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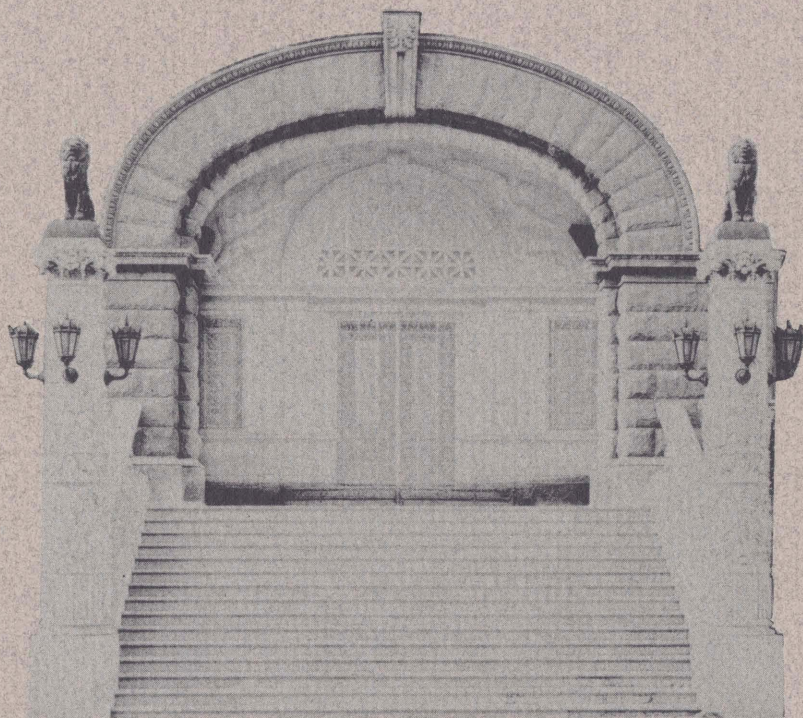
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A Legacy for Stephen Crane: The Princeton Writings of the Reverend Jonathan Townley Crane

BY THOMAS A. GULLASON

A valuable and still largely unexplored resource for understanding the mind and art of Stephen Crane is the rich heritage of his family background. I have recently come across four essays and one poem published by Jonathan Townley Crane while he was a student at the College of New Jersey (later to become Princeton University).¹ Although it is true that the Reverend Crane died in 1880, when Stephen was only eight, he nevertheless had a lifelong impact on his impressionable fourteenth and last child, who cherished his memory and kept a good portion of his writings and his library. Stephen was reading from his father's sermons on his own deathbed in June 1900.²

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1. At the time, the 1840s, the college had strong Presbyterian ties. Though originally a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, New Jersey, Jonathan Townley Crane converted to Methodism at eighteen (in 1837). His ties to Elizabeth may have been one reason why he chose to go to Princeton, which had been founded in 1746 in Elizabeth. A member of the Board of Trustees, the Reverend David Magie, was from Elizabeth, as were two seniors and two fellow sophomores, both named Crane, to whom Jonathan may have been related. Also, the curriculum at the college was liberal, with no apparent religious bias. The open-minded young Crane simply wanted the "best education possible".

This essay is respectfully dedicated to the memory of the gentleman-scholar, Carlos Baker.

I wish to thank the staffs of the several libraries at Princeton for helping me gather the various materials found in this article.

Many thanks also to my wife Betty for carefully transcribing information relevant to my research; Mrs. Vicki Burnett, Head of the Interlibrary Loan Department at the University of Rhode Island for collecting scarce items; and Vice-President William R. Ferrante of the University for financial support to carry out this project.

2. See H. G. Wells, "Stephen Crane: From An English Standpoint", *The North American Review* 171 (August 1900). Reprinted in *Stephen Crane's Career: Perspectives*.

These newly recovered writings by J. T. Crane take on special significance in that they reveal an independent, intelligent, mature young man, versatile and many-sided in his literary interests and abilities. He was to give up a promising secular career as a writer, however, for a lifetime of service in and devotion to the Methodist Church and its traditions. Later, as a highly respected Methodist minister and the author of numerous religious tracts and pamphlets, the Reverend Crane would come to be labeled—ironically and wrongly, as well as tragically—a “derivative” mind.

In May 1841, the twenty-one-year-old Jonathan Crane enrolled as a sophomore at Princeton in order to prepare himself for a career in the ministry.³ It was evident that he already had a flair for writing, and some of his college requirements may well have tempted him to consider the possibility of a literary career instead. His courses included subjects such as Homer’s *Iliad*, Aristotle’s *Poetics*, the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, selections from Cicero, and Horace’s *Satires* and *Epistles*. Evidence shows that he was examined on Virgil’s *Aeneid* and *Eclogues*.⁴

J. T. Crane drew on these curricular readings and on his general intellectual and extracurricular interests (as a member of the Cliosophic Society⁵ he participated in numerous and controversial de-

tives and Evaluations, ed. Thomas A. Gullason (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1972), 133. Hereafter this volume will be cited as *Stephen Crane’s Career*.

3. Minutes of the Faculty of the College of New Jersey, 12 November 1835 to 23 June 1845, 210, Princeton University Archives.

4. The course requirements are listed in *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the College of New Jersey for 1840 & 1841* (Princeton, 1841), 13–15. There were minor variations in course offerings and requirements in the catalogues for 1840–41, 1841–42, and 1842–43. All three catalogues were consulted.

The weekly Bible recitations were also probably another important influence on Jonathan Crane’s literary aspirations. See *Catalogue of Officers and Students*, 15.

5. The Cliosophic Society was one of the two literary societies on campus (the other was the American Whig Society). Jonathan Crane was admitted as a member on 4 June 1841, and given the fictitious name of “Fervidus”. In this society, Jonathan Crane honed his oratorical and writing skills. He engaged in debates such as: “Is the spirit of emulation injurious to our schools and colleges?”; “Ought duelling to be restricted by law?”; “Is a promise extorted by fear binding?”; “Has infidelity or superstition been more injurious to mankind?”; “Is it probable that the literature of this country will ever be equal to that of Europe?”; “Are women inferior to men in

bates) to write the four essays entitled "The Fiction of Our Popular Magazines", "English Strictures on American Slavery", "A Speculation Concerning Popular Happiness", "The Aborigines of Great Britain", and the poem "The Battle of Waterloo" (all reproduced below). This group of writings appeared in the college's literary magazine, *The Nassau Monthly*; all were written under the pseudonym "Theodorus".⁶

His most important and most revealing publication, "The Battle of Waterloo", very strongly brings to mind his son Stephen's obsessive fascination: war. The heroic warriors and the epical sweep of this poem signal the "romantic" view of war that his son would later demonstrate; the graphic descriptions of violence foreshadow his son's adherence to realism. More particularly, the contending armies in "The Battle of Waterloo", the time of day, the landscape, the appeal to the senses (especially to sight and sound), the color imagery, the atmosphere, the mood, the omnipresence of irony and death, the cycle of battle (involving pain, loss, violence, bravery, triumph, and tragedy), and the "red-cross" banner of England, all bear suggestive forecasts of *The Red Badge of Courage* and the ironic poem "War Is Kind".

The four essays by J. T. Crane are far more than school exercises. They are the work of a provocative and mature young man who is very nearly flawless in organizing his materials; adept at turning a phrase; careful in his reasoning; full in the treatment of his themes, using effective examples and illustrations from the Bible, legend, history, and myth; and dramatic, with a singular gift for attention-getting openings and closings. He also shows real potential as a philosopher, moralist, historian, psychologist, and cultural critic. Versatile in style, he is by turns witty, playful, ironic, satiric, tough (with

natural ability?"; "Must the poetic faculty decay with the progress of civilization and science?"; "Should foreign immigration be restricted by law?"

All this information is drawn from two sets of *Clio Hall Minutes*, a rough copy (22 January 1841–27 January 1843), and a presumably "complete" copy (13 November 1840–10 February 1846). There are some variations in the two "Clio Hall Minutes".

6. All the essays (except for "The Aborigines of Great Britain") and the poem are signed "J. T. Crane, N. J." under his pseudonym, "Theodorus".

Jonathan Crane's signature and true name are listed in *The Nassau Monthly* 1 (February 1842), in a presentation copy by Theodore W. Tallmadge, Class of 1846.

periodic doses of vitriol), and tender. Many of these characteristics would find their way through his son Stephen's imagination and into his creative work.

In "The Fiction of Our Popular Magazines",⁷ J. T. Crane takes a vigorous stand against sentimental romance (just as his son Stephen was to do later) although he was never really comfortable with the value of fiction, unless it was positive and "useful". In "English Strictures on American Slavery", J. T. Crane defiantly and sarcastically attacks England; Stephen did the same thing in his own writings (cf. "A Foreign Policy, in Three Glimpses").⁸ In this essay, moreover, Jonathan Crane shows his early commitment to the abolitionist cause, a passion which was to resurface in his son's fervent humanitarianism. In "A Speculation Concerning Human Happiness", the elder Crane is critical of America's materialism and faltering spiritualism, issues that became central to Stephen's social studies of New York life (cf. *Maggie*, "An Experiment in Misery", and "The Men in the Storm"). Overall, however, J. T. Crane remains optimistic, whereas his son would waver between pessimism and cynicism. In "The Aborigines of Great Britain", J. T. Crane praises bards, the bardic tradition, and the power of poetry. His son, too, would demonstrate his partiality for poetry by preferring his own *The Black Riders* and *War Is Kind* to his more famous fiction. J. T. Crane also proves his keen knowledge and respect for the lessons of history;⁹ his admiration for heroism, courage, and liberty (like his son, he allies himself with the underdog), as well as his awareness of the ironies of life, where vice could triumph over virtue. All of these themes and interests would be examined and reexamined by Stephen in his own journalism, fiction, and poetry.

J. T. Crane graduated from the college at Princeton in September 1843; by December he was "licensed as an exhorter". In May 1844,

7. This essay was to form part of *Popular Amusements*, a volume the Reverend Crane published in 1869.

All the early essays are vigorous, sometimes freewheeling, whereas his later religious tracts and sermons are generally careful and formal.

8. Stephen Crane was especially critical of England's imperialistic ventures. See Thomas A. Gullason, "Stephen Crane: Anti-Imperialist", *American Literature* 30 (May 1958): 237-41.

9. For Stephen Crane's great interest in history (like his father's), see *The Complete Novels of Stephen Crane*, ed. Thomas A. Gullason (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1967), 24-25.

he was a “local preacher” in the Methodist Church.¹⁰ Yet he never lost his love for “useful” literature and literary expression. As late as 1873, the Reverend Crane published children’s stories, which in all probability influenced his son Stephen in observing the behavior of children for his own *Whilomville Stories*.¹¹

This recovered legacy of the Reverend Jonathan Townley Crane’s early publications shows very plainly that his work and attitudes were an influence in shaping and directing the career of Stephen, who was able in a unique and modern way to fulfill the artistic aspirations of his father.

Here, faithfully reproduced, follow the complete poem “The Battle of Waterloo”¹² and the complete texts of the essays in the order of their publication: “The Fiction of Our Popular Magazines”,¹³ “English Strictures on American Slavery”,¹⁴ “A Speculation Concerning Popular Happiness”,¹⁵ and “The Aborigines of Great Britain”.¹⁶

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

A BALLAD.

I.	As if to weave the winding sheet
The morn was dark and lowering	Of those to die that day.
That ushered in the fight;	II.
The damp, chill shades reluctantly	On two opposing hills,
Gave way before the light.	The hostile camps are spread;
A cloud spread o’er the earth,	And groves of larch and aspen,
Its robe of gloomy gray,	Are waving overhead:

10. This information is drawn from Mrs. Mary Helen Peck Crane’s valuable and reliable biographical sketch of her husband: “Rev. Jonathan T. Crane, D.D.,” *Pennington Seminary Review* 1 (June 1889): 1–5. This sketch was reprinted in *Stephen Crane’s Career*; see page 30.

Mrs. Crane mentioned his prize for English composition. This may have been a prize from the Committee on Prize Essays of the Cliosophic Society, awarded on 17 March 1843.

11. See Thomas A. Gullason, “The Fiction of the Reverend Jonathan Townley Crane, D.D.,” *American Literature* 43 (May 1971): 263–73.

12. *The Nassau Monthly* 2 (July 1843): 249–52.

13. *The Nassau Monthly* 2 (April 1843): 175–80.

14. *The Nassau Monthly* 2 (June 1843): 209–13.

15. *The Nassau Monthly* 2 (August 1843): 266–71.

16. *The Nassau Monthly* 3 (September 1843): 10–15.

But mid the pendent foliage,
Are mingled plume and lance;
And that green steep is trampled
deep

By fiery coursers' prance.

III.

But list; the clang of trumpets,
Breaks on the slumbering morn;
And far the long drawn echoes,
O'er the dewy meads are borne.
The war-steeds paw the ground,
And toss their flowing mane;
Brave soldiers greet the comrades
now,

They ne'er shall greet again.

IV.

The far-extended squadrons,
Ride forth in long array,
And wait the signal eagerly,
That hurls them in the fray.
High, the threefold banners,
Of viny France are seen;
While thick below, the bristling
steel,

Reflects a silvery sheen.

V.

The gay chasseur of Valence,
Is girding on his mail,
And burnishing the brave old
sword,

Whose keen edge cuts so well:

The soldiers of Marengo,
Are gathered in the night;
The heroes brave of Lodi,
Are mustered for the fight.

VI.

The conquerors of Jena,
The gallant, tried, and true;
Those old in wars and seam'd with
scars
Are here on Waterloo;

And those that 'scaped the slaugh-
ter,

On Berezina's shore,
When down the ruddy torrent
foam'd,

Swoll'n high with Gallic gore.

VII.

The noble chief of France,
Who guides the glittering mass,
With folded arms and anxious
brow,

Surveys the crowded pass:
His eye, with restless glance,
Darts quick along the line,
And passes o'er the valley
Where Albion's banners shine.

VIII.

There, on the grassy mount,
O'er which yon vulture screams,
Waves England's red-cross
standard

In morning's rosy gleams.
The ardent sons of Erin,
Have sailed the azure seas;
And Scotia's plume and banner
Are floating on the breeze.
The sunbeams shine forth gaily,
On pennon's waving fold;
And in his rays those heroes
Are bright with steel and gold.

IX.

But now the signal's sounded,
From trump and drum of France;
And on their foe, right furiously,
Those gallant troops advance.
Their tramping shakes the valley,
Their high shout rends the skies;
The din of roaring culverin,
With booming echo flies,
Down, down the steep they hurry
With sabre, lance, and targe;

And like a mountain avalanche,
On sweeps the bloody charge.
X.
O'er both those flashing hill-tops,
Hangs a dark and sulphurous
pall,
And hissing shot and shells,
In bursting torrents fall.
Like chaff before the blast,
Whole ranks are borne away:
And plume, and lance, and pen-
non,
Go down amid the fray.

XI.
And as, when raging Boreas,
Comes hasting with loud roar,
The billow rushes furiously,
Against the foaming shore;
So on, that wave of slaughter,
Pours high its madden'd flood,
And fierce and fast, the torrent
dash'd
Its foaming crest of blood.

XII.
And as the surge of ocean
Against the coral rock,
Is shivered into fragments,
Beneath the stunning shock—
So now that wave of battle
Is broke 'gainst wall of steel,
And back the shattered masses
In wild confusion reel.

XIII.
Again those charging squadrons,
Rush, furious, on their foe,
The cannon flash, the sabres clash,
With fire the summits glow,
But still those noble warriors,
Repel the fierce attack,
Again Gaul's ranks are broken,
And driven headlong back.

XIV.
But see, now Britain's columns,
Are opening left and right,
And through the breach the cav-
alry,
Dash onward to the fight;
Ten thousand steeds are rushing
Like lightning on the foe,
And down, ten thousand riders
Spur on the mass below.

XV.
"Hurra, for merry England!
"Down, down, with all her foes,"
And down their clashing broad-
swords came,
In hacking murderous blows.
O'er heaps of slaughtered men,
Those British horsemen ride;
And swift along the foes are borne,
Like froth before the tide.
The shriekings of the wounded
Augment the battle roar,
As on the oozy plain they lie
Deep trampled in their gore.

XVI.
Then at their Chieftain's stern
command
The chivalry of France
Resounding high their charging cry
Rush on with vengeful lance;
"Strike, strike for Gallic honour!
"On, gallant men, and tried,
"For British steel has swept the hill,
"And shed a crimson tide."

XVII.
Swiftly those brave chasseurs
Spur on, like meteor-flash;
And soon the hostile fronts have
met
With a fierce and heavy crash,
Now gleam the Gallic sabres,

Now sink the British train;
And file on file, in many a pile,
Lie on the sanguine plain.
On, on, those brave chasseurs,
Are sweeping in their wrath,
While thick the mangled corpses,
Are strewn along their path.
Of those ten thousand horsemen,
Few mount the hill's dark side,
But gashed with wounds from Gal-
lic steel,
They writhed, and shrieked, and
died.

XVIII.

Still on, those Gallic squadrons
Ride down upon the line,
Where England's iron infantry
Their solid strength combine.
Again those Gallic squadrons
Are shattered in the shock;
Like vessel frail before the gale,
Swift speeding on the rock.

XIX.

The bands that rode the proudest,
And fought the best that day,
That like a winged tornado
Burst through their roaring way;
Now load the ruddy sward
Along that deadly hill,
While down their blood is stream-
ing
In a smoking purple rill.

XX.

But now the French line wavers,
And desperate grows the fray;
Napoleon bids the brave Old Guard
Draw out in firm array.
Forth ride those veteran heroes,
Grown gray in Europe's wars;
Their brows all seamed with fur-
rows,

Their limbs all seamed with
scars.

XXI.

The clarion's ringing voice,
Resounds a thrilling blast;
And down that steep, by shot
ploughed deep
Those Guards are spurring fast;
A stern, hoarse murmur rises,
"On, on, with sword and lance!
"Long live our noble Emperor,
"Long live our noble France."
Ten thousand steeds are rushing,
Like a foaming mountain flood;
Their sharp hoofs tread on carcasses,
And "splash through pools of
blood."
They thunder cross the valley,
They scale the fatal height,
And on those firm compacted lines,
They pour the storm of fight.

XXII.

But still those noble Britons,
The foremost kneeling low,
A bristling hedge of bayonets,
Present to meet the foe:
With shot and shells thick showered
The Gallic ranks are torn:
They sink full fast beneath the
blast,
As falls the yellow corn.

XXIII.

That band of hoary warriors,
Who loved the conquering
sword,
Whose fiercely-ringing battle-cry
A hundred fields have heard;
No more shall wave the sabre,
No more the lance imbrue;
But low the mangled corpses lie
On gory Waterloo.

XXIV.

And now, thou Gallic chieftain,
 Thy lips are blanched with dread;
 For lo! thy noble Guards are slain,
 Who oft the vict'ry led;
 And see, a dark mass moving,
 Amid those distant pines;
 SEE, now that blazoned Eagle
 Betrays the Prussian lines.

XXV.

The notes of drum and trumpet,
 That erst were whispered moans,
 That faintly echoing through the
 hills,
 Sank down in less'ning tones;
 Now swell the war's hoarse clamor,
 Like surf along the shore;
 And now a hundred massy guns
 Join in with jarring roar.
 Through all the British infantry,
 The word "Advance," is given,
 And louder than the battle's din,
 A shout goes up to heaven.

XXVI.

And as the raging crater,
 Of Etna's burning mount,
 Boils up its melted lava,
 From some vast fiery fount;
 And as the molten billows
 Toss wildly to and fro;
 Then bursting o'er their former
 goal,

While lightnings flash and thunders roll,
 And lurid midnight shrouds the
 pole,
 Flame down the vale below:
 So charge the rushing Allies,
 Down, down, upon the Gaul,
 And fast upon the maddened
 crowd,
 Their reddening sabres fall;
 Now pressing on the flying host,
 They hide the earth with slain,
 And grim with sweat, and blood,
 and dust,
 The brave that won, the brave that
 lost,
 Whirl o'er the flying plain.

XXVII.

Hail, hail, triumphant Albion,
 Be thine the victor's bays:
 All hail! let hill and valley
 Re-echo with thy praise.
 Let England's red-cross banner,
 Exult o'er land and sea,
 While stained and torn and tram-
 pled lies,
 The paly Fleur de lis.

THEODORUS.

THE FICTION OF OUR POPULAR MAGAZINES.

The present age is one of mental and physical locomotion. According to the new intellectual tactics, the "March of improvement" is performed in double quick time. And Father Chronos himself, as he stands sharpening his scythe on the dilapidated sarcophagus of some forgotten hero, suspends

his labour to gaze, with mute astonishment, at the daring innovations of modern days.

But, to drop the ironical, one of the most reprehensible peculiarities of the age is seen in the department of light literature. Silly novels, puerile tales, and nineteenth-rate poems are poured out in endless profusion; and all that is valuable seems in danger of being overwhelmed or swept away by this alarming literary inundation. Truth flies for refuge into the wilderness, and the press opens its mouth and disgorges a flood to swallow her up. The habit of reading fiction naturally generates the inclination to write; and the innumerable periodicals of the day furnish ample opportunities for the modest experimenter to strike a blow for fame. Thus every petty scribbler, because he fails utterly in the world of reason, imagines that he is born to shine in that of fancy; and is seized with the mania for publishing, which now really seems to be epidemic. Thus numberless publications have been ushered into existence, and after lingering through a nine days immortality, have quietly glided into oblivion; to the unutterable astonishment of the self-complacent authors, who were, in imagination, already reaping the applauses of ages yet unborn. Many a literary Sisyphus has, with infinite labour, raised to the summit of the hill, the stone which he fondly hoped was to bear his name in imperishable characters, only to see it break from his eager grasp, and roll again into the vale of obscurity.

Still, character, and not number, is the ground of objection. But the least exceptionable of the works of fiction produced by this purgative of modern literati, have little to boast of beyond the negative merit of being harmless; and the great majority are positively injurious in their tendency. But let us not be misapprehended. We do not undervalue the inventive faculty; there are ultra-utilitarians who would lay out building lots on Parnassus; erect a cotton mill or salt works on the rill that flows from Hippocrene, and harness Pegasus to a tin-peddler's wagon, but we are none of those. Our theory admits a positive value in every thing, real or ideal, that tends to increase, in the least degree, the aggregate of human happiness. But we protest against the intolerable sentimentality which characterizes nine-tenths of the fiction of the day, because it is subversive of the mental health of those who cherish a fondness for reading of this description. There has certainly been a great mutation in the general features of works of imagination, and many of the *outré* lineaments have been softened down, so that they bear a remote semblance to a delineation of humanity; but this has only increased the evil. The fictions of olden time were too extravagant to affect materially the character of those that perused them. The heroes and heroines were beings of another cast, the inhabitants of another world, who held daily converse with fairies, elves, and the spirits of the mysterious past. The reader was unable to identify his own form, in the moving shad-

ows of the unearthly panorama; and consequently made no repining comparisons between his own lot, and that which he saw portrayed in such alluring colours. True, the horrible tales in which machinery was so liberally employed, might inspire him with a profound reverence for grave-yards at midnight, and prompt him, like the illustrious Tam, to exercise his musical powers, when passing them;—

“Whiles glow’ring round wi’ prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.”

But he anticipated an accidental interview with the knights and princesses of his ideal world, no more than with the demons and the genii. Modern fiction presents an entirely different phasis, and the trial of skill now is to approach probability as near as possible, consistent with the design of the author. The old system was a magic glass in which the observer saw nothing of mortal shape; the new is a mirror which reflects his own countenance and the scenes around, but so beautified and exalted, that, like Narcissus, he falls in love with his own shadow, and deploras the loss of the enchantment, when the merciless hand of chill reality dashes the brittle fabric to the earth, and dissolves the charm.

The construction of a novelette has now become one of the exact sciences; and the modern boarding school miss can note down the receipt for an exquisite tale, as her grandmother did for a tart. Like attorney’s forms for indentures, the principal parts have been stereotyped; and a writer of *any* calibre can fill up the blank spaces. Romantic love is absolutely essential. Scenes of ideal bliss must be described in the language of glowing superlatives. The hero and his lady-love, both superior to earthly mould, and endowed with every grace that can enchant the eye, or command the admiration, rove through scenes of the greatest magnificence or the most captivating loveliness. Earth and sky conspire to heighten the charm. The radiant vault above distils ethereal sweetness upon their heads; soft music floats along the balmy air; and sparkling rivulets, gushing from the cool rocks, gently murmur o’er the pebbles in their babbling way; while their grassy margins are decked with flowers of beauteous hue, and delicious fragrance. Moreover, Love, who, among the herd is driven from his lawful throne by the chill reality of every day life, here resumes his sceptre and sheds his beatific influence, increasing every charm and adding ten thousand of his own. But here the scene must change; the lovers must be separated. The most approved method of effecting this is the cruel fiat of a crabbed papa, or a ferocious guardian. The *inamorata* is now plunged in despair; and the *inamorato* is roused into fury. Then follows a long series of heart-rending adventures, over the recital of which the reader weeps or

dozes, according to fancy. After divers alternations of hope and fear, transcendent bliss, and unutterable woe, the whole is brought to a happy conclusion. The twain become one; and here the story ceases; leaving the impressive inference that marriage is the sole aim of human existence. The interest of the whole performance is considerably enhanced by judiciously introducing a case of insanity, an interesting murder, or some trifle of that description.

But how can the spell-bound reader, after straying through the enchanted regions, the Elysian fields of romance, descend from these sublimities to this home-spun, matter-of-fact world, and not feel the chilling influence of the frigid climate? After mingling with the bright creation of fiction till he feels that he is one of the glorious assemblage, how can he endure the society of beings who are addicted to the vulgar practice of expressing their ideas in common prose; and who have not repudiated the anti-Trollopean word dollar? If the reader is a gentle miss, with very "susceptible susceptibilities," how impatiently does she long for the happy time when some beautiful youth, such as she meets daily in the regions of romance, shall kneel in humble adoration at her feet, and pour into her entranced ear, the story of his love. She anticipates those impassioned interviews, from the moonlit balcony; while beauteous flowrets breathe delicious fragrance round, and zephyrs fan the balmy air with their roseate pinions. But how can she descend from the blissful visions, with a mind prepared to encounter the very unromantic events of ordinary life? How can she endure the unostentatious professions of esteem of a mere mortal, after listening for hours to swains who are continually lifting their eyes to heaven with spasmodic contortions of countenance, pouring out rhapsodies of intense emotion, sighing, beating their breasts with trip-hammer violence, and weeping like potent filtering machines? Besides, there cannot be the slightest tinge of romantic colouring, unless paternal authority interpose, and menace the stricken daughter with a dismal dungeon, and a bread-and-water regimen.

Such is a fair example of the character and influence of the tales contained in the various magazines of the day, especially those designed for the edification of the gentler sex. The great majority of those love stories are positively beyond endurance. And to crown the climax of folly, a fashion plate is added to each number, to teach the docile fair, that the beau ideal of grace one month, is insufferable the next. Individuals of both sexes, befizzled and bepadding, and tortured into actual deformity, are placed in lackadaisical attitudes, to look silly and sentimental, and attract the admiring eye of astonished rustics.

Some mistaken visionaries have attempted to impart a serious cast to these tales, and unite Christian emotion with sentimental romance. Vain attempt! The lovers of fiction discover a surprising tact in detecting the

pious passages interpolated in the body of the narrative; and the moral reflections and reverent ejaculations of the author, are all disregarded by the true novel reader. Some works, like the "Lady of the Manor," are constructed of alternate layers of devout prayers and silly love stories; but these intellectual sandwiches are perfectly unpalatable; and the literary gourmand soon learns to separate the incongruous elements. The spirit of evil is too firmly seated upon his throne to be cast out by such futile exorcism. A few drops of consecrated water sprinkled on the binding of the volume would be every whit as efficacious.

Nevertheless, we would not pronounce an indiscriminate anathema on all fictitious narratives. It may possibly be made to conduce to the general improvement of society. But since the evil consists in the readers merging personal identity in that of the hero or heroine, it follows that all delineations of character are objectionable which do not naturally exert an ennobling formative influence. Therefore we protest, in the strongest terms, against the enervate thought, and the mawkish sentimentality of the contemptible tales which fill the pages of the great majority of our periodicals. They never can be read with advantage by any one. We have a decided impression that if they ever do good, they will accomplish it as *materia medica*.

Sentiment should be cultivated, but not overwrought, morbid, sentiment. The mental habits, superinduced by familiarity with the intense excitement of novel reading, are subversive of all rational sensibility. The reader rises from the perusal of imaginary sorrows, positively hardened to the actual sufferings of ordinary flesh and blood. It is too unromantic, too vulgar, forsooth, to excite the poetic compassion of a refined sentimentalist! The inference is unconsciously made, that no anguish can exist, when the sufferer breaks out in no poetic soliloquies, no insane invocations of the placid heavens and bright stars. There has been a profuse expenditure of theoretical commiseration upon the aborigines of America; and yet they are treated with none the less cruelty and injustice. In works of fiction, we view life through a kaleidoscope; and when we lay aside the toy and view the reality with our unaided vision, we are disappointed and disgusted by the uncouth spectacle.

THEODORUS.

ENGLISH STRICTURES ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We have often admired that kind provision of Nature which, whenever it is rather parsimonious in the allotment of its gifts, compensates the deficiency by bestowing a degree of vanity sufficient to keep the individual in blissful ignorance of his inferiority. But when we see men, or nations, cher-

ishing so exalted a sentiment of self-esteem as to exult perpetually in their immeasurable pre-eminence over all others, we cannot but consider it a lamentable perversion of the bounties of Providence.

The English, many of them at least, have long been in the habit of looking down upon the rest of the universe from the comfortable elevation of their fancied superiority, and "thanking Heaven that they are not as other men." In every true born Briton, this feeling amounts to monomania; he believes that his idolized country ineffably excels all her competitors in every possible way; her soldiers are all demi-gods; her statesmen are all Solons, and her sky is the only place where the sun shines. When about to visit a foreign country, he dons the whole panoply of his cast iron prejudices. It is amusing to witness the strange antics and listen to the sage remarks, of some of those who have condescended to visit our republic. One shrewdly suspects us of impiety, because we have no ruined cathedrals, a thousand years old; and another is shocked at the absurd idea of supposing the suffrages of a million of freemen a better proof of ability to rule the state, than the fact that somebody's ancestor did something nine centuries ago. All English travellers of the true orthodox stamp, the Trollopes, the Halls, and the Dickenses, fall into the same general routine. They are in raptures with the *Canada* side of Niagara, at the north; and indulge in a burst of burning sarcasm against slavery, at the south. The latter subject is the national hobby. Every petty book-maker is, *ex-officio*, a furious declaimer against American baseness, American inconsistency, and American cruelty. As the *soi disant* philanthropist advances toward the southern part of the Union the storm is slowly gathering; and when Mason and Dixon's line is fairly crossed, it breaks out in all its violence; the thunders of denunciation are heard; the vivid lightning of contemptuous phillipic flashes before our eyes, and a deluge of tearful compassion falls upon the earth.

Among those who have been noted for the virulence of their tirades on the horrors of slavery, the author of "American Notes," shines conspicuous. He utters scarce a syllable with regard to what he himself saw; but amuses himself with drawing terrific pictures of what he fancies it *must* be. "Directly" he approaches this theme, all things else fade into insignificance. The subjects which formerly lay nearest his heart, and upon which he expended the most gigantic labours of his intellect, are now forgotten. No more are we edified with profound reflections on cork soles, top boots, and water jugs; no longer do we hear grave disquisitions on the depth and consistence of the mud of republics. Even those fascinating creatures, the swine, upon whom he cast the pearls of his eloquence; for whose misfortunes he cherished so deep and so lively a sympathy; whose joyous gambols were wont to give him such exquisite pleasure; and in the study of whose manners and customs he was so completely absorbed; even they pass by un-

heeded, "unhonoured and unsung," and to adopt the author's own elegant phraseology, "go grunting down the kennel," into oblivion. However, it is hoped that none will construe this last remark into a censure on Mr. Dickens for turning his attention to those trivial matters, which would have escaped the notice of most men. No such censure is intended. And indeed, it is highly commendable in an author, to choose a subject perfectly suited to his taste and capacity.

But seriously, it is provoking to be compelled to endure the contemptible remarks, and listen to the compounds of folly, ignorance, and malignity, which are inflicted upon us by paltry foreign scribblers. Slavery, in the abstract, cannot be defended; and none thus attempt to advocate it. But it is self-evident, that till it is shown that it can be abolished without endangering the well-being of the body politic, and of the slaves themselves, the crime of its existence rests with those who *originated* the accursed system. But England, and not America, is chargeable for the horrors of slavery in this country. English rapacity seized, with eager haste, the first opportunity for its introduction; and English rapacity perpetuated it in defiance of the efforts of the colonists to arrest its progress. The first colonial assembly of Virginia, feeling that slavery was abhorrent to every sentiment of humanity, and knowing that it must, sooner or later, prove detrimental to the prosperity of the state, often passed laws prohibiting the importation of slaves, and implored the king to render the prohibition effective by yielding his royal assent. But British cupidity demanded that the infamous traffic should be protected, and the clamours of British avarice drowned the feeble voice of humanity and justice. British influence even prevented the passage of a bill permitting the planter to emancipate his own slaves, because it was apprehended that such a law might prove adverse to the interests of the mother country. In the original draught of the Declaration of Independence, this interference in behalf of slavery and the slave trade, was a distinct charge against the king of England. We quote the words: "Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce." The broad ægis of British power was interposed between the inhuman system, and the weapons of those who would fain have struck it to the earth. Immediately after the yoke of England had been cast off, Virginia exercised her newly acquired liberty in suppressing that traffic which England, to her everlasting disgrace, had supported with all her mighty influence. Thirteen years *after* this, a bill, having the same object in view, was introduced into Parliament, and *lost* by a considerable majority, although defended by the talents of Wilberforce, and the overwhelming eloquence of Fox. The very year, 1794, in which the slave trade was suppressed by the federal government of the States, the same

bill was rejected by the House of Peers, by a vote of *forty-five* to *four*, and it was not passed till after an incessant contest of sixteen years duration. The nation clung to the infernal trade with an iron grasp, because it afforded a lucrative employment for their mercantile marine, and contributed to fill their coffers, though with the price of blood. Their insatiable love of gain, however acquired, is as active as ever. A noble lord has lately affirmed, before the House of Peers, that "*English capital yet supports the slave trade.*" And now, with all these facts before them, they have suddenly been transformed, theoretically at least, into a clamorous race of rabid abolitionists, proclaiming themselves the lights of the world. Utterly ignorant of our system of internal polity, and of the real state of the slave population, and illustrating their general acquaintance with our country by the grossest topographical blunders; they yet have the effrontery to dictate to us, the time and manner of freeing ourselves from the evils, which they themselves have thrust upon us.

When slavery might have been destroyed easily, and with entire safety, and when they who alone had the power, were importuned to crush it, they refused because it would involve the loss of a certain number of pounds, and shillings, and pence; but now when they can gain a reputation for high-toned benevolence at small cost, they are in a perfect frenzy of compassion for the very negroes whom they tore from their native land and consigned to bondage. The strong probability that immediate emancipation would be succeeded by indolence, and consequently, want, among the slaves, the imminent danger of tumults and violence are all overlooked by these disinterested philanthropists. When the system was but a pustule upon the surface, they fostered, instead of removing it; but now, when it has become an unsightly tumour, penetrating to the vitals of the State, and implicating the very veins and arteries of her existence, they thunder their anathemas against America, because she hesitates to bare her bosom to the knife and cautery of the operator.

It offends us to the soul to hear the hypocritical cant of a certain class of these men. Can these warm friends of humanity belong to that generous nation who receive the idol Juggernaut under their kind, protecting care, and eke out a miserable pittance by taxing the squalid wretches who congregate to perform their fiendish orgies; who have rendered themselves forever infamous by their inhuman policy in the East; whose brutal soldiery have within the present century committed outrages in this country, which no American, to this day, can remember without the blood boiling in his veins; and who have offered a premium for the scalps of the citizens of the very state whose inhumanity they are now deploring with such floods of simulated tears! How well does this affectation of high-wrought sensibility become them!

We must confess, that we are by no means free from national sins, and some deplorably great ones; but we protest against being branded as the vile supporters of a vile system, by the very men who absolutely forced it upon us, and who have yet to demonstrate to the world that they have received an accession to their stock of national morality.

THEODORUS.

A SPECULATION CONCERNING POPULAR HAPPINESS.

Deny the fact, or disguise it as we may, this is beyond controversy, an age of sordid pursuits and mercenary motives. Money, according to the ancient apothegm, has long been an important motive power; but in these days of degeneracy it appears to perform the same function in morals that steam does in mechanics. Modern degeneracy? Truly, to pour out a lamentation over our degeneracy were to repeat a charge which has been made against every successive generation for the last two thousand years; or indeed, ever since the gift of Cadmus has enabled philosophers of the lachrymose order to edify the world with their tears. Even Homer, who, we are told, may be caught napping at times, wearies us with the perpetually recurring phrase, *οἴοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσιν*;

“A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view.”

The cry has been caught up and re-echoed in every kindred, and nation, and tongue, under heaven. But this is all absurd. The present age is infinitely superior to its predecessors, and the world is improving notwithstanding the assertions of Homer, and a host of newspaper essayists besides. All the arts of civilization have advanced to a point far beyond any previous attainment; and there is now more actual enjoyment of life, by the mass, than at any former time. But every age has its peculiar virtues and vices; and hence the grand mistake of those dolorous eulogists of the past, at the expense of the present. They imagine that the world is retrograding, because the vices of modern times are modern vices, totally different from those good old abuses which custom had enabled them to tolerate, and which were covered with the dust and mould of reverend antiquity. But all things change, even those apparently least dependent on outward control.

The incentives to any particular virtue, and the allurements of the opposite vice, are variable quantities; and men are swayed to and fro accordingly. Society itself is an ever-flowing current whose troubled waters are

continually wearing away their embankments and forming new channels; and on whose eddying bosom the bubbles break and vanish almost as soon as they rise to the surface.

But while we contend that the alleged degeneracy has no existence except in the dreams of gloomy misanthropes, it must be confessed, that in our day, there are vices, the seeds of which have indeed existed in all ages, but which never seemed to spring up in such rank luxuriance as at present. One of the most reprehensible of these is a thrifty, money-getting utilitarianism, utterly unworthy of the high capabilities of the age. The comparatively easy acquisition of wealth in our favored country, has led all to engage in the search after it, and those pleasures which it will purchase. This were well enough, or were at least tolerable, if the mental powers were not completely absorbed in the contest, and all the finer feelings left to perish. Many would accept of wealth on almost any condition. They would be Midases, even if compelled to mount the *ears*, as one of the prerequisite ceremonies. The spirit of Mammon is omnipresent, and almost omnipotent; it poisons every fountain and taints every gale. Even Patriotism will turn his head to hear the sound of money; and few are lovers of Liberty unless they can calculate the proceeds in substantial dollars and cents. The very priests of the Goddess would abandon her altars, had they not the privilege of carrying round her sacred cap, for the contributions of the worshippers. Even those who sound the alarm that the divinity is in danger, are led in most cases by the hope that they may earn some fat office in the purlieu of the temple. And it very frequently occurs that the tocsin is sounded when no enemy has been descried in the distance; as thieves sometimes raise a false alarm of fire, that they may plunder with impunity amid the general confusion. Everything is now worth literally "what it will fetch." This has generated the propensity to make a superficial show, to the neglect of real value. It has become infused into our system of education, and has warmed into existence numbers of fungous literary institutions who pride themselves on their ability to manufacture a scholar out of the raw material in the shortest possible time. It has not brought back the Golden Age sung by poets; but has given rise to an Age of mere Gilding. The world, in the eyes of some, is but a grand auction room; and to receive no bid affixes the stamp of worthlessness. The Goddess of Fortune, worshipped in olden time, was a beautiful female, attended by a winged cupid, and who scattered the contents of her cornucopia with a liberal hand; the modern divinity is an anxious, withered beldam, who presides over the stock market, with a bank-note detector in her hand, and a pen behind her ear.

But this system is a false system. *The object of true, republican, philosophy, is to point out the mode in which the greatest number can enjoy the most happiness.* All pleasure is real, while it continues; but it is very possible to err,

to seek it in a path that does not yield the maximum happiness attainable. The pleasure of gloating over golden dust, despicable as that pleasure is, can never be enjoyed by the multitude. Power can never be a source of gratification to the mass; because from the very nature of things, the great majority must not govern, but be governed. And even to those who now hold power, the possession must give less, much less pleasure than it did to the Alexanders and the Bonapartes, because they had the pleasing thought that they were indebted, for that power, to their own heroism and intellectual energy alone; while the modern statesman too often feels the degrading consciousness that he owes his elevation to party manoeuvres, to low intrigue, and petty chicanery.

But nothing less can be expected from an enlarged philosophy, and one worthy of the name, than that it should point out a source of happiness which lies open for the mass; a fountain, like that which the Angel troubled, able to heal all those who lave in its chrystal waters. To discover this is the highest, noblest utilitarianism. That is a false, degrading principle, which has usurped the name. The one estimates things by their real worth; the other fixes the value of everything by the *market* value; it does not repair to the Pythonissa to learn the *summum bonum*, but consults the "prices current," for that purpose.

What, then, constitutes this grand desideratum which can alone meet the requisitions of true philosophy? If it exists, it must be those pure intellectual pleasures which never weary, or debase. A mind capable of appreciating beauty, natural, moral and intellectual, possesses an inexhaustible source of the purest enjoyment. Like the magic gift of the Genius, it is a purse which never lacks gold. But it is a faculty which often lies buried beneath the rubbish of ignoble passions; and like a diamond mine, it is necessary to delve deep, before the glitter of the gem can find its way through the coarse earth which covers it. There are those apparently destitute of all conception of the beautiful, or the sublime; who can gaze upon the blue, foaming vortex of the "Thundering Waters," and listen to its solemn, never-ceasing voice, and yet think of nothing but the interminable rows of cotton mills which it might set whirring; or perhaps their sole idea would be that of the magnanimous artificer, who pronounced it a capital place *to sponge a coat*. None but those to whom Nature has been gracious, can ever enjoy the happiness consequent on a perfect taste for her beauties. Her temple is reared of the most magnificent materials, and gorgeously adorned with gold, and ivory, and rubies; but it is like the enchanted palace of Pari-Banou, the Queen of the Fairies, none can ever discover the gate, save those whom she loves. Nothing meets the careless gaze of the passer-by, but the rugged wall of cold, grey rock.

Yet all may cultivate the love of nature, if they will; but they must not

suffer their minds to be absorbed in the pursuit of things of low degree. If they wish to be first in the race after wealth or power, they cannot stop, like Atalanta, to gather the golden apples of the Hesperides, though strown in their very path. But for him who has a heart fitted to receive pleasure from the contemplation of excellence and beauty, how generously has nature spread her bounties. Every moss-covered cliff suggests some pleasing reflection; every tree, and plant, and flower has a still, small voice, that speaks to his inmost soul; and as he scans the midnight heavens, he can yet hear the faint echoes of that anthem which was first heard "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." His pleasures never pall upon the senses, or lose their power to win him from earth. He treads a path of perpetual verdure; and where the flowers that bloom along the way are like the Golden Branch which Eneas bore to protect him in his journey through the shades of Tartarus; as soon as one is plucked, another springs up in the same place.

Primo avulso, non deficit alter
Aureus; et simili frondescit virga metallo.

The grim Cerberus of passion sinks down harmless, before him who has hid the sacred rod in his bosom; and he walks fearlessly through the demoniac crowd around the threshold of Orcus, where the iron couches of the Furies are spread; where Famine and Sorrow and Death stand, and "mad Discord, her snaky hair bound with bloody fillets."

If the mass could be prevailed upon to cultivate the nobler portion of their nature, how rich a harvest of intellectual pleasures might be gathered into the garner.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

The seeds are scattered widely; but too frequently they fall among thorns, which spring up and choke the feeble germs, and they produce neither blossom nor fruit. Yet these finer qualities of mind have as real, absolute a value as if a smile, or a tear, were a legal tender in payment of debts: for real utilitarianism is "the pursuit of all that can add, in the least degree, to the stock of human enjoyment." Tried by this test, how do the pleasures of refined intellect rise in value. The beautiful writer becomes as great a benefactor of the race, as the great engineer, or the skilful politician. The Minister to Spain, whatever may be his talents for negotiation, can never furnish his countrymen with the means of so much enjoyment, as did plain Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Tens of thousands have taken a deep interest in

the deliberations of the honest burghers of the goodly city of Manhattoes, who will care but little concerning those of the court of Madrid. Many a person whose heart fails him before he gets further than the fourth line of a diplomatic correspondence, has laughed, again and again, at the exquisitely ludicrous perplexities of the immortal Rip; and at the fearful encounter with the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow; and while reading the sketch of the Poor Widow, has slyly wiped a tear from his eye, under pretence of rubbing his forehead.

Yet there are those who would sneer at these things as puerile folly, or weak sentimentalism; who, adopting the policy of the cunning fox of yore, after his adventure with the trap, would have us believe that their stolid insensibility is the result of choice; who despise every thing which is not sufficiently tangible to be tested by the scale beam, or meted out with the yard stick; and who have no idea of Heaven itself, except that it is a place where the streets are paved with *gold*. To expect men of this stamp to rise much above the brute, were an idle dream; and to hope that the mass will attain the mental elevation we have portrayed, were equally visionary. The castle we have reared, though beautiful to view, dissolves when touched by the wand of Reality. The charms of nature are spread before undiscerning eyes; and the melody of heaven falls upon ears that hear not. "The rain descendeth upon the wilderness, wherein is no man."

THEODORUS.

THE ABORIGINES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

To trace the destinies of nations, as they rise and fall with the tide of events, has ever been a pleasing task to the politician, the moralist and the philosopher. There is something inherent in the nature of man that leads him to compare the present with the past; to contrast the states and heroes that now exist, with those that have gone before them; and draw lessons of wisdom from their contemplation. He loves to descend into the tomb of fallen empires and grope among the ashes of the mighty dead, for some enduring memento of departed greatness. He delights to gather, among the ruins of the past, some relics that may be fashioned anew, and forever live and breathe in the bright world of the poet and the historian.

But power and magnificence have been esteemed too exclusively worthy of our notice and admiration. The Muse still fondly lingers on the summit of Parnassus, and scorns the lowly vale that lies at its foot, though far surpassing the heights above, in fertile luxuriance. The lyre is seldom struck to sing the glory or the fall of those nations, which, though abundantly endowed with all the elements of true greatness, were crushed beneath the

iron tread of despotism, before they had acquired power to resist aggression with success. Merit, unless decked with all the imposing insignia of extended rule, is too frequently suffered to sink into oblivion, "unhonored and unsung;" while triumphant vice ascends the heights of immortal fame and finds the golden gates of the temple thrown officiously open to give a welcome reception. Nations, distinguished for nothing but an insatiate, bloody ambition, have been celebrated in history and in song; while those that fell before them are passed over in ignominious silence, or, like the monsters in a fairy tale, are introduced upon the stage only that they may be slaughtered by the hero of the story. The page of renown is a daguerreotype plate; and however truly noble the deeds to be recorded there, no trace is left unless the bright rays of the sun of success fall upon it.

But if the sterner virtues, if an unconquerable love of liberty and unbending courage in contending for it, confer a title to immortality, then will the ancient Britons be held in everlasting remembrance. In the character of the Cymry there are some traits which the political economist will condemn, and the philanthropist deplore; but all will find much to respect and admire. It cannot be denied that they were in a state of but incipient civilization, and consequently, were destitute of that refinement of thought and feeling, which marks the more advanced stages of cultivation. But, on the other hand, we find them a guileless race; of simple manners and free from the common vices of the savage state. Their mythology, which always betrays the character of a people, was unlike that of the more imaginative nations of the South. They had not, like the Greeks, an infinity of contemptible gods and goddesses, who were distinguished from ordinary mortals, only by the possession of greater power, and less virtue. Their deities were few in number, and were represented as stern and sanguinary in character. When their protective influence was to be sought, or their wrath appeased, human blood alone could prove an efficacious sacrifice. But the deity, notwithstanding, regarded his humble adorers, and gave them many proofs of his presence and his love. The simple-minded Briton, as he gazed with delight upon the misletoe, clinging to the mossy trunk of some aged oak, and spreading its green foliage abroad amid the snows of winter, hailed it with joy as the sacred emblem of the deity, and deemed it a direct gift of heaven. The Druid assembled his companions, and led them into the solemn depths of the forest, to pay their homage to the sacred object; there in a temple, of which nature herself was the architect, and her artless children the worshippers, they mingled their songs with the murmur of the wind, sighing among the ice-bound branches, and fancied that they heard the voice of their God, assuring them of his favour and protection.

As is the case in most nations but partially civilized, those who held the sacred office of priests possessed all the learning. They were the poets, the

moralists and the philosophers. The Bards were a distinct order of the Druids whose office it was to chant to a kind of rude music, and in verse of a peculiar structure, the warlike deeds of their heroes. The poems still extant breathe a fierce and martial spirit. And well might they be thus, when the bard threw down the sword to take up the lyre, and the hand that touched the strings was yet red with the blood of battle.

There are, at times, some manifestations of the gentler emotions, which light up the surrounding darkness, like a gleam of sunshine breaking through the dark storms of winter, but these are but transient, and are immediately succeeded by a deeper gloom. They are principally graphic delineations of their sanguinary battles. The clash of swords, the shouts of the infuriated combatants, the spouting blood, the biers with the dying and the dead, are all described with fearful minuteness. One of the bards commemorates a battle, in which his chieftain was defeated and slain; and the faithful follower, who could wield the sword, as well as handle the lyre, seized the severed head of the fallen hero, and bore it from the ensanguined field.

“Bitter and sullen as the laugh of the sea,
Was the bursting tumult of the battle.

* * * * *

I bear by my side a head,
The head of Urien;
The lips foaming with blood.
But on his pale bosom the raven is feeding
Eurddyl will be joyless to-night,
For the leader of armies is no more,
The fiery breath of Urien hath ceased.”

The rude and warlike harp of the bard sends forth no dulcet strains of moon lit groves and ladies fair. The notes swell into the furious charge of embattled hosts; the shout, the groan, and all the din of bloody fray; or they sink away into the low, stern murmurings of hopeless, yet unconquered courage. They sound of war, ceaseless war, against the oppressors; and when the bard bewails the downfall of his heroes, he gives no lay of submissive cowardice, but revenge breathes in every note.

The iron fortitude of soul that enabled the oppressed Briton to bear up under his severe reverses, is well worthy of our admiration. The long period after they were defeated and broken, that they cherished the love of liberty, is without a parallel in the history of subjugated States. Whatever may be our sentiments with regard to the policy, or the moral right of resistance, when all efforts have again and again resulted in total defeat, we cannot

but admire that proud spirit which no superiority could discourage, no servitude debase, no losses subdue. We boast much, and justly of the fortitude of our fathers, in "the days that tried men's souls;" but we must yield the palm to the Cymry. Cesar himself was driven from the island at his first invasion, and at the second, his progress was opposed by the Britons, with the most determined, though unavailing courage. A century afterwards, when the Romans again invaded the country, they met with the most resolute resistance from Caractacus, and the heroine Boadicea; and in one battle alone eighty thousand Britons fell before they would yield the victory. And after the Romans had passed away and they were attacked by the Saxons, they displayed the same heroism and the same ardent love of liberty. The length of their fitful and irregular war against the Saxons, who have invariably subdued every nation with whom they came in contact, must not be computed by years, but by centuries. The conquerors might defeat their armies, lay waste their country, and return home laden with spoils; but almost before the rain of heaven had obliterated the victor's footprints from the sand, their courage revived, and their hopes were as high as ever. Their firmness and constancy were due, in a great measure, to the influence of the Druidic bards. Their songs, replete with sentiments of patriotism, and the love of liberty fanned the embers of freedom, when the angry floods of war rolled over them, and soon they would send forth a devouring flame. The bards declared that a time would arrive when the soil of Britain should no longer be contaminated by the tread of the hated Saxon; and the ancient inhabitants return from their mountain retreats to their long desolate homes in the fertile plains. The Cymry looked forward with ardent longings, to the promised period, when their vengeful blades should reek with the blood of their oppressors. This was the hope that nerved them for the otherwise hopeless conflict. Crushed to the earth as they were; their homes destroyed, their country devastated, and they themselves forced to fly to mountain fastnesses, while the bones of their kindred whitened every plain, their belief of their ultimate success never wavered. They sallied from barren hiding places among the rocks, and still continued a desperate warfare. To their simple faith, every petty exploit was a sure presage to the happy day of vengeance; and the chieftain that accomplished the deed, the hero sent by heaven, to lead them on to victory. At times, they were compelled to cease from open hostilities, and pay unwilling homage to the conquerors; but they never lost that proud spirit, which could brook no control. The bards still sung of approaching triumph, and the multitude ever lent willing ears to the glad sound.

In the beginning of the sixth century the Cymry thought that their long expected champion had at length appeared in the person of King Arthur. The character of this prince lies enveloped in the gloom of ancient tradi-

tion; and perhaps, his greatness may, in some degree, be owing to the uncertain light, as objects often increase in apparent magnitude, by being viewed through a cloudy atmosphere. In the absence of chronicles of his age, he is represented as a hero endowed with every imaginable excellence, mental or physical; the *beau ideal* of a warrior and a prince. The ballads and romances of a somewhat later age paint him as a very Mars, before whom his country's foes were scattered like leaves before a whirlwind. He once more roused the Britons to opposition, and defeated the enemy in several hard fought battles. The long cherished hopes of his people were apparently on the eve of consummation. But it must be conceded that want of union was fatal to the Cymry; and the same fiery spirit which stimulated them to such fierce resistance to tyranny, rendered them unfit for the concerted movements and strict discipline of a consolidated army. Arthur, the idol of his people was slain in a domestic feud. But his faithful followers despaired not, for the bards affirmed that he should live again and lead them on to victorious war. They taught that his body did not lie in the grave, but had been borne away into some magical region, that Morgana might heal his wounds. How deep and devoted must have been their regard for their sovereign, when a whole nation were confident that he had left them but for a time; and that he would once more appear, and prove himself the saviour of his country. They cherished this fond hope for many centuries; they believed that their noble leader should rise from his tomb, cased in his panoply of steel; his plume should once more wave in the front of battle; and they should once more see the bloody sword which had been rusting for centuries, flashing with its wonted brightness, close upon the rear of their routed foes.

Such were the ancient Britons, and such their struggle for liberty. Though they ravaged no empires and reduced no nations to slavery, they may well claim a place among the noblest of the earth. Their love of independence was transcendent; their constancy indomitable. Thirteen centuries after their first subjugation, we find them striking for freedom, roused by the songs of the Druids, who still tuned their rude harps in praise of that liberty for which they had been so long, and so vainly contending. And the English monarch, conscious that his dominions could never remain secure, while these notes were heard, silenced the bards, and stilled their spirit-stirring melody forever.

THEODORUS.