

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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

VOL. XX.

RICHMOND, JUNE, 1854.

NO. 6.

WORKS OF CALHOUN.*

The volume before us furnishes a worthy sequel to the former labours of its distinguished author. The last of the rich productions of his intellect it embodies and embalms the ripe experience and profound speculation of his previous life. Elaborated with all that exactness which a rigid discipline of the faculties enabled him to attain—this the crowning monument of his greatness forms an ornament well fitted to surmount the peerless marble of his fame. To the admirers of Mr. Calhoun this work possesses a mournful interest from the fact that its pages glow with the last rays of his declining but still unclouded intellect. To the completion of this task was consecrated the latest inspiration of his genius, and like the traditional responses of the Sybils, the volume of its revelations is the more to be appreciated, because the oracle which gave them utterance is stamped with the seal of an eternal silence. The voice which echoed the teachings of his wisdom is hushed; but the living spirit of his genius still breathes through these pages, and weaves its spell of conviction in the mind of the reader. For the successful accomplishment of the task so faithfully executed in the work before us, no man could have pledged abilities of a higher or more peculiarly appropriate order than the great political philosopher of Carolina. Analysis was the peculiar province of his intellect. His mind was a vast crucible in which every idea was resolved into its constituent elements—subjected to the infallible test of truth, and arranged with all the accuracy of scientific investigation. To trace every stream of thought back to the fountain from which its sparkling waters sprung—to ascertain its

source and trace its devious wanderings toward the great ocean of knowledge, was at once the natural impulse and the necessary law of his mental organization. To powers peculiarly adapted to his enterprize, he added as the fruits of studious thought and laborious experience, in public affairs, a knowledge of the science of Government, in its relations both abstract and concrete, which few ever possessed in an equal—none in a greater—degree.

It has been the misfortune of most eminent writers, upon the theory of Government, that they have failed to combine a knowledge of practical legislation with the spirit of speculative enquiry. Locke's "Treatise upon civil government," was composed in the quiet seclusion of a literary sanctum. The invaluable labours of Montesquieu mark the wisdom of the philosopher, without attesting the abilities of the practical statesman. The celebrated essay of De Lolme—though pronounced upon the high authority of Junius, "a performance deep, solid and ingenious," was written by a foreigner whose entire acquaintance with the workings of the English Constitution was derived from the necessarily superficial observations of a transient visit. To this objection, at least, the work of Mr. Calhoun is not liable. He laid aside the garb of boyhood to be invested with the powers of a legislator. He ascended from the modest road of citizenship, to the second office in the gift of his country, through the several grades of representative, senator, and minister. For thirty years he lived in contact with the institutions of which he wrote; and every revolution of the complex machinery of our federal system evolved some new principle—some hidden clue to the mystery of Government,—which, under the powerful lens of his intellect, kindled into a blaze of discovery. The opportunities for observation thus afforded are amply sufficient to relieve this Disquisition from the imputation of mere theorism. It forms the common altar upon which speculation and

* A Disquisition on Government and a Discourse of the Constitution and Government of the United States. By John C. Calhoun. Edited by Richard K. Cralle. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

To My Sister F— on Her Birthday.

I cannot come with costly gifts,
 To greet thy natal day ;
 Or tender aught more rich than this,—
 A brother's simple lay ;
 And yet this simple, artless lay,
 A treasure doth unfold,
 More precious far, I ween, to thee,
 Than jewels wrought of gold.

It brings the earnest prayer of one
 Who never bows the knee
 Before a daily throne of grace,
 Without a prayer for thee—
 It bears the love that glows within
 A brother's faithful heart—
 A tie of twining tenderness,
 That death alone shall part.

May God, my sister, grant to thee
 Yet many more such days,
 And each recurring year call forth
 A richer gush of praise.
 May life now bend above thy path
 Like one long summer day,
 Whose light shall linger long on earth
 Before it fades away.

And though the gathering cloud at times
 With tears may drench thy path,
 May soon the wreathing rainbow speak
 Of Mercy, not of wrath ;
 And then when days of earthly life
 No more to thee are given,
 May thy last day on earth but be
 Thy birth-day into heaven.

T. V. M.

THE BUNCH OF JESSAMINES.

BY ELMA SOUTH.

"There is no anguish like the hour
 Whatever else befall us,
 When one the heart has raised to power
 Asserts it but to gail us."

Last night there fell from my Bible these jessamines. The colour has forsaken them, and they are perfumeless; but they carry me back to Carolina's glorious woods, in the early spring time, when every tree is hung with fragrant festoons, and the breath of the the balmy air is as that of Araby. Years have passed by, with their varied changes, since these flowers, now so withered, were gathered in all their fragrant loveliness; but the story connected with them, remains as fresh upon memory's page, as on the day it was first imprinted there.

In the spring of 18— I went to pass some time in the country with Belle Montrose. She was a beautiful, high spirited girl; enthusiastic in her feelings, and generous in her impulses.

I found her engaged to one, whom she professed to love with all the fervor of her nature, but over whom she exercised a petty tyranny quite foreign to woman's nature. Secure in the knowledge that she was beloved, she heeded not the reproachful glances with which her admirer regarded her; and every fresh triumph of power incited her still further.

There was one who viewed her with genuine sorrow, and would shake her head very reprovingly at the young and lovely tyrant. This was the maiden aunt of Belle, who informed me, that through this same unhappy propensity, she, herself had lost the love of the only one that she had ever felt a disposition to marry. We sat in the drawing room one lovely moonlight evening, while Belle and her lover were pacing arm in arm the jessamine-twined piazza; and as the low-toned voices of the young couple reached us, through the open window, the old lady told me her love history.

"Women are too prone, my dear," she said, "to trifle with their own happiness; they sport oftentimes on the edge of a precipice, and know it not. In my girlish days, I loved one, who to my young imagination seemed endowed with every manly grace. I was giddy and thoughtless, and deemed it a delightful thing to have such absolute power over any human being as I possessed over Edward Greenville."

Edward Greenville! I started. Dear me; he was the fattest, meriest old man of my acquaintance; and to think that he was the hero of a romance. But why did Miss Becky tell me the name? for now I could but think of the good natured fat old man, seeming so happy, with his equally fat wife. In vain I tried to close my eyes upon the vision, and fancy a thin, pale youth the hero of Miss Becky's story, but the portly form of the Edward Greenville of the present, would appear, and thus, for, me all the romance of the story was destroyed and I was rude enough to laugh outright.

.. My dear, you have never loved, or you