

The Old Dominion Magazine.

VOL. 6.

RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 15, 1872.

No. 4.

VIRGINIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE

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resting that prairie
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M. W. HAZLEWOOD, Publisher.

1011 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Subscription \$2.50 per annum.

Single copy 25 cents.

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VIRGINIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The introduction of railroads and the abolition of slavery have changed things amazingly in the West, as well as in the "Old Dominion," placing its old patriarchal hospitality among the things that were. The peculiarities of plantation life and society are graphically described in life-like realization by Dr. Kenedy in one of his early romances, entitled "Swallow Barn," as we shall never more see it in real life.

Early in 1851 I remember riding in the old stage coach from Chicago to Galena before the magnificent rich "Prairie State" was all ribbed over with railroads as now it is. Among our passengers was General James Shields, fresh from the Mexican war, and afterward United States Senator; and also there was a chatty, lively old lady from New England, on her way to visit a daughter "out

West." Conversation took the turn of contrasting that prairie country with the slave States, from the remark of General Shields, that he could not conceive of anything in the way of a home that would so much satisfy him as a fine old plantation in Virginia, with plenty of well fed slaves around him, where he could dispense liberal hospitality to all who should favor him with their visits; he never met such generous, hospitable welcomes in the North as he had experienced in the South.

That little speech started the pride and punctilio of our fair Yankee matron, and drawing herself up in true industrial dignity, (for she was knitting the while as the stage trundled along) she promptly and sharply replied:—"Yes, I 'spose so; anybody could be free and hospitable if they had lots of niggers to wait on 'em and

PHARSALIA.

BY THOS. B. BALCH, D. D.

Several playful papers have appeared in the OLD DOMINION about the localities of Virginia. For their insertion the writer is more indebted to the courtesy of the editor than the merit of the pieces. Be this as it may, Accomac, renowned for its hospitality, must not be left out in the cold, though (its people may not love fashion quite so much as the uppertendom of Northampton. We have more than once met with Northampton ladies who in personal attractions were quite equal to the celebrated Miss Stuart, of whom Bishop Burnet makes such honorable mention in the "History of his own Times."

Pharsalia was the property of a gentleman who had received a liberal education at Dickinson College, Pa., when that institution was under the control of Dr. Nesbit, a man of attic wit and of extensive learning. Dr. Nesbit was from Montrose on South Esk, Scotland, and no doubt was glad to escape from that sandy town to the borough of Carlisle. It was pleasant to be the guest of Pharsalia, though the military name which it bore reminded me too often of the feud between Cæsar and Pompey. Never liked battles. Nor would the scenery perhaps have suited Doctor Syntax who went in search of the picturesque.

A belt of woods fronted the establishment to the West. It ran along the county road of Accomac which led to Sandy Hill in Maryland. To the east of the dwelling there was a sea view, and the pencils of artists have often played with marine objects. Sir Walter Scott would have enjoyed the sight when preparing to write the Pirate. Every Virginian knows that a chain of islands runs from Cape Charles to Chincoteague Bay. They are not so numerous as the islets visible from the observatory of Portland, Maine, but they are sprinkled liberally on the surface of the waters. They could be named, but their names are rather ugly for my use. It was pleasant to take a chair on the Eastern porch and muse on the fishes roaming in the bays, or on the wild ponies scampering over the islands, that seem to divide between the billows of the Atlantic and the quiet coves of Accomac and Northampton. This is the sum of what we intended to say about the scenery of Pharsalia, though like Barnum we might have manufactured a mermaid in the islands or feigned a satyr in the woods.

April had come.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades," asked the Idumean patriarch when the warm wind

is flushing the fields and when the voice of the Great Supreme tells the leafless wilderness to renew its foliage and winter to resign its sceptre over the realms of Nature, that spring may fill its censer with tasselled flowers. But what writer would commit himself to the glories of the vernal season.— They so rushed upon the mind of Thompson as to lend an over-affluence to his language. My drooping spirits were revived.

“Did you ever catch one of the island ponies?” said I to my kind host.

“Bless you, yes,” he replied. “In June. Haven’t you seen the auburn or reddish brown affair? It’s plump as a marble, and it moves like a Peruvian lama, and it will conceit you to be a bar of gold.”

“Isn’t that blarney?” I rejoined.

“No. Never was in the Shamrock Isle. I am a keeper at home and a practical farmer. Shall be busy as a bee to-morrow. You must take an excursion to Sandy Hill, Horntown or to Modestown, as self-distrust is one of your peculiarities. The people will entertain you gratis, as you are a cosmopolite. They will say come in, for there is plenty of straw and provender. Don’t go to the Horntown Inn. Perhaps you may meet with some obliging Rebecca, comely Rachel or tender eyed Leah. There are wells at all the places.”

The writer went accordingly the next day to the city of Horntown; but horribile dictu, the people admired the pony far more than its rider. Rachels were at the windows to look at the auburn. There was a fall of an April shower, and the Lord of Heaven set

his magnificent bow in the clouds. Returned beneath the arch. Noah would have enjoyed the vision.

“Permit me,” said my host, “to make you acquainted with a young friend of mine from Smyrna, in Delaware, and not from the commercial city of the same name in Asiatic Turkey. His name is Stokeley. A distant relative of Mrs. Gen. Andrew Jackson. He is a vast admirer of Bonaparte; but don’t get to loggerheads. You are ever keen for a dispute about Napoleon, but will give you credit for holding an olive bough in your mouth *pendente lite*.”

“Hope always,” I rejoined, “to dispute with the meekness of a dove. You are then an advocate of Bonaparte, friend Stokely.”

“Happen to be,” he rejoined.— “Have read all the histories appertaining to him, and have come to the conclusion that he was the greatest man that the Creator ever sent into this world.”

“Is it possible?” said I. “We join issue with you on that point, having a few things to say which may moderate the estimate you have formed of the Corsican. But you are weary with your long ride through the Dogsborough sands. A night’s repose will help you to defend your position.— And it may help me to modify your opinions. Young men are apt to be dazzled even when there is no Archimedes to work the brazen mirrors.”

Breakfast at an early hour.

“Sorry not to witness your intellectual gladiatorship. Shall be engaged in farming operations.”

"Don't covet victory," I remarked, "but truth."

In the course of the morning the writer was seated on the Eastern porch watching the skiffs that were passing to the islands. Friend Stokeley appeared.

"This place," he remarked, "should have been called Marengo, for Cæsar was a Tom Thumb by the side of Napoleon."

"State your positions," I replied, "and show in what consisted the greatness of the Corsican."

"You don't deny that he led all the cadets at the military school of Brienne—and as foreshadowing his future he taught them how to defend and how to assault a fort."

"Granted. But he must have forgotten how to assault at the siege of Acre, where he was ingloriously driven back by a few Turks headed by Sir Sydney Smith. Precocity in boys is common. They all fly their kites, build milldams, play martles, turn soldiers and affect to be Indians. We have seen them with tomahawks in their hands, bracelets on their arms and feathers on their heads. They once voted me captain of such a company, but it did not foreshadow my becoming a Powhatan, Tecumseh or a Black Hawk. The snow fort of the cadet meant nothing, for like puerile snow balls it melted away."

"But did he not stop a sanguinary revolution?"

"He shot down Frenchmen," I replied, "being used as his tool by Barras, an infamous Jacobin. Louis XVI could have done the same thing; but this was against the creed of that

amiable King. The revolution came to a halt before Bonaparte appeared on the tapis. This took place on the fall of Robespierre, and that sanguinary villain was overthrown by Tallien, another of the Jacobins. Paris became weary of executions, guillotines, tumbrels, whispering galleries, whispering dungeons and tyrants. Humanity began to shudder at the brutal deeds which had been enacted in the name of a licentious freedom. The people had panted after blood, but then panted for repose. They were satiated with the feast, at least for a time, so different from the waterbrooks coveted by the thirsty hart. Paris was quieted—slaughter ceased and law was partially re-established when the necks of Danton and Robespierre were severed from their bodies, and when Marat fell beneath the knife of Charlotte Corday, a kind of modern Jael. In fact the revolution was stopped by Wellington at Waterloo after six millions of men had been offered as an holocaust to the ambition of Bonaparte. He only went to killing in a more genteel way than the dismal Triumvirate. He pretended ignorance of the object for which he was fighting. We could have enlightened him on that point. It was for his ambition, and that ambition was never counterpoised by that wisdom which adapts the best means to the best ends. One of the scales in which his projects were weighed was laden with the amount of sprightly talent he possessed—his vanity, self-conceit, his pretended destiny and a vast deal of military rubbish, and the other held nothing but his morbid ambition. The

latter scale went gradually upward until it dangled over the invincible fleets of England, and loomed into the frozen tracts of Russia where it became the laughing stock of British tars and fiery Cossacks. And after twenty years all things returned to the condition they were in from the foundations of the world."

"Your sentiments," said my Smyrna interlocutor, "have surprised me, but not convinced. You will certainly grant that when a young man he obtained command of the French army and that his Italian victories were astonishing."

"Don't like," I replied, "the way in which he obtained that command. It was by the wireworking of the Jacobin Barras, and Napoleon was of the same politics till he became First Consul. He repaired to Italy, a country which had been long degraded by Papal and Austrian rule. The troops of the Pope could at any time have been dispersed by General Tom Thumb. The little Governments of Italy could make only feeble resistance; but they were won over by the promise of French Republicanism.— Florence, Ferrara, Lucca and a parcel of contracted territories had formerly been either Republics or Dukedoms under Gonfaloniers. Many of the people welcomed the advent of the Corsican. All the Austrian portions of the Peninsula supposed that French Republicanism was quite as good as Hapsburgh tyranny. The Austrian General was in an enemy's country. He was ostensibly contending against the French, whilst secretly the Italian clamored for Bonaparte. And how

were the patriots of Italy treated who desired above all things to break the Austrian yoke? Was it wise to lay tributes amounting to extortion on impoverished towns, to burn wherever he went, to ransack libraries for antique manuscripts, and rob Italian galleries of their choicest pictures? The landscapes of Ausonia, the delineated prospects of Sorrento, the charms of Naple's Bay, scenes consecrated by the footsteps of Dante and Tasso, and portraits of distinguished Florentines, were sent off for the inspection of coarse Jacobins who had steeped Paris in blood. Shades of illustrious artists who once wrought so diligently to elicit æsthetical forms and draw down the hues of clouds that overhang the Arno, what must have been your emotions when an adventurer laid his plebian hand on productions that challenged the admiration of the world. Salvator Rosa ought to have been there who was so skillful in depicting brigands."

"Were they sent to David, the Jacobin artist, who said to his pencil be lavish with the *red* when carts were passing to the place of execution crowded with victims?"

"No; they might have been sent with more propriety to the painter who when told that his studio would soon be surrounded by soldiers still plied his brush, for they are not waging war with the peaceful arts."

"But what are your views," said friend Stokeley, "about the expedition to Egypt after the return of Bonaparte from Italy to Paris?"

"It was the most amusing," I replied, "of all his undertakings. Had

Aristophanes been along he would have turned the affairs into a better comedy than the one he wrote about Socrates, the Athenian philosopher. He took an immense swarm of Frenchmen to the inhospitable sands of Egypt. Prepared a fleet under Admiral Bruceys, which was moored in Abouker Bay. He took along his corps of scientific gents and several belles-lettres savants. Alexander the Great used to march with Homer in his pocket, and he sent Asiatic birds to Aristotle. Napoleon took Ossian, whose ranting style he always imitated. Vide his love rhapsodies to Josephine and all his grandiloquent proclamations.— His rencontres with the Beys were ludicrous. So was his being challenged to single combat by Sir Sidney Smith and his turning Moham-medan. The men of science and letters were mounted on *mules* to the infinite amusement of the soldiers, and possibly they may have straddled Syrian goats, and charged on the Pyramids. It's curious to hear what took him to Egypt. It was not to obtain a vegetable colony for France, but to change the face of the world. It was to reduce Acre, to seize Damascus, to capture Aleppo and occupy the Eastern possessions of England, and make himself either the Sultan of Constantinople, the Emperor of China or the Mikado of Japan. Rather a wild sort of project methinks. But there were tragic incidents as well as humorous in this Egyptian crusade, and perhaps the tragedy ought to have been placed before the comedy according to custom. We hold the moral character of Lord Nelson in great con-

tempt, and yet he was a kind of sea-horse among the waves and a hippogriff among variable winds of the ocean. He appeared at Abouker, and Bonaparte's Admiral no doubt exclaimed, 'Hast thou found me, oh mine enemy!' You know the result in the destruction of the French fleet. And yet your great hero pretended to be an amphybian animal, for he afterwards regretted his not being in the fight off Trafalgar, in which the fleet of Villeneuve was annihilated. A melancholy affair took place at Jaffa, where the cruel hero ordered two thousand of his prisoners to be shot. Poor creatures, for they were dying of the plague, and he undertook to decide that not *one* of them could ever recover. This deed aroused the indignation of Europe, and it must forever blacken the name of Napoleon. Many of his soldiers were drowned in the Kishon, or they fell in sight of Mount Tabor. The very stars in their courses fought against the Jacobin Sisera.— Sir Ralph Abercromby landed at Aboukir in 1801, and Napoleon secretly crept off to Paris, leaving the unfortunate Kleber in command. There were no results from this Egyptian frolic. Denon might have collected a few curiosities, but we apprehend that the pyramids, sphynxes and dilapidated halls of Egypt were too heavy for transportation, particularly as the last fragments of his fleet were drowned. They were not so light as the St. Jeromes of Italy."

"But you must grant," said my ingenuous interlocutor, "that none but a great man could have attained to the supreme power in France, and this

Napoleon accomplished soon after his return."

"Let us then consider this point for a moment," I replied. "You will confess that Robespierre attained that power and held it for two years after Marat had been assassinated and Danton brought to the guillotine. His word was law. Life or death was in his hands. He could suspend a lurid cloud over every domicile in Paris, excite massacres and arouse women to frantic deeds of blood. He never grew weary of the slaughter-house in which he kept himself from the public eye. We ask whether there was any moral or intellectual greatness in Robespierre. His clumsy style, his puerile rhapsodies, and his senseless eulogiums on freedom, reason and human perfectibility exclude the thought. Weak men may grow strong in power when favored by adventitious circumstances, and the circumstances in which Napoleon was placed were precisely of this character. Whilst squandering his time in Egypt the French Directory had lost Italy. Suwarrow, by the help of Russia, had swept away his former conquests. They had lost the confidence of the people, and there were bickerings, jealousies and vituperations among the feeble rulers who occupied the Tuilleries. And he arranged his plans for the dispersion of the five hundred, who as legislators were bearing very lightly on the Directors who were stealing the public money. So he entered the hall like Cromwell with soldiers at his heels. Great was the uproar of Girondists and Jacobins, and in the choler of the Assembly Bonaparte was

collared and held for a time very uneasy. 'Usurper!' resounded through the house; but the military appeared. The Directory absconded on velocipedes, putting forth all the strength left in their toes to work them along, and so your hero became First Consul. There was a Consul second and third, but the martial rod held by the Usurper soon swallowed up that pair of reptiles, for consider he had just come fresh from Egypt, the land of magicians. And then by an inflated plebiscitum he calls on the dear people to confirm his ill-gotten authority. Of course the people were pliant. Before cannon, swords and trumpets they sometimes are resistless as the necks of dead birds."

"But he reconquered Italy," said my young friend.

"Granted. Suwarrow, that thunderbolt of war, had fallen under the displeasure of Paul, and the monomaniac Emperor of Russia had taken a conceit that Napoleon was the Apollyon and Abaddon of the Book of Revelation. He fell in love with the Corsican. He would have given a Russian Princess to St. Cloud had Josephine been then divorced. Melas, an octogenarian to whom the grasshopper was a burden, and whose head was blossoming like an almond tree, took command of the Austrian forces. He bravely encountered Bonaparte at Marengo, putting him to flight.—Through infirmity and weariness the old man left the field. At this critical moment who should arrive but Dessaix all the way from Egypt with a fresh army. Dessaix and not Napoleon was the victor. But we must

omit many things in the career of your hero. It would lead me over heaps of complicated history. It would be easy to show that the fall of Austria and Prussia was owing to other causes than the military talents of Napoleon. Germany was far from being a unit. The Swiss cantons were carried by the deep plots of hypocrisy—Mack turned traitor and surrendered without a blow—the King of Prussia was a baby—the soldiers of Bavaria and Baden marched into the ranks of the Frenchmen, and Goethe advised non-resistance instead of being the Pindar of his country, and uttered Italian songs instead of trumpet tones. Austria and Prussia deserved humiliation, for they had seized their stolen parts of unfortunate Poland. It would be easy to discuss the Puppet Kings he set up, the Generals he manufactured into Dukes, his Legion of Honor, his system of batons, his descent on England, his attempts to cut off the wings of commerce, the loss of his colonies, the Junot cruelties that he countenanced in Portugal, his seizure of the Spanish throne, his spasmodic efforts after his defeat at Leipsic, and a variety of other things which would make our colloquy too latitudinarian and longitudinal. They must be postponed to another occasion."

"Well," said my young friend, "lay aside that schedule. But there is the code Napoleon, and then he restored the Church after France had worshipped the Goddess of Reason, denied the existence of God and pronounced death to be an eternal sleep. Now you are checkmated, and you might as well surrender."

"No, don't surrender," said Caroline, daughter to my host. "Cousin Stokeley is an idolator. Throw a little more dust into his eyes, just as if you were a lawyer."

"No notion of surrendering," I replied, "until conquered by some charming young lady. Never read but one law book in my life and have no wish to turn Logiroster and wade through any code to which adulation for despotism gave the name Napoleon. Was he in any sense its author? Could he have known anything about jurisprudence who set all legislation at defiance, who concentrated all power in self, who called drum-head court-martial, who dissolved marriage ties at will, who forbade the consort of Jerome to set foot on the soil of France, who banished Pichegru, conqueror of Holland, to Guiana and Moreau to the United States, who employed such men as Carnot, Tureau and Talleyrand the apostate priest? No doubt he called the jurists together, for nothing could be done without his will. After all the lawlessness which had drowned Paris in blood some law was a necessity. After the plundering of countries, the burning of towns, the robbing of churches, the confiscation of chateaus, it was high time to define the difference between meum and teum or between Abab's palace and Naboth's vineyard."

"'Tis said that Napoleon attended the meetings of the lawyers and threw out hints and suggestions."

"He did, and here is one of his Solomon-like suggestions. Listen, ye sages of Greece and wise men of Gotham: 'A lawyer who gains his

cause shall always be entitled to a fee, but *never* if he lose it.' Ye bar-risters of Virginia, what say you to this provision? Suppose it had passed would it not have driven all gentlemen of the green bag to the plough handle? But the gentlemen of the bar couldn't find such a thing in Justinian. Had it been adopted into this famous code we hope the legal fraternity every-where would have given their French brethren a taste of lynch law. To be serious. Do you believe, friend Stokeley, that any ruler could propound jurisprudence who sent Touissant to die in a lonely prison, who instituted no enquiry into the death of Pichegru or Captain Wright, who ordered Palm the bookseller to be shot at Braunaw for exercising the freedom of the press, who called a court martial on Hofer, the William Tell of the Tyrol, who was acquitted, but the acquittal was repealed and he executed, and above all who caused the arrest of a Bourbon Duke on neutral territory, hurried him off to the dreary Castle of Vincennes, tried him by the flickering light of lanterns, and ere the dawn of day sent him into eternity. Even if made by him have you any confidence in that code after he had left a legacy to the man who attempted the assassination of Wellington, who listened for the very whispers of all disaffected to his iron sceptre, and constituted one editor as spy over all the editors, something like one Syrian goat that stands sentinel over the flock, and he longed to fasten to his ear the profound understanding and the rich imagination of De Stael. But he restored the church. In my opinion Kings and Emperors

have no business with the church.—Constantine took it under his care. And so did Charlemagne, for Lucien Bonaparte wrote a long poem about that Emperor. By the way, we admire the character of Lucien. When Napoleon was prospering he was always opposed to him; but when in adversity he was always by his side. He clung to him after his Russian folly when the maculæ had chased off the faculæ from the disc of this mocking sun which had risen out of the rumbling chaos of revolution, and stars were falling like those spoken of in the sixth seal of the Apocalypse. Were an attempt made to establish my own church in any union with the State it would be resisted on my part even to dying in the last ditch. But we must decline saying anything about the Concordat, for the Kirk must not be an engine to work in the other machinery of any royal pontiff. The subject is one belonging to theology, and it is my wish to offend neither Jew or Gentile."

"But you forget," said my interlocutor, "how he extricated his army from the difficulties he encountered in Russia. See how the crowned heads and a whole caravan of German Princes bowed down to him at Dresden when on his way to Moscow."

"That is your side of the picture, and it looks sufficiently bright. But there is a dark side, and we regard his Russian expedition as the finishing of his folly. Soldiers from the genial climate of France were unfit for a high Northern latitude. Josephine had more sense than he, for the divorced one warned him that the green

house of his empire would be nipped by frost, drenched in snow, and that keen winds would whistle mournfully among the branches he had inserted into his temporary realms. He left Paris in purple but returned in furs, and in his superb vehicle but retreated in his sledge. He left the land of the lily and the rose for one of stunted flowers. What could he have wanted with the frozen Neva when possessed of the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, the Rhine and the castles and vineyards with which the last is crowned? He took away from the protection of France six hundred thousand men and carried back fifty thousand, and can you call this an extrication of his army? Let the Beresina speak of the victims that perished, not by a sirocco of sand, but one of snow, driven on by keen and all-piercing winds. That snow fell not in the gentle flakes to which we are accustomed, but in broad clouds, blinding every horse and his rider, wrapping tents in its folds and burying men beneath its sepulchral mounds. Oh! it is a tale of horror which it is impossible to relate without a shudder. The grand army was annihilated. He gained the sanguinary battle of Borodino; but it was only to be scorched by the flames of the Kremlin and to feed his troops on the cinders of Moscow. What availed the incense he snuffed at Dresden among the smokes in which he was enveloped? And did he retreat immediately from the Russian Capital when it was laid in ashes, or did he remain thirty days when the elements were comparatively quiet? He went on believing that Alexander, his Tilsit

friend, would grant him a peace. He called the Russians barbarians because they burnt their city; but every kind of warfare is adopted when it will save a nation from an ambitious Xerxes like Napoleon. The Austrians would have demolished Vienna and the Prussians Berlin if the demolition could have saved those countries. Notice that your hero entered on this fearful expedition when Wellington was battering away in Spain with his eye fixed on the Pyrenees and on Paris."

"But you must grant," said my courteous friend, "that when he got back to Paris he collected a fresh army."

"He did so," I replied, "but it ended in Elba, which after his escape proved but a frontispiece to the rugged peaks, the dim valleys and scanty gum trees of St. Helena. He had accepted Elba but broke faith with the allies. France received him for the last time and the drama was wound up at Waterloo. His return was unwise, for as La Martine has remarked, how could he face three millions of men even had he been successful in Belgium? Then the nations had rest after twenty years of savage warfare. Holland resumed her rights, Prussia rose from the dust, Metternich smiled, Talleyrand veered with the wind, Europe was pacified, France returned to her ancient limits, the Swiss cantons breathed in the pure air of their mountains, and Italy recovered her pictures."

"But you must admit," said my friend, "that except for old Blucher Wellington would have lost the game at Waterloo."

“Not granted,” I replied. “Blucher fired no gun at Waterloo. He entered the field after the battle was decided, but he went in pursuit. Let ambitious soldiers take warning. St. Helena speaks to them from its dreary altitudes, its perpendicular steepes and from every wave that frets along its beach. Arms, swords and trumpets may lift them above the laws of Justice and humanity, but Divine retributions are certain.

‘The mills of God are slow to grind,
But at the last material find.’”

The first bell had rung for our noon-day repast. The colloquy came to a sudden close.

“Your views about Bonaparte,” said friend Stokeley, “are very peculiar, but no doubt honestly entertained. They will claim my best reflections.”

“And why don’t you take up for your hero?” said Caroline, daughter of Dr. Holmes, my ever buoyant host. But just then her sire appeared.

“Let me make you acquainted,” said he, “with the Honorable Judge Upsher, formerly of Richmond, but at present from about Eastville, Northampton. He is out for Congress, and has come to feel the pulse of my sovereign neighbors. He may one day be Secretary of State if John Tyler should ever reach the Presidential chair. He found me busy, but I have helped in feeling pulses and they beat, in his favor.”

Such was my sojourn at Pharsalia, but its former inmates have disappeared from the earth. Upsher, as all know, met with an untimely end in

the steamer Princeton, though in 1802 he had graduated honorably at a college of the same name with the steamer.

OMNES EXEUNT.

HE who forms the mind of a Prince, and implant in him good principles, may see the precepts he had inculcated extend through a large portion of his subjects.—*Antigonus.*

A MAN who is furnished with arguments from the Mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.

Philip, of Macedon, was a man of the most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the reason of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of their liberties.—*Addison.*

THE proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one.—*Shenstone.*

THOUGH judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure of friendship, it is affection that gives the cement; and regulated passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition.