P 352.1

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

PAGE

1. Education of Idiots. Triumphs of humanity over physical and mental misfortune: Education of the Deaf and Dumb, the Blind—Lunatic Asylums. Hospital for Idiots in France: Labors of VOISIN, LEURET and SEGUIN to alleviate the condition of Idiots: Mr. *George Sumner's* letter,—efforts of *Dr. Conolly*,—The Bicêtre Asylum,—Mode of treatment, exercises in speech, cultivation of sight, &c. Recreation, Gymnastics, &c. &c. - 65
2. Sketches of Southern Life. No. IV. - - 70
3. On the Importance of the Social Sciences in the Present Day. Extract from an unpublished MS. Physical and Ethical Science,—Injurious effects of exclusive devotion to one branch of Investigation,—Natural Philosophy triumphant and yet unable to afford a solution to social questions of great importance. Sociology adapted to the necessities of the times, &c., &c. - - - - - 77
4. Summer in the Blue Ridge. - - - - 80
5. The New Pythagorean. Chapter Second. - 89
6. The Recollections of Another Elderly Gentleman. By Launcelot Wagstaff. - - 92
7. The Crime of Andrew Blair, (Continued.) By P. P. Cooke. - - - - - - - 101
8. Schiller's Correspondence with Korner. From 1784 to the Death of Schiller. Part First; From 1784 to 1789. Translated by S E. Brownell. 109
9. Henry St. George Tucker. A Biographical sketch. 112
10. From our Paris Correspondent. Chateaubriand's "Memoirs from beyond the Tomb,"—Chapter relating to America translated from the *Presse* newspaper,—Reflections on the growing importance of this country, its commerce, literature, the dangers that await it and its ultimate destiny; Character of our people, American Aristocracy, &c. - 114
11. A Ride to Graceham. The Moravian Church, its history and condition. Interesting religious ceremonies;—trials attending its early establishment in America; abstract of the Moravian creed. 121
12. Martin Farquhar Tupper. Author of Proverbial Philosophy, &c. An interesting letter from him to an American Correspondent; some allusions to his writings, character, &c. - - 123
13. Prophecy of Napoleon. - - - 124

ORIGINAL POETRY.

14. Hermann. By the bards Werdomar, Kerding and Darmond. An Ode. (From the German of Klopstock. In the style of the Ancient German bards.) By C. L. Loos. - - - - 68
15. The Lightning's Complaint. By Sidney Dyer. 76
16. Spirit of Sleep. By Mrs. E. J. Eames. - 89
17. Stanzas. - - - - - - - 92
18. Thoughts, Suggested by Powers' Proserpine,—a beautiful work of art in the possession of H. D. Maxwell, Esq., of Pennsylvania. By M. J. 100
19. A Vision of Life. - - - - - 108
20. Character of "Festus," "A Poem." - 111
21. The Crusader's Serenade. - - - - 114

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS:

22. Macaulay's History of England. - - 125
23. Griswold's Female Poets of America. - 126
24. Etiquette at Washington. - - 127
25. Orators of the American Revolution, and Proverbs for the People. By E. L. Magoon. - 127
26. Taylor's Rhymes of Travel. - - 127
27. History of Alexander the Great. By Jacob Abbott. - - - - - - - - 128
28. Benjamin Franklin; His Autobiography, &c. 128
29. Constitution of the French Republic. - 128
30. Foreign Review. - - - - - 128
31. International Art-Union. - - - - 128

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

Within three quarters of a century past, Humanity has achieved three very great triumphs over physical and mental misfortune. The teaching of the deaf and dumb to read and write, in 1773, at Edinburg, made Dr. Johnson conclude that such a conquest, over an infirmity seemingly irremediable, left nothing hopeless to human resolution. "After having seen the deaf taught arithmetic," says he, "who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?"—Yet in our own time, the lengths that had been gone in *his* day, are far transcended: *so* that to be deaf and dumb now forms, comparatively, a trivial obstacle to social enjoyments, and social usefulness. More recently, by the help of *raised* letters, the blind have had the inestimable pleasures of reading opened to them: and, by feeling along the page, are enabled to gather its meaning almost as rapidly as he who reads by sight. Thirdly comes the improved method of treating lunatics, invented by Pinel, and practised now in most or all of our American Lunatic Asylums; which substitutes kindness, fresh air, proper exercise, healthful diet, and a patient culture of the reason and of the moral feelings, for the chain, the dungeon, the ducking-stool, and the lash. An improvement by which the number of cures is quadrupled, and the sufferings of the incurable are unspeakably alleviated.

We have now to herald a yet greater wonder, to the Virginia public: a more striking, if not a more beneficent achievement of enlightened Humanity. It is the education of IDIOTS. The animation of clay seems hardly more incredible, than the extent to which MIND has been infused into such masses of stolidity. So hopeless has been the cure of idiots, so hopeless even any appreciable improvement of their condition by any process used in our Insane-Hospitals, that the Legislature of Virginia, eight years ago,* forbade any idiot to be received into either hospital. And such, we believe, has been the course in other States and countries.

But by the efforts of gifted men in France, new lights have lately been thrown upon the capabilities of those unfortunates. There is a school and hospital for them in Paris, where transformations are wrought, that app[ear] almost miraculous. The expressionless face, the open mouth, the lolling and speechless tongue, all so eloquent of the vacant mind, the uncleanly habits, the tottering and powerless limbs and frame,—have been changed into looks of comparative intelligence, neatness of person and dress, a perfect command of the limbs, a capacity to talk, to read and write, to do works of usefulness, and even to earn a livelihood by labor!

No mysteries attend this great work. There are no nostrums of secret composition—no undivulged sleights of hand,—nor any of the other artifices, by which humbug and quackery commonly operate. The whole magic of those marvellous cures consists in patient care, with judicious, long and oft repeated efforts, in training the hands, the feet, the eyes, the ears, the touch, and the mind of the idiot subject. Ever since 1830, these efforts have been going on; indeed the system of observation which led to them began in 1828, or earlier. Messieurs VOISIN, LEURET, and SEGUIN, French physicians, appear to be the men to whose benevolence, ingenuity, and patience, mankind are mainly indebted for this inestimable alleviation of one among human nature's greatest calamities. Doctor *John Conolly*, of London, seems to have been foremost in making the improvement known in England: and Mr. *George Sumner*, of Boston, is the first American, so far as we know, who has brought it to the notice of his countrymen. The Westminster Review, for April, 1848, from which we derive all our knowledge of the subject, has an article on "The Biçêtre Asylum," made up chiefly of extracts from a book of Dr. Conolly, and a letter of Mr. S. to a friend in Boston. The letter is filled with particulars of the deepest interest. It was elicited by inquiries from Dr. Howe, of Boston—member of a commission appointed in 1846, to inquire into the condition of idiots in Massachusetts, "to ascertain their number, and whether any thing could be done for their relief."

The Biçêtre is the seat of the school for idiots, near Paris; and contains also a lunatic asylum. Dr. Conolly says,

"In the first part of the Biçêtre to which I was conducted was a school exclusively established for the improvement of the idiotic and of the epileptic, and nothing more extraordinary can well be imagined. No fewer than forty of these patients were assembled in a moderate-sized school-room, receiving various lessons and per-

* Acts of 1841, p. 45, ch. 15, § 34.

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the rate necessary to support the laborer and his family, or to keep life in them. This is at once a truism and a mockery: for human wants are as compressible as they are elastic—and degradation, which is more to be apprehended than death, is many degrees above starvation in the scale. For the past three years* there have been plague, pestilence and famine, operating in concert to desolate Ireland; and throughout Europe there have been want, desolation and misery. The remedies applied have been swallowed up like a drop of rain upon thirsty ground, and have scarcely left a trace behind. Nothing has been proposed which would bring more than temporary relief:† the danger and difficulty are augmented every day: the abyss which threatens to engulph the myriads of the earth yawns wider and wider: and there is no Curtius to close the chasm by devoting his life for the safety of his fellows. Where can we look for any healing aid in this threatening and heart-sickening condition of nations, except to a more profound and diligent study of the kindred sciences of History and Social Economics? The former will furnish us with our instances—it will explain the causes, the consequences and the succession of events—and it will reveal the secret of their connection. The latter will afford us those laws of interpretation and those conclusions which may be applied to the industrial life of nations, and the improvement of the condition of the masses. Until we find a complete solution of these mysteries we can none of us be safe. However secure we may think ourselves, we are slumbering upon the ashes of a volcano, which may at any time break forth again and overwhelm us.

* * * *

H.

*There was an almost total failure of the Potatoe Crop in Ireland in the years 1822, 1831, 1845, 1846, 1847,—and shall we not have to add 1848. v. Edinb. Rev., Jan. 1848, Art. vi, p. 233.

† M. Comte continually points out the provisional and temporary character of all the expedients for the relief of existing social evils. In Mr. John S. Mill's political Economy, published during the present year, (1848,) some remedies are proposed for the distresses of Ireland, which might possibly prove effectual. All hitherto tried have been wholly ineffectual. V. Ed. Rev. Jan., 1848.

The North British Review gives the following clever translation of the old French epigram on Piron.

Ci git Piron; qui ne fut rien;
Pas même académicien.

Here lies Piron; who was—nothing; or, if that could be, was less:
How!—nothing? Yes, nothing: not so much as F. R. S.

SUMMER IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

And all these wayward pleasures of my youth
Are simple pictures drawn from simple truth.—*Crabbe.*

It was common, in old times, for Lowlanders in Virginia to spend the summer in the mountains. Bath, in Berkeley, was a place of great resort, and its wild and glossy cedars made it highly romantic—especially at the going down of the sun. But all along the mountains it was customary for families who had wealth, to receive inmates on somewhat protracted visits. They often staid till Jack Frost drove them back to James River, or to the banks of the York or the Appomattox.

The writer remembers how, many years ago, he was domesticated at Forest Inn to the West of the Ridge, and what an agreeable summer he spent. Woman had not then so spread out her charms as to entangle him in the sundry perplexities of life. I had marked out a kind of cosmopolite plan, which of course involved single-blessedness. An inn like the one described by old Walton on the Dove was about the acme of my wishes, and I anticipated the flow of life just as if the seasons were painted on a wheel.

What shall prevent my describing a spot where some few flowers at least were planted in the paradise of the memory? The inn stood about forty yards from the public road, which had been opened through what was once a denser forest than Sherwood or Ettrick. A clump of cool and stately oaks fringed the opposite side of the highway, which presented to the eye a series of round and beautiful wastes. In the rear of these oaks flowed a stream, known in the neighborhood by the name of Mossy Creek, in which were several natural, but slight cascades, and not seriously affecting the tranquillity of the water. There was an air of comfort about the premises, particularly the inn, which was a kind of roomy box with some paper trees planted quite near the verandah. On the sign-post was swung a board, upon which some rustic artist had painted a traveller on horseback arriving about twilight. Our garden was not highly ornamented, but was laid off in agreeable walks—and it bore tulips, pinks and sun-flowers; to which may be added a lonely holly tree, which produced vermillion berries, and stood not far from a spring in which my hostess kept her bottles of milk. My locality for a summer is before the reader; and it was a summer in which radiant suns and green forests conspired to make me happy.

My hostess was a shrewd, sensible widow, who had reached the degree of forty-seven and some minutes over, in the circle of her life. She was

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neither penny-wise nor pound-foolish; but kept in a happy medium—and by uniting generosity and frugality had prospered. She had added rood after rood to her little domain, and owed *nothing* either at home or abroad. Formerly she had kept school and taught a great many little urchins: but good humor had kept her from a free use of the birch.

"Did you ever read," said she, "the School Mistress, written by William Shenstone?"

"At least twenty times," I replied.

"That Poem," she rejoined, "first put me in the notion of teaching, and made me ambitious of being remembered by my pupils."

"Boys or girls?" said I.

"Both," she replied; "and some of my little girls have become respectable matrons."

"No doubt," I answered, "you have done good, and some one of your pupils may one day make you renowned. Milton's daughters, Bunyan's blind Mary, Sir Walter Scott's nurse, Byron's *page*, and Don Quixote's squire, are all safely lodged in the Temple of Fame."

The widow had picked up a good deal of historical knowledge; and I noticed that her information was remarkably minute. If, by way of example, she mentioned Cyrus, the Persian conqueror, she was sure to describe Babylon, the breadth of its walls, the height of its gates, and the structure of its hanging-gardens. And then her queen-like imagination would promenade in the parks of the Assyrian city and stop at mulberry trees and look up to the top of the fan leaf palm, or admire the gazelles. The same is true of the Egyptian Pyramids. She had conned over Rollin with vast attention: surprising woman to be keeping a rustic inn.

"My respected hostess," said I, "what induces you to keep a house of entertainment, when you possess such an abundance of goods and chattels?"

"That question," she replied, "has been often asked, and as often resolved."

"Resolve it then once more," I rejoined.

"Before beginning this way of life," she answered, "my feelings were selfish; but now they are expanded and cosmopolitan. Strangers call and we hear from the big world. The diversity enlivens attention, and occasionally it gives me power to perform an act of kindness to the wayfaring man. It is my purpose to give *you* my best room, free of cost, provided you will keep my accounts, help me to open the mail, and promise to write something about this tavern before you die."

"Should my life be spared to the usual span," I replied, "and when the wheel of time shall have scattered a few sprigs of moss on its roof, it is my intention to scribble something about your inn."

June was now fully set in, and from its censer a multitude of tints were constantly falling. What could have been more transporting than the area which filled the vision! Though the prospect was somewhat bounded by the Ridge, the sight could reach in other directions over a valley that wore the aspect of an immense rural sea, which was green and shaded with blue. Meditation might slowly walk its waves, or fancy stretch her magnetic wires to undefined distance, and receive intelligence from a thousand round and green hills—from azure summits on which wild roses were burning in the sun—from clumps that looked like islands—from bands of reapers—from flocks and herds. The landscape pencil of Gainsborough or Morland's Rural Sketchbook, would have fallen away from the grasp of the master before such a prospect. No sentimentalist can help loving either the heaven or earth, which June always reveals in the valley of the Shenandoah.

The writer was much at his ease, in his slippers and rustic gown, and turning over Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, when his hostess inquired,

"What book?—what book?"

"'Tis Chaucer," I replied. "I am trying to pull a little bark from this old cinnamon tree. Let me tell you the plan of it;" and my hostess waited till she got a sight of Tabard Inn and its hostelrie and the caravan of Pilgrims.

"Where were the Pilgrims going?" she enquired.

"To Canterbury," I replied, "a city in Kent, seated on the river Stour, fifty-five miles from London. It held the shrine of Becket, a turbulent priest, who was killed in the twelfth century by four knights; and when Chaucer lived, superstition was rife both in Italy and England."

"And have you come here," said she, "to watch for Pilgrims?"

"Not exactly," I replied, "though doubtless many trudge along this road. As Schiller says in his Wilhelm Tell—

> 'Here goes the anxious Merchant and the light
> Unmonied pilgrim—the pale, pious monk,
> The gloomy robber—and the mirthful shewman—
> The carrier with his heavy laden horse
> Who comes from far-off lands'—

and should a few such pass, it would please me to talk awhile with them about things in general."

"Fine crested carriages stop here at times," remarked my hostess; "and young ladies ride through the hot summer out to the cool springs."

"When such arrive," I replied, "do not call me. I cannot be an aristocrat: but send some one to tap at my door when people come along who look rather lowly."

There are times when my heart is visited with a feeling of philanthropy that amounts to a kind of passion. My philanthropy, however, does not take the turn of Howard's. He travelled the circumference of the globe; but my indolence prevents locomotion. To keep still and look out for the wayfaring man has been to me a source of happiness which I would not exchange for the imperial robe of the Cæsars. The writer is but one of eight hundred millions, who breathe a common atmosphere, and he would like, if possible, to hear each individual of the race tell his story. What an eventful volume would be the consequence! How many touching incidents—what changes of fortune, as it is called—what endless varieties—what a complex web, continually ravelled and unravelling by a celestial hand,—what myriad paths all slowly winding into a circle, from the centre of which the race must finally lift up one universal anthem to Divine benignity! By such reflections, I almost annihilated distance and space, and my imagination was wrought up to a kind of half-persuasion that some Eastern merchant might come along on his camel laden with spicery, or that some Arabian knight might dash up on his mettlesome steed. We longed to talk with Ledyard about tropical garlands—and with Sir Joseph Banks about bread fruit trees—and with Buffon about birds—and with the Autocrat of all the Russias about his Siberian exiles.

Our garden had a summer-house, somewhat larger than the one which Cowper has described, as an appendage to his domicile in Olney. It was covered with vines, which promised grapes, and with honeysuckle, which in the evening drew humming-birds. It was a pleasant retreat from the fervours of June. I was seated in it one morning, in a state of rumination, when my landlady called me from a window of the inn: and upon opening the garden gate, she told me that a stranger had arrived. Knowing myself to be master of ceremonies, I lost no time in repairing to the apartment in which the person was seated.

"My name is Emmons," he remarked, upon my entering, "from Rutland in Vermont."

"Is not that town," I answered, "on Otter Creek, and does not the scenery remind one of Catmose vale in Rutlandshire, England?"

"Not knowing, I cannot say," he replied, "as to the last part of your question; but the green hue of our spruce and pine mountains contrasts well with the blue edging that hangs off from your Virginia summits."

"And do you like azure better than emerald?" I asked, "that you should have perigrinated to a place where prejudice is indulged against New Englanders."

"I did not know," he rejoined, "that prejudice would be felt anywhere against a teacher of music, f that's my vocation."

"That is," I continued, "you wish to get a singing-school in this neighborhood. If so, you must follow my counsel, which is to see Pastor Morrison, who lives several miles off, and who is a most amiable man and a Shepherd-king among his people. You will find him in his harvest field—for he owns a fine farm—though not quite so highly ornamented as Woburn farm near Weybridge in the Shire of Surry." At that, I took out my pencil and wrote him a line of introduction, and he started with all that promptness characteristic of Northeastern people.

I cannot account for it, but it is so, that I never could understand what is called Music by note, and yet I am quite sensitive to musical sounds. Without even a ear for harmony, Dr. Johnson entertained high respect for Burney, though he rowed Piozzi up Salt river. Nothing fires my imagination quicker than to read of a Scotch piper or a minstrel reaching baronial halls of a cold wintry night. What powerful use has McKenzie made of those simple airs, which diversify Alpine life and the sounds, which call in goats from their clamberings. Byron drew concord from the pines and rocks of the Jungfrau. But the writer, a few mornings after the call of the Vermonter, forgot all artificial music, and all made by men and women in the rare melody of the birds. The concert was better than a thousand German flutes, combined with the great Hærlem organ. I do not know that I would have turned my heel on the green sward to have heard Handel, or Mozart, or a full choir of Italian exquisites. It came from the oaks which fronted the Inn. My kind hostess had loaned me some fishing-tackle and I had struck the path which led through the grove to the banks of Mossy creek. The rim of the creek was alive with beams, and the water looked as if held in a vase of gold, and the birds were absolutely frantic, dashing from limb to limb, and all their mouths were open at one and the same time. My red cork was immediately drowned, when turning, a perch happened on the hook: but I permitted it to escape back to its appropriate element. Brief was the time spent in angling, for my attention was drawn to a youth seemingly about twenty-three, who was approaching me through the spaces which divided between the oaks.

"A charming day," he remarked. "One finer never spent its rays on the Valley of Wyoming."

"And what," "I replied, "brought you so far West from a valley celebrated by the Muse of Campbell, and where there are better cascades than any which fall from the Persian mountains?"

"There is a power," he rejoined, "in the eye

of the imagination of being satiated united with an insatiableness perfectly ravenous. You might blindfold me and I could still cross every brook or bridge and climb every hill and mountain in the Pennsylvania valley. My boyish blood has been cooled scores of times in its grottoes."

"Wyoming," I observed, "needs no commendation. Come, let's go back to the inn," and, as he proceeded, he gave me some particulars of himself quite interesting, and not long after noon we sat down to a repast, which, from its simplicity, was pleasing to my guest." Would you not like," said I, "to hear some musician at play in the distance?"

"Not half so well," he replied, "as to hear the warbling of those forest birds."

"Then you are an Ornithologist."

"A piece of a one," he remarked, "and it is my ambition to get on the trail of Audubon: but he is at present abroad."

"The best way then," said I, "to catch him, is to cross the water."

"Not at all," he observed, "for by that time he will be back in Louisiana. He shoots to and fro like some impassioned bird, and he bills and coos at every thing in the shape of a tree. His stay in Scotland will be short, for he can soon tap all its firs, and as to the clumps of England, what are they but pigeon boxes compared to the bird saloons of our wilderness?"

"It is my wish," said I, "that you may find him at home, if he have a home: but Ornithology seems to insert a multitude of plumes into a man's scallop without lining his pocket."

"The pocket," rejoined my guest, "who cares for the pocket when a man leads a single life. Can he not sleep on the ground, or in the hollow of a tree and drink the mountain brook and feed on the wild berry or the plum?"

"But then," said I, "bird-killing is something not to my taste."

"Nor to mine," he replied; "it is my habit to take along with me traps and nets, and upon netting the beautiful creatures, to let them go after an examination had scientifically."

"You are then," I rejoined, "the man to please me, for we do not want the blessed birds diminished. We wish Heaven had made millions in addition to those that now cleave the air and that swarm in the woods. I do not doubt that you will couple your name with that of Cuvier, or Buffon, or any other renowned lover of natural science."

"That would be a high distinction, indeed, to the name of Mifflin: but my only ambition after immense explorations is to return into Wyoming, my native valley, and spend the residuum of life and then let its birds sing my requiem."

"You have been," I rejoined, "at the old Swedish Church in Philadelphia."

"I made an express pilgrimage to it," he observed, "for the express purpose of paying my express homage to the tomb of Wilson, the founder of American ornithology."

At that he rose and brought me a sketch of the church, the tomb and the premises, which he had taken, and also some specimens of birds neatly executed. My feelings were much interested for this apparently ingenious youth, and next morning, notwithstanding his fondness for bills, my influence prevailed with my landlady to shorten his even to annihilation. But my hostess made herself quite merry at my expense, when he turned out a Yankee, who had played off on my romance.

"Do not laugh," said I, "for every impostor is to be pitied."

"But," said she, "you must be more cautious another time and study human nature, and keep an especial look out on the Yankees."

"But New England," I rejoined, "is a part of our country, and has given us poets, statesmen and heroes."

My mortification was extreme at having been outwitted. I had almost resolved upon becoming moody to any other pedestrian who might seek my acquaintance or my good offices. In fact, I permitted several to pass and maintained a dogged silence. There was no want of rustic objects to engage my attention. The sweet brier was climbing to the roof of the inn—the Kentucky rose was in bloom and the summer house was arrayed in blossoms, and, in the distance, reapers were effectively wielding the sickle. My mind fell quite into a reverie about Rousseau's theory of savage and civilized life. Civilized man is often duped, but then stratagem and duplicity prevail among Indians, and thieves are plenty as blackberries in the Pagan islands. Captain Cook lost his life in consequence of a theft, and Mungo Park was probably put to death by savages. Sustained by a number of such facts my love of man began to return, and my landlady was delighted to see the mists disperse which had been hovering over her guest for several days.

"It has struck me," said she, "that you never get the blues when you scribble."

"Never," I replied. "The friends of Cowper set him at his translation of Homer whenever he became sombre: but it would have been better, methinks, to have put him at writing another John Gilpin."

"John Gilpin," she answered, "is not that in Scott's Lessons? I used to make my little pupils say it by heart. And was that written by a

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hypocondriac? If so he must at times have been right merry."

"He was at times," I replied, "but his sadness outweighed that gossamer kind of spirits to which he was an occasional heir. Poor man! He had his enjoyments in the moist atmosphere of England. He loved hares so well that he hated hounds."

"But Scott's Lessons," continued she, "had the Country Ale House and an account of the Rustic Preacher by Goldsmith. He must have got his name from being a smith who worked in gold and not in iron. His preacher always put me in mind of pastor Morrison, who says you must call at the manse when you ride by his farm. Mercy on us, mercy on us," she exclaimed, and then flew off like a ruffled bird.

This interview had happened in a dim twilight, and, on turning round, what was my astonishment, to see nineteen Indians filing up the porch of the inn. They looked tall and strapping, and, with their rings, tomahawks and red blankets, presented a frightful aspect.

"Is this the Forest Inn?" said a man who seemed to act as interpreter.

"'Tis so called," I observed.

"My Indians," he rejoined, "have had a long stretch to day."

"No doubt," I replied, "you might be accommodated here, but the landlady is excessively alarmed."

"Alarmed indeed," he remarked, "she might as well be alarmed at nineteen spring lambs, or at as many Lilliputians."

"Permit me then," I rejoined, "to see our hostess."

At that I took myself off to where she lay in a kind of hysterical spasm. Her domestics were fanning her and her heart was beating audibly.

"What puts you," said I, "into this dissheveled state?"

"Drive 'em away," she replied, "drive off those monsters."

"'Tis impossible," said I, "they are too strong, though the interpreter says they are Lilliputians."

"Lilliputians," said my hostess, "I read the account of those Tom Thumbs when a little girl and could have whipped 'em by the hundred, but these seven feet men—"

"They are," said I, "but six and a half. Consider, uncle Sam pays for interpreter and all, and the interpreter makes twenty."

"Your words," said she, "fall like dew on the agitated wing of a dove, and it may be well for me to carry an olive leaf among the horrid creatures: but I'll not smoke their pipes."

At this it gave me pleasure to lead in the lady, who had surmounted somewhat, though not entirely, the agitation into which she had been thrown.

"Friend Anderson," said I to the interpreter, "this is our hostess, and she begs that you'll present her good will to those children of the forest. She will have a repast made ready as soon as practicable."

The interpreter expressed his thanks, and in a few minutes every thing was alive in the kitchen. Much of our happiness results from looking in upon culinary scenes, and to Cowper, the steam of the kettle must have given exquisite gratification. It has to the writer a thousand times, though he does not pretend to be more than one fourth, or, if the reader please, one twentieth of a poet.

I do not know why our race has been broken up into tribes and clans. This is a secret which Heaven keeps among its own archives. But it is a mystery still greater, why different clans should go to war. A man marches from among the thistles of Scotland, and another from among the vines of France, who never looked at each other before, and at the signal for battle, begin to shed each other's blood and then stop and make friends. What consummate folly! Oh love of country! What iniquities have been enacted in thy name. This whole planet is my country, and so would Jupiter be, had my destiny been fixed in that orb. Let me never forget that the Moor, the Arab, the Jew and the Indian are members of the human family. Such were my brief reflections in beholding the pedestrians who had just arrived at our inn. Each of them was like myself in this, that he had two eyes, and though they looked tawny and had disfigured themselves, they were noble in stature.

"Our repast is set," said I to the interpreter, and he sounded something like a Chinese gong, when they all came round the table and cast up a look towards the Great Spirit, who feeds the wildman caught in the forests of Germany, as well as the Prince of Wales or the Dauphin of France. My attention was profoundly fixed, and my silence arose partly from the taciturnity of the company. The Indians seemed to place implicit reliance on their interpreter, and some of them laughed when he pointed them to any thing in the repast that was especially palatable. When they rose, I observed to the interpreter, "your wild men do not speak our language."

"If you wish," rejoined he, "you can use me as the channel of communication."

"It would please me then to take a smoke with the chief," said I.

"As to that," he replied, "you can smoke with them all. They love to exchange the wampum belt and send up the curl from the pipe of peace."

In making arrangements to lodge such a cara-

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van of guests we were soon driven to the porch, on which the moon was pouring out the richest rays that ever danced in her round saloon. A lone whippoorwill was singing, though that bird is very rare on the West of the Ridge. The Indians had been stalking about and looking suspiciously at every thing, until, by our pipes, they were brought like myself into a state of delicious repose. We looked like a company of Dutchmen on Manhattan island, except that, in the light of the moon, the Indian peculiarities were so distinct. The lunar rays shed alternate gleams on their bracelets, their beaded sandals and the fantastic knots into which the hair on their heads was cut.

"To what tribe," said I to the interpreter, "do these Indians belong, for they are stouter than usual?"

"To the Osage nation," he replied, "and we chose the tallest, as we had business with Uncle Sam."

"When a boy," I remarked, "I remember reading of that tribe or nation in the explorations of Lewis and Clarke, but Prairies and Prairie dogs were the sum and substance of their journals. Still my imagination was fed on the large desert flowers which skirted the Missouri, and on the honey extracted by the Prairie bees. But these Indians are well dressed."

"True," he rejoined, "Uncle Sam has bled rather freely of late, after making them bleed at every pore."

"Glad to hear that," I replied, "for the Indians once owned this Shenandoah valley, now burdened with crops of wheat and flowers that more than rival the roses which spring on the island of Rhodes, and where the birds sing more sweetly than the colibri of Brazil. But at present they own not an inch of this rural sea, on whose margin their sires culled wampum shells, and from whose chrystal caves they pulled the spar and bead. But," continued I, "are these Indians all of the same rank?"

"The one," he replied, "who sits there is a chief, and the one next him is the prophet. They are both men of influence."

The interpreter gave me a mass of information about the Indian country, and the next morning, after shooting at a few pieces of silver which were set up as targets, they filed off by a short cut through the woods. In the name of the chief the interpreter gave me a calumet, which had a large bowl, and he also gave me a wampum belt, for which my thanks were conveyed in the following lines from Gertrude of Wyoming;

Peace be to thee; my words this belt approve,
The paths of peace my steps have always led.

Our hostess had peeped at the shocking creatures, as she called them, and she seemed glad enough when they had gone.

"How far off," said she, "will they get today?"

"I do not know," said I, "but they will take a long tramp before night-fall."

"I did not sleep a wink," she remarked, "the whole night; and if but a mouse moved, it made me tremble from head to foot."

"Really," answered I, "your nerves are too feeble to keep an inn. Your philanthropy does not seem to bear you out. You must expect such things,

For at this wayside lodge the angler calls,
The rambling sportsman, and the travelling Jew,
And Indians sleep within these rustic walls,
Whilst Blue Ridge flowers drink in the nightly dew."

"But," said she, "your taste is so singular. You make up to every body that comes here, whether Jew, or Greek, or Turk, and yet you never go near pastor Morrison, who is a christian man."

"Has the pastor complained," inquired I, "of any want of attention on my part?"

"He complains heavily," she replied, "that you do not spend a night at the manse. He raises his daughters not to dance and reel: but to enlarge their minds and improve their taste. A five minutes talk with Norah Morrison is worth a long talk with those horrid beasts of prey, in whom you took such vast delight."

"A stop," said I, "shall soon be put to the complaints of the pastor, for it is my intention in the morning to ride over to the manse."

At this my landlady was pleased, and she promised to meet me at the kirk the day after, when we would return in company. Accordingly, the writer set out next day and ambled over the intervening space to the abode of a man highly revered by his flock.

"What a fine country," we involuntarily exclaimed on riding up to the gate of the manse. What mountains visible too from the door of the parsonage!—a wide, open, panoramic view with which the eye of the imagination played in protracted dalliance. The eye seemed to caress the prospect and the prospect returned the fondness, and this billing and cooing went on till night closed the panorama.

"Are you fond of books?" said Norah Morrison, and she seemed disposed to fall into easy conversation.

"I did not come here," said I, "to study books, but to think."

"We were in hopes," she rejoined, "that you had come among us to take off the tameness of our mountain scenery by pen or pencil."

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"You cannot mean," said I, "to detract from this glorious manifestation of themselves, made by your mountains, by calling them ame."

"My meaning is," she replied, "that description would augment by association this lovely vale not surpassed by any in Italy, but then it looks drowsy because no Raffaelle has ever collected its lights and colors, and no poet comes at the head of the pilgrims who pass through it in caravans,

> When summer, with a matron grace,
> Retreats to cool and woodland shades."

"But," rejoined I, "my powers with the pencil are very circumscribed, and as to poetry, my hopes of being a poet are extremely dim."

"Poetry," said she, "however it may be decried, adds much to our enjoyments. It has created a sea equal to the circumference of the world. One it seems to me would like to dash about this sea forever, using the imagination for a skiff, and looking down to its mosaic grottoes, or upward to those orbs which turn over and over again in its heavenly vaults."

"But its islands," I remarked. "Would you not like to visit its islands?"

"By all means," she replied, "for they are so green, or rather they are evergreens which have risen, and new ones are still rising on the face of that sea. How many old abbeys, castles and chateaux may be found even in one voyage to the English, Scotch, or Swiss, or Italian parts of this immense ocean."

"You talk," said I, "very much like an ornithologist who called at our inn some weeks ago."

"We heard of him," said she, "and could not help laughing immoderately at the success of the Yankee, in palming himself off as a lover of that science which drew forth such constant and brilliant eloquence from Buffon, and which has quickened into a pedestrian race the footsteps of Wilson, and which has spread out ten thousand silver, and purple, and orange wings to the ever-moving pencil of Audubon."

By this time I began to think that the commendation which my hostess had bestowed on the talk of Norah Morrison was not extravagant. She was about twenty-two, and had a very open and benevolent expression of countenance. She had never seen a city, but yet her manners were soft, and prepossessing, and sprightly. Our talk, however, was interrupted by the entrance of the pastor and of my friend Emmons.

"Did you succeed," said I to the latter, "in getting a school?"

"Several," he replied, "and my thanks are due for that introductory note you gave me to pastor Morrison. It is my purpose, too, in four weeks to hold a concert at the Forest Inn."

"Would it not suit better at the church?" enquired the pastor.

"It would not," answered the New Englander. "The building is too large, and the roof too high for the lark-like voices which are to take part in the concert."

"Be it just as you please," answered the pastor, who was a man remarkably mild. He carried below its brow a soft blue eye, and he was very lowly and unpretending in his demeanor. He had not even a touch of self-complacency, and the next morning he mounted not a showy horse and rode off with us to his church. The church was like those which prevail in the valley. It was large and commodious, and filled to overflowing. Horses in great numbers were tied in the woods. Some were grey and others sorrel, chesnut and mouse-colored. Among the arrivals we noticed that of my landlady, who rode up to a block, and the writer, after helping her off, fastened her steed to the bough of an oak. Just then we heard the sound of music in the church, and our pastor, after going through the preliminary services, delivered a discourse which would have done honor to Fenelon, the bishop of Clermont. His eloquence was mild and persuasive. It put me in mind of the town called Scarborough, in the shire of York, which is built on an elevation, and the hill is overspread by a green plain, and in the centre is a well covered with velvet moss, from which the thirsty inhabitants are supplied. To his flock the mouth of pastor Morrison was at least a kind of oriental well, and after church he asked me to return with him, but my obligations to my hostess were paramount. It turned out a quiet Sabbath evening, and never had our Inn a more pleasant look among the larkspurs and sun flowers which were set out on its premises.

Our little establishment, for several days, assumed an air of unusual tranquillity. The writer was left in full command of his time. Scarcely a team enlivened the road, several of which slowly passed along every day; the horses ornamented with jingling bells and red winkers. In the mean time the attentions of my hostess were redoubled to make me comfortable. The cherry season had passed away, but we had peaches in abundance and apricots of delicious flavor. The weather had become extremely hot, and cool buttermilk was a beverage quite grateful. Much of my time was spent in the summer-house. It was pleasant to hide one's self beneath its crowded leaves among the fierce heats of July.

"Pilgrimage," said I, to our hostess, "seems to slacken."

"It is something," she said, "like a brook—that dries up in very hot weather; but after awhile its murmur will recommence."

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"The dust," said I, "is enough to blind man and horse and prevent intercourse."

"But there is a cloud rising," observed my landlady—and sure enough, upon examining the horizon, we found every indication of a rain.

It proved to be a lavish one for the time it lasted. It refreshed every thing, and when passed, the sun rolled over the valley a bow of uncommon tints; and it made me think of Tom Campbell's lines to that superb arch which so often adorns the sky. But the coolness, as contrasted with the previous heat, was superb. All the woods seemed to unlock delightful grottoes, and the birds escaped from their nests to the glades, and the melody lasted till evening led in its pioneer star. After enjoying the night till a reasonable hour, I was about retiring, when three arrivals put a temporary stop to my purpose. They were disposed of in the best way possible, considering the time at which they had come. The morning revealed their faces: but they appeared to be more concerned about business and money, than about holding colloquies.

"Friend Clemmons," said I, "you seem to be somewhat fidgety. What's your will?"

"My will is, he replied," "to sell a Map of the World, and one of the United States, and an engraved plate of all our Presidents."

"Let us look at your goods."

At that, he unrolled several finely-colored maps.

"My purse," said I, "is extremely low, but our hostess is a friend to learning, and a first-rate geographer, and your articles are worth what you ask—that is, ten dollars for the large map, and two dollars and fifty cents for the smaller, and thirty-seven-and-a-half cents for the heads of our rulers. They will make pretty and useful ornaments for our inn. Let your charges always be fair, for Cowper says in his Tyrocinium,

> 'Truth is not local—God alike pervades
> The world of traffic and the quiet shades.'"

But just at that moment, our landlady made her appearance.

"You must," said I, "shell out twelve dollars and eighty-seven-and-a-half cents for these chattels. Examine them, for they are worth the money. The vender is in a hurry," and at that, she went to her drawer and produced the silver.

"And now, friend Pritchett, let us hear something from you."

"My vocation," said he, "is to lecture on Modern Astronomy, and to show off birds and animals by the Magic Lantern."

"It is my opinion," said I, "that you had better go on to Buchanan, or Fincastle, where there are men of science. This inn is so lonely. The blacksmith might come in, or a dairy-maid, or a harvester—but each of them would be bewildered among planets and constellations and comets, though doubtless the dairy-maid would be a good deal interested in the *Milky Way*."

"I bow," said the astronomer, "to your superior judgment; but will thank you for a note to the next town."

"That shall be freely given," I replied, "for it is the duty of all to help on a man of expanded intellect; and especially where all his views are celestial."

"And now, friend Levon, we must attend to your claims."

"A chest of curiosities," he observed.

"For the sight of which you wish to be paid. Nature has marked you for a Jew: but from your partaking with us in our meal, we doubt not that you have been engrafted into the stock of Christianity. Where were you born?"

"In Poland," he replied.

"And where did you become a Christian?"

"In England," he rejoined.

"And of what is this curiosity-shop composed?"

"Some pebbles," he replied, "from the brook Kedron—a bottle of water from the Jordan—some leaves from the Mount of Olives—some spars from Mount Tab —some sprigs from the plain of Sharon—and sundry other things too numerous to be mentioned."

"*Credat Judæus*," said I. "Are they genuine, for much money has been made out of the relics of Palestine. If I thought so, I should esteem a guinea but a small compensation for the sight."

"You are quite skeptical," he remarked, "but these things were collected by my own hand. My feet have stood in the dust of Jerusalem, and on the margin of Gennesareth, and among the crags of Olivet, and on the summit of Tabor. This eye has roved over the fallen glories of the land that once flowed with milk and honey, and watched the smoke that curled from the pipes of turbaned Turks."

"Enough," said I; "let others call your people dogs, usurers, Shylocks; but such a sin shall not be laid to my charge. Unlock your chest:" and my hostess, and her domestics, and a few neighbors came in to see; after which the three pilgrims went on their way.

We needed now several more passers-by to swell our coterie to the same number that assembled in Southwark, and among whom Chaucer employed his comic pencil. For this reason the writer was disconcerted to see our next traveller arriving alone. He was far as possible from being communicative, for he either was, or pretended to be dumb. There was no ingenuity by which we could extort from him even a word.

"Have you no tongue?" said I to the man; but he looked with a vacant stare. We imme-

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diately supposed that his taciturnity resulted from want of acquaintance with our language, and we tried various expedients with him to ascertain whether this were the fact. There was a copy of Petrarch's Sonnets at the inn, and as he seemed to be an Italian, we showed them to him, supposing he would utter articulate sounds in that melodious language. But he maintained a dogged silence. Finding my patience exhausted, he drew from his pocket an old, worn-out paper, being a printed certificate that the individual had once lived near the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and that his cottage had been overwhelmed by a late commotion in Mount Vesuvius, and of course that he was an object of charity. This great travelling story was palpably false, and we immediately denounced him as an impostor.

"I am glad," said my landlady, "to find you so knowing."

"But," said I to the man, "it is my wish to talk about Naples, Mount Pausilippo, the tomb of Virgil, and the ruins of those cities overwhelmed in the year 79. I will agree to give you all the silver contained in the circumference of this dollar. Birds that can sing and won't sing, must be made to sing." Still this Italian stranger refused to talk. My dollar was then returned to my purse and he beckoned to go; but all of a sudden, he fell into quite an agreeable garrulity and answered all my inquiries.

After this he decamped, and had the telegraph been invented at that time, it would have been very well to have published him along the line of his travels as a dumb man, whom six Virginia shillings could make loquacious.

But my apprehensions were at this time quite excited by the fact that my hostess insisted that she had heard the Banshee, or some cry that betokened her death.

"Are you of Irish extraction?" I remarked.

"Not at all," she replied; "but much of this valley was settled by the Scotch Irish, and they proselyted me to their creed even in my girlhood. Our dogs have been whining for several nights."

Upon reflection, however, this piece of superstition gave me no concern, till one day a covered cart, drawn by a poor tottering horse, drove up to the door of the inn. The horse was glad enough to stop, for he was fairly staggering under his burden. The crazy vehicle was owned by a poor man and his wife, who begged our help to lift from the cart a feverish daughter about, as they said, eleven years of age.

"Whither were you going?" said I to the man.

"Any where," he answered, "to escape starvation. The oil of whales, or stunted roots, would be sweet. My hut took fire, and this cart is my all."

By this time we had lifted out the child.

"Oh lay me down," she said, "where I can give thanks and die."

"Poor child," thought I, "it would please me to heal you;" but my emotions were far too deep for utterance.

My landlady was weeping bitterly. "The child," said she, "is dying. Send for Pastor Morrison."

"Would he come?" I enquired.

"He would in a moment," she replied. "He lives in obscurity, but he can tell by intuition whenever there is a cloud over a house, just as a blind man, like Professor Sanderson, who could tell by touching the ground."

"And of what service can he be to the child?"

"Service," said she; "he has rolled the Star of Bethlehem into a thousand clouds."

My sensibility was now all alive, and in about an hour and twenty minutes, Pastor Morrison alighted at the inn. He was much affected when he entered and saw that the child was dying.

"My dear little child," he said, as he felt her pulse, "I was just reading an account, when called to you, of a medicinal spring discovered in a gold mine. Religion then, like the gold, can make you rich, and like the spring, it can heal you to enter into the bloom of Heaven."

"It is mine, already," replied the child, as she opened her blue eyes above her cheeks, which were feverish and red as the French rose. "Good minister," she continued, "I want to be baptized."

"Pastor Morrison," said I, "a Christian Jew passed here some weeks ago, who, as a great favour, gave me a vial full of genuine water from the river of Jordan."

"Let it be brought out then," said the pastor. And he used it in the celebration of the rite, and soon after her body went into a sleep as sound as death and her spirit into Paradise. We buried her at the foot of the garden, and her bereaved parents passed on to the West, but not till Pastor Morrison's influence had filled the old man's cart and put a new horse into gear for his use.

In beginning this paper, it was my intention to give some account of the concert held at our inn, by the Vermonter mentioned at its opening. But a recurrence to the demise of that little child has made me sad. The concert happened but a few days before my leaving, towards the close of the summer, and went off very well. Norah Morrison was at it, and outsung all the rest. The mugs on the mantel-piece were all filled with pinks and hyacinths. Soon after it was enacted,

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my intention of leaving was communicated to my kind hostess.

"Can't you stay? Must you go?" she enquired.

"Certainly must," I replied. "The great world calls me, and though I expect to act in it but a small part, that small part must be acted. We have talked with travellers; but it's time for me to become a homeward pedestrian. Accept my best thanks, and my souvenirs will always return to your quiet home when summer is uttering its deep and loud voices."

"Adieu, then," she said. "Adieu—but come again."

"I will," was my reply, "*si vita supersit.*"

And now, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh—

> "Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
> My staff of truth to walk upon—
> My scrip of joy—immortal diet—
> My bottle of salvation.
> My hope of glory—Hope's true gage,
> And thus I take my Pilgrimage."

Ringwood, Va.

SPIRIT OF SLEEP.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

> Oh gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse;—
> How have I frighted thee, that thou no more
> Wilt steep my senses in forgetfulness?
>
> *Shakespeare.*

I

Spirit that hidest 'neath thy brooding wing
The many-million woes and cares that spring
In man's harsh path by day,—
Thou who dost fold Earth's tired ones to thy breast,
And on their heavy eyelids softly rest,
Chasing their cares away:—
Thou whose sweet ministry o'er the silent world
Is felt—where'er thy pinion is unfurled,
Oh! unseen spirit! say,
By what enchanted spell—what magic sign
I, too, may hope to make thy blessings mine?—

II.

Spirit of universal Nature's rest—
Refresher of the frame by toil opprest,—
Or lingering illness bow'd.
Sweet influence that is ever, ever woo'd
Both for the restless mind, and languid mood,
For the hopes and fears that crowd
Into our little life, and through the day
Prompt us to rise, or struggle as we may,—
How shall the weary-bow'd
And weary-hearted win thy bland caress,
O, thou! that hast such holy power to bless?

III.

Spirit! I seek thee in the solemn night—
Through the long watches, till the morning light,
I seek thee, but in vain!
The clear calm stars and moonbeams on me shine,
They bring no calmness to this heart of mine—
No quiet to this brain;
But pale and anxious, by sad thoughts opprest,
I turn and toss, 'till morn (O! welcome guest,)
Bringeth the light again:
And *then*, once more I close my drooping lids,
But memory still thy soothing reign forbids!

IV.

Spirit invoked, oh! vainly: thou hast not
The power to chase the shadows from my lot;
The gift is not with *thee!*
But *one*, who hath been called thine *elder-brother*,
Who soon or late all human woe doth smother—
Will be more kind to me.
He will not scorn this sinking heart's appeal—
Which hath no sorrow but his touch can heal
Most sure and lastingly.
Spirit! no more *thy* presence I compel,
But turn beneath *his* shadowy wing to dwell!

New York.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It would be a rich fruit indeed of spells and enchantments, a noble crown of mystical lore, could we call up the men of the olden time, whose spirits should give us living light upon the grand old cities, their arts, their poetry, their every-day thoughts and ways of life. Could we evoke, for instance, some man who had lived at Athens in her grandest days, who should appear not awaking from three and twenty centuries of dreamless slumber, but knowing the present, remembering the past, and bearing in his one spirit the scenes, and events, and thoughts, which man evolved in the intervening years, it would be truly a glorious shade. The real shades of the men of Athens, like those of other men, have entered into that immortality not of earth, of which their half-inspired Plato dreamed. But there is also an earthly immortality of which men speak, not altogether in a figure; and shades which, whether in fact or in figure, inhabit those earthly immortalities. And even here, "farther west than his sires' islands of the Blest," such an one may not disrespectfully be invited to give us at least the shadow of light upon things of old.

"I come. You shall hear me if you will hear. Let your spirit fly far backwards in the long journey of the marching years. Of a distant age, of

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