



**SOUTHERN**

**LITERARY MESSENGER:**

**FEBRUARY, 1844.**

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**B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.**

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**No. II.**

**Price, \$5 in advance.**

**Vol. X.**

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This Work is published in Monthly Numbers, averaging Sixty-Four Pages each, at Five Dollars per annum, invariably in advance. The postage on each No. for 100 miles or less, is six cents; over 100 miles, ten cents.

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**RICHMOND, VA.**

**PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR.**

**1844.**



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# SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1844.

NO. 2.

## IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

A DRAMATIC POEM,

IN FIVE ACTS.

(Translated from the German of Goëthe.)

### ACT II—SCENE I.

*Orestes. Pylades.*

*Orestes.* We tread the path of Death, and at each step  
My soul is more composed. When to Apollo  
I prayed, to free me from the avenging fiends  
That ever dogged my steps, he seemed to promise,  
That, in the temple of his much loved sister,  
Who rules o'er Tauris, I should find assistance  
And relief. This plighted God's word  
So full of hope, is sure of its fulfilment,  
For, with my life, my sufferings soon will end.  
Beautiful Sun! how easy to resign  
Thy light, to one whose heart the hand of God  
Has crushed to numbness. If no laurelled death,  
The price of glorious victory awaits  
The sons of Atreus—if, like my doom father,  
Like all my ancestors, it be my doom  
To die a bloody death, so let it be.  
Better to bleed before the altar here  
Than in a corner, by the assassin hand  
Of a near kinsman. Friends of Tartarus,  
Who dog my steps, while yet I walk the earth,  
And, like the sleuth-hound, snuff the blood that marks them,  
Let me alone! soon I go down to you.  
The light of day no more shall be polluted  
By sight of you or me; nor earth's green carpet  
Be stained by Demon feet. There, in your den,  
I'll seek you out; there, where one equal fate  
Shall seal us all in everlasting night.  
Thee, Pylades, companion of my crime,  
Though innocent, thee, partner of my doom!  
I grieve to bear thee to that mournful land,  
Untimely snatched away. Thy life or death  
Alone awakens hope or fear in me.  
*Pylades.* Not yet, like thee, Orestes, am I ready  
The abode of Ghosts to visit. Still I hope,  
Among the tangled paths that seem to tend  
All downward to black night, to find a way  
That leads to life again. Of death I think not.  
I wait the pleasure of the Gods, and hope,  
That they will yet provide a glad escape.  
Death, whether feared or no, comes when he will,  
But when, to sever our devoted locks,  
The Priestess lifts her hand, I still shall think  
Only of thine and my deliverance. Rouse  
Thy soul from this despondency. Our danger  
Is but increased by doubt. Did not Apollo  
Plight thee his word, that in his Sister's Temple  
Aid—solace—safe return were all prepared?  
The words of Gods are not ambiguous,  
Though thus the afflicted and desponding deem.  
*Orestes.* The web of destiny my mother spread  
Over my infant head, and as I grew  
In likeness to my father, tho' I spoke not,  
My presence to her paramour and her  
Was a severe rebuke. Alas! How often

When, musing o'er the fire, sad Electra  
Sat solitary in the large old hall,  
I anxiously have climbed into her lap,  
And stared with wondering eyes upon her tears.  
Then of our noble father would she speak  
And I, in eager longing to be with him,  
Now wished myself at Troy, now him at home.  
Then came the hour—

*Pylades.* O let that be a theme  
For nightly converse among hellish ghosts:  
We, from the memory of brighter days,  
Must gather strength for new heroic effort.  
The Gods have use for good men here on earth,  
To do their will, and still they count on thee,  
Nor gave thee as companion to thy Father,  
When he reluctantly went down to Orcus.

*Orestes.* O! had I caught his hem and followed him.  
*Pylades.* Much cause have I to thank the hand that  
saved thee;

For what were I without thee, since with thee,  
And for thy sake alone, from infancy,  
I've wished to live.

*Orestes.* Remind me not, I pray thee,  
Of those bright days, when, in thy father's house,  
I found a refuge, where his prudent care  
Tenderly nursed the bruised and blighted blossom,  
While thou, forever gay and light of heart,  
Sporting around me like a butterfly  
O'er a dark flower hovering, to my soul  
Imparted the glad cheerfulness of thine,  
Till I, forgetful of my fate, and swayed  
By youthful sympathy, would lose myself  
In dreams enthusiastic.

*Pylades.* It was then  
My life began—then when I first loved thee.

*Orestes.* More truly say that then thy griefs began.  
Horrible fate! That I, thus plague-infected  
And driven from society, must bear  
Anguish and death to others in my bosom.  
Go where I will, tho' all before was health,  
The blooming cheek grows pale at my approach  
And wears the marks of death, certain tho' slow.

*Pylades.* Were poison in thy breath, Orestes, I  
Should be the first to perish; but thou seest me  
Still full of cheerful confidence and courage;  
And Love and Confidence are wings that bear  
To great achievements.

*Orestes.* Great achievements! Yes,  
The time has been when we to such looked forward,  
When we on mount and vale pursued our prey,  
And hoped to see the day, when rivalling  
The courage and the prowess of our fathers,  
We too, with club and sword, might hunt the monster,  
Or track the robber to his cave, and then  
When, leaning on each other, we would sit  
At evening, looking out o'er the broad sea,  
The rippling wave breaking against our feet,  
And all the world spread out before our eyes:  
Then would we grasp the sword, and deeds of glory  
Through the dark future glittered like the stars  
Whose countless host spangled the night's black brow.

*Pylades.* The work the soul proposes to herself  
Is infinite, still burning to achieve  
Deeds of such splendor, as at once may rival  
The glories which are still the poet's theme,

The mountains with a laughter ring,  
 Like wildest bird-notes in the Spring :—  
 And under evening's gentle beam  
 Beauty and Music reign supreme !

And one was fairest of the fair,  
 And brightest of the bright,  
 Whose flashing eye and raven hair  
 Were stolen from the night :  
 A Southern sun had burnt upon  
 Her cheek of purest white,  
 The golden roses that are won  
 In climes of living light :  
 Her limbs that scarce were hid from ken  
 By the aerial dress she wore,  
 Flashed out upon the gazers then  
 As flashed the new made stars before  
 The vision of the first of men  
 Who wandered Earth's green regions o'er !  
 She seemed to all in that gay throng,  
 Who might one glance to her devote,  
 A bright embodiment of song—  
 A living moving music-note !  
 The knight gazed on her with surprise  
 And drank deep love-draughts from her eyes !

AY ! He—the woestruck knight who even now  
 Was breathing many a deep and heartfelt vow—  
 Oaths which were winged for heaven so very late  
 They scarce are noted in the book of fate,—  
 Deep protestations of undying truth  
 To the lost Lady of his love-lit youth ;—  
 Forgetting her whose virgin-beauty's bloom  
 Withers within a dark and living tomb ;  
 Forgetting all,—with accents soft and sweet  
 Is kneeling at a stranger-beauty's feet !  
 No matter if his suit be lost or sped  
 Still hath the past, with all its memory fled !  
 Ye, who the moral of my tale would scan,  
 Read here the history of THE FAITH OF MAN.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS ON THE MORAL SENSIBILITIES.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH, ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

In constructing the being called man, and in providing for his felicity, it has pleased the Creator to prepare two distinct, general sources from which that felicity is derived.

The first exists within the breast of man himself ; the other is found in the vast variety of the external world. Nor are these sources of pleasurable emotion altogether independent of each other. On the contrary, there is between them a correspondence so wise and perfect, as to show a manifest design by their combined energy to make men happy.

To illustrate my meaning : The soul of man is endowed with a faculty to which we give the name of *Taste*. By the rhetorician, Taste is defined to be "the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art." Whenever, therefore, this power is exercised on its appropriate object, the result is *mental felicity*. One mind is so constituted, that it derives its greatest pleasure from the

study of poetry ; another from the deductions and demonstrations of mathematical science. So absorbed, indeed, have some minds been in their admiration of the exact sciences, that scarcely any thing, within the empire of thought, could give them pleasure but the strictest demonstration. Hence, a celebrated mathematician is said to have exclaimed, after having toiled through *Paradise Lost*, "What does it all *prove*?" On the other hand, when the Pythagorean proposition in Euclid was discovered by its author, he ran through the streets of his city in an ecstasy of delight, crying, "I have found it, I have found it."

To others again, the productions of the *pencil* or *chisel* convey a paramount pleasure, while they awaken within the soul deep and inexpressible emotions. The organ of communication in these cases is the eye, through which, also, the soul admires the beauty of *architectural* creations and proportions. But the art of music, "the concord of sweet sounds" demands another organ, which we call the ear, through which it pours its raptures into the same soul. Hence the blind, whose visual organ cannot perceive the external beauties either of nature or of art, and to whom, therefore, all these sources of pleasure are sealed, turn with redoubled relish to those objects which communicate with the soul through the organ of the ear. And it is highly probable, that this *compensation* is so complete in its nature and so beneficent in its influence, as entirely to supply a deficiency, which is commonly considered an irretrievable calamity.

The highest order of influence is that produced by *Eloquence*, which seems to combine the excellencies of the arts already mentioned. Thus eloquence involves the very soul of poetry, as is evident from the breathing thoughts and burning words of the ancient bards and prophets, who swayed the minds of their countrymen with a power never surpassed in the age of the most accomplished orators. *Poet* and *Prophet* were in fact interchangeable terms among the ancients, and these men were the accredited public speakers of their assemblies. At the feasts and games they rehearsed their own productions to their delighted fellow-citizens, and when occasion required, stimulated them with all the energy of song to deeds of martial valor. The epic poem existed prior to the oration. Homer, the prince of poets, lived some hundreds of years before Pericles the father of Oratory. Moses, the occasional poet, as well as the commissioned lawgiver of the Hebrews, composed heroic, or triumphal songs in his native language at the very time (1490 B. C.) Cadmus was introducing the alphabet into Greece, or six centuries before the poems of Homer were known in Greece. Very justly, therefore, does Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in his *Lectures on Poetry*, observe : "The earliest place in the history of poetry is thus due to the Hebrew muse. \* \* In-



deed, the more we contemplate the Old Testament, the more we shall be struck by the solitary grandeur in which it stands as an historical monument amid the waste of time." It is from these ancient treasures, sacred and secular, that the materials of the most sublime and effective eloquence have been drawn. So completely is the spirit of poetry and of eloquence intermingled in the compositions of the Hebrew Prophets, that the critics are undecided whether to class them as Orators or Poets.

In comparing the art of eloquence with the art of *painting*, it may be observed, that aside from those qualities, which are peculiar to the former, it is itself a kind of moral painting, which, disdaining the mere locality of the canvass, instantly wings its flight through every region of nature and of art, summoning at pleasure whatever it needs to produce an impression on the soul. And that impression is not, as in a picture, the result of slow and labored strokes of the pencil, but of the mighty action of mind in its boldest conceptions and its warmest enthusiasm. The calm contemplation of a mere copy, however beautiful—of a moveless scene, however brilliant, cannot, in the nature of things, so rouse the sleeping emotions of the soul, as the living, intelligent and embodied genius of human eloquence, carrying the soul captive by its moral power, and encircling the whole man with its irresistible enchantments. All painting must necessarily be descriptive. Even that which is imaginative seeks original forms out of which to construct its combinations. But description is only one attribute of eloquence. Direct persuasion is its great object. It is, indeed, defined to be "the art of persuasion." But though *indirect* persuasion may be predicated of some of the productions of the pencil, it is only an incidental result, not a part of the main design. For instance, the object of those historical paintings, which adorn the National Rotundo, is national glory. But incidentally they are adapted to *persuade* the rising youth of our country to the adoption of principles of pure patriotism and to the performance of deeds of heroic devotion. The object of that splendid specimen of sculptured marble, which reposes under the same dome, is to honor him, who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Nor can a thoughtful American youth contemplate it without some stirring emotions; without some nascent purpose of soul, like this illustrious prototype, to deserve well of his country in whatever sphere he may be placed. If such then be the effect of these speechless works of art upon the patriotic heart; if even the mute painting and the voiceless marble can be so eloquent; if they can illustrate the renown of past generations, and inspire generations to come with the spirit of high endeavor, to what achievements may not a living, speaking eloquence aspire? The statue of Demosthenes might charm the beholder,

but what would he think of Demosthenes himself, especially could he hear the indignant tones of his voice denouncing the atrocities of the king of Macedon?

When the comparison is instituted between eloquence and music, the result to which we come is more doubtful, supposing the standard by which we measure that result to be the beautiful rather than the useful. The emotions awakened in the human soul, by strains of soft or sublime music, cannot be surpassed in depth and power by any feeling of which the soul is capable when under the influence of any of the Fine Arts. It is an influence which reaches its finest chords and awakens its most exquisite sensibilities. The fable of Orpheus calling from the dead his beloved Eurydice by the resistless power of music, however destitute of literal truth, furnishes a striking tribute from antiquity to the charms of music. It is, in truth, one of those arts which is founded in nature, if, indeed, it does not boast a higher birth—in heaven itself. There was melody in the groves of Eden, while the world was yet in its infancy and man in his purity. Thus Milton represents our first parent in his apostrophe to the glorious works of God as saying:

"Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise."

If man could not be silent in the midst of the works of God, much less could those pure spirits, who dwell more immediately in the presence of the Great King, and beheld his glory unobstructed by a veil of flesh. Hence we are informed, that the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This art, then, is of noble birth, and like the sister arts, should never be desecrated to unworthy and unhallowed purposes. The sanctity of their origin should be their safeguard against perversion. Music may be called the bride of poetry, for they were wedded in Paradise, and have continued for the most part to live harmoniously together through all the revolutions of time, the decay of empires and the sepulture of the human race. Nor can they ever be divorced so long as the passions of the soul shall demand expression. For every emotion of joy or grief, of love or indignation, there is an appropriate sign, which takes the form of a modulated sound, and these sounds in the process of the application of art to nature are so arranged and proportioned as to produce the most powerful impressions on the mind through the ear. Even instrumental music can be traced as far back as any art whatever, not connected with the pressing necessities of life. Ancient history informs us that the "first poets

sang their own verses, and hence the beginning of what we call *versification*, or words arranged in a more artful order than prose, so as to be suited to some tune or melody." The scale or alphabet of music is more wonderful than even the alphabet of language, for while the latter consists of arbitrary signs, the former is an immutable production of Nature. Music, then, was made for the heart of man, and although we cannot say with Shakspeare, that he who has no soul for it is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils;" though this great master of nature, in inditing so bitter and sweeping a censure, overstepped the limits of truth and probability, yet we may well wonder at the man, whose sensibilities are never moved under so charming an influence. Eloquence claims to include this art within its ample domain, so far as the energy of emphasis, the melody of sound, and the harmony of periods are concerned. That wonderful instrument, the living voice, is essential to the highest achievements of both. Conception, adaptation, accent, emphasis and expression, all are common to both. Inspiration once said to one of the eloquent prophets who had addressed the people: "Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but do them not." The superiority of eloquence as a practical and manly art is seen at the bar, in the forum, in the legislative assembly; those great theatres for the transaction of civil affairs, where music would be a strange and unwelcome guest, as bringing nothing useful with her, but being rather a hindrance and detriment to the commonwealth.

The science of ARCHITECTURE, which is of later origin than most of the arts already mentioned, as being a production of civilized life, does, nevertheless, like other arts of Design, come down to us from classical antiquity. The history of the arts has been classified into four luminous periods. The first is the era of Alexander, Pericles, Aristotle, Apelles, Phidias, when in a rough and martial age, eloquence, philosophy, painting, sculpture and architecture each found a genius which each could immortalize. The second era is that of the Cæsars, when poetry and history rose to the very point of culmination. This period embraces the Augustan age. The third is that which followed the capture of Constantinople by the successor of Mohammed, Mohammed II. Italy became now the refuge of the fine arts, and under the fostering care of the Medici, whatever was rescued from the barbarity of the Turks and the Goths was advanced to a degree of eminent perfection. It was the golden age of painting and sculpture, as the brilliant names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Correggio testify, while the beauties of architecture were reproduced in that land of classic models under the genius of Palladio,

"Who bade the lofty column rise,  
Its summit pointing to the skies."

The last age is that succeeding the reformation, when along with the invention of the art of printing and the mariner's compass, the mind of man shook off its slumbers, and, stimulated by the discoveries of the past and the expectations of the future, commenced a new career of improvement. The discovery of a new world occurring at this period, in the order of an infinitely wise Providence, gave an impulse to the mind of the old world, which nothing could resist. Experimental philosophy burst forth upon the intellect of civilized nations with the power of intuitive demonstration, and reason and revelation were enthroned amid the ruins of scholastic absurdities. Men were eloquent because every faculty of the mind was awakened to extraordinary activity. The brightest period of British eloquence, embracing the names of Chatham, Burke, Pitt and Fox, which has just past, belongs to this epoch. Indeed, not only have the fine arts been most successfully cultivated during the last three hundred years, but never in the history of the human mind, has genuine science made such sensible and important progress. And as all art is founded in science, the advancement of the one insures the improvement of the other.

In analyzing more particularly the influence of these arts on the sensibilities of man, let us recur to the most ancient among them—poetry. This is not merely the language of the imagination, as it has sometimes been defined. It often lies deep in the heart of the poet himself, and then it is that it awakens the most profound emotion in the hearts of others. To illustrate this: Let any one compare the poetry of Akenside with that of Burns; while the former glows with animated beauty, occasionally rising to a stirring eloquence, the latter seizes the fibres of the heart, perhaps in a single line, and they tremble with emotion. The genius of Akenside may dazzle the imagination by its coruscations, but that of Burns electrifies the heart. The one may be compared to an artificial fountain, throwing up by hydrostatic pressure its beautiful jets; the other to a natural fountain in the hill side gushing out with translucent purity from its secret recesses. The former might well sing of the Pleasures of the Imagination, for he was the poet of the imagination; the latter of the simplicities and sanctities of HOME, for he is the poet of the heart, and thither the heart turns amid all its wanderings and its wounds. There it would rest at last. "Let me die among my kindred," exclaims the Orientalist.  
Home!

"How dark this world would be  
If when deceived and wounded here  
We could not fly to thee!"

It is for this reason that Cowper, whose muse is so conversant with the "business and bosoms" of men, has secured so triumphant a place in the af-

fections of all the lovers of true poetry, while Pope, however brilliant in poetic conception, and perfect in the harmony of numbers, must consent to enjoy his regal dignity, an object of admiration, rather than of affection in his exalted sphere. Burns said that the muse of his country found him as Elijah did Elisha *at the plough*, and threw her mantle of inspiration over him. If, obedient to the mandate of his mistress, the poet abandoned the plough for an elevated field of fame, the freshness and the fragrance of his rural associations still clung around him, and he delighted to write poetry to the mountain-daisy, which he had upturned with the ploughshare; that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," as he calls it, whose fate he seemed to consider emblematic of his own:

"There in thy scanty mantle clad  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise,  
But now the *share* upturns thy bed  
And low thou lies!"

"Such is the fate of simple bard  
On life's rough ocean luckless star'd."

But he learned many a useful lesson at the domestic fireside and altar, which, had he remembered and practised, would have saved him that agony of feeling, which he himself describes in those fine verses entitled, "*Man was made to mourn.*"

"Many and sharp the numerous ills  
Inwoven with our frame,  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse and shame."

From the poisoned cup of self-indulgence he drank pain and sorrow till the agony of his soul became chronic, and the dignity of genius bowed beneath the sway of a base and despotic passion. The stream of poetic feeling was tainted too early and deeply in his young manhood to admit of clarification, and by his own confession, there was more than one line written, which "dying he would wish to blot." When, however, he burst away from the spell of temptation, abandoned for a season his boon companions and exchanged the roar of the bar-room for the tranquil seclusion of home and homeborn associations, then his genius, plucking away every foul adhesion, and pluming its wings for a serener flight, would achieve something worthy of his own spreading fame, and of the deeply religious feeling of his beloved country. Thus, in that most celebrated of his productions, the "*Cotter's Saturday Night*," which in fact is a painting of a family scene—his own father's home being the original, he proceeds in this strain:

"Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content,  
And oh, may heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while  
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle."

Here are patriotic sentiments strongly engrafted on domestic sympathies, and the heart of Scotland leaps for joy at the sound of this music. Crowns and coronets may glitter with hereditary lustre, but here is a patent of nobility from the author of mind, a diadem of beauty, the lustre of which does not fade. This dominion of genius is most truly imperial, because of its essential strength, and that strength arises from the influence which falls upon the heart.

If now we contemplate the sister arts in the same relation, we shall be struck with similar results. Although the field of the painter is comparatively limited, yet in that field the triumph of the art has been wonderful. If it be one of the attributes of genius to diffuse its energies far and wide, it is a not less important attribute to concentrate its powers within a small compass, and to execute so condensed a view of a great moral subject, as to produce a proportionate impression on the susceptibilities of the soul.

It is here that the power of the pictorial art is confessedly preëminent. The poet, availing himself of the succession of time and place, can select and combine from all the circumstances of the past, and thus at will pass through the present to the future, and if necessary even retrace the glowing path of his imagination. But the painter, compelled to seize one moment of time and one local position, summons all his powers to the mighty effort, and bestows on that point the whole strength of his genius. He may have studied for years a design which is to occupy but a few square feet of canvass. But he paints for immortality, and deep must be the studies, patient the toil, exhaustless the perseverance of such a mind. He aims not merely to please the eye. That could be done by the simple process of fine coloring. He seeks to stir the deep sea of human sensibility. He desires to reach the most retired and secret fountains of feeling in man, and hence he must commune for days and nights with nature herself in her multiplied forms and in her beautiful developments. Some minds are more affected by *natural scenery* than by any other source of moral influence. To such the rich landscapes of Titian would convey a most refined and delicate pleasure. For besides the impression produced by a view of the charms of nature, there would be the emotion of admiration for the triumph of genius in transferring, as by some magical art, the features of still life to the canvass. It is thus, that a combination of moral causes has a tendency to increase the power of intellectual enjoyment. What then must have been the pleasures of Michael Angelo, who was not only the first of painters, but eminent also as a sculptor and an architect, and even as a poet, distinguished by the power of his imagination. Who can measure the power of such

a mind to impart and receive pleasure? When the eminent painters of modern times would display the highest perfection of the art, they seem by the very instinct of genius to select the most elevated and impressive subjects, and these subjects they could find no where but in the Scriptures of Divine Inspiration. The same is true of the great masters of music, who have delighted the world with their productions. Haydn sought the idea of his Creation, Handel of his Messiah, Beethoven of his Mount of Olives in the sources of holy inspiration. Of the vast influence of their works upon the mind of the world, it is unnecessary to speak. It was under the promptings of a similar spirit, that Milton, that great *moral* painter, that architect of the most sublime poem in existence, invoked the aid of the spirit of God at the very threshold of his immortal work, and intending "no middle flight," sought to imbibe his inspiration at "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God." It must hence result, that the more widely Christianity extends her empire in the earth, shaping the purposes and sanctifying the sensibilities of men, the more certainly will their taste seek its gratification in such works, rather than in those, which abound in the machinery of gods and demons, or of elves, witches and fairies, and especially rather than in those, which pander to the passions, debauch the imagination and corrupt the heart.

The names of Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyke, Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Leonardo da Vinci, are familiar in the history of painting. If you inquire which are the most successful and the most celebrated of their productions; what subjects did they choose, on which to spend the force of their genius, the reply is: THE THEMES OF INSPIRATION: The preaching of Paul at Athens; the Death of John the Baptist; the Judgment of Solomon; Saul at the tomb of Samuel; the Miracles of Christ; the Transfiguration; the Crucifixion; the Resurrection; the Descent from the Cross; the Last Supper; the Last Judgment. Were these men attracted solely by the moral beauty and the essential grandeur of their themes, or did they not also with a kind of prophetic vision anticipate the day, when, in consequence of the supremacy of Christianity over the mind of posterity, their own bright and sublime creations would so harmonize with the spirit of that illustrious age, as to secure to their fame an amaranthine freshness to the end of time? Did they not, in addressing their works of art to the religious sensibilities of man, expect to find in them responses of the deepest tone and of the most undoubted perpetuity? Now, though the colors should fade from their canvass, other master spirits will arise, to imitate their example, perhaps to surpass their achievements, and while they reform that which is vicious in point of morals, will add purity to the profession, grace to the art, and grandeur to its results. The Roman and Grecian, the Floren-

tine and Venetian schools will then have passed away, to be succeeded by that last and noblest, the CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

In adverting to the influence of architecture on the mind, three things are to be considered. Comprehensiveness of design, beauty of proportion and sublimity of expression. These qualities are essential to the highest success of the art. When combined, they excite some of the strongest sentiments of the mind, and especially when viewed in connection with antiquity, though in broken forms, they become invested with so many interesting associations and awaken so many powerful recollections as at times almost to overwhelm the mind. Thus the temple of Theseus at Athens, so remarkably preserved, though built ten years after the battle of Marathon, presents not merely a specimen of the material sublime, but connects itself with the history of that wonderful people, who reared its magnificent columns, which have weathered the storms of two thousand years. It is thus that architecture, amid the ruins of time, furnishes here and there a sublime and comprehensive symbol of the history of the past; and the grandeur of the human intellect transmits its own imperishable evidence to the latest posterity. Poetry has not withheld its tribute from the sister art. The author of the "Seasons," not insensible to any of the forms of beauty, whether in the visible world or in the empire of the imagination, thus speaks:

"First unadorned

And nobly plain the manly Doric rose,  
The Ionic then with decent matron grace  
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant last  
The rich Corinthian spread her leafy wreath."

Any form of art that could thus be described, must be emblematic, and emblems most strongly affect the imagination. Here, then, is another source of sentiment in the department of architectural design.

But the assigned limits of this paper do not permit me to pursue this train of thought. In reviewing those arts, at which we have glanced on the present occasion, we see prepared on the one hand the beautiful images of poetry—the rich colors of painting—the moral sublimities of eloquence—the soft melody of music—the silent eloquence of sculpture—the impressive designs of architecture—and on the other, certain mental susceptibilities, by which the influence emanating from these arts is enjoyed. There are faculties in men, each one of which meets some creation of immortal genius by a law as certain as that which adapts light to the eye, or sound to the ear. Why then should the human intellect ever slumber, or why should the mind ever be at a loss for sources of rational pleasure? What expectations may not be indulged with reference to the future?

OUR COUNTRY is young in years, but where is there such a land to excite human intellect? Her



reminiscences are indeed brief, but brilliant. Her promise is great and animating. Look at her giant mountains—her broad rivers that rush sublimely to the ocean—her beautiful lakes, each one a mimic sea—her deep, untrodden forests, so luxuriantly vast, so wildly grand—her widespread scenery, varied with every tint of beauty, that ever fell from Nature's pencil—how much is here to awaken the genius of poetry and of painting! Contemplate her institutions—their origin with the people—conquered by the people in a conflict, a parallel to which history does not furnish—secured by a power that resides within themselves—chartered by their own authority—the very nature of the American government demands the utmost freedom of thought and latitude of discussion on all subjects, and this is the condition of the highest eloquence. With the advancing refinement of society, all the sister arts will advance, each occupying its appropriate niche in the great temple of science, and all combining to instruct the mind and soften the manners of a stern and enterprising people. Go on then, my beloved country, encourage every rising genius. Multiply your institutes of science and your halls of literature. Let there be an alliance of nations to foster the arts and to forget arms. Let the sword of war continue to sleep in its scabbard, and the trump of battle no more rouse the wrath of contending hosts, nor the tramp of hostile squadrons shake the ensanguined plain, but may the general strife be, who shall most successfully cultivate the arts of peace, and promote the happiness of universal man.

### GIVE ME A TALISMAN OF LOVE.

Give me a Talisman of Love !  
 Let it be graved with light,  
 And hidden characters that move  
 The spirit in its might.  
 Give it a pow'r to chain  
 The fancy, in its upward range  
 For gems of thought,  
 To wean the soul again  
 From its resistless thirst for change  
 That life has brought.  
 Give me a Talisman of Love !  
 Let it be wrought when Day  
 Embraces Evening—and the dove  
 Hies to her nest away.  
 Then, as by tuneful streams  
 I tread in the far sunny land  
 To which I go ;  
 The form in all my dreams,  
 Born of that Talisman, will stand  
 By me—and low  
 Sweet echoings of th' oft touch'd lyre  
 Will brood my thoughts among,—  
 And incense on the altar fire  
 Of memory be flung.

*New Haven, Conn.*

J. S. R.

### A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF EDWARD MORELAND.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON CITY.

"The course of true love, never did run smooth."

It is both pleasing and melancholy to indulge occasionally in the reminiscences of youth—to fall back upon those days when the imagination waned in all the luxury of anticipated happiness and joy, and

"Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair."

The cares and sorrows of after life are deepened by the contrast, and time mellows the past and arrays it in the beautiful *couleur de rose*. Though "man never is, but always to be blest," I have always found a melancholy pleasure in retracing the years that have passed away and are buried in the gulf of time. My heart was blighted by early sorrow, which for years withered its energies and gave a gloomy tinge to my feelings—yet I now look back upon the event, with emotions, which partake more of pleasing sadness than pain. I proceed to narrate the melancholy incident of my early life to which I have alluded.

One evening, in the summer of 1792, I was journeying from Baltimore, then comparatively a village, to Georgetown, to become an inmate in the dwelling of a relative, who had invited me to come and live with him, in consequence of the recent death of my only surviving parent. I was about eighteen years of age, dreamy, sensitive and melancholy. I paused on the spot which had been cleared for the foundation of the capitol, a structure now viewed with wonder and admiration for its magnificence and beauty by every American. The infant metropolis of our vast republic had been laid out ; but it was still in all the wildness of nature. Dense forests covered the space which is now overspread with fine edifices, or laid out in cultivated fields. A winding road, cut through the woods, led through the lower part of the new city to Georgetown. A romantic stream, then termed Goose Creek, flowed between its woody banks from its source to the Potomac, and a few stones afforded a passage where the water was shallow, to such as travelled on foot. The picturesque beauty of this city at that period, was such as to lead me to take frequent strolls through its "deep shades and awful solitudes," and to wander amid the cool groves, and over the small farms scattered here and there within its limits. On one of these occasions, I had taken a direction north-west of the hill, or elevation, on which the capitol now stands, and followed the Tiber towards its source, amusing myself as I went with my gun, though not the proper season for game. The feathered tribe was numerous, and I was more anxious to obtain specimens for a small collection I was forming, than for the mere pleasure such sport would afford me. Being fatigued with my