

Cambridge, Mass.

ONLY THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XIX., No. 6.

JUNE, 1853.

Whole Number, CCXXII.

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THIS WORK IS PUBLISHED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS AVERAGING SIXTY-FOUR PAGES EACH, AT THREE DOLLARS, PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO., PROPRIETORS.

1853.

POSTAGE ONLY FOUR AND A HALF CENTS PER QUARTER.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR.

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RICHMOND, JUNE, 1853.

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A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.*

Ecce iterum Crispinus. Mrs. Stowe obtrudes herself again upon our notice, and, though we have no predilections for the disgusting office of castigating such offences as hers, and rebuking the incendiary publications of a woman, yet the character of the present attack, and the bad eminence which she and her books have both won, render a prompt notice of the present encyclopædia of slander even more necessary than any reply to her previous fiction. Her second appearance on the stage of civil dissension and social polemics is much changed from what it was at the time when her first revelations were given to the world. She was then an obscure Yankee school-mistress, eaten up with fanaticism, festering with the malignant virus of abolitionism, self-sanctified by the virtues of a Pharisaic religion, devoted to the assertion of woman's rights, and an enthusiastic believer in many neoteric heresies, but she was comparatively harmless, as being almost entirely unknown. She has now, by a rapid ascent and at a single dash, risen to unequalled celebrity and notoriety; and, though we believe with Dryden, that

Short is the date of all immoderate fame;

yet, at the present moment, she can give currency to her treacherous doctrines and her big budget of scandal by the prestige of unprecedented success. That success has been attained less by the imaginary merits of the fiction, though these have obtained unmeasured commendation, than by the inhe-

* *FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, presenting the original facts and documents upon which the Story is founded, together with corroborative statements, verifying the truth of the work.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Boston. Published by John P. Jewett and Company. Cleveland, Ohio. Jewett, Procter & Worthington. 1853.

rent vices of the work. Its unblushing falsehood was its chief passport to popular acceptance. But, however acquired, she has certainly won a brilliant vantage-ground for the repetition of her assault upon the South. Is she not now hailed as the great prophetess of the wretched by the multitudes of the earth? Do not all the tongues of Babel, and all the hosannahs of ignorance unite in common acclaim to do her honor? Is she not venerated as the ancient Sibyl who points the way to realms of Saturnian bliss, if she can only unite the fanaticism and blind delusion of the world for the achievement of a vicarious sacrifice at the expense of the South? The Southern States of the Union and the institution of slavery are proposed as the scape-goat for the sins, and the expiation for the miseries of all humanity; and Mrs. Stowe is worshipped as the chosen messenger of heaven, to whom the revelation of this new and easy atonement has been committed, and who has been entrusted with the secret of the sole gate of salvation. The Pharisees of Northern Abolitionism are taught a pleasant escape from the consciousness of their own iniquities and domestic disorders by magnifying the supposed guilt of their neighbours, and concentrating their whole attention upon the only sin in which they do not more zealously participate. The poverty-stricken, the wretched, the oppressed millions of Europe have their own real woes presented to their fancy in the picture of the imaginary wrongs of the slave: and the titled lords of the soil and greedy capitalists of England, after driving penury from its wretched home, sweeping miserable crowds from any foot-hold on the soil, and wringing profits or selfish gratifications from the agonies of famished labour, wrap themselves in the warm mantle of self-delusion or hypocrisy, and thank Heaven that they are not as Southern men are. The harmonious concord of such influences lends strength and volume to that outpouring of applause which is lavished upon Mrs. Stowe and her book, and gives at

and he has vainly sought in the strife of mind and the sweets of victory an adequate recompense for the death of those soft hours. Having gone, as all things must go, they left no equivalent in the future—but not therefore in sadness does he write this—rather in deep joy, and as though he had said—

“ Give me a golden pen, and let me lean
On heaped up flowers,”

so wholly flooded is his heart with the memory of that young frank face. She wore a pink dress, he remembers—all children should wear either pink or white—and her hair was in long bright curls, and her eyes were diamonds full of light. He thought the birds were envious of her singing, when she carolled clearly in the bright May morning.

He wove her a garland of flowers for her hair—and she blushed as she took it from his hands. She had on a small gold ring and a red bracelet, and since that time he has loved red bracelets—considering them far prettier than the more elaborate ornaments, though they should be heavy with “barbaric pearls and gold.” In those times the trees were greener than at present, the birds sang more sweetly, and the streams ran far more merrily. They thought so at least, as they sat down under a large oak, reaching over the brook, and he read to her, with shadowy, loving eyes, nearly full of tears, old songs that

“ Dallied with the innocence of love,
As in the olden age.”

—Well, well! It was a bright hour and time and scene: may it never die for him wholly. Very sad, too, to recollect. He is afraid—though joyful also. It is well to think of it in the dazzling afternoon here, when the night is so long dragging the sun into the west. Come, cool night, and bring me dreams of youth and love! Come, soft night, and open my heart with memories!

And now my sketches end. Brief as they are, they have not been in vain. It is well to give a tangible form, “a local habitation and a name,” to scenes and recollections of personages which shone for us long years ago, and have come down full of light to the present day and hour. Such memories

soften one; for in the great din of life, where we are compelled so often to contend with inimical forces—to strike mortal blows upon those whose religion is hatred, malice and all uncharitableness—the heart becomes often very much hardened, and needs these soothing recollections. What matters it if the mind yearns for a whole universe of contempt to pour out on some hypocritical Pharisee, and in the yearning is, spite of itself, embittered and subdued to what it works in, “like the dyer’s hand”—what matters it if, banishing these corroding hatreds and contempts, the heart can take refuge in dear memories of some soul, the purest and noblest that ever dwelt for a space upon our earth? Those memories console us—that light floods all the gloomy present:—for my past, so full of those happy and inspiring recollections, and dear images, thanks! thanks!

P. I.

Va., May, 1853.

Thoughts on following a Child to the Grave.

We followed in silence the coffined clay,
From which sadly in death we had parted;
And we felt we had tasted that bitter cup,
That is drained by the broken-hearted.

We thought of the precious little form
That so lately in tears we had shrouded;
And we thought of the bright and happy home
Whose light was so darkly clouded.

We thought of the mother whose heart was torn
By a double stroke of sorrow;
And we thought that the lonely grief of to-day,
Might be lonelier still on the morrow.

We thought of the father who soon must hear
His loss in the land of the stranger;
Who perhaps was then deeming his beautiful child
As safe from every danger.

We thought—of his bearing his grief, afar
From her who was wont to cheer him;—
Of his lonely pillow wet with tears
Where she could not be near him.

And we thought of the forms his eye would miss
As he came to his darkened dwelling,
And we thought of the tones that death had stilled
Which Memory then would be telling.

But we also thought as we turned away
From the narrow couch where we laid her,
That her gentle spirit was now at rest
Where sorrow would never invade her.

We thought of the sainted ones she had met,
On the banks of the crystal river;
And we thought of the ties that bound them now
In gladness and love forever.

And we thought of the home that awaits us there,
That now was to us but brighter;
And we thought of the loved ones gathering there,
'Till we felt our hearts grow lighter.

And then as we thought that its brightest gems
Were formed of our tears of sadness;
Our throbbing and sorrowing hearts grew still
With a calm of holy gladness.

T. V. M.

Richmond, Va.

EPILOGUE.

The following lines by Thackeray, being the conclusion of the little volume of 'Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,' seem to us a sufficient refutation of the charge, that he is devoid of feeling. A more touching strain we do not recollect.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*]

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys;

With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast piteously down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be he who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,—
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the heart with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter-snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman,

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas-days:
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to heaven on high it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide;
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.