
 That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves,
 Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
 Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

Otho with all his powers commences an attack, and—but

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
 The varying fortune of each separate field,
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
 In this the struggle was the same with all;

Save that distempered passions lent their force
 In bitterness that banished all remorse.
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:
 In either cause one rage alone possessed
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,
 And Desolation reaped the famished land;
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

Otho is beaten in the first conflict: but Lara's numbers grew intemperate by success. Heedless of their leader's commands, they rush in all manner of confusion upon the foe—are cut off in the nightly ambuscade, and swept away by famine and fevers. Exposed to death in all these horrid shapes, their number rapidly diminished; and at the end of one little week, Lara found his thousands dwindled to a scanty, though a disciplined and desperate band. There are but two alternatives left: he must either fly or submit. He determines upon the former; and accordingly takes up his march in the night for a neighbouring state. Long before morning he reaches the barrier stream;—

Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
 Are those the shepherd's fires upon the height?
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight;
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!
 A moment's pause, 'tis but to breathe their band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by the border-stream their march oppose,
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 "The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
 "Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:

In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
 How many shall but hear the voice of death!
 His blade is bared, in him there is an air
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
 A something of indifference more than then
 Becomes the bravest if they feel for men—
 He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
 And still too faithful to betray one fear;
 Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:
 It trembled not in such an hour as this;
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
 His eye alone proclaimed, "We will not part!
 "Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
 "Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"
 The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven
 Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven;
 Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
 And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;
 Outnumber'd, not outbrav'd, they still oppose
 Despair to daring, and a front to foes;
 And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
 Which runs all redly, till the morning beam.

The word is given; and his band pours with desperate impetuosity through the ranks of the foe. Lara is seen everywhere commanding—aiding—animating all.

Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
 Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
 And shook—why sudden droops that plumed crest!
 The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast!
 That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
 And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
 The word of triumph faded from his tongue;
 That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
 But yet the sword instinctively retains,
 Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
 These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
 And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
 Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
 Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:

Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

Kaled conducts his wounded lord to a line remote from the scene of action:

And with his scarf would stanch the tides that gush
With each convulsion in a blacker gush:

But Lara motions him, it is in vain; clasps Kaled's hand and smiles his thanks to that dark page,—who neither fears, nor feels, nor heeds any thing except that damp brow which rests upon his knees.

Otho and his followers arrive; but Lara regards them not, and continues his conversation in the unknown tongue with Kaled, who seemed by his voice and breath to be nearer his end than his lord.

But gasping heav'd the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.
He gaz'd, as if not yet had pass'd away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
And those around have rous'd him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
And when in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he lov'd so well.
Than that *he* lov'd! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;

In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest,
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

Kaled survived Lara but a little while. She loved him even unto death. No question—no menace could obtain from her the name of the region whence she came, or the reason that she left her all behind for the sake of one so little like a lover as Lara. She was silent to the last. The scanty remnant of her life was spent in bewailing her Lara:

And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
And she had shorn, but sav'd her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
Herself would question, and for him reply;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagin'd spectre in pursuit;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root
And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
Or trace strange characters along the sand—
This could not last—she lies by him she lov'd;
Her tale untold—her truth too dearly prov'd.

Are we then shut out from all hope of learning the history of Lara's adventures while in other climes?—that he had spent his summer days in a land of strife, was evident from the dints of scars which were observable on his breast. These only tell, however, that somewhere blood had been spilt. Sir Ezzelin, who, doubtless, could have made a satisfactory disclosure—alas! where is he?

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
A Serf* that crossed the intervening vale,

* "The reader is advertised that the name only of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local or national description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word '*Serf*,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain."

When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
 And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
 A Serf that rose betimes to thread the wood,
 And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
 Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
 Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
 He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
 From out the wood—before him was a cloak
 Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
 Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
 Rous'd by the sudden sight at such a time,
 And some foreboding that it might be crime,
 Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
 Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
 And lifting thence the burden which he bore,
 Heav'd up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
 Then paus'd, and look'd, and turn'd and seem'd to watch,
 And still another hurried glance would snatch,
 And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
 As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
 At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
 The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;
 Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
 And slung them with a more than common care.
 Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
 Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
 He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
 And something glittered starlike on the vest,
 But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
 A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:
 It rose again but indistinct to view,
 And left the waters of a purple hue,
 Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gaz'd
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had rais'd;
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
 And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
 His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
 If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
 But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
 Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
 And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
 Upon the night that led to such a morn.
 If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;

And charity upon the hope would dwell
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

There are a great many slight inaccuracies and little faults in Lara: but the length of the poem and the length of our critique are already out of all proportion; we must therefore pass them over in silence.

We must now turn to the most unpleasant, though not the most useless discharge of our censorian duty:—that of detecting and pointing out faults. Most of these, we are happy to state, lie more in diction than in thought—are more the results of inadvertancy and haste than of poetic inability.

“Then, when he most required commandment, then”—

This line, though not upon the whole, a *very* bad one, irresistibly associated itself with Thomson's “O! Sophanisba, Sophanisba O!”

“His brow fell darker and his words more few.”

Here are two blemishes: in the first place, *fell*, as applied to *brow* and to *words*, is used in two different significations; and in the second place, *more few* we believe to be ungrammatical.

“The tempest of his heart in scorn had *guz'd*”—

Who ever saw a tempest with eyes?

It is a remark of the best writers, and it is obvious, indeed, to the slightest thought, that comparisons are striking and beautiful, when they are taken from the material world to illustrate the operations of the mind; but that they are insipid or irrelevant, when drawn from the affections of mind to illustrate the laws of matter. Locke, for example, compared the mind, while it was receiving ideas, to a dark closet, and Plato, to a dark cave, into which the light and the images of external objects were admitted by means of small chinks or loop-holes. This analogy is highly illustrative. If any person, however, had undertaken to express more fully his conception of a cave or a closet in these circumstances, by comparing it to the mind in the reception of its ideas, he would have rendered himself palpably obscure, if not altogether unintelligible. Lord Byron has fallen into this error in the following couplet:

"So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
"And yet they glide like happiness away."

My lord's disposition to push and protract a description, has often provoked the censure of his critics. This, however, is not his predominant fault: for he generally "flings his pictures" in a few bold, rapid, and energetic strokes.—What could be a more vivid delineation of the bleedings of a wounded man than to call them

"—— the tides that rush
"With each convulsion in a blacker gush?"

But here comes the tail of the wounded snake:—

"And then as his faint breathing waxes low,
"In feebleness, not less fatal tricklings flow."

What becomes of the comparison in the second line of this couplet?

"His blade is bared, in him there is an air
"As deep, but far too tranquil for despair."

To such quaintness as is displayed in the following lines, we can only apply the criticism of Burchell:—

"Not that he came, but came not long before.
"And lies like truth, and still most truly lies."

FUDGE."

We could point at many other little faults in this poem; but such microscopic strictures, if pursued too far, might degenerate into hypercriticism, and we must therefore restrain our pen.

POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.—BY RICHARD DABNEY.

It was our intention to have given an analysis of this little volume in the present number of *The Port Folio*: but it was received at so late a period, that, on examining the quantity of matter already in type, we found ourselves prevented by the want of room.

We cannot help observing, however, that it possesses real merit, and will experience, as we flatter ourselves, a reception from the public different from that which usually awaits the productions of the American muse. It is a pleasing little morsel,

skilfully prepared by the hand of genius, and delicately seasoned by learning and taste, and will not fail to gratify the palates of those whose chief delight is in the "feast of the mind."

Many of the poems are of a pensive and melancholy cast, but to the mind of genuine sensibility, will not, on that account, be the less acceptable. Intending to lay before our readers hereafter more copious extracts from this welcome little native of our country, we can only present them, in the meantime, with the two following specimens, which to many will prove, we hope, a motive sufficiently strong to induce them to purchase and peruse the entire work.

THE TRIBUTE.

When the dark shades of death dim the warrior's eyes,
When the warrior's spirit from its martial form flies,
The proud rites of pomp are perform'd at his grave,
And the pageants of splendour o'er its cold inmate wave;
Though that warrior's deeds were for tyrants perform'd,
And no thoughts of virtue that warrior's breast warm'd,
Though the roll of his fame is the record of death,
And the tears of the widow are wet on his wreath.
What then are the rites that are due to be paid
To the virtuous man's tomb, and the brave warrior's shade?
To him, who was firm to his country's love?
To him, whom no might, from stern Virtue, could move?
Be his requiem, the sigh of the wretched bereft;
Be his pageants, the tears of the friends he has left;
Such tears, as were late, with impassion'd grief, shed
On the grave, that encloses our CARRINGTON, dead.

AN EPIGRAM.—IMITATED.—FROM ARCHIAS.

—— Nos decebat
Lugere, ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
At, qui labores morte finisset graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.

Eurip. apud. Tull.

O wise was the people that deeply lamented
The hour that presented their children to light,
And gathering around, all the mis'ries recounted,
That brood o'er life's prospects and whelm them in night.

And wise was the people, that deeply delighted,
 When death snatch'd its victim from life's cheerless day;
 For then, all the clouds, life's views that benighted,
 They believed, at his touch, vanish'd quickly away.

Life, faithless and treach'rous, is forever presenting
 To our view, flying phantoms we never can gain;
 Life, cruel and tasteless, is forever preventing
 All our joys, and involving our pleasure in pain.

Death, kind and consoling, comes calmly and lightly,
 The balm of all sorrow, the cure of all ill,
 And after a pang, that but thrills o'er us slightly,
 All then becomes tranquil, all then becomes still.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.—A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS, BY "WALTER SCOTT."

THIS poem is more purely historical than any other that Mr. Scott has written, and is made up out of a selection of very excellent materials. It relates to an age of knighthood and chivalry, wherein renown in arms constituted the only claim to honourable distinction; and celebrates exploits in war, which, even at that time of gallantry and daring, were regarded with astonishment and considered as almost beyond the compass of human achievement. Our author, therefore, has manifested no less judgment in the choice of his subject, than talent in handling, and genius in enriching and embellishing his story. In every point of real interest and importance—its own inherent grandeur and brilliancy, and the weight, extent, and durability of its consequences—his theme is pre-eminently superior to any that had previously given employment to his pen. It is the recovery, little less than miraculous, of the sceptre of Scotland, by sir Robert Bruce, through the medium of his own persevering heroism, and that of his few hardy and intrepid followers, after issuing from his asylum in the isle of Ràthrin. The poem opens with the approach of sir Robert to the Scottish coast, under auspices the most gloomy and unpromising, gives a spirited but hasty outline of his brightening career, and terminates with the decisive victory of Bannockburn. A simple narrative of the events of that portion of time—which might be called, perhaps, without extravagance, a period of wonders—unaccompanied by the decorations of fancy or the

witchery of numbers, can never be read but with emotions of the liveliest interest by all the admirers of moral greatness and heroic courage. That this story must derive no small augmentation of interest from the fervid imagination and abundant resources of Mr. Scott, will be readily believed by all those who are familiar with the writings of that distinguished poet. On this point, however, no one will be able to form an opinion sufficiently decisive, till he shall have read with attention "The Lord of the Isles."

To the poetical merits of the bard of the Highlands, we have always borne, as we do at present, a willing testimony. We consider him as holding a high rank among the literary ornaments of the nineteenth century. Our approbation of his writings, however, has never been unqualified; nor has our admiration arisen to the pitch of enthusiasm. While alive to his beauties, in common with all the lovers of English poetry, we have never been blind or callous to his faults. The levity and irregularity of his versification and manner, besides being a style of writing of ephemeral popularity, is, in many instances, inconsistent with the weight and dignity of his subject. Heroic matter should never appear but in heroic numbers.

These remarks are more particularly applicable to the "Lord of the Isles," than to any of the former productions of Mr. Scott. For it will not be questioned that the story of "the Bruce" is, in all its qualities and relations, its argument and its end, vastly superior to that of Marmion, James Fitz James, or the hero of Rokeby. It should, therefore, have been told in more dignified numbers.

In reference to this point we are compelled to believe, that our author has been guilty of a fundamental error. The noble struggle of the Bruce to regain the sceptre of Scotland, which had been wrested from his grasp by lawless power, and to rescue his countrymen from the blood-red and unrelenting hand of oppression, is a subject for an epic poem much rather than a metrical novel. A more magnificent instance of moral sublimity,

A good man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly rising with a rescued state,

has rarely been presented to the eyes of the world; a story more truly epic than that narrating the events of such a spectacle, is no

where recorded in the page of history. Leaving at an immense distance behind it the implacable ire of a semi-barbarous chief, and the invasion of the dominions of king Latinus, even by such a personage as the "pious Æneas" followed by his banditti of fugitive Trojans, it might, if handled with a corresponding ability, be moulded into a poem, surpassing in grandeur the Eneid or the Iliad. Its remoteness, moreover, from the present period, and the customs and manners, but, more especially, the chivalrous spirit and masculine superstitions of the time and country to which it appertains, might be all rendered subservient, in an eminent degree, to its epic character. We regret, exceedingly, that the author of the Lord of the Isles should have thought so humbly either of his own qualifications or of the theme he has selected, as to have written nothing but a historical novel in irregular and, comparatively, undignified rhyme, in a case where he ought to have attempted a national poem in heroic verse—that he should have been content with the sweet but broken notes and desultory flight of the lark, when his ambition ought to have prompted him to soar with the eagle, and pour out his soul in melody with the swan. If we might hazard a brief but friendly advice to him, it would be, to reconsider the story of the Lord of the Isles, make it a serious work of years, and let it appear hereafter in an epic form, that might confer immortality on himself and his country. Provided his application and perseverance be equal to his genius and acquirements, we perceive no reason why he should shrink from the magnitude of such a task.

But Mr. Scott having declined giving his poem an epic cast, for reasons after which we have no right to inquire, it belongs to us to make a few remarks on it under the form of a metrical novel: and first of the

STORY. In most of the leading qualities composing what may be denominated the elements of excellence, this possesses a very respectable standing. It is plain and easy, compact, pertinent, comprehensive and spirited. Unincumbered by any unwieldy superabundance of episodes, it is diversified, notwithstanding, by a sufficient number of them to give it variety. Marked by no unsightly chasm in its progress, it embraces as many of the prominent events of the time, combined by their real affinities and

relative fitnesses, as are requisite to constitute a well organized whole. Under this shape it moves on with a natural march and sufficient consistency, till it reaches its *denouement*, the defeat of the English army at Bannockburn, and the marriage of Ronald of the Isles to Edith of Lorn.

If there be any material defect in the story, it is in the underplot—the management of the concerns of love, under circumstances not a little embarrassing, between the nominal hero and heroine of the piece. At the commencement of the novel—for such we must call it—it is clearly understood that Ronald, although affianced to Edith, has no love for her, his affections being placed on Isabel, the sister of Bruce. This being avowedly the case, and the state of the chieftain's mind being perfectly known to the proud maid of Lorn, we confess that, for ourselves, we perceive, from the subsequent intercourse between them, no strong and satisfactory reason, except policy—which has nothing to do with the affections of the heart—why he should have very tenderly loved and somewhat suddenly married her at the close of the war. It is true, Edith was, on one occasion, instrumental in preserving Ronald's life. This, however, in the natural course and relation of cause and effect, was a ground for gratitude rather than love. It is further true, that the maid of Lorn, in the dress and character of a page, accompanied the army of Bruce, rendered to the cause, in the capacity of a message-bearer, some slight services, was made a prisoner and in imminent danger of being put to death by the enemy, and was, for a short time, under the personal protection—though quite unknown to him—of the Lord of the Isles. But in all this there existed nothing to excite the tender passion in one whose affections were already pre-engaged; the more so, as Edith did not, at first, assume the dress of a page and follow the fortunes of Bruce for the particular purpose of being near to Ronald, sharing in his fatigues and dangers, watching his pillow in case of sickness or wounds, or rendering herself serviceable to him in any other way. Although her attachment to the chief of the Isles was probably strong enough to have induced her to do all this, yet such were not the motives of her conduct. Her disguise was put on, when she fled from the severity of her father, to prevent detection from those who might be sent in pursuit of her, and she

sesses few qualities either of mind or body to distinguish him from the other chiefs that were around him. He is, indeed, bold, enterprising, and powerful in war: but so were all who espoused the cause of Scotland. His most distinguished act, and that which best entitles him to the character of a high minded cavalier, is his prompt and generous declaration in favour of the Bruce, in Artornish castle, when about to be assailed by the adherents of Lorn. On all other occasions he performed the duty of an intrepid, faithful and hardy chieftain, and nothing more. Of the four principal personages of the poem, the two Bruces, De Argentine and himself—he is the least interesting, although not, perhaps, the least distinguished as a warrior.

Edith and Isabel, the two heroines—for their claims to be so denominated are nearly equal—are described as lovely, high spirited and accomplished women. Strongly distinctive traits of character, however, they have none; unless it may be considered as somewhat peculiar in the maid of Lorn, that, although young, beautiful and richly dressed, she derived no gratification from looking at and admiring her image in the glass. The surrendering up of the spousal ring, with a view to absolve Ronald from his matrimonial engagement, is an event of no very elevated or extraordinary character. It may be called generous and high-spirited; but it was an act of which thousands would be capable. There are few gentlemen, we apprehend, in any of the principal cities of the United States, who could not, from the circle of their female acquaintance, select a dozen or two of young ladies, who, if placed in a similar situation, would sustain their parts as well as the Edith or Isabel of Scott. Isabel, it is true, braved the dangers of a boisterous sea to follow the fortunes of her royal brother, and Edith submitted to the toils of a camp life to avoid giving her hand, at the mandate of her father, to a chief of the English party who was not in possession of her heart. In all this, however, there was nothing very extraordinary. Give to the mind of woman, but more especially to her *heart*, a strong and favourite motive to action or suffering, and all experience testifies, that, weak as she is, she will surpass even man in resolution and fortitude. The most trying situation in which Edith was placed, and, indeed, she could not well have been placed in one that was more trying

—was, when, in the character of a mute, she was taken prisoner, and about to be hanged by the partisans of Clifford. Here, however, “love strong as death,” sustained her in her resolution to maintain a strict and inviolable silence. Had she spoken, at least, had she communicated the information required of her, she would have betrayed, perhaps to death, the man of her affections. We think so highly of the sex as to believe, that, under similar circumstances, a great majority of them would manifest equal fidelity and perseverance. They would die rather than prove unfaithful to love and honour.

THE INCIDENTS of the poem are, we think, sufficiently numerous: they are also, in general, well imagined, and introduced with effect. Some of them are truly and very highly interesting. In this number we would include the sudden and heaven-directed conversion of the aged Abbot in favour of Bruce, the adventure of Bruce and Ronald in the isle of Skye, where Edith is discovered in the dress of a page under the name of Amadine, the subsequent capture and meditated execution of Amadine, and, more especially still, his being urged by the force of his feelings to find the use of his tongue during the battle of Bannockburn, and the effects which that apparently supernatural recovery of speech produced immediately on the surrounding multitude. To these must be added the fall of Argentine and of sir Henry Boune. Although we have been ourselves most favourably impressed by these incidents, it must be acknowledged that there are others in the poem but little inferior to them.

THE SENTIMENTS are bold, masculine and lofty, rather than tender, delicate and refined—befitting the rough and hardy warrior, rather than persons of a softer texture. This is as it should be: the poem being chiefly of a heroic cast, they are, therefore, in their nature, the more appropriate. In a few instances, however, the poet has essayed, not unsuccessfully, to move the tenderer cords of the heart. We envy not the feelings of him who can read without strong emotion, accompanied by a tear of generous sympathy, the following lines on the fall of De Argentine:

“Then foremost was the generous Bruce

“To raise his (the mortally wounded Argentine’s) head, his helm to loose,

“Lord Earl, (said Argentine) the day is thine!

"My sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,

"Have made our meeting all too late;

"Yet this may Argentine,

"As boon from ancient comrade, crave—

"A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."—

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp

Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold—

And, "O farewell!" the victor cried,

"Of chivalry the flower and pride,

The arm in battle bold,

The courteous mien, the noble race,

The stainless faith, the manly face!—

Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,

For late-wake of De Argentine.

O'er better knight on death-bier laid,

Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

There are also, in the history of the speechless Amadine, sundry incidents peculiarly moving.

The IMAGERY, which is abundant, is pleasing and impressive; being sometimes bold, picturesque and romantic, sometimes softer in its outline and colouring, and, at other times, rising to the true sublime. Of each of these kinds examples may be found in the extracts which will appear in the following pages.

The DICTION of the Lord of the Isles we think, on the whole, more polished, and the VERSIFICATION more harmonious, than those of either of Mr. Scott's other productions. In many parts, however, they are materially injured by the introduction of a multitude of harsh sounding proper names. This constitutes the most disagreeable trait in the character of the poem; and we are sorry to say that it is too often repeated. Our author appears to be particularly partial to topographical descriptions of the highlands of Scotland and the adjacent isles. In indulging this favourite propensity, he necessarily introduces many names and much scenery, that can be interesting to none but Scottish readers. The beauties of such description, if indeed it possess any, must be utterly lost to all who are strangers to that romantic country. Natives of Scotland may be delighted with it, because they understand it. They can, with facility, accompany the poet in his march from place to place, experiencing, perhaps, in the mean time,

something of the pleasures of recollection, associated with that of the love of country. But to the people of every place except Scotland, these sources of gratification are wholly unknown. To, perhaps, nine tenths of Mr. Scott's readers, therefore, those unintelligible tissues of proper names are offensive rather than pleasing. So far, then, as his topographical descriptions have any influence, they circumscribe the pleasure derived from reading his productions. They fit them for the people of Scotland to the exclusion of the inhabitants of every other country.

The charge so universally preferred against Mr. Scott, ever since his first appearance as an author, of adulterating the English language by an unnecessary and unwarranted introduction of foreign words, might be well sustained by evidence derived from the Lord of the Isles. In this poem he has made nearly, if not quite, as liberal a use of his new-fashioned vocabulary as in any of his former writings. If one of the objects of polite literature be, to form and settle the standard of a language, it cannot be denied, even by his warmest advocates, that the poems of Mr. Scott, fascinating as they must be acknowledged to be, are defective and faulty. As far as their influence, in that respect, extends, it is to adulterate and barbarize, rather than to purify and refine the language in which they are written.

After having exceeded not a little the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, we have finished, at length, our general remarks on the Lord of the Isles. To make amends for any dulness or dryness that may have occurred in the discussion, we shall now proceed to enliven and adorn our pages by copious extracts from that excellent poem: in doing this, we shall not only gratify the taste of our readers, but enable them to exercise, to a certain extent, their own judgments as to the merits of the work.

The introduction to the poem we think so exceedingly beautiful, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it at length.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,

The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
 And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
 When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.
 Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
 Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
 Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
 No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
 The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
 And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
 On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
 Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
 Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of scatter'd grain.
 Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
 Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
 To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
 To listen to the woods' expiring lay,
 To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
 To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
 On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
 And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—
 O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain!
 No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
 Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
 Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
 That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
 And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
 When wild November hath his bugle wound;
 Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
 Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
 Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.
 So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
 To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
 In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
 Still live some reliques of the ancient lay.
 For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
 With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles,
 'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
 In Harries known, and in Ionia's piles,
 Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

In the second stanza of the poem the descant of the bards on
 the powers of music is lofty and fine.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" 'twas thus they sung,
 And yet more proud the descant rung,

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
 To charm dull sleep from Beauty's bowers;
 Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
 But owns the power of minstrelsy.
 In Lettermore the timid deer
 Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
 Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
 Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;
 To list his notes, the eagle proud
 Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;
 Then let not Maiden's ear disdain
 The summons of the minstrel train,
 But, while our harps wild music make,
 Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

The marriage day of the maid of Lorn had arrived. From
 a consciousness that she did not possess the affections of Ronald
 of the Isles, her intended husband, she appears gloomy and de-
 jected, amidst all the joy, and bustle, and preparations for revelry,
 by which she is surrounded. By way of tender rebuke for such
 behaviour, Morag, her aged nurse and governess, conducts her
 to the top of Artornish castle, which commanded a most exten-
 sive prospect of the Isles and mainland, and declares that, within
 that wide and populous expanse of territory, hers (Edith's) is the
 only countenance that does not brighten with joy at the approaching
 marriage. The description is animated and beautiful.

Think'st thou, amid this ample round,
 A single brow but thine has frown'd,
 To sadden this auspicious morn,
 That bids the daughter of high Lorn
 Impledge her spousal faith to wed
 The Heir of mighty Somerled;
 Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
 The fair, the valiant, and the young,
 LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name
 A thousand bards have given to fame,
 The mate of monarchs, and allied
 On equal terms with England's pride.—
 From chieftain's tower to bondsman's cot,
 Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?
 The damsel dons her best attire,
 The shepherd lights his beltane fire,

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Joy, Joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
 Joy, Joy! each matin bell hath rung;
 The holy priest says grateful mass,
 Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
 No mountain den holds outcast boor,
 Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
 But he hath flung his task aside,
 And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
 Yet, empress of this joyful day,
 Edith is sad while all are gay."

Under an able and feeling pencil, the younger Bruce carrying his "half lifeless" sister into Artornish castle might grow into an interesting picture. The scene is thus happily described:

To land these two bold brethren leapt,
 (The weary crew their vessel kept)
 And, lighted by the torches' flare,
 That seaward flung their smoky glare,
 The younger knight that maiden bare
 Half lifeless up the rock;
 On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,
 And down her long dark tresses shed,
 As the wild vine, in tendrils spread,
 Droops from the mountain oak.
 Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
 And in his hand a sheathed sword,
 Such as few arms could wield;
 But when he bound him to such task,
 Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
 And rend the surest shield.

Canto II.

In stanza VIII. of this canto, the Two Bruces are portrayed in a fine style by Ferrand, an aged and sagacious minstrel.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
 "Am qualified by minstrel trade
 Of rank and place to tell;—
 Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
 My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
 How fierce its flashes fell,
 Glancing among the festal rout
 As if to seek the noblest out,

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Because the owner might not brook
 On any save his peers to look?
 And yet it moves me more,
 That steady, calm, majestic brow,
 With which the elder chief even now
 Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
 Like being of superior kind,
 In whose high-toned impartial mind
 Degrees of mortal rank and state
 Seem objects of indifferent weight.
 The lady too—though closely tied
 The mantle veil both face and eye,
 Her motions' grace it could not hide,
 Nor cloud her form's fair symmetry."

Stanza XVIII. The picture of the chieftains arranged for combat as drawn in this stanza cannot fail to be much admired.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
 Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
 Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
 Still revered hospitable laws.
 All menaced violence, but alike
 Reluctant each the first to strike,
 (For aye accursed in minstrel line
 Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine,
 And, match'd in numbers and in might,
 Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight.)
 Thus threat and murmur died away,
 Till on the crowded hall there lay
 Such silence, as the deadly still,
 Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
 With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold
 Show'd like the Sworder's form of old,
 As wanting still the torch of life,
 To wake the marble into strife.

The whole scene between the Abbot and the royal Bruce is awful and sublime. We know not where to look for a more impressive specimen of moral imagery, than that exhibited in the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second stanzas.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
 Upon the King the Abbot gazed;

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Then o'er his pallid features glance
 Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
 His breathing came more thick and fast,
 And from his pale blue eyes were cast
 Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
 Uprise his locks of silver white,
 Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
 In azure tide the currents strain,
 And undistinguished accents broke
 The awful silence ere he spoke.
 "De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
 To speak my curse upon thy head,
 And give thee as an outcast o'er
 To him who burns to shed thy gore;—
 But, like the Midianite of old,
 Who stood on Zophim, heaven-control'd,
 I feel within mine aged breast
 A power that will not be repress'd.
 It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
 It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
 De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
 Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
 O'er-master'd yet by high behest,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"—
 He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
 Was silence, awful, deep, and long.
 Again that light has fired his eye,
 Again his form swells bold and high,
 The broken voice of age is gone,
 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
 "Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
 Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
 A hunted wanderer on the wild,
 On foreign shores a man exiled,
 Disown'd, deserted and distress'd,
 I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;
 Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
 Under the mantle as the shield.
 Avenger of thy country's shame,
 Restorer of her injured fame,
 Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
 De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
 Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
 What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

In distant ages, sire to son
 Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
 And teach his infants, in the use
 In earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
 Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song!
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—
 Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
 And sinks the momentary blaze.—
 Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
 Not here must nuptial vow be spoke,
 Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
 Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor!"—
 His priests received the exhausted Monk,
 As breathless in their arms he sunk.
 Punctual his orders to obey,
 The train refused all longer stay,
 Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

Canto III.

In stanzas V. and VI. we have a fine instance of a noble and courteous challenge and acceptance to combat, between the two most skilful and accomplished Knights of the age.

Courteous, but stern, a bold request
 To Bruce de Argentine address'd.
 "Lord Earl," he said,— "I cannot chuse
 But yield such title to the Bruce,
 Though name and earldom both are gone,
 Since he braced rebel's armour on—
 But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
 Of late, and lanch'd at Argentine;
 Such as compels me to demand
 Redress of honour at thy hand.
 We need not to each other tell,
 That both can wield their weapons well;—
 Then do me but the soldier grace,
 This glove upon thy helm to place
 Where we may meet in fight;
 And I will say, as still I've said,
 Though by ambition far misled,
 Thou art a noble knight."—
 "And I," the princely Bruce replied,
 "Might term it stain on knighthood's pride,

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

That the bright sword of Argentine
Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine;—
But, for your brave request,
Be sure the honour'd pledge you gave
In every battle-field shall wave
Upon my helmet-crest;
Believe, that if my hasty tongue
Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
It shall be well redress'd.
Not dearer to my soul was glove,
Bestow'd in youth by lady's love,
Than this which thou hast given!
Thus, then, my noble foe I greet;
Health and high fortune till we meet,
And then—what pleases Heaven.”—

Stanza XVII. Bruce's description of a monarch herein given is something more than forcible and characteristic—it is sublime and appalling.

These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,
May they not mark a monarch's fate,—
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures plac'd,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste!
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowned head—

Canto IV.

Stanza VI. The echo of Allan's dirge from the rocks and caves of old mount Coolin, is here finely described, while that stupendous pile, shooting into the heavens its bald and barren head far above the reach of any human sound, is pictured forth in all its sublimity.

Round and around, from cliff and cave,
His answer stern old Coolin gave,
Till high upon his misty side
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died,
For never sounds, by mortal made,
Attain'd his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan,
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Stanza VII. The light motion of a bark through the waters is here described so perfectly in character, as to make the “sound an echo to the sense.”

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvass strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than that gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.

Stanza XX. This stanza throughout is imitatively fine.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield
Fly dazzling o'er thy battle-field!
Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest-ery;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Muster the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell,
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!—
Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground!
And who, when waked with note of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?—
Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
At which the heart-strings vibrate high,
And wake the fountains of the eye?
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
Of tear is on his manly face,
When, scanty reliques of the train
That hail'd at Scone his early reign,

This patriot band around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom clung?—
Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

Stanza XXII. In this stanza is given a most striking and majestic picture of the "Royal Bruce," by an aged nun and his sister Isabel.

"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,
Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine;
Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
One youthful page is all his train.
It is the form, the eye, the word,
The bearing of that stranger Lord;
His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
Built like a castle's battled wall,
Yet moulded in such just degrees,
His giant-strength seems lightsome ease.
Close as the tendrils of the vine
His locks upon his forehead twine,
Jet-black, save where some touch of gray
Has ta'en the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face;—
But 'tis his dignity of eye!
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—
"Enough, enough," the princess cried,
'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
To meaner front was ne'er assign'd
Such mastery o'er the common mind—
Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!—
Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
My darling brother, royal Bruce!"—

Canto V.

Stanza XIX. The poet sketches here a very interesting moonlight picture of the chase of Bruce's paternal castle.

They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now)
But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscur'd the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive faun;
There, tufted close with copse-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the Park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moon-beams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free,
Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough.

Stanza XXXI. We have here a spirited description of the conflict, where Edward Bruce had too precipitately commenced his assault on the castle.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assail'd;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two
By which its planks arose;
The warder next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!
The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day.

But stubborn Edward forced his way
 Against an hundred foes.
 Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"
 No hope or in defence or truce,
 Fresh combatants pour in;
 Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
 They drive the struggling foe before,
 And ward on ward they win.
 Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
 And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
 The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
 And fearful was the din!
 The startling horses plunged and flung,
 Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
 Nor sunk the fearful cry,
 Till not a foeman was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groan'd in their agony!

Canto VI.

Stanza XV. With the exception of a single line, viz.

The helmet crash'd like *hazel-nut*,

which, considering the subject, is highly undignified, we know not where, in English poetry, to find a combat better described, than that between the Bruce and sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
 The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—

But, swerving from the Knight's career,
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
 Onward the baffled warrior bore
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
 High in his stirrups stood the King,
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
 Such strength upon the blow was put,
 The helmet crash'd like *hazel-nut*;
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

Stanzas XXVI, XXVII, and XXVIII, contain an excellent description of the long and decisive battle at Bannockburn, with the several motives which actuated the warriors.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
 Unceasing blow by blow was met;
 The groans of those who fell
 Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
 That from the blades and harness rang,
 And in the battle-yell.
 Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
 Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;—
 And O! amid that waste of life,
 What various motives fired the strife!
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
 The Patriot for his country's claim;
 This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
 And that to win his lady's love;
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
 From habit some, or hardihood.
 But ruffian stern, and soldier good
 The noble and the slave,
 From various cause the same wild road,
 On the same bloody morning, trode,
 To that dark inn the Grave!
 The tug of strife to flag begins,
 Though neither loses yet nor wins.
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
 And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.

Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
 And Montague must quit his spear,
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
 And Gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast

Hath lost its lively tone;
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
 "My merry-men, fight on!"—

Bruce with the pilot's wary eye,
 The slackning of the storm could spy.
 "One effort more, and Scotland's free!

Lord of the isles, my trust in thee
 Is firm as Ailsa-rock;
 Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
 Now, forward to the shock!"—

At once the spears were forward thrown,
 Against the sun the broadswords shone;
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—
 "Carrick press on—they fall, they fall!

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
 The foe is fainting fast!
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
 The battle cannot last!"—

Stanzas XXXI. and XXXII. In these stanzas the gallant bearing of the noble De Argentine, in his closing career of battle, is admirably portrayed. When Edward of England and those attached immediately to his person were retreating from the hard-fought field,

With them rode Argentine, until
 They gained the summit of the hill
 But quitted there the train:—

"In yonder field a gage I left,—
 I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.
 Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
 The fiery Douglas takes the chace,

I know his banner well.
 God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
 And many a happier field than this!—
 Once more, my Liege, farewell!"—
 Again he faced the battle-field,—
 Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
 "Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear,
 "My course is run, the goal is near,
 One effort more, one brave career,
 Must close this race of mine."
 Then in his stirrups rising high,
 He shouted loud his battle-cry,
 "Saint James for Argentine!"

We have been repeatedly asked, whether the Lord of the Isles is equal to the other productions of Mr. Scott. We answer, yes—fully equal to any of them, except, perhaps, the Lady of the Lake. Although it will not be likely to force for its author, by a kind of hot-bed influence, so much broad popularity as that peculiarly fascinating performance, we are by no means convinced that it will acquire for him less substantial reputation. It is certainly the more dignified, and, as a whole, the more highly finished poem of the two. In a few select parts the Lady of the Lake has the ascendancy, in consequence of making a more powerful and touching appeal to our sensibilities. These passages would appear to have been composed during some of those felicitous moments, when the writer is prepared to pour out in words the whole force and fire of his soul; just as a painter is able to execute, at times, with a few dashes of his pencil, what, on other less happy occasions, he cannot achieve after hours of toil. If it be true, that, in certain parts of the Lady of the Lake, Mr. Scott has displayed more genius, it is no less so, that throughout the whole of the Lord of the Isles, he has manifested more talent for the management of his subject. Without vouching, therefore, for any augmentation of our author's fame we feel persuaded, that that which he had previously acquired, through other channels, will be amply sustained by the Lord of the Isles.

To this poem is attached a large body of notes illustrative and explanatory, which will reward the attention of the curious reader.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON SIMPLICITY IN ORNAMENT.

THE progress of taste is somewhat curious. Before our minds have been disciplined by culture and exercise they are pleased only by the most striking objects, presented to them singly or in small numbers. Our faculties are at first too dull to be sensible of delicate touches, and too feeble to comprehend variety; but as they become cultivated they are able to make more intricate combinations, and they acquire greater susceptibility. This increased capacity of the mind is continually exercised by the passion for novelty. It seems to be a law which pervades all animal nature that the sensibility is diminished in proportion as the same stimulus has been long continued or often repeated. The craving after new excitements when the old ones have become languid, naturally leads us farther and farther from simplicity—partly from necessity, because the most simple objects being the first seized on, are the first exhausted, and partly from choice, because a greater variety and complexity are required to give a pleasing excitement to the faculties when they have been enlarged by culture.

Perceiving in the early stages of the progress that as we recede from simplicity our pleasure is augmented, it is natural that we should expect it to be still further increased by making further advances, or that the effect would continue to grow with its apparent cause. Experience, however, teaches us that from the limited power of our faculties they may be unable to act when too much is put upon them. That a certain portion of *time* is necessary for any object to produce that degree of excitement and sensation of which it is capable; but that if very many objects are presented to the mind at once, it is drawn off too quickly from one to the other for pleasurable emotion. That consequently our perceptions are often more lively and intense when they are confined to one or a few objects, than when they are extended to many: and that what we lose in the one case in the pleasure afforded by the vividness and distinctness of the image, is not compensated by the pleasure produced by variety in the other; in short, that variety itself ceases to be a source of pleasure when

the several parts which compose it have not a certain degree of *singleness*, but are seen confusedly. We are then compelled to retrace our steps and then we find taste in every thing passing from simple to refined, and from excessive refinement back towards simplicity again.

There are two considerations which ought to warn us that in our pursuit of pleasure we may wander too far from the precincts of simplicity. One grows out of the limited nature of our faculties which has been already mentioned; the other arises from the association of ideas. A certain degree of simplicity is by long habit so connected in our minds with the ideas of modesty, humility, innocence, truth and nature, that it rarely makes its appearance without reminding us of these agreeable qualities. Whilst on the other hand a parade of ornament, a manifest solicitude for intricacy and variety, convey the disagreeable ideas of pride, self-sufficiency, vanity, and affectation. These various feelings blend themselves with our judgment in all works of taste, and sway it to their mood, without our perceiving it.

That the perfection of taste will be found to consist in that middle point between extreme simplicity and extreme refinement will be best illustrated by examining some of those arts in which it is chiefly exercised.

In music, an uncultivated ear draws its pleasure from *melody* alone, or single sounds in agreeable succession. As the organs of hearing become susceptible of more complicated perceptions, and grow familiar with the pleasure produced by a *series* of sweet sounds, it seeks new delight from the more intricate combinations of *harmony*: and when the ear has become accustomed to the pleasures both of melody and concords, it pursues variety still further by searching out what will merely surprise by its strangeness and oddity; to effectuate which, sounds naturally harsh and unpleasing are occasionally resorted to. The best music, however, is always free from those false refinements; and the compositions of Handel to which the cultivated and the unpractised ear unite in giving the praise of excellence, are distinguished for their simplicity, and the perfection of their melody.

In architecture, if we knew its history from the time that it merely sheltered the savage from the inclemencies of the weather,

until it erected the magnificent temples of Greece, we might no doubt trace the progress of the art through all its stages to perfection. We may however perceive that the Grecian architecture, which all civilized nations agree to admire and imitate, is much more simple than the Gothic or the Arabic which in some countries preceded it. A disposition to add something more to its ornaments may be seen in the pedestals which the Romans placed under the Grecian columns; and in the ears of maize which have been superadded to the Corinthian capitals of the ill-fated capitol in Washington. For reasons which have been set forth in a preceding essay, innovation is not often attempted in our public edifices; but in our private buildings we see the same incessant desire to seek new ornaments when the old have become familiar, and in our zeal for something new to exhibit quaintness, ostentation or puerility; in a word, to solicit variety at the expense of beauty.

In painting, if we may trust those who are best skilled in that exquisite art, men are apt to run into the same excesses, and to pay the same penalty by a diminution of effect; and too great variety or gaudiness of colouring, too many figures, or too strong contrasts, are among the acknowledged imperfections, even of the most celebrated painters; while the best pieces of the best masters, stand distinguished for their comparative simplicity.—Take a gallery of pictures, or a collection of prints, the Shakespeare gallery for example, and it will be found that those on which the eye most fondly dwells, and to which it most frequently recurs, are those in which there are the fewest figures with the plainest *costume*. The multiplicity of figures and objects in the paintings of the Dutch School, has always been considered as their most prominent defect.

Whence arises the superior charms of what has been called *English gardening*, but in its being less encumbered with the labours of art, and in possessing the more common and familiar beauties of nature? The formal parterres; the fantastic forms of clipped yews; the straight gravelled walk or canal, and the avenue of equidistant trees are much less like the appearances which nature spontaneously puts on than the lawns, the clumps and the plantations of a modern pleasure ground, and yet how superior is the effect

of the latter to an unadulterated taste, than those ostentatious productions of perverted skill. It may, however, be remarked that this beauty of natural scenery can be fully relished only in a populous and long settled country, whose face is marked with the accumulated operations of art; but in embellishing our country-seats in the United States, where the features of nature have as yet undergone but little change, an appearance of human labour and skill, and even of formality, produces the agreeable effect of variety, and awakens the pleasing ideas of progressive civilization and improvement. But for these indications of art, the *simple* would predominate too much.

In our dress, our household furniture, our equipages, we may mark the same distinctions between the elegance of refinement and its abuse; and a disposition to prefer a great number of weak sensations to a few strong ones. There is nothing in which the agreeable moral associations produced by simplicity are so strong as in dress. A simple style, by its unpretending character, gives dignity to rank; adds the grace of modesty to ugliness; and alone imparts to native beauty, that full round splendour which dazzles the beholder.

In our style of writing, both in poetry and prose, we have been until of late, progressively receding from simplicity, until we have so far transcended the limits of good taste, and the error has become so obvious, that it now begins to be fashionable to court simplicity both of diction and thought.

It is certain, that as the bounds of human knowledge are enlarged, and ideas become more complex as well as more numerous, language must also become more multifarious and diversified. This is the cause of a legitimate and natural refinement in language: but it is also certain that the greater simplicity with which a thought can be expressed, so that it be fully and accurately expressed, the greater is its beauty and force; but when it is wrapt up in too many words, the meaning is less seen, and the effect is less felt. Redundant and elaborate language is so much interposed between the thoughts it conveys and the reader, his understanding sees them through a mist; he feels not their point from the envelop which encumbers them.

If we examine the most eminent poets of every nation we shall find that they are remarkable for the simplicity of their manner both in thought and expression; and that their most admired passages are most distinguished in this way. Homer, the father of epic poetry, and now, as ever before, the standard of excellence in that very dignified species of intellectual production, is the most simple of all poets.

If the same remark is not strictly true as to prose writers, it is because they are valued chiefly for their *materials*, and their *manner* is comparatively of little importance. Good sense, original thoughts, ingenious arguments, truths profound may be couched in language more or less simple, and will always meet with respect, in whatever style conveyed, for their intrinsic worth. But even here the charm of simplicity is manifested in determining the superiority between writings in other respects equal. The Rambler, amongst its other merits, certainly cannot boast of its simplicity. It has, however, obtained the praise of excellence, not by means of its laboured pomp and ostentatious splendour, but in defiance of them. The great number of moral truths, equally ingenious and important, with which that work abounds—its just views of the various passions and propensities of man, as exhibited both in the humble and elevated walks of life—its precision, its clearness, and its energy of style, have deserved and obtained the highest praise; but with all the just pretensions of this celebrated work, it is less generally read and admired than the papers of Addison in the Spectator: and yet the chief advantage which Addison has over Johnson, is in ease and nature; for in weight of matter, comprehension, and sagacity, he is to Johnson as a pigmy to a giant.

That we may have no doubt of the importance of a simple unaffected manner, even in prose composition, we may compare the different parts of an author's works with each other, and it will generally be found that those which have been distinguished for beauty, or strength, or pathos, are preeminent for their simplicity. Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," written after his taste was perfected, and his mind was matured, and generally considered to be his ablest production, is in a more plain and natural style than any of his other works. The unequalled reputation of Junius, who by the mere merit of style has given immortality to party

politics and personal invective (usually so short lived) shows how intimately fine writing is connected with simplicity. This rare production of an acute and exasperated mind, scarcely contains a word that is not in familiar use, nor a sentence which it does not seem that a well educated man may have used to express the same thought; so little does it exhibit the appearance of labour or art. We may apply to this writer's apparent ease of manner, what Horace says with a different view:

Sibi quivis
Sperit idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret.
Ausus idem.

The same remark, indeed, may be applied to every species of composition, for to add the graces of simplicity and ease to the other excellencies of style, though seemingly the least difficult part of a writer's task, requires the utmost effort of human genius.

It has been uniformly observed by those who have discussed the metaphysics of taste, that simplicity was essential to sublimity. There must be a *singleness* in the thought or image presented to the mind, to produce the idea of uncontrollable power, the emotion of terror, or the inward glorying, in which they have severally supposed the sublime to consist. But a certain portion of it is no less essential to a strong perception of beauty. The lively pleasure which beauty is able to excite, can never be produced when there is that confusion in the mind, which a multiplicity of ideas must necessarily occasion. We accordingly find that in all matters of taste, we are often pleased with a less than a greater degree of variety. A certain portion stimulates attention, too much weakens, by diffusing it. In the endless diversity of fabrics used about our persons or dwellings, it may be commonly seen that gaudy colours, or a number of them, or a profusion of ornaments, which singly are beautiful in themselves, diminish, rather than add to the pleasure of the beholder. Why does the military dress have such effect in showing troops to advantage? No one doubts that a regiment in uniform, though coarsely clad, would please the eye more than if each man was gorgeously but differently dressed. The superior pleasure would be owing to the greater simplicity of the object. Does not the unvarying blue of the sky, give more delight to the eye, than

if it were striped and mottled with a dozen different colours, though of the most brilliant hue? The moon would loose in beauty, if it had a fantastic or more varied form; and it never appears so lovely as when its outline is the simplest of all figures, a circle. Our perceptions may indeed take a wide scope, when their purpose is only to *enlighten* and inform, but they must be brought to a small focus before they can *enkindle* the mind to *pleasure*.

It may perhaps be questioned why, if simplicity be an essential ingredient in all matters of taste, it is often forgotten, and indeed purposely disregarded in works of art. This shows that it is not indispensable to pleasure, for if it were, it would be assiduously courted by all those whose sole object is to please.

To this it may be answered, in the first place, that in speaking of the human taste, we refer to that of merely a portion of the species. It is not meant to be denied, that what one man calls excesses in variety and ornament, may often give peculiar pleasure to another. The degree of pleasure, which is imparted to every individual, it not only independent of others, it is even independent of his own control: and hence has arisen the maxim *de gustibus non disputandum est*. But taking the sentiments of those whose minds have been most improved by culture, as the standard of excellence, there may be such a thing as a vicious taste, and it is this *vicious taste* alone, which is pleased by excessive deviations from simplicity. When therefore we speak of that middle point, between extreme simplicity and extreme refinement, we refer to the ideal standard which is *capable* of affording the most pleasure, of which the human mind, under the best culture, is susceptible.

But, secondly, in the productions of art, there is a tendency not only in those who make their own vicious taste a standard to wander too far from simplicity, but also in those who, perceiving the prevailing taste for false refinement, from the general causes which have been mentioned, submissively yield to the humour of the day. It is thus that men of genius often turn a deaf ear to the admonitions of their own just and delicate perceptions, to obey the deceitful oracles of fashion. Thus, too, it is that we endeavour to write like Gibbon and Johnson, although we may more approve of Addison or Hume, and that we extol the beautiful sim-

plicity of the Greeks and Romans, though we do not make it an object of imitation.

And lastly, simplicity of manner is sometimes shunned, not so much because we do not feel the force of its chaste and modest attractions, but that we may hide the insignificance and worthlessness of our materials; as we often see vanity attempt to disguise age and ugliness, by the imposing decorations of dress. This is especially true in this book-making age. But if a writer has sterling merit in his matter—if his thoughts be new, and weighty, and just; his arguments ingenious and convincing; and their order natural and perspicuous—the several excellencies are the more striking for the simplicity of his language; like those proud monuments of Grecian sculpture, the celebrated statues of Venus and Apollo, whose unattired beauty and naked majesty, surpass in effect, the most studied and costly decorations of art. If, on the other hand, the thoughts of a writer be common place or puerile; if his arguments be false or sophistical; if his method be confused; if he can boast of neither originality, ingenuity, nor depth; his errors and defects are rendered the more glaring by simplicity: seen thus in their naked deformity, they become contemptible, even to the eye of a parent. They are, therefore, industriously tricked out in every petty gew-gaw of showy diction, every glittering metaphor his brain can fabricate, that he may, if he cannot hide the defects, at least atone for them, with that numerous class of readers, who cannot distinguish false from true ornament. Excessive refinement, is therefore often a mere subterfuge to hide poverty and meanness, and does not always furnish correct evidence of the taste of those who use it.

While there is so strong a tendency in human taste, to pass beyond that temperate medium in ornament, which would give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number, it would also seem reasonable to suppose, that this ideal standard is continually undergoing some change, by the steady progress of knowledge and science. We have seen that the reason why we diminish our pleasure by departing too far from simplicity, is because our perceptions to be lively require time, and must be limited in number, according to the strength of our comprehension. Now as our

minds gradually acquire strength by exercise, they are able to take in a greater variety of objects without confusion; and that which was once intricate and refined, afterwards becomes simple and natural. We are all conscious of this change as we advance from infancy to manhood. We also perceive it as our minds become conversant with any fresh object of study or pursuit: and with the change in the power of our faculties there arises a correspondent change in our tastes. By reason therefore of the general advancement of human knowledge, more subtlety in thought and greater refinement in diction may be used in the present day, without too much distracting the attention of the reader. It is partly owing to this improvement of the faculties, that the style which would formerly have appeared laboured and artificial, is now thought to be sufficiently simple; though the *chief* cause of the change may be found in the natural progress of false taste.

But while the enlargement of human knowledge may furnish some reason for greater refinement in language, it cannot afford as good an apology in many other subjects of taste; and though we may be allowed to *write* with somewhat less simplicity than our forefathers, in order to express the greater number of our complex notions, and our more intricate combinations of thought, there seems to be no good reason why we should paint, or sing, or build, or plant, or dress, with an increasing diversity of ornament. In some of these particulars, indeed, we have made considerable advances towards simplicity, to the acknowledged advantage of good taste. The dress of the beaux and belles of the present day, both in its fashion and materials, is much less formal and fantastic, than that which prevailed a century ago: and pleasure grounds now seek to embellish, without effacing the ordinary features of nature. Having thus far disenthralled themselves from those artificial and fantastic constraints which took their rise in the feudal ages, the moderns are encouraged to extend the goodly influence of simplicity to other matters of taste. But it more especially behoves us to guard against the seductions of false refinement in the United States, where the taste in composition, in dress, in furniture, &c. so far as our fond imitation of European fashions will permit, exhibits strong marks of that eager and indiscriminating appetite for all that is dazzling and shewy, which character-

ises the second stage of its progress. And above all, let it be impressed on our minds, that whoever would excel in any work of genius or skill, or in matters of taste, would find the surest way to the human heart, must take care that in his excursions after variety, and delicacy, and refinement he do not wander too far from simplicity, since beyond her auspicious precincts, nothing can be found truly beautiful or great.

HIGH-CROWNED BONNETS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

PASSING the other day by a knot of sailors, who, having just returned from a privateering cruise, were scouring the streets of the city on a cruise of observation, I heard one of them, pointing to a young lady who was walking at a distance, say to his companion, with an oath characteristic of his vocation, "Tom that's a tight built smack, and, no doubt, if well trimmed, a charming sea-boat too; but d'ye mind me, she's too tauntly rigged; she would capsize the very first squall she would meet, for, shiver my timbers, but, light as she is, she has her royal sails set!"—"Pooh, you booby, answered his comrade, that's nothing to the top-rigging of my landlady's daughter. She went to church, the other day, d'ye see, in her best holliday trim, under convey of her sweet-heart, who had just come to town from the lakes, where, with the brave Chauncey, he had been giving chase to that great English lubber, Sir James Yoho, I think they call him—although, to be sure, the Englishman, though no great fighter, proved the best sailor of the two; for let the wind blow from whatever point of the compass it might, he still ran before it, like a slinking hound with his tail between his legs, so that the American bull-dogs could never fall foul of him:—but, as I was saying, Kate Conway, the other day, after spending the whole morning aloft in her rigging room, got under way at last, for St. Peter's church, and may I never see fair weather, but she had her sky-scrapers hoisted."

At first, I was at a loss to conjecture what these sons of Neptune meant by a lady's "royal sails" and "sky-scrapers;" but

was informed, on inquiry, that they alluded to the present fashionable two and three story bonnets, to which carriage tops and awning poles prove such an annoyance.

I happened to spend the following evening at the house of a friend, whose wife and daughters are most accomplished dashers, while his own taste and opinions are quite too unbending for the easy pliability of fashion in dress. The course which conversation assumed led me to mention the remarks I had accidentally overheard from the sailors.

The occasion was seized on by Mr. Grumbleall—the name of the gentleman in whose family I was—to inveigh in terms of no ordinary severity against the mutability of female taste and the exorbitancy of female ambition. He denounced the caprice of the sex, in matters of dress, as altogether insufferable, declaring that vanity and a love of superiority constituted their sole motives of action. “In addition to other foibles,” said he, “they even rebel against the wisdom of nature. For the best and most obvious of purposes, they were made lower than man by the whole head, whereas they seem determined by their new-fangled bonnets to make themselves even more than the head taller. A few years ago, continued he, they endeavoured to overtop us by the assistance of high-heeled shoes. I well remember my old maiden aunt Dorothy Towering to have had a pair of shoes made with heels nine inches high, for the purpose of overlooking that model of meekness, Eleazer Calmly, who was paying his addresses to her. The first time, however, she put them on had the effect of breaking off the match; and she was, at the same time, well near breaking her own neck by a fall she received in an attempt to hop nimbly over a curb-stone. The long suffering Eleazer had borne in his intended, without complaining, many and glaring attempts at usurpation. But the cup of forbearance was now full. He was a pious man, upwards of six feet high, and prided himself not a little on his head being nearer to heaven by several inches than the heads of most of his neighbours. My aunt’s indiscreet attempt to surpass him in this favourite prerogative gave him mortal offence. He accordingly ceased visiting her, and soon afterwards bestowed his affections and fortune on a little squat square-shouldered damsel, whom the highest heels it was practicable to

walk with could never raise to the level of five feet. Such was the effect of high heels formerly, and nothing better can be looked for from the ungovernable rage for high bonnets now.”

Mr. Grumbleall, who is himself a European, waxed, as he proceeded in his discourse, more and more wrath in his temper and severe in his invectives against our fair country women. He declared the custom of wearing nine-inch heeled shoes and three story bonnets to be peculiar to America: “because, added he, the women of Europe are too modest and know their places too well, to make so flagrant an effort at supremacy in stature.”

This unexpected comparison, made to the disadvantage of my countrywomen, drew me, somewhat inconsiderately, I fear, out in their defence. In the excess of my zeal to rebut the heavy charge made against them, I hazarded an assertion which I now find to be no less offensive to many of them than that of Mr. Grumbleall. It was, that instead of being themselves the *inventors* of any article of dress, either exceptionable or praiseworthy, they are, in all matters of fashion, the *humble copyists* of the ladies of Europe.

Now, my dear Mr. Oldschool, here stand I between two fires, each of them hot enough in itself, as you may well suppose. On one side an irritated grumbler, and on the other a whole squadron of offended females! The dilemma, sir, is appalling to me, beyond description. For heaven’s sake do something to help me out of it, else I shall never be able to maintain myself against the sarcasms of Mr. Grumbleall and the flouts and sneers of my female acquaintance.

Now that I am placed on my defence, I feel constrained to make it out in the best way I can. I got into my difficulties in a well meant attempt to defend my fair countrywomen against what I considered an ill natured and unfounded accusation. But as they have now no mercy on me, on account of a petty blunder I committed in arguing their cause, I am resolutely determined to be their champion no longer. I will clear myself both of them and Mr. Grumbleall as speedily as I can, and, quarrel as they may, will never, on any consideration, venture my carcase between them hereafter.

Have you, sir, any evidence to show, that inordinately high-heeled shoes and high crowned bonnets have been ever worn by

the ladies of Europe, or that our own countrywomen, wanting invention themselves, or, which amounts to the same thing, too servile or too indolent to exercise it, are nothing but humble imitators of foreign fashions? If so, do me the favour to communicate it through the medium of the Port Folio, and in so doing you will confer a particular obligation on a reader and

June 1, 1815.

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Whatever Mr. Oldschool's private opinion may be, he feels himself bound, as a well-bred cavalier, never to appear, in any case of controversy, in opposition to the fairest part of creation. If he cannot come forward as the advocate of his countrywomen, the rules of chivalry imperatively forbid his taking part against them. In the present instance, therefore, he is compelled to maintain an inviolable silence in relation to the alledged servility of the American ladies to foreign fashions. Invention he knows them to possess, and that in a degree peculiarly eminent: for he has heard them unusually eloquent in words, and observed them inconceivably fertile, in arguments to prove the propriety of following, in this country, fashions in dress imported from abroad. Whether it would be more dignified, independent, and becoming in them to exercise their invention in establishing domestic fashions, or in defending foreign ones, is a point on which, for reasons already given, it would be highly improper in him to undertake to decide. Of the existence, however, of lofty female head-dresses in Europe, at a period greatly anterior to that of their appearance in this country, Mr. Oldschool is happy in being able to furnish his correspondent with conclusive testimony. With this view he begs leave to refer him to the Spectator, vol. ii. No. 98, where, to use the technical language of the diplomatic corps, he may see the subject discussed *in extenso*. If Mr. Grumbleall be not too much seared in obstinacy to be accessible to argument, the perusal of that paper will convince him of his error, and free our correspondent from his further reproaches. The ladies also may derive from reading it some hints not altogether useless to them. In particular, they will learn from it the sameness of motive, which, in all ages, has been supposed, however erroneously, to exercise an influence over the female mind. For the benefit of

all concerned, Mr. Oldschool thinks it best to publish it in the Port Folio. It is as follows:

—Tanta est querendi cura decoris.

Juv. Sat. vi.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men.* The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them.' At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and sunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to supprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most arc of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it; that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may

* This refers to the commode (called by the French fontange) a kind of head dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the last century, which by means of wire bore up their hair and fore part of the cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. The transition from this to the opposite extreme was very abrupt and sudden.

observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it:

*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compugibus altum
Edificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Post minor est: aliam credas.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

With curls on curls they build their head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r;
A giantess she seems, but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, 'that these old fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head: that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, Thomas Connecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thou-

sand people; his men placing themselves on one side of the pulpit, the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his history of Bretagne; and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamantal to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure.—Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion; planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure; and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gew-gaws, ribbands, and bone lace.

LITERARY NOTICES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN INAUGURAL DISSERTATION ON THE PATHOLOGY OF THE HUMAN FLUIDS.

By Jacob Dyckman, A. B. member of the Medical and Surgical society of the University of New-York. 248 p. 8vo.

Although the Port Folio is not a journal devoted to professional learning, yet when we find, in any department of science or literature, a work of uncommon merit, it cannot, as we conceive, be deemed improper in us to make honourable mention of it. Considering the dissertation herein announced as the production of a very young man, there is no extravagance in saying, that its merit is *uncommon*.

In making this declaration, we are not to be understood as pledging our opinion for the soundness of every point of doctrine which Dr. Dyckman has attempted to establish. This would be hastily and very inconsiderately making ourselves a party in an intricate controversy, where, to say the least, much yet remains to be known.

Our allusion is particularly to the merit of the Dissertation in question, considered as a specimen of medical literature. In that point of view, we cannot hesitate to speak of it in terms of high approbation—as honourable to the author, and creditable to the school where he received his education. Taking into consideration the substantial qualities of composition and discussion—style and manner, arrangement of parts, force and ingenuity of argument, and the extent of reading and research which is manifested—we doubt whether the records of any medical school either in Europe or America, can produce an Inaugural Dissertation of higher standing.

We must not, however, conceal our persuasion, that in relation to several points of doctrine, particularly the general contamination of the circulating fluids of the human body, by means of contagion and other causes, our author has advanced opinions beyond what he is prepared to substantiate by facts.

That the texture and qualities of blood drawn from the system in a state of high disease, are different from the texture and qualities of that fluid in a state of health, cannot be denied. Nor

is it, we conceive, less true, that unsound blood must have a deleterious influence, primarily on the vessels which contain it, and, by sympathy, on the whole body. In the actual putridity of the blood, however, while circulating in the vascular system of a living being, we are not, at present, prepared to believe.

On the whole, while we congratulate Dr. Dyckman on his honourable *debut* as a medical writer, we hope that he will never hereafter suffer his duties and avocations, as a practical physician, to render him unmindful of what he still owes his profession, as a branch of liberal science and of literature.

It is a subject of sincere regret, that too many of our physicians treat the *literary part* of their profession precisely as our ladies do their music—learn something of it at school, practise it while single, as an occasional amusement, and neglect it entirely after marriage. How few, alas! of the physicians of America continue to write after they have become wedded to the practice of medicine.

ED.

MR. MOSES THOMAS, to whom his fellow citizens are already much indebted for his taste and enterprise as a publisher of books, is about to impose on them shortly a still weightier obligation, by laying before them, in a handsome style, the two following works, viz:

CHARLEMAGNE, or THE CHURCH DELIVERED. An epic poem, in twenty-four books. By Lucien Bonaparte, of the Institute of France, &c. translated by the Rev. S. Butler, D. D. and the Rev. Francis Hodgson, A. M.—and:

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN, a poem, by James Hogg, author of the Queen's Wake, &c.

A pupil in the many chambered school,
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

As it will probably fall within our province to speak of these works more fully hereafter, we shall content ourselves for the present with remarking, that, as far as we have had an opportunity of informing ourselves respecting them, we consider them worthy of public patronage. Charlemagne is necessarily a poem of unusual weight, and the Pilgrims of the Sun exhibits, in many parts, a luxuriance of fancy, with a range, brilliancy and wildness

of imagination, which, although bordering, perhaps, on extravagance, will not, we think, fail to be generally pleasing.

* * Since the above was in type, we have learnt that "Charlemagne" is to be published, not by Mr. Thomas, but Mr. John Conrad and Co. whose skill and enterprize in business have heretofore contributed, in no ordinary degree, to the advancement of letters in the United States. We wish Mr. Conrad and company, and have no doubt they will receive, a liberal patronage in their laudable undertaking. In recommendation of Charlemagne, we beg leave to observe, that it is a religious poem, setting forth and celebrating the delivery of the Christian Church from the Pagan influence and tyranny that prevailed in Europe at the period in which the scenery is laid.

SERMON, &c.

FROM an able and most excellent sermon "delivered before the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of Pennsylvania, held in St. James's church, Philadelphia, May 3rd, 1815, and published by request, by the Rev. Frederic Beasley, D. D. provost of the university of Pennsylvania," which is hereby earnestly recommended to the attention of the public, we extract the following eloquent and forcible delineation of infidelity. ED.

"Infidelity is the true antichrist, of which all other antichrists are but counterparts. Ever since the days of old Celsus, and even from the apostolic age, it has existed in the church of Christ, but has never until of late, been completely unveiled. Infidelity is that power which maintains a firm and perpetual league with the grand adversary of God and man. Like him, an apostate spirit fallen from its primitive dignity, it wages incessant war against heaven and all holy things. To accomplish its plans of hostility against Christ and his heavenly kingdom, it has had recourse to numberless stratagems. Sometimes it has essayed secretly to undermine the holy religion of the Saviour; at other times, it has assailed it with open violence. Sometimes it has assumed the form of an angel of light, and under this disguise gained admission amongst the hosts of the Lord, and tried to seduce

them from their allegiance and duty to him; at other times, appearing in its genuine shape, as an angel of darkness, has spit against them its bitterest venom. But if you wish to see disclosed the deep malignity of the nature of infidelity, and those secret designs by which it is always actuated, although sometimes it dares not openly avow them, you must trace its footsteps through the continent of Europe in recent times. There it has exhibited its real character, there developed its dark purposes, and there produced its baleful fruits. And what is infidelity or the true antichrist, as there disclosed to view, rising out of the rank and venomous bosom of the modern school? At one time, it is a demon, which, not contented with tearing from their foundations all the sacred establishments of the world, would wage impious war against the government of God, would demolish his awful throne, and strike him from the universe; at another time, it is a Moloch, delighting in the blood of the saints, immolating human victims to sate its cruel appetite. It walks perpetually to and fro on the earth, the most active spirit that co-operates with the prince of darkness, in effecting his purposes of ruin. Temples, altars, sacrifices, all sacred institutions, are the objects of its irreconcilable hatred. These it pursues with exterminating virulence. It enters with deadly intent also within the precincts of civil society. It would sever the strongest bonds which connect mankind together. Its progress there has been marked with revolutions, with anarchy and with blood. A missionary from the dominions of chaos and ancient night, it would restore their confused and tumultuous reign. Nor does infidelity here stop its course. Like a malignant genius, it essays to extend its sway into the bosom of man, and disturb its peace. It would extinguish all his hopes, blast his best prospects, and dry up all the fountains of his comfort. It sounds its raven voice over the bed of the sufferer, the knell to all his expectations of succour. Whilst with one hand, it would wrest from the mouth of man the purest cups of his enjoyment, with the other it would pour out those vials, that would give tenfold bitterness to his sorrows. The poor it would render hopeless, the wretched inconsolable, the bereaved desperate. It would draw the curtain of midnight (if I may speak so) over the hemisphere of man's lot. Through it no ray of light could pene-

trate to cheer him. When infidelity has thus despoiled man of his sweetest enjoyments, and infused a deeper-tinged gall into his sorrows it would cut him off from all intercourse with God; it would convert the heavens into a canopy of brass, against which all his importunities and complaints would strike and die away in fruitless reverberation, no ear of divine mercy being found there to receive them. And, to conclude this work of horror, when infidelity has thus stripped man of all his hopes, his consolations, and his best enjoyments; when it has transformed the earth into a dungeon, in which he is immured without being visited by a single ray of light, it follows him even to the bed of death. It sounds in his ears the most dismal omens. It dashes from his lips the last drop of consolation which can mitigate the sharpness of that bitter draught. It goes still farther—it exhibits its gloomy form even amidst the repositories of the dead. With ruthless hand, it would extinguish all those lights that cheer the fainting spirit, as she pursues her trembling way through that dreary passage. It would snatch the keys of death and the grave from the hands of Him who bears them, as trophies of that victory he has obtained over them, and conduct mankind into their silent chambers; and then, bolting, irreversibly bolting the gates of heaven against them, would there leave them to worms, to rottenness, and oblivion. As watchmen on the walls of Zion, should you not guard against the approaches of so dreadful an enemy?"

THE WASHINGTON GUARDS.—A SONG.

Air—"Boat song, Lady of the Lake."

Of the songs offered us in celebration of the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, the following from our friend Quevedo is decidedly the best. We hope it will prove no unacceptable offering to the numerous parties who may assemble on that day, to do honour to the occasion around the festal board.

HAIL to the youths in firm legion advancing,
Legitimate sons of a valorous sire;
Bright as the beams from their burnish'd arms glancing,
As bright are the hopes the young Patriots inspire.

Where bold invaders spread
War's desolations dread,
Swift at the call of their country they fly,
Whilst in the field of fame,
Washington's sacred name,
Dwells on their lips, while they conquer or die.

The deeds of their sires with courage endues them,
To bind round their temples the laurel of fame;
No daring invaders shall ever subdue them,
WHO BEAR ON THEIR BANNER A HOST IN NAME.

Till the rude foe recoil,
Midst war's unceasing toil,
Firm at their posts the young warriors will stand;
Till war's dark night shall cease,
And the bright star of peace
Sheds its mild beams to illumine the land.

Wreaths ever blooming now weave for your lover,
Fair maid, who to shield thee is girded in arms,
In the direst of perils your vision will hover,
And strengthen his soul in the battle's alarms:
Love's tears shall nourish it,
Warm sighs shall cherish it,
Breath'd on the name that all glory endears,
Till Hymen's happy reign
Binds you in his silken chain,
Secure from war's perils, and banish'd all fears.

QUEVEDO.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We particularly admire the spirit of piety manifested in the communication from Emma; but decline publishing the article in consideration of its other qualities not being such as would interest our readers.

The article signed J. R. W. is necessarily excluded from the present number for want of room. We shall embrace an early opportunity of giving it to the public.

The article on the "Character and Eloquence of William Pitt," from the pen of our correspondent L. is reserved of necessity for a future number.

The papers of Incola Mundi shall appear hereafter. So shall "Matrimony—a vision," with several other communications which have neither title nor signature.

An article signed P. is written in so illegible a hand, that the difficulty of decyphering it, renders it utterly impracticable to judge of its merits. To be compelled *ex officio* to attempt to read such manuscript constitutes one of the miseries of human life. We entreat our correspondents to write in a fair character. On no other condition is it practicable for us to do justice either to them or to ourselves. We may be led honestly to condemn and undeservedly reject a paper very well composed, merely because it is badly written. For aught we know, this may be the case in the present instance. If it be, however, our correspondent has no right to complain; for he has concealed his meaning behind a veil which we are unable either to lift or penetrate.

Our correspondents generally are informed that our arrangements are such at present, that, on the beginning of each month, we place in the hands of our printer, all the matter intended for the number of the month that is to follow. On the first day of June, for example, we had prepared all that is contained in this number: and on the first of this month (July) all that will appear in the number for August. Those who obligingly contribute to fill our pages, will have the goodness to regulate, as far as convenient, the time of sending in their communications by this arrangement.

ERROR CORRECTED.

We regret that in our account of the Defence of Sackett's Harbour, in the May number of The Port Folio, the name of general Wilkinson was inadvertently inserted for that of general Dearborne, in the following sentence, viz: "For the better equipment of the expedition up the lake, general Wilkinson had dismantled, &c. At the time to which allusion is herein made, general Dearborne commanded in chief on the Canadian frontiers, general Wilkinson not having yet arrived from his command in the south.