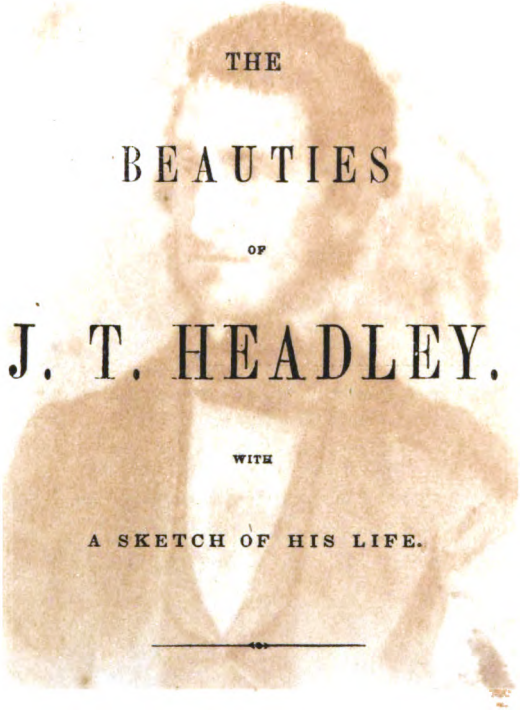
J. V. Headley



THE BEAUTIES OF J. T. HEADLEY.

WITH

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN S. TAYLOR,
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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE object of this work will appear sufficiently obvious from its title. The publisher, at the same time, deems it advisable to state the considerations that have led to the publication.

Elegant extracts have been in all ages a favorite recreation to readers of taste. But in no era of literature could such extracts be so interesting, or so necessary, as at present —and surely none more acceptable than the classic Beauties of the Rev. J. T. HEADLEY.

In selecting from an author, whose style is characterized by such elegance and taste,

it has not been easy to determine what to reject and what to select; each part being so highly finished, and touched with so delicate a hand.

The Beauties of Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron and More, have been justly celebrated by the literati of the world. But whatever may be affirmed of these authors, or indeed of the writers of any former age, it is believed that none will be more highly appreciated hereafter, than the productions of the Rev. Joel Tyler Headley.

Of him it may not only be said that he "is a man of such variety of powers and such felicity of performance, that he always seems to do best what he is doing"—but it may be added, that he always does that which he is doing, better than any other man of our age.

As a historian or a romancer, Mr. Headley

certainly has no equal, and he has seldom or never had a superior.

"A mind in whose gigantic grasp
All science lives enrolled;
A memory whose tenacious clasp
Can all the past unfold.
A soul whose blazing genius breaks
In visions from on high,
And ever thinking fancy wakes
Her world of ecstacy."

How far the editor has evinced taste and judgment in these selections the public only can determine. From the critics he has nothing to fear; and, like other great authors, little to hope. They are still, as is their usual wont, debating the question whether Mr. Headley shall rank with the first writers, or above them; while with the people that question long since is decided.

CONTENTS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE first American ancestor of Mr. HEADLEY was the eldest son of an English baronet, who came to this country in consequence of a domestic quarrel, and ultimately refused the family estate, which is now held by Sir Francis Headley, the author of a work of some note on chemistry. Mr. Headley was born on the 30th of December, 1814, at Walton, in New York, where his father was settled as a clergyman. It is a wild and romantic spot on the banks of the Delaware, and his early familiarity with its scenery doubtless occasioned much of his love of mountain climbing, and indeed his descriptive power. He commenced his studies with

the law in view, but changed his plan; and after graduating, at Union College, became a student of theology, at Auburn. He was licensed in New-York, and a church was offered him in that city, but his health was feeble, and his physician dissuaded him from attempting to preach. Unwilling, however, to abandon his profession without an effort, he took charge of a small church in Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, where he thought he could give himself the most favorable trial, but after two years and a half, broke down completely, and planned a European tour and residence for his recovery. He went to Italy in the summer of 1842, intending to spend the winter there, the summer in Switzerland, and the next winter in the East. The state of his health, however, led to some modification of his design; he remained in Italy only about eight months, travelled some time in Switzerland, passed through Germany and the Netherlands, went into Belgium, thence to France, then over England and Wales, and finally home, hav-

ing been absent less than two years. His health being worse than when he went abroad, he gave up all idea of following his profession, and turned his attention to literature.

His first publication was a translation from the German, which appeared anonymously, in 1844. In the following year, he gave to the press Letters from Italy and the Alps and the Rhine; and in 1846, Napoleon and his Marshals, and The Sacred Mountains.

Mr. Headley is one of the most promising of the youthful writers of this country. He has shown his capacity to write an agreeable book, and to write a popular one. His Letters from Italy is a work upon which a man of taste will be gratified to linger. It possesses the unfatiguing charms of perfect simplicity and truth. It exhibits a thousand lively traits, of an ingenuous nature, which, formed in a sincere and unsophisticated society, and then brought into the midst of the old world, retains all its freshness

and distinctiveness, and observes with native intelligence everything that is striking in the life and manners and scenery around it. There is a graceful frankness pervades the composition, which engages the interest of the reader in the author as well as in the subject. We meet, everywhere, the evidences of manly feeling, pure sympathies, and an honorable temper. In many of the passages there is a quiet and almost unconscious humor, which reminds us of the delicate railery of the Spectator. The style is delightfully free from every thing bookish and commonplace; it is natural, familiar, and idiomatic. It approaches, as a work of that design ought to do, the animation, variety, and ease, of spoken language.

The work called Napoleon and his Marshals was written to be popular. The author obviously contemplated nothing but effect. In that point of view, it displays remarkable talent for accomplishing a proposed object. The figures and scenes are delineated with that freedom and breadth of

outline, and in that vivid and strongly contrasted style of coloring, which are well calculated to attract and delight the people. If it were regarded as a work written to satisfy his own ideas of excellence, and as the measure of his best abilities, it could not be considered as adding anything to his reputation. He has taken the subject up with ardor, but with little previous preparation: the work therefore indicates imperfect information, immature views of character, and many hasty and unconsidered opinions. The style has the same melodramatic exaggeration which the whole design of the work exhibits. Yet unquestionably there is power manifested even in the faults of these brilliant sketches. There is that exuberant copiousness of imagination and passion, which, if it be not admirable in itself, is interesting as the excess of youthful genius. We accept it as a promise, but are not satisfied with it as a production. If it be true, however, as has been stated, that some five thousand copies of this book have been dis-

posed of in the few months that have elapsed since its publication, Mr. Headley has many motives to disregard the warnings which may be mingled with his triumph.

I am unwilling to trust myself in a detailed criticism of Mr. Headley's latest work—The Sacred Mountains. He may readily be acquitted of intentional irreverence; but he has displayed a most unfortunate want of judgment, and a singular insensibility to the character of the subjects which he undertook to handle. The attempt to approximate and familiarize the incidents of the Deluge, to illustrate the Transfiguration by historical contrasts, and to heighten the agony and awe of the Crucifixion by the extravagancies of rhetoric, has produced an effect that is purely displeasing. As events in the annals of the world, those august occurrences "stand solitary and sublime," and are only to be viewed through the passionless ether of the inspired narrative. As mysteries of faith, and symbols of a truth before which our nature bows down, they recede into the

infinite distance of sanctity and worship. In a literary point of view, Mr. Headley's design has much the same success that would attend an effort to represent the stars of heaven, the horror of an eclipse, or the roseate beauty of an evening sky, by the whiz and crackle of artificial fireworks.

We think so highly of Mr. Headley's natural powers, that we feel a concern in their proper direction and development. The fascination of strong writing, the love of rhetorical effect, have proved the "*torva voluptas*" by which American genius has often been betrayed and sacrificed. It is to be hoped that Mr. Headley will recover in time from the dangerous intoxication. He should remember that the spirit of literary art is essentially natural, simple, and calm; that it is advanced, not by sympathy with the passions of the multitude, but by lonely communion with that high idea of excellence, which is pure, permanent, and sacred: that it dwells not in excitement, and the fervent endeavor after an outward result, but in the

quiet yet earnest development of those inward instincts of grace and beauty which are the creative energy of genius. Mr. Headley's first move in literature was a commendable and successful one, and he could not do better for his true fame than to retrace his steps, and recover the line of his earliest efforts.

Besides the works above mentioned, Mr. Headley has published several orations and many able articles in the reviews.

THE FLOOD.

THE rain continued day after day, and fell faster and fiercer on the drenched earth, and the swollen streams went surging by—men cursed the storm that seemed determined never to break up. The lowlands were deluged; the streams broke over their banks, bearing houses and cattle away on their maddened bosoms. But still it rained on. Week after week it came pouring from the clouds, till it was like one falling sheet of water, and the inhabitants could no longer stir from their doors. The rich valleys that lay along the rivers were flooded, and the peasants sought the eminences around for safety. Yet still the water rose around them, till all through the valleys nothing but little black islands of human beings were seen on the surface. Oh, then what fierce struggles there were for life among them! The mother lifted her infant above her head,

while she strove to maintain her uncertain footing in the sweeping waters; the strong crowded off the weak as each sought the highest point; while the living mass slowly crumbled away till the last disappeared and the swift water swept smooth and noiselessly above them all. * * * *

Stretching from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach—losing itself like a limitless wall in the clouds above, it came pouring its green and massive waters onward, while the continual and rapid crash of falling forests and crushed cities and uptorn mountains, that fell one after another under its awful footsteps, and the successive shrieks that pierced the heavens, rising even above the deafening roar of the onrushing ocean, as city after city and kingdom after kingdom disappeared, made a scene of terror and horror inconceivable, indescribable. "*The fountains of the great deep were broken up.*"

Oh, what a wreck was there! the wreck of two thousand years, with their cities, cultivated fields and mighty population. Not

shivered masts and broken timbers, the remains of some gallant vessel, were seen on that turbulent surface, but the fragments of a crushed and broken world. It was a noble wreck—splendid cities and towers, gorgeous palaces, gay apparel, the accumulated wealth and luxury of twenty centuries strewing the bosom of the deluge, like autumn leaves the surface of some forest stream.

Upborne on the flood, the heaven-protected ark rose over the buried cities and mountains, and floated away on a shoreless deep. * * * * As it rose and fell on the long-protracted swell, massive ruins would go thundering by, whole forests sink and rise with the billows, while ever and anon an uptorn hill, as borne along by the resistless tide it struck a buried mountain, would loom for a moment like some black monster over the waves, then plunge again to the fathomless bottom. Amid this wreck and these sights, the ark sailed on in safety. How often in imagination have I pictured it in the deluge at midnight. To a spectator what an object

of interest it would have been. Round the wide earth the light from its solitary window was the only indication of life that remained. One moment it would be seen far up on the crest of the billow, a mere speck of flame amid the limitless darkness that environed it, and then disappear in the gulfs below as if extinguished forever. Thus that gentle light would sink and rise on the breast of the deluge, the last, the only hope of the human race. Helmless, and apparently guideless, its wreck seemed inevitable, but the sea never rolled that could extinguish the star-like beam that told where the ark still floated.—Not even the strong wind that the Almighty sent over the water to dry it up, driving it into billows that stormed the heavens, could sink it. Though it shook like a reed in their strong grasp, and floundered through the deep gulfs, it passed unerringly on to the summit of that mountain on which it was to test; and at length struck ground and ceased its turbulent motion.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

It was midnight; and, as the last hour struck, a deep silence rested on the vast city. The tumult of the day and evening was over —the crowd had forsaken the streets, across which dim lights were swinging, and nought broke the solitude save the measured tread of the sentinel walking his nightly rounds, or the rumbling of a chariot, as some late reveler returned to his home. Here and there a light was seen in a solitary sick-chamber, giving to the gloom a sadder aspect, and out from a narrow alley would now and then burst the sounds of folly and dissipation. All else was still, for the mighty population slumbered as the sea sometimes sleeps in its strength. But suddenly, just as the "All's well" of the drowsy sentinel echoed along the empty streets, piercing shrieks rent the silence; and passing rapid as light-

ning from house to house, and blending in with each other, rung out on the night air with strange and thrilling distinctness. And then came a wail, following heavily after, and, rolling up around the palace, surged back over the trembling city. Unseen by mortal eye, the angel of death was treading with noiseless step the silent avenues and lanes, putting out one light in each household, and dismissing one spirit thence to its long home. In a moment the city was in an uproar; lights danced to and fro; the rapid tread of urgent messengers made the streets echo; the rattling of wheels was heard on every side; but still the wail of desolated houses rose over all, like the steady roar of the surge above the crash of the wreck.

In the midst of this scene of excitement and terror, the children of Israel took their flight. Nearly a million of them, their muffled tread shaking the earth, streamed through the darkness, and emerged into the open country. And when the morning dawned in the east, there lay the city before

them, its towers and domes flashing back the beams of the rising sun in redoubled splendor. But what a change had passed over it since that sun last looked upon its magnificence. Sobs and cries arose from every door, for the dead lay in every dwelling.

In solid ranks the hundreds of thousands of Israel took up their line of march, and night found their tents spread on the edge of the wilderness. Far as the eye could reach, they dotted the open country around, and fringed, like a ridge of foam, the dark forest beyond. And when night fell on the scene, suddenly a solitary column of fire shot into the heavens, lighting up with strange brilliancy the forest and the encampment.—There it stood, lofty as a tower that beetles over the sea, and inherent with light from base to summit. The white tents grew ruddy in its blaze, and the upturned countenances of the innumerable host, that gazed awe-struck on its splendor, shone as if they were standing under a burning palace. All night long, it blazed there in their midst and

above them, illuming the desert, and shedding unearthly glory on hill, valley, and forest.

And, when the morning came, it turned into a column of snowy whiteness, revolving within itself like a cloud, yet distinct and firm as marble. No voice shook its thick foldings, yet it had a language more potent than that of Moses, and its silent command of "Forward," caused every tent to be struck, and set the vast host in motion. Over the wide plain it moved in advance of the army, and through the deep gorges it rose far above the mountains—the strangest leader that a host ever followed. When the sun struck it, its long shadow fell across the massive columns in one unbroken beam, filling every heart with fear and dread. At night it stopped and stood still, like a single marble shaft, till darkness came down, and then it became again a shaft of fire.

Thus, day after day, they continued their march, plunging deeper and deeper in the wilderness, until at length word was brought

that the enraged Pharaoh, with his entire army—chosen chariots and all—was in full pursuit. Consternation then filled every heart, and each eye turned anxiously to that mysterious pillar. But no change passed over its silent form; steady and calm as ever, it moved majestically forward, heedless of the thunder and tumult that were gathering in the rear. Perchance at night it did not stop as before, but moved on in the darkness, blazing along the desert, lighting it up with more than noontide splendor. On, on swept the weary host, while every moment nearer and louder roared the storm on its track. Still hoping, yet fearing and trembling, they followed that calmly-moving column, until, at last, it stopped on the shore of the sea. As they pressed up, despair seized every heart, for far away nought but a wide waste of water met their gaze, while the unchecked billows broke heavily along its bosom; and behind, rushing on, came the tens of thousands of their foes, panting for the slaughter. That fearful pillar of

cloud and fire, then, was only sent to delude them to their ruin. Oh, what lamentations, and prayers, and murmurings, went up from the despairing host. They were on the desolate shore, against which the restless sea beat with a monotonous roar, while from the solitude arose the deafening roll of countless chariot wheels, rushing to the shock. All that night, the only obstacle between them and their enemies was that pillar of fire.—Yet, slight as it seemed, it was more impregnable than a wall of adamant. Still it was a wild and fearful night; the morning must bring the onset and the slaughter; while, as if to heighten the terrors of the scene, a terrific wind arose, driving the sea into billows, that fell in thunder on the shore, and sounding as if God also was about to fight against them.

Thus passed this night of anguish and dread to the Israelites; but, when the morning dawned, lo! there opened the sea, like a mountain gorge—the green and precipitous sides standing in massive walls on either

hand. "Forward," spoke the cloud, and the stern command rolled in startling accents along the mighty column, and it descended slowly into the fearful depths. Like an army of insects they moved below, while the billows that broke along the surface of the deep, crested over the edge of the watery cliffs above them, as if looking down on the strange spectacle, and the spray that fell on their heads was the "baptism of the sea." The pursuers plunged into the same watery gorge, and as their rapid chariots drew near the fugitive host, it seemed for a while that the sea had been opened on purpose to entrap them, and make them fall easier victims to their foes. But at this critical moment, that strange cloud rose up, and moving back over the long line, planted itself in front of the Egyptian host. Its solemn aspect and mysterious form troubled the monarch and his followers—the wheels rolled from the axle-trees of the chariots—the solid ranks became disordered and broken, and terror and tumult took the place of confidence and strength.

At length the fugitives, with their bleating flocks and lowing herds, ascended the opposite shore, and when the last one stepped upon the beach, that dripping cloud also moved up after them—and then, like a clap of thunder, the sea smote together, and the wave rolled smoothly on as before. Swift-circling eddies and whirlpools, and huge bubbles of air bursting on the surface, alone told where the mighty host was buried, and where and how they struggled in the depths. At length the wreck began to heave upward, and, oh! what an overthrow it revealed.—Chariots and horses, and spears and shields, and myriads of corpses, darkened the sea as far as the eye could reach.

But what a spectacle that shore presented! the beach, the rocks, the hills, were all black with the living masses, as they stood, trembling and awe-struck, and looked back on the deep. For a long time not a sound broke the deathlike silence that reigned throughout the vast throng. Each heart was full of dread and awe, as the heavy swells fell at

their feet, casting on the beach, with every dash, broken chariots, whole ranks of men, now pale in death, and horses and weapons of war. There, too, stood the cloud, and looked on the scene, while on its white and lofty form, the eyes of the multitude ever and anon turned reverently from the piles of the dead below. But at last, joy and gratitude, and triumph at their great deliverance, gave way to the terror that had oppressed them; and suddenly there arose a shout louder than the thunder of the sea: "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" From rank to rank—from ten times ten thousand lips, rolled on the mighty anthem, till the shore shook with the glorious melody, and the heavens were filled with the strain.—And Miriam, with her prophetic face and

eye of fire, separated herself from the multitude, followed by a throng of dark-haired maidens, on whose cheeks the glow of joy had usurped the pallor of fear; and as they moved in shining groups and graceful dances, their silvery voices rung out over the clash of timbrels and roar of the waves in triumphant bursts of music, and "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," arose and fell like melody along the rivers of Paradise.

MOSES.—CHARACTER AND DEATH.

Moses was one of those rare characters in history which seem to live in the past, present, and future. Reverencing the good that has been—understanding the full scope and drift of the present, he at the same time comprehends and lives in the future. Such a man the ardor of hope never beguiles into scorn of the past, nor over-reverence of the present. Like those mountain summits which first catch the sunlight, he rises out of the darkness and prejudice below him, heralding the day that is approaching.

In whatever relations we behold Moses, he is ever the same sublime and majestic character. Noble by nature, great by his mission, and greater still by the manner in which he accomplished it, he ever maintains his ascendency over our feelings. We see the fiery promptings of the heart that could

not brook oppression, in the bloody vengeance he took on the Egyptian who would trample on his brother. Preferring the desert with freedom to the court of Pharaoh in sight of injustice, he led the life of a fugitive. Called by a voice from heaven to go back to deliver his people, he again trod the courts of the king of Egypt.

But not in the presence of Pharaoh when he withstood the monarch to his face, and brought down the thunders of heaven on his throne—not on the beach of the sea, with one arm upraised toward heaven, and the other stretched out over the water, while the waves that went surging by stopped and crouched at his feet—not in the midst of the raining manna—not in the lifting of the brazen symbol in the midst of the flying serpents, while the moan of suffering and the cries of the dying struggled up from the crowded encampment—not when, between the mountains, his stately form shone in the light of the blazing fiery pillar, while the tread of the mighty multitude shook the

earth behind him—nor even when he stood on shaking Sinai, his guard the thunder and his vesture the lightning, and talked with the Eternal as friend talketh with friend—not in all these awful relations does he appear to me so majestic and attractive as in the last event of his life.

Behold the white tents of Israel scattered over the plain and swelling knolls at the foot of Mount Nebo. It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends like God in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah, as if conscious of the mysterious scene about to transpire there. The trees stand green and fresh in the sunlight; the lowing of cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and nature is lovely and tranquil, as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose.

Amid this beauty and quietness, Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time, to take his farewell look, and leave his farewell blessing. He cast his eye over the

leaders beside him, and over the host, while a thousand contending emotions struggled for the mastery in his bosom. The past, with its toils and sufferings, rose up before him, and, how could he part with his children—murmuring and ungrateful though they had been, whom he had borne on his brave heart for more than forty years? Self-collected and calm, he stood before them, and gave them his last blessing. He made no complaints—never spoke of his hardships in their behalf; made no allusion to his anguish in leaving them on the very verge of Canaan, the object for which he had toiled so long. He did not even refer to his death. In the magnanimity of his great heart, forgetful of himself, or else not daring to trust his feelings in an allusion to his fate, he closed his sublime address in the following touching language: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy before thee: Israel then shall dwell in safety alone. Happy art thou, O Israel: who is

like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Noble language—noble heart! Carried away in the contemplation of his children's happiness, he burst forth into exclamations of joy in the moment of his deepest distress. * * He looked back on the desert: it was passed. He looked forward on Canaan: it was near. He turned to the people, and they were weeping.—He cast his eye up Nebo, and he knew he must die. Although no complaint escaped his lips, no regret fell from his tongue, a deeper paleness was on his cheek, and a sterner strife in his heart than he had ever felt before. Though outwardly calm, his stern nature shook for a moment like a cedar in a tempest, and then the struggle was over. His farewell was echoed in melancholy tones from lip to lip through the vast host, as he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after, tore his heart-strings like the suffering cry of a child its

parent's, and it was long before he dare trust himself to turn and look below. But at length he paused on a high rock, and gazed a moment on the scene at his feet. There were the white tents of Jacob glittering in the sunlight, and there the dark mass of Israel's host as they stood and watched the form of their departing leader. Those tents had become familiar to him as household scenes, and as he gazed on them now, far, far beneath him, and saw the cloud overshadowing the mysterious ark, a sigh of unutterable sadness escaped him. He thought of the bones of Joseph he had carried for forty years, that were to rest with his descendants, while he was to be left alone amid the mountains. Again he turned to the ascent, and soon a rock shut him from view, and he passed on alone to the summit.

There God miraculously spread before him all the land of Canaan. He stood a speck on the high crag, and gazed on the lovely scene. Jordon went sweeping by in the glad sunlight. Palm trees shook their green tops

in the summer wind, and plains and cities and vineyards spread away in endless beauty before him.

The scene vanished from his sight, and with the rock for his couch and the blue sky for his covering, he lay down to die. Oh, who can tell what the mighty law-giver felt, left in that dreadful hour alone! The mystery of mysteries was to be passed. No friend was beside his couch to soothe him; no voice to encourage him in that last, darkest of all human struggles. No one was with him but God; and though with one hand He smote him, with the other he held his dying head. * * And God buried him. There he slept alone; the mountain cloud which night hung round him was his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm his only dirge. There he slept while centuries rolled by, his grave unknown and unvisited, until at length he is seen standing on Mount Tabor, with Christ, in the Transfiguration. *Over Jordan at last—in Canaan at last.*

THE VOICE OF GOD:

ELIJAH ON HOREB.

BEFORE he reached the entrance of his cave, he heard a roar louder than the sea, that arrested his footsteps and sent the blood back to his heart. The next moment there came a blast of wind, as if the last chain that bound it had suddenly been thrown off and it had burst forth in all its unrestrained and limitless energy. In the twinkling of an eye the sun was blotted out by the cloud of dust, and the fragments that filled the air as it whirled them in fierce eddies onward. It shrieked and howled around the mouth of the cave, while the fierce hissing sound of its steady pressure against the heart of the mountain was more terrible than its ocean-like roar. Before its fury and strength rocks were loosened from their beds and hurled

through the gloom—the earth rent where it passed, and so boundless seemed its strength that the steady mountain threatened to lift from its base and be carried away. Amid this deafening uproar and confusion and darkness and terror, the stunned and awe-struck Elijah expected to see the form of Jehovah moving; but that resistless blast, strewing the sides of Horeb with wreck and chaos was not God in motion:

> "'Twas but the whirlwind of his *breath*,
> Announcing danger, wreck, and death."

The hurricane passed by, and that wild strife of the elements ceased; but before the darkened heavens could clear themselves, the prophet heard a rumbling sound in the bowels of the mountain, and the next moment an earthquake was on the march.—Stern Horeb rocked to and fro like a vessel in a storm, and its bosom parted with the sound of thunder before the convulsive throbs that seemed rending the very heart of nature. Fathomless abysses opened on every side,

and huge precipices, toppling over the chasms at their base, went thundering through the darkness. The fallen prophet lay on the floor of his cavern and listened to the grinding, crushing sound around and beneath him, and the steady shocks more terrible than all that ever and anon shook the heights, thinking that Jehovah at last stood before him. Surely it was his mighty hand that laid on that trembling, tottering mountain, and his strong arm that rocked it so wildly on its base. No, "God was not in the earthquake."

> "'Twas but the thundering of his car,
> The trampling of his steeds from far."

The commotion ceased, and Nature stood "and calmed her ruffled frame;" but in the deep, ominous silence that followed, there seemed a foreshadowing of some new terror, and lo! the heavens were suddenly on fire, and a sheet of flame fell like falling lightning from the sky. Its lurid light pierced to the depths of Elijah's cavern till it glowed

like an oven, and from base to summit of Mount Horeb there went up a vast cloud of smoke, fast and furious, while the entire sides flowed with torrents of fire. The mountain glowed with a red heat, and stood like a huge burning furnace under a burning heaven, and groaned on its ancient seat as if in torture. But God was not in the fiery storm.

" 'Twas but the lightning of his eye"

that had kindled that mountain into a blaze and filled the air with flame.

But this too passed by, and what new scene of terror could rise worthy to herald the footsteps of God—what greater outward grandeur could surround his presence? The astonished prophet still lay upon his face, wrapped in wonder and filled with fear at these exhibitions of Almighty power, waiting for the next scene in this great drama, when suddenly, through the deep quiet and breathless hush that had succeeded the earthquake and the storm, there arose "a still

small voice," the like of which had never met his ear before. It was "small and still," but it thrilled the prophet's frame with electric power, and rose so sweet and clear,

> "That all in heaven and earth might hear;
> It spoke of peace—it spoke of love;
> It spoke as angels speak above."

And God was in the voice. The prophet knew that he was nigh, and, rising up, wrapped his mantle about his face, and went to the mouth of the cave, and reverently stood and listened. Oh, who can tell the depth and sweetness of the tones of that voice which the Lord of love deemed worthy to announce his coming! A ransomed spirit's harp—an angel's lute—a seraph's song, could not have moved the prophet so. But while his whole being, soul and body, trembled to its music, a sterner voice met his ear, saying, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" The prophet again poured the tale of his woes and of Israel's sin into the

Infinite bosom. His wrongs were promised redress, and Israel deliverance; and the hunted exile went boldly back to his people, and Horeb again stood silent and alone in the desert.

THE CHARACTER OF PAUL.

PAUL, in his natural character before his conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than any other man—I mean both in his intellectual developments and energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose, the same utter indifference to human suffering when he had once determined on his course, the same tireless, unconquerable resolution, the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinions, and that calm self-reliance and mysterious control over others. But the point of greatest resemblance is in the union of a strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of thought and sudden impulse. They thought quicker, yet better than other men. The power, too, which both possessed was all *practical* power. There are many men of strong minds, whose force nevertheless wastes itself in reflection, or in theories for

others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action. They will *plan* better than they can perform. But these two men not only *thought* better, but they could work better than all other men.

The same self-control and perfect subjection of his emotions—even terror itself—to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light and voice from heaven. John, when arrested by the same voice on the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak till encouraged by the language, "Fear not." But Paul (or Saul), though a persecutor, and violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, and the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but he, master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving way to exclamations of terror, simply said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" With his reason and judgment as steady and strong as ever, he knew at

once that something was wanted of him, and, ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotions about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went, to cast his lot in with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, when the lofty turrets of the proud city flashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God. He strode into the synagogues, and before the astonished priests preached Christ and him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrim itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps, he at length left the city. But, instead of going to places where he was unknown, and where his feel-

ings would be less tried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends.— To entreaties, tears, scorn, and violence, he was alike impervious. To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria to Greece and Rome, over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mars' Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him; on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power. The nations heave around him, and kings turn pale in his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat nor drink till they have slain him; rulers and priests combine against him; the people stone him: yet, over the

din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as a trumpet-call, as he still preaches Christ and him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw of themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One cannot point to a single spot in his whole career, where he faltered a moment, or gave way to discouragement or fear.—Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty spirit. With his eye fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death, how

indescribably sublime! Napoleon, dying in the midst of the midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching in its delirium the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and startles us.—But behold Paul also, a war-worn veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a spiritual warfare, looking back, not with alarm, but transport; gazing not on the earth, but on heaven. Hear his calm, serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of life: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, nor smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his spirit struggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed, these guarded him and welcomed him home.

THE CRUSADE.

At the preaching of Peter the Hermit, Christendom was moved as it never before had been. A crusade was set on foot to redeem that sepulchre, and in a year six millions of souls had volunteered for the Holy War. Old men, women, and children, the rich and poor, were seen streaming by tens of thousands towards the sacred spot.—Kings and princes, and warriors of renown, buried their feuds, forgot their career of worldly glory, and, striking hands together, swore that the sword should never return to the scabbard till the tomb of Christ was delivered from the hands of the infidel. One desire animated every heart, one purpose filled every bosom; the contagion spread from house to house and kingdom to kingdom. "It became an enthusiasm, a passion, a madness." Nearly a quarter of a million

fell on the very threshold of the undertaking. Yet an army of six hundred thousand men at length stood in gorgeous array on the plains of Asia, and, with waving banners and pealing trumpets, began to hew their way to the tomb of Christ. Swept away by famine, pestilence, and the sword, they still pressed on till but half of their number was left to fling themselves on the walls of Jerusalem. Behold them at length approaching Bethlehem. A deputation of Christians go forth to meet them, and in a moment that weary, wasted army is moved like the forest by a sudden wind. Bethlehem is before them, the place where the Saviour was born. The name awoke a thousand touching associations, and thrilled every heart with strange rapture. That night the excited host could not sleep; and at midnight took up their line of march for Jerusalem. In dead silence —many with bare feet and uncovered heads —pressed tremblingly on through the darkness. At length, the sun, with that suddenness which always accompanies an eastern

dawn, rushed into the heavens, and there lay Jerusalem before them. The object of all their toils, for which they had endured famine and pestilence, and been mowed down by the sword of the infidel, the one bright object of their lives, smiling in sunny beauty at their feet. There was Mount Olivet, there Mount Calvary, and there, too, the sepulchre of the Saviour. Oh! who can describe the emotions that then swept through that Christian host. Some knelt down and prayed, others leaped, shouting, into the air; the mailed knight sobbed like an infant; until at length the murmur, 'Jerusalem!' arose at first faint and low, like the far off sound of the sea, but gradually swelling to the full-voiced thunder, till "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" filled all the air, and rolled gloriously to the heavens. Then, taking fire at the thought that the holy city and sacred tomb were in the hands of unbelievers, they raised the battle-cry and went pouring forward on the walls, like the inrolling tide of the sea.

THE BATTLE OF SALABERTRANN.

* * It was the eighth day of their march, and, weary and hungry, they inquired of a peasant if they could obtain provisions at the village. "Go on," he replied, "and they will give you all that you desire, and are now preparing a warm supper for you."—The Waldenses understood the hint, but kept on until within a mile and a half of a bridge that crossed the Doria, when they descried in the depth of the valley nearly forty camp fires burning. The Christians were in need of rest and food; but, before they could obtain either, a fierce and unequal battle must be fought. They kept on, however, until the vanguard fell into an ambuscade, and a sharp firing of musketry awoke the echoes of the Alps. The intrepid Arnaud saw that a crisis had indeed come.—Before him was a well-appointed French

army, two thousand five hundred strong, and commanding a narrow bridge. Halting his tired column, he ordered them all to kneel, and there, in the still evening, he offered up prayer to the God of battles that he would save them from the destruction that seemed inevitable. Scarcely had the solemn prayer died away upon the evening air, before the rattling of arms was heard, and in one dense column, the exiles pressed straight for the bridge.

As they approached, the sentinels on the farther side cried out, "Qui vive!" to which the Waldenses replied, "Friends, if they are suffered to pass on!" Instantly the shout, "Kill them! kill them!" rang through the darkness, and then the order, "fire!" was heard along the ranks. In a moment, more than two thousand muskets opened on the bridge, and it rained a leaden storm its whole length and breadth. They expected, and rightly, that, under such a well-directed fire, the little band of exiles would be annihilated; and so they would have been but for the

prudence and foresight of their pastor and leader, Arnaud. Expecting such a reception, he had given orders that his followers, the moment they heard the word "fire" from the enemy, should fall on their faces. They obeyed him, and that fiery sleet went drifting wildly over their heads. For a quarter of an hour did these heavy volleys continue, enveloping that bridge in flame; yet, during the whole time, but one Waldensian was wounded. At length, however, a firing was heard in the rear: the troops that had let them pass on the mountain in the morning, had followed after, on purpose to prevent their escape from the snare that had been set for them. Crushed between two powerful bodies of soldiers, with two thousand muskets blazing in their faces, and a narrow bridge before them, the case of the wanderers seemed hopeless. Seeing that the final hour had come, Arnaud ordered his followers to rise and storm the bridge. Then occurred one of those fearful exhibitions sometimes witnessed on a battle field. With one wild and

thrilling shout, that little band precipitated itself forward. Through the devouring fire, over the rattling, groaning bridge, up to the intrenchments, and up to the points of the bayonets, they went in one resistless wave. Their deafening shouts drowned the roar in musketry, and, borne up by that lofty enthusiasm which has made the hero in every age, they forget the danger before them. On the solid ranks they fell with such terror and suddenness, that they had not time even to flee. The enraged Waldenses seized them by the hair, and trampled them under foot; and with their heavy sabres cleaved them to the earth. The terrified French undertook to defend themselves with their muskets, and, as they interposed them between their bodies and the foe, the Waldensian sabres struck fire on the barrels till the sparks flew in every direction. The Marquis of Larry strove for a while to bear up against this overpowering onset; but, finding all was lost, he cried out, "Is it possible I have lost the battle and my honor?" and then ex-

claiming "Sauve qui peut!" turned and fled. That army of two thousand five hundred men then became a herd of fugitives in the darkness, mowed down at every step by the sword of the Waldensian. The slaughter was terrible, and the victory complete: all the baggage and stores were taken; and at length when the bright moon rose over the Alps, flooding the strange scene with light, Arnaud called his little band from the pursuit. Having supplied themselves with all the powder they wished, they gathered the rest together, and set fire to it. A sudden blaze revealed every peak and crag, and the entire field of death, with the brightness of noonday—followed by an explosion like the bursting of a hundred cannon, and which was heard nearly thirty miles in the mountains. A deep silence succeeded this strange uproar, and then Arnaud ordered all the trumpets to sound, then every man threw his hat into the air, and shouted, "Thanks to the Eternal of Armies, who hath given us the victory over our enemies!" That glori-

ous shout was taken up and prolonged till the fleeing foeman heard it in the far mountain gorges.

The entire loss of the Waldenses in this bloody engagement did not reach thirty men, while the ground was cumbered with the dead bodies of the French. The latter had refused to destroy the bridge, and thus effectually arrest the progress of the exiles, because they wished to destroy them. But God had given them the victory, and their shout recalled to mind the ancient shout of Judah in battle.

I visited the Hotel de Ville, and I was again in the midst of the Revolution. I followed the street leading from it to the Church of the Carmelites, calling to mind the Sabbath morning of the 2d of September, 1792. Two days before the domiciliary visits had been made. For forty-eight hours the barriers of the city had been closed, and every door shut in the streets. The sound of the busy population had suddenly died away—the promenades were empty, the rattling of carriages was hushed, and the silence and solitude of the sepulchre reigned throughout the vast city, save when the fearful echoes were heard of the rapid tread of the bloodhounds of the anarchists, and the tap of their hammer on every door, as they moved along on their mission of death. The pale-

ness of despair sits on every countenance, and the throbbing heart stops beating, as that hammer-stroke is heard on the door of their dwelling. The *suspected* are to be arrested for the safety of the state, and *fifteen thousand* are seized and committed.—But what is to be done with this army of prisoners? They cannot be tried separately. No, their execution is to be as sudden and summary as their arrest, and the Sabbath of the 2d of September is selected as the day of their slaughter. The bright sun rose over the city, and nature smiled, as she always will, despite the actions of man; but instead of the church-bells calling the worshipers to the house of God, there goes pealing over the city the terrible tocsin, and the wild beat of the *generale*, and the rapid alarm-guns—making that Sabbath morning as awful as the day of judgment. Through every street came pouring the excited multitude. Twenty four priests, moving along the street, on their way to the Church of the Abbaye, are seized and butchered. Varennes is at the head of

the mob, and trampling over the corpses and spattering the blood over his shoes, kindles into ten-fold fury the ferocity he has awakened in the maddened populace. Maillard, who led the mob of women that stormed Versailles, is heard shouting over the tumult, "To the Carmelites!" and "To the Carmelites!" is echoed in terrific responses from the crowd around him. "To the Carmelites" they go, and surge up like the maddened sea around the devoted church. Two hundred priests are within its wall. Finding their hour has come, they rush into each other's embrace, and, kneeling, prayed together to that God, who seems to have withdrawn his restraining power from man. They are butchered around the very altar, and their blood flows in streams over the pavement of the church. In the intervals of the infuriated shouts the voice of prayer steals on the ear, but the next instant it is hushed in death. The Archbishop of Arles stands amid this wild scene, calm as the Madonna that looks down from the altar

above him. Thrice the sword smites his face, inflicting three horrible gashes before he falls, and then he dies at the very foot of the cross of Christ. The massacre being completed, "To Abbaye!" is the next shout, and the turbulent mass rolls towards the Abbaye. The brave Swiss Guards are first brought out and pierced by a thousand pikes. The inhuman yells penetrate to the innermost chambers of the prisoners, and each one prepares himself to die. The aged Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, is brought out, and, just as the bayonet is lifted to pierce him, his lovely daughter falls on his neck, and pleads in such piteous accents and tears for her father's life, that even these monsters are moved with compassion, and promise that his life shall be spared on condition she will drink the blood of aristocrats. A goblet filled with the warm blood is presented to his lips, and she drains it at a draught. The half-naked murderers around, bespattered with brains and blood, shout his pardon. The Princess of Lamballe, the

friend of the unfortunate queen, and the beauty of the court, is next led forth, and faints again and again at the horrible spectacle that meets her gaze. Arising from her swoon, a sword-cut opens her head behind, and she faints again. Recovering, she is forced to walk between two blood-covered monsters over a pavement of dead bodies, and then speared on a heap of corpses. The raging fiend within them still unsatisfied, they strip the body; and, after exposing it to every indecency and insult that human depravity can invent, one leg is rent away and thrust into a cannon, and fired off in honor of this jubilee of hell. The beautiful head, borne aloft on a gory pike, with the auburn tresses clotted with blood and streaming down the staff, is waved over the crowd, and made to nod in grim salutation to the fiends that dance in horrid mirth around it. "*Ca ira;*" yes, that will do, but God is not yet dead, nor his laws destroyed. A thousand are butchered, but, Robespierre, thou shalt yet acknowledge, in other ways than

by a magnificent fete and pompous declamation, there is a God in heaven that rules over the affairs of men! Thou hast awakened elements thou canst not control, and raised a storm thou canst not lay again!— And I was standing on the very spot where these scenes had been enacted. The tread of hasty feet were around me, and all the hurry and bustle of city life. I looked on the pavements, but they were not bloody; and on the passing throng, and they were not armed. Nay, no one but myself seemed conscious they were treading over such fearful ground. They had been born, and lived here, and hence could see only common walks and pavement around them; while I, a stranger, could think of nothing but that terrible earthquake that shook France and the world.

Oh! how impotent does man and his strifes appear after the tumult is over, and the Divine laws are seen moving on in their accustomed way. Like the Alpine storm and cloud that wrap the steadfast peak, do

the passions and conflicts of men hide the truth of heaven till it seems to have been carried away for ever; but like that Alpine peak when the storm is over, is its clear summit seen to repose as calmly against the blue sky as if perpetual sunshine had rested on its head.

As I passed over to the "Place du Carrousel," where the artillery was placed that Robespierre endeavored in vain to make fire on the Convention that voted his overthrow by acclamation, I could plainly see how naturally every thing proceeded, from the abrogation of the Sabbath, and the renunciation of the Deity, to that awful Reign of Terror. Cut a nation loose from the restraints of Divine law, and there is nothing short of anarchy. Release man from the tremendous sway of obligation, and he is a fiend at once. Take conscience from him, and put passion in its place, and you hurl him as far as Satan fell when cast out of heaven. The course of Robespierre was necessary after he had commenced his Jaco-

binical career. He had destroyed all the means by which rulers secure their safety except fear. But fear could not be kept up without constant deaths. Besides, he thought to relieve himself from his enemies by destroying them, forgetting that cruelty makes foes faster than power can slay them. But the hour which *must* sooner or later come, finally arrived, and Paris awoke to her condition. The guillotine, which had heretofore chopped off only the heads of the upper classes, began now to descend on the citizens and common people. There seemed no end to this indiscriminate slaughter, and the wave that had been sent so far, now began to balance for its backward march. Robespierre had slain aristocrats, and finally his own companions in blood; and now saw the storm gathering over his own head. Marat had gone to his account long before—Danton, Camille, and Des Moulins had followed their murdered victims to the scaffold, and now, when Robespierre should fall, the scene would change. It is sometimes singular to

see the coincidence of events as if on purpose to make the truth they would teach more emphatic. After "Down with the tyrant!" which thundered on the ears of the doomed man from the whole Convention, till he had to flee for his life, he went to this very Hotel de Ville, where the awful massacre of the 2d of September commenced. After defending himself with his friends in vain, against the soldiery, the building was surrendered, and the room of the tyrants entered. There sat Robespierre, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands. A pistol-shot fired broke his under jaw, and he fell under the table. Couthon made feeble efforts to commit suicide, while Le Bas blew out his own brains. Robespierre and Couthon, supposed to be dead, were dragged by the heels to the Seine, and were about to be thrown in, when they were discovered to be alive, and carried to the Committee of General Safety. There, for *nine* hours, he lay stretched on the very table on which he used to sign the death-warrants of his victims.—

What a place and what time to ponder. Insults and curses were heaped on him, as he lay there bleeding and suffering—the only act of humanity extended to him being to wipe the foam from his mouth. As if on purpose to give more impressiveness to this terrific scene, he had on the very blue coat he had worn in pomp and pride at the festival of the Supreme Being. It was now stained with his own blood, which he tried in vain to stanch. Poor man! writhing in torture on the table where he signed his death-warrants, in the very blue coat that made him conspicuous when he attempted to re-enthrone the Deity, what a lesson he furnishes to infidel man to remotest generations. But this was not all; the guillotine, which had been removed, was rolled back to the Place de Revolution, so that he and his companions might perish on the very spot where they themselves had witnessed so many executions of their own commanding. Led by my own feelings, I slowly wandered back to the Place de Revolution to witness

in imagination the closing up of the great tragedy. As Robespierre ascended the scaffold, the blood burst through the bandages that covered his jaw, and his forehead became ghastly pale. Curses and imprecations smote his ear; and one woman, breaking through the crowd, exclaimed, "Murderer of all my kindred, your agony fills me with joy; descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" As the executioner tore the bandage from his face, the under jaw fell on his breast, and he uttered a yell of terror that froze every heart that heard it with horror. The last sounds that fell on his dying ear, were shouts of joy that the tyrant was fallen. The people wept in joy, when they saw that the monsters that had sunk France in blood were no more, and crowded round the scaffold embracing each other in transport. One poor man came up to the lifeless body of Robespierre, and after gazing in silence on it for some time, said, in solemn accents, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!" THERE IS A GOD! was the

shriek France sent up from round that scoffold, and its echo has not since died away on the nations of Europe, and shall not till remotest time—for ever uttering in the ears of the infidel ruler, "Beware!"

I have gone over these scenes of the Revolution just as they were suggested to me as I looked on the places where they occurred. I never before was so impressed with the truth, that an irreligious nation cannot long survive as such. Especially in a republican government—where physical force is almost powerless, and moral means, or none, can restrain the passions of men—will the removal of religious restraints end in utter anarchy. Men, governing themselves, are apt to suppose they can make Divine laws as well as human, and adopt the blasphemous sentiment "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," a sentiment which, long acted upon, will bury the brightest republic that ever rose to cheer the heart of man. Rulers may try the experiment of ruling without a God, if they like; but the nation will eventually whisper above their forms, "There is a God!" * *

NAPOLEON.

One morning as I strolled from the Hotel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris), in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object which for a moment held me by a deeper spell than anything I had seen in France. In the Rue Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house several rods from the street, and approached by a narrow lane. It is situated in the midst of a garden, and was the residence of Josephine when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that wasting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited dominion, and dreaming

of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his footsteps hither, to pour the tale of his affections in Josephine's ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single voice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eye before which the world quailed at last, and the pride of kings went down, fell at the gaze of a single woman, and her flute-like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder than the shout of "*Vive l' Empereur!*" from the enthusiastic legions that cheered him as he advanced. Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful forehead, he must have felt that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but feel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the

pure joy that springs from affection, and the heaven of a quiet home for the tumult of armies and the crown of thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He made life one great battle-field, and drove his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last—*a grave.* He could have had *that* without such labor, and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as rest on his. How often, in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody, whose tones, it is said, would arrest him in the midst of the gayest assembly, have fallen on his ear like a rebuking spirit, telling him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life he never could live again.

The Christian cannot muse over his many fields of blood without the deepest execration of Bonaparte's character. The warrior may recount the deeds wrought in that mighty conflict, but the Christian's eye looks farther—to the broken hearts it has made,

and to the fearful retributions of the judgment. We will not speak of the physical suffering crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings of one single man with his shattered bones piercing him as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as he thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over *to one man's ambition*, and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be? Bonaparte was a man of great intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul for ever, and his accusers and their witnesses will rise from almost every field in Europe and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He met and conquered many armies, but never stood face to face with such a terrible array as when he

shall be summoned from his grave to meet this host of witnesses. The murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him nothing. Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, are the only helpers there, and *they* cannot help *him*. He trod them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down for ever. He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of human hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he did in founding institutions and overturning rotten thrones; *good* was not his object, but personal glory. Besides, this sacking and burning down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite measure with conquerors and the favorite apology with their eulogizers. It is false in fact, and false if true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it ex-

culpate him if it was. God does not permit man to produce happiness this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his *anointed* instrument, he *anoints* him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of Bonaparte's mental character—the great achievements he performed—the mighty power he wielded, and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheosised to this day, while the sadness of his fate—being sent to eat out his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we think has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amid an awful storm, while trees were falling and the sea flinging

itself as if in convulsions far up on the island, have imparted something of the supernatural to him. And then his fierceness to the last, for though the night was wild and terrible, a wilder night was over his heart, and his spirit in its last fitful strnggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight, and his last dying words were *tete d'armee*, 'head of the army.' He has gone, and his mighty armies with him, but the day shall come when the world shall read his history as they read that of Cæsar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shudder.

Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon, and who does not?—read the record an outraged world has written against him, till he stands a criminal before heaven and earth, still, one cannot find himself beside the form that once shook Europe with its tread, without the profoundest emotions. But the arm that ruled the world lies still, and the thoughtful forehead on which nations gazed to read their destiny, is now only a withered skull, and the bosom that

was the home of such wild ambition, is full of ashes.

The grave is a reckless leveller, and he who 'met at last God's thunder,' is only one of the thousands he left on his battle-fields. His fierce onsets, and terrible passages, and wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are all over. Crumbling back to dust amid a few old soldiers, left as a mockery of the magnificent legions he was wont to lead to battle, he reads a silent, most impressive lesson on ambition to the world. I turned away in the deepening twilight, feeling that I would not sleep in Bonaparte's grave for Bonaparte's fame.

NAPOLEON AND CHRIST.

FORTY-SEVEN years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR." From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, Kleber had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when lo, at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarce-

ly time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst into a headlong gallop upon them. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimitars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle, but that same wasting fire received them; till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses this band of warriors stood and fought for six

dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze. The whole plain was filled with marching columns and charging squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music filled all the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the steady simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on

the tumultuous and chaotic field. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve-pounder, fired from the heights, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time he took the offensive, and pouring his enthusiastic followers on the foe, carried death and terror over the field.—Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight and nerved him with tenfold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent and trodden and dead-covered field,

a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks and cries rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan and Mount Tabor! what spots for battle-fields!

Roll back twenty centuries, and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful as then, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth with its busy population—the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army: and there is Jordan rolling its bright waters along—the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry: and there is Mount Tabor—the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing there. The Son of God stands on that height, and casts his eyes over the quiet valley through which Jordan winds its

silver current. Three friends are beside him: they have walked together up the toilsome way, and now the four stand, mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west shines the blue Mediterranean —all around is the great plain of Esdraelon and Galilee—eastward, the lake of Tiberias dots the landscape, while Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazareth—the wanderer with whom they have ate and drank and travelled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes. Over his soiled and coarse garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intenser beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro and dissolve the still radiance.

The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that fa-

miliar face. But lo, a greater change has passed over it. The man has put on the God, and that sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, and entering the door of the hut of poverty, and passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary wayside—aye, bedewed with the tears of pity—now burns like the sun in his mid-day splendor. Meekness has given way to majesty—sadness to dazzling glory—the look of pity to the grandeur of a God. The still radiance of heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty. Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light which glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended; and wrapped in the same shining vestments, stand beside him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words, "Mount Olivet,"

"Calvary," the agony, and the death of the crucifixion. Peter, awe-struck and overcome, feeling also the influence of that heavenly atmosphere, and carried away by a sudden impulse, says to Jesus, in low and tremulous accents: "It is good to be here; let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Confused by the scenes and dazzled by the splendor, he was ignorant what he was saying. He knew not the meaning of this sudden appearance, but he knew that heaven was near and God revealing himself, and he felt that some sacred ceremony would be appropriate to the scene; and while his bewildered gaze was fixed on the three forms before him, his unconscious lips murmured forth the feelings of his heart. No wonder a sudden fear came over him, that paralyzed his tongue and crushed him to the earth, when in the midst of his speech he saw a cloud fall like a falling star from heaven, and, bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light. Perhaps his indiscreet

interruption had brought this new messenger down, and from its bosom the thunder and flame of Sinai were to burst; and he fell on his face in silent terror. But that cloud was only a canopy for its God, and from its bright foldings came a voice, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him."

Oh, how different is heaven and earth! Can there be a stranger contrast than the Battle and Transfiguration of Mount Tabor? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain: one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from heaven.

MURAT.

MURAT'S three distinguishing characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of extremest peril. Added to all this, Nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a king—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear.—This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemn the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but we think it is all in keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep

MURAT.

thought and compact mind, but he was an oriental in his tastes, and loved every thing gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold; boots of yellow leather, while a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, hanging from a girdle of gold brocade, completed his dashing exterior. He wore heavy black whiskers, and long black locks, which streamed over his shoulders and contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eye. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under the profusion of ostrich feathers, while beside it, and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume he wore, in cold weather, a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest sables. Neither did he forget his horse in this gorgeous appareling, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stir-

rup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger and still more majestic figure and bearing of Murat, it seemed all in place and keeping. This dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless seat of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law. To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile; but whoever once saw that gayly-caparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front rank of

battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, as floating high over the tens of thousands that struggled behind it—a constant mark to the cannon-balls that whistled like hailstones around it—never felt like smiling again at Murat.—Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond-hilted sword dripping with blood, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat.—That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and, while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for awhile in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick

ranks of infantry, scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind.

We said the three great distinguishing traits of Murat were high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and wonderful coolness in the hour of danger. Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in a battle. He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and fought frequently, we believe, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume, copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of Murat more than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodi-

gies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus appareled rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city. The Cossacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our practical times. They never saw him on his

magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy, lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way, reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed.—During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent

up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terrors through their ranks. They called him their "hetman,"—the highest honor they could confer on him—and kept up an incessant jargon as they examined him and his richly caparisoned horse. They would now point to his steed—now to his costume, and then to his white plume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them all the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck, or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SPLUGEN.

** It was on the 20th of November when Macdonald commenced his preparations. A constant succession of snow-storms had filled up the entire path, so that a single man on foot would not have thought of making the attempt. But, when he had made up his mind to do a thing, that was the end of all impossibilities. The cannon were dismounted, and placed on sleds, to which oxen were attached—the ammunition divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provisions. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles, to indicate the course of the path beneath, while, behind them, came the workmen, clearing away the snow, and, behind them still, the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat

MACDONALD.

down the way. The first company had advanced in this manner nearly half-way to the summit, and were approaching the hospice, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other in alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, till suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept in a cloud of snow over the breast of the mountain, and howled like an unchained demon through the gorge below. In an instant, all was confusion, and blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest, that threatened to lift the rock-rooted pines that shrieked above them from their places, and bring down the very Alps themselves. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard amid the storm—'An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides, and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and, striking

the column that was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses along with it in its wild plunge. The black form of a steed and its rider was seen for one moment suspended in mid-heavens, and the next disappeared among the ice and crags below. The head of the column immediately pushed on, and reached the hospice in safety; while the rear, separated from it by the avalanche, and struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path with such lightning-like velocity, and bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen. For three days the storm raged amid the mountains, filling the heavens with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision

his army in these savage solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after, to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of the dragoons, part of which had been borne away by the avalanche, three days before. The post of danger was given them at their own request. They presented a strange sight amid those Alpine solitudes. Those oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, while the soldiers, up to their armpits, struggled behind. Not a drum nor bugle-note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those snow-covered peaks. The footfall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently, noiselessly, the mighty

but disordered column stretched itself upward, with nought to break the deep stillness of the wintery noon, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as, with reeking sides, they strained up the ascent. This day and the next being clear, frosty days, the separate columns passed in safety, with the exception of those who sunk in their footsteps, overcome by the cold and the frost.—The successful passage of the columns these two days, induced Macdonald to march the whole remaining army over the next day, and so, ordering the whole army to advance, commenced, on the 5th of December, the perilous ascent. But fresh snow had fallen, the night previous, filling up the entire track, so that it had all to be made over again.—The guides, expecting a wind and avalanches after this fresh fall of snow, refused to go, till they were compelled to by Macdonald. Breast-deep, the army waded up the wild and desolate path, making in six hours but six miles, or *one mile an hour*. They had not advanced far, however, when they came

upon a huge block of ice and a newly fallen avalanche, that entirely filled up the way. The guides halted before these new obstacles, and refused to proceed, and the head of the column wheeled about and began its march down the mountain. Macdonald immediately hastened forward, and, placing himself at the head of his men, walked on foot, with a long pole in his hand, to sound the treacherous mass he was treading upon, while he revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers with words of encouragement.—"Soldiers," said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the armies." Ashamed to see their general hazarding his life at every step, where they had refused to go, they returned cheerfully to their toil. But, before they could effect the passage, the voice of the hurricane was again heard on its march, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated every thing from view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away.

Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the storm, came the rapid thunder-crash of avalanches.

Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was not one of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power, while, over all, the sifted snow lay like one vast winding-sheet. No one, who has not seen an Alpine storm, can imagine the fearful energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, is whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. Such a storm now piled around them the drifts, which seemed to form instantaneously, as by the touch of a magician's wand. All was mystery and darkness, gloom and terror. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no

note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle-fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together, as though proximity added to their safety, the disordered column crouched and shivered to the blast, that seemed to pierce their very bones with its chilling cold. But the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raging storm, and concealed pitfalls, were not enough to complete this scene of terror. Avalanches fell in rapid succession from the top of the Splugen. Scaling the breast of the mountain with a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, bearing it away to the destruction that waited beneath. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, imparted infinite terror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they came down the mountain declivity. A low, rumbling sound would be heard amid the pauses of the storm, and, as the next shriek of the blast swept by, a rushing as of a counterblast smote the ear, and, before the thought had time to change, a

rolling, leaping, broken mass of snow burst through the thick atmosphere, and the next moment rushed with the sound of thunder, far, far below, bearing away a whole company of soldiers to its deep, dark resting-place.

On the evening of the 6th of December, the greater part of the army had passed the mountains, and the van had pushed on as far as Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. Nearly two hundred men had perished in the undertaking, and as many more mules and horses. We do not believe there was another general, except Ney, that could have succeeded in the face of such obstacles as Macdonald was compelled to struggle against. And we never in imagination see that long straggling line, winding itself like a huge anaconda over the lofty snow-peak of the Splugen, with the indomitable Macdonald feeling his way in front covered with snow, while ever and anon

huge avalanches sweep by him, and the blinding storm covers his men and the path from his sight, and hear his stern, calm, clear voice, directing the way, without feelings of supreme wonder. There is nothing like it in modern history, unless it be Suwarrow's passage of the Glarus in the midst of a superior enemy. Bonaparte's passage over the St. Bernard—so world-renowned—was mere child's play compared to it. That pass was made in pleasant weather, with nothing but the ruggedness of the ascent to obstruct the progress. Suwarrow, on the contrary, led his mighty army over the Schachenthal, breast-deep in snow, with the enemy on every side of him, mowing down his ranks without resistance. Macdonald had no enemy to contend with but nature—but it was nature alive and wild. The path by which he led his army over the Splugen was nearly as bad in summer, as the St. Bernard at the time Napoleon crossed it. But in midwinter to *make* a path, and lead an army of fifteen thousand men through hurricanes and aval-

anches, where the foot of the Chamois scarce dared to tread, was an undertaking from which even Bonaparte himself would have shrunk. And Napoleon never perpetrated a greater falsehood, or one more unworthy of him, than when he said, "The passage of the Splugen presented, without doubt, some difficulties, but winter is by no means the season of the year in which such operations are conducted with most difficulty; the snow is then firm, the weather settled, and there is nothing to fear from the avalanches, which constitute the true and only danger to be apprehended in the Alps." Bonaparte would have us suppose that no avalanches fall in December, and that the passage of the Splugen in the midst of hurricanes of snow, was executed in "settled weather." What then must we think of *his* passage of the St. Bernard, in summer time, without a foe to molest him, or an avalanche to frighten him?

NEY.

THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

THE soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow drifts, and lay down by thousands to die.—Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army straggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no

more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops.—Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold, or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept a firm band around him, that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length, the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reach-

ed the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear-guard, now dwindled to a few thousand.—Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lossmina, on which were strewed the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment, the heights before him and on either side appeared lined with dense columns of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched straight upon the batteries. Vain valor. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extend-

ing itself on every side to hem him in, he returned back towards Smolensko for an hour, then, forming a body of four thousand men, turned north towards the Dnieper. Having reached the stream in safety, he arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited *three hours* before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers, he still yielded to the dictates of mercy. There on the banks of the frozen river, and during this time of intense anxiety, did this strange indomitable man lie down with his martial cloak around him, and sleep. Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice, surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. But the marshal, with only three thousand men, had still a wilderness between him and his emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks.

For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and with the cheering words, "Comrades, now is the moment; forward, they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded and fled. At length, with only *fifteen hundred* men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha, and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuileries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Well he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless emperor. The meet-

ing of Bonaparte and his brave marshal shows the profound impression the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn yet still proud unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom, and embraced him with all the rapture one hero embraces another. * * * *

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in —"Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over, he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said, "Marshal, you should now think of death," he replied, "Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder

tone, "Comrade, you are right, send for the curate of St. Sulpice: I will die as becomes a Christian!" The place is still shown in the gardens of the Luxemborg where he was executed. As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said, with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "I declare, before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, *Vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "My comrades, fire on me." Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead.

ROME.

LET us start from the Pincian Hill on the northern side of Rome, and walk around its ruined sides, and view the corpse of this once mistress of the world. The features are here, though "Decay's effacing fingers" have left few of the lines of beauty. Descending the magnificent flight of steps, and turning to the right, we are in a few moments at the "Piazza del Popolo," or place of the people. Here the gate opens that leads towards Florence. Turning back by a parallel street we come down to Corso, the Broadway of Rome, and once the old Appian Way. Having traversed a third of its length we turn to the right, and after half a mile's walk reach the Tiber, where the famous bridge of Michael Angelo crosses it to the

Castle of St. Angelo, once Adrian's Tomb. Passing on, the noble form of St. Peter's bursts on the view with its glorious front, and still more magnificent double rows of colonnades sweeping down in a bold semi-circle from either extremity. From the top of this church you have Rome, and the whole Campagna, in one *coup d'œil*. On the north and west stretch away the Volscian, Sabine, and Albanian hills; on the south, flows the Tiber through the low flat land to the Mediterranean, which sleeps placidly in the distance. Around the city, on every height, stand magnificent villas; while, nearer down, Rome is spread out like a map. The splendor of a noonday sun is on it all, and the fountains before the church are sending their showers of diamonds towards the sky; while the old Egyptian obelisk that once stood in this very spot, then Nero's Circus, is dwindled to a miniature shaft from this height. Keeping along the outskirts of the city, moving on towards the east, we ascend another hill to the Convent of San Onofrio. Here is

another beautiful view of Rome. Beside an oak tree that has lately been shivered by the tempest, Tasso was wont to sit of an evening and look down on the queen city. He had been summoned there to be crowned with the laurel wreath, but driven by sickness to this airy and salubrious spot, he would here sit for hours and gaze on Rome. But the hour of his triumph never came, and he sank away and died on this hill, while the wreath woven for his brow was hung on his tomb. Sleep quietly, thou bold-hearted poet, for the city whose praise thou didst covet is a ruin, and the hall where thou didst expect to hear the acclamations of the great, has disappeared from the knowledge of man! Keeping on our circuit, we pass the Temple of Vesta, and the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestus. Turning partly back on our route, and keeping still on the outskirts of the city, we come to the "Capitol." Having ascended its flight of steps, at the foot of which stands an old Roman milestone marking the first mile of the Appian Way, the noble area

is before us, with the equestrian statue of Aurelius—the finest in the world—in the centre. Here Rienzi, "The last of the Tribunes," fell, in his struggle for liberty. At the further end, is the Palace of the Senators of Rome. What a mockery! Rome has no senators but in name. The ancient Republic is gone—substance and shadow; then why keep alive the name? Descending on the farther side, lo! the Forum is before us! Can this be Rome, and this her ancient Forum? The Arch of Septimus Severus, covered with its disfigured but still beautiful bas-reliefs, is sunk at our feet, as we lean against one of the remaining columns of "Jupiter, the Thunderer," and look away towards the solitary Arch of Titus at the farther end. The Palatine, bereft of all the magnificence the Cæsars piled on its top, rises on the right, weighing down the heart with its great associations; while farther on, the gray old Coliseum draws its circular summit on the sky. Here, for the first time, the traveler comprehends what it all means.

The Past gives up its dead, and the dead rear again their palaces around him. Fancy calls back the Cæsars—the Golden House of Nero on that desolate hill, and philosophers slowly promenade before him along the shaded walks of the Forum. The steep Tarpeian is near by, and although its top is now a garden. yet, like Byron, the wanderer asks and answers the question the same moment—

"Is this the rock of triumph—the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? This the steep
Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race?
The promontory where the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition? Yes! and in yon field below
A thousand silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breaths, burns with Cicero."

Yes, it *is* immortal ground. Here Horace used to walk and muse, as he himself says:

"Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum; totus in illis."

"*Via Sacra!*" where is it? Buried many

a foot beneath the ground. Yet, right there where stands the modern Capitol, once stood THE CAPITOL to which the Roman orators so often pointed to give effect to their appeals; there Caius Gracchus directed the eyes of his hearers; and, in the language of despair, asked if he could find refuge there, while the blood of his brother still smoked on its pavement. Thither Cicero turned, when, raining his accusations on Catiline, he burst forth into thanks to the gods that presided on that hill, and exclaimed, *Ita presentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pœne oculis videri possimus!* "So palpably have they been with us in these times, bringing aid and succor, that we can almost see them with our eyes!" So musing, the hill assumes its olden splendor, when the airy marble glittered along its summit, and statues of gods seemed guarding its Capitol; and silver, and gold, and precious stones made it the admiration of the world. But the structure which the imagination reared melts away—the Cæsars are shadows—the

lizard crawls over their ancient palaces, and the night bird sits and whistles in the old Forum. It is true that here Catiline trod, urged on by his fiery ambition—here Cicero thundered and grave senators listened. But how changed has every thing become!—There still bends the Arch of Titus, reared to grace his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Then the haughty victor marched to the sound of music along the way, with the spoils of the Holy City carried before him, and the weeping train of Judah's captives following his triumphal chariot. Then the Palace of the Cæsars rose in its glory over the Forum, and the Capitol looked down upon them laden with the trophies of a hundred battles. Now, solitary and lonely, it stands amid the surrounding ruins.—Stretched away from its triumphal curve are *rope walks*, with the unconscious spinners leisurely weaving their lines in the setting sun. Titus and the Jewish captives rest together. The triumph of the one and the sufferings of the other are alike forgotten.—

The rope-spinner owns the Via Sacra, and the *Forum is a Cow-market!* What a satire on human pride and human ambition! The seats of grave senators of Rome usurped by *cows from the Campagna!* and the eloquence of Cicero superseded by the wrangling of a cattle-market! while, instead of schemes that involved the fate of a world in their comple tion, the simple-minded peasant weaves his line of flax for some Greek fishing-smack.— Thus the centuries go silent by, carrying with them man and his achievements.

A short distance beyond the Forum stands the Coliseum, the grandest of all earthly ruins. The moon is sailing along the quiet heavens, casting its pale light over all, while the arches open like caverns in every direction, and the clambering ivy glistens and rustles in the passing night wind. Arch above arch, seat above seat, corridor within corridor, the mighty structure towers away, bringing back the centuries over the weak and staggering memory, till the spirit bows in silent reverence of the awful Past. The

moonbeams glimmer on the pebbly arena that had so often swam before the eye of the dying combatant, as voices smote his ear, "*hic habet.*" But what a slight impression the earth takes from the scenes enacted upon it! The red bricks look the same as ever, and yon old column stands in the same place it stood nearly two thousand years ago.—Here anger had raged, and fear fallen, and faith soared upward, and tyranny and persecution mocked—but they had not left even their mark on the sand.

"And thou, bright rolling moon, didst shine upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Making that beautiful which still was so."

A little farther on, as you return to the city, are the ruins of the Basilica of Constantine, through which the fragments of immense columns are strewn just as they fell, as time slowly pushed them one after another from their places. Stand here, and hear the night-bird whistle amid the shrubbery that waves along the Palatine. Darkness and nigh

make these ruins awful; and that solitary cry, swelling upon the warm south wind, sounds like the ghost of Rome shrieking out amid the desolation.

Passing into the city, Trajan's lonely column and Forum, filled with standing fragments of beautiful columns, bid a sort of farewell to the wanderer as he again enters the streets of modern Rome. Hatters' shops, tobacco stores, French finery, and Parisian-dressed belles, fill Rome of the nineteenth century. A weak and imbecile Pope tells his beads "and patters prayer" where the Cæsars trod! and the triumphal processions of the Empire are changed into long trains of superstitious monks, as they go to say prayers for dead men's souls.

Starting from the Piazza Spagna, at the Pincian Hill, from which we first set out, let us go in an opposite direction towards the gate that opens the road to Naples. Passing by the magnificent church of Marie Maggiore, we come to St. John in Laterano, standing near the city walls. This is the

mother church of Rome. It is older than St. Peter's, and hence, according to the custom of the Roman Catholic Church, should be the residence of the Pope. But the Vatican and its splendor please His Holiness better. Still the Cardinals of St. John in Laterano assert their right of precedence immediately on the death of the Pope, and exercise the chief authority not only as spiritual but temporal rulers. They issue new laws, and do all His Holiness might do were he alive. It is a glorious structure, wrought of the richest material, and finished with elaborate skill. A beautiful Baptistry stands on one side, in which all the converts from the ranks of heretics are publicly baptized. On the other side is an edifice built over the marble staircase, declared to have been brought from Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and up which our Saviour trod when he went to be tried. Men and women are constantly ascending this on their knees, muttering prayers as they go; because it grants them indulgence for some hundreds of years,

and gives to the prayer they repeat power to save them in the direst extremity! Such crowds of devotees climb this staircase that it has been found necessary to cover the hard marble with boards to preserve it from being worn out by the knees of those who ascend. But let us turn aside a moment, as we return, to the semicircular Theatridium of the Baths of Diocletian. These magnificent baths were built in 302, by Diocletian and Maximian. Forty thousand Christians were once employed upon them—the slaves of a haughty and Pagan despot. The followers of Christ were a broken and scattered band, and the tyrant then little thought that, over the ruins of all that was once so glorious in Rome, the Cross would be erected in triumph, and that what was once the symbol of shame and reproach would be the standard of the Empire. This Theatridium still stands, *but it is now a cotton mill!* Yes, proud Diocletian, thy forty thousand Christians, whom thy haughty spirit humbled to the task of erecting a structure to satisfy thy

soaring pride, have built after all but a *cotton mill*, and a Christian stands beside thy mighty failure, and learns a lesson on human greatness he will never forget. That Christianity thou thoughtest to strangle in its infancy, now covers the strongest thrones of earth, and shall still grow stronger, while the very ruins of thy structure are slowly perishing from the sight of man. Oh, how Christianity did struggle for life in this old Empire! What persecutions and bloody massacres have stained the very pavements of the city! But outliving all—triumphing over all, it finally sat down on the throne of the Cæsars. Yet Christianity has also outlived its own purity, and lain down at last in a drunken debauch on its greatest battlefield. Woe to thee, harlot church, for bringing such disgrace on the name by which thou didst triumph! The heart is overwhelmed with emotions in traversing Rome, where once the pulse of the world beat. All is ruin here—greatness, pride, learning, ambition, power, and last of all Christianity.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

THE English army, ten thousand strong, had evacuated Philadelphia, and was passing through New Jersey, on its way to New York. The whole country was filled with the marching columns—the baggage-train alone stretching *twelve miles along the road.* On the rear of this army, in order to cut it and the baggage-train from the main body, Washington determined to fall, and sent forward five thousand men to commence the attack. The command of this belonged to Lee, but, he refusing to accept it, it was given to Lafayette. The former, however, thinking it would have an ugly look, to decline serving in such an important battle as this promised to be, changed his mind and asked for the post assigned him, which was generously granted by Lafayette. The morning of the 28th of June. was one of the sul-

triest of the year; yet at an early hour, Lee, who was but five miles from Monmouth, where the British army had encamped that night, put his troops in motion. Pushing rapidly on, through the broken and wooded country, he at length emerged on the plain of Monmouth, which, like that of Marengo, seemed made on purpose for a battle-field. Forming his men in the woods, to conceal them from the enemy, he and Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre, and lo! all the ample plain below them was dark with the moving masses. To the stirring sound of music, the steady columns of the grenadiers moved sternly forward, their bayonets glittering in the morning sunlight, while far as the eye could reach, followed after the immense train —horses and wagons toiling through the sand and filling the air with dust.

Wayne descended like a torrent upon this line of march, and soon the sharp rattle of musketry, and roar of cannon, and heavy smoke, told where he was pouring his troops to the charge. Lee, in the mean time, with

the rest of his division, took a circuitous march to fall on the head of the corps with which Wayne was engaged, when he learned that the whole British army had wheeled about and was hurrying back to protect the rear. That plain then presented a magnificent appearance. Far away the cloud of horses and wagons was seen hurrying from the field, while nearer by, the glittering columns fell, one after another, in the order of battle—the artillery opened like a sudden conflagration on the plain—the cavalry went dashing forward to the charge, and amid the pealing of trumpets, unrolling of standards, and shouts of men, the battle commenced.

But at this moment, Lee, who had not expected to meet a strong force, and not liking to have a heavy battle thrown on him, with a morass in his rear, ordered a retreat; and the brave Wayne, grinding his teeth in rage, was compelled to fall back, and came very near being cut off in the attempt. Across the morass, and over the broken country, the division kept retreating, with the victorious

columns of the British in full pursuit. In the mean time Washington, ignorant of this shameful retreat, was marching up with the other division of the army. As the sound of the first cannonade broke dull and heavy over the woods, the troops were hurried forward, and the soldiers, eager for the encounter, threw aside their knapsacks, and many of them their coats, and with shouts pressed rapidly on. It was a terrible day—the thermometer stood at *ninety-six*—and as that sweltering army toiled through the sand and dust, many sunk in their footsteps overpowered by the heat. Washington had dismounted where two roads met, and stood with his arm thrown over the neck of his white steed that was reeking with sweat, listening to the cannonading in the distance, and watching his eager columns as they swept along the road. Far in advance, he heard the thunder of artillery that was mowing down his ranks, while before him fluttered the flag of his country, soon also to be enveloped in the smoke of battle. A shade

of anxiety was seen on that calm, noble countenance; but the next moment it grew dark as wrath. A horseman, bursting into his presence, cried out that Lee was in full retreat, bearing down with his divided ranks, full on his own advancing columns. The expression of his face at that moment was dreadful, and with a burst of indignation that startled those around him, he sprang to the saddle, and, plunging the rowels in his steed, launched like a thunderbolt away. A cloud of dust alone told where he and his suite sped onward, and those who looked on him then, with his usually pale face flushed, and his blue eye emitting fire, knew that a storm was soon to burst somewhere. He swept in a headlong gallop up to the van of the retreating army, and the moment his white horse was seen, the brave fellows, who had not been half beaten, sent up a shout that was heard the whole length of the lines, and "*Long live Washington*," rent the air. Flinging a hasty inquiry to Osgood, as to the reason of this retreat, who replied, with

a terrible oath, "*Sir, we are fleeing from a shadow;*" he galloped to the rear, and reining up his horse beside Lee, bent on him a face of fearful expression, and thundered in his ear as he leaned over his saddle-bow, "*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason, and whence arises this disorder and confusion.*" It was not the words, but the smothered tone of passion in which they were uttered, and the manner which was severe as a blow, that made this rebuke so terrible.—Wheeling his steed, he spurred up to Oswald's and Stewart's regiment, saying, "On you I depend, to check this pursuit;" and riding along the ranks he roused their courage to the highest pitch by his stirring appeals, while that glorious shout of "*Long live Washington,*" again shook the field. The sudden gust of passion had swept by; but the storm that ever slumbered in his bosom was now fairly up, and galloping about on his splendid charger, his tall and commanding form towering above all about him, and his noble countenance lit up with enthusiasm,

he was the impersonation of all that is great and heroic in man. In a moment, the aspect of the field was changed—the retreating mass halted—officers were seen hurrying about in every direction, their shouts and orders ringing above the roar of the enemy's guns. The ranks opened, and under the galling fire of the enemy, the steady batalions wheeled, and formed in splendid order. Washington then rode back to Lee; and pointing to the firm front he had arrayed against the enemy, exclaimed, "*Will you, sir, command in that place?*" He replied, Yes. "*Well, then,*" said he, "*I expect you to check the enemy immediately.*" "Your orders shall be obeyed," replied the stung commander; "and I will not be the first to leave the field." The battle then opened with renewed fury, and Washington hurried back to bring his own division into action.

It was a glorious triumph of discipline, and the power of one master mind, to see how those retreating troops recovered their confidence, and formed under the very fire

of their pursuers, before the panic had been communicated to the other portion of the army.

But the danger had only just commenced; the few regiments which had been thrown forward, could not long withstand the heavy shock to which they were exposed. Swept by the artillery and enveloped in fire, they were gradually forced back over the field.—They fought bravely, as if they knew the fate of the battle rested on their firmness, yet the advanced corps finally fell back on the reserve. On this, too, the victorious legions of the enemy thundered with deafening shouts—the grenadiers pressed furiously forward—the cavalry hung like a cloud on our flanks, while the steadily advancing cannon galled the ranks with a most destructive fire. Our whole line of battle began to shake.—Washington, with the rear division, was not yet up, and every moment threatened to throw Lee's whole shattered corps back in disorder upon it. Every thing quivered in the balance, but at this terrible crisis, the

noble, the chivalric Hamilton, with his hat off, and his hair streaming in the wind, was seen crossing the field in a sweeping gallop, making straight for Lee. Knowing that the fate of the battle rested on his firmness, and fearing he might shrink again under the heavy onsets of the enemy, he flew to his relief. Reining up his foam-covered steed beside him, he exclaimed in that lofty enthusiasm, which that day saved the army, "I will stay with you, my dear general, and die with you. Let us all die here rather than retreat." Nobly said, brave Hamilton!—the firmest prop of American liberty stands fast in this dreadful hour.

In this critical moment, Washington appeared on the field, and rapidly formed his division in front of the enemy. Casting his eye over the battle, he saw at a glance the whole extent of the danger, and strained every nerve to avert it. His orders flew like lightning in every direction, while full on his centre came the shouting, headlong battalions of the enemy. Both his right and

left flank were threatened almost simultaneously; yet calm and collected he sternly surveyed the steadily advancing columns, without one thought of retreating. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than at this moment. Ordering up Sterling with the artillery on the left, and the other portion of the army to advance, he watched for an instant the effect of the movements. Sterling came up on a furious gallop with his guns, and unlimbering them, pouring such a sudden fire on the chasing columns, that they recoiled before it. At the same time, the veteran Knox hurried up his heavy guns on the right, and began to thunder on the dense masses of the enemy, while the gallant Wayne, at the head of his chosen infantry, charged like fire full on the centre. The battle now raged along the whole lines, and the plain shook under the uproar. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Americans, and the fierce fire of our artillery. The hotly worked batteries of Knox and Sterling were like two spots of

flame on either side; while the head of Wayne's column, enveloped in smoke and flame, pressed steadily forward, bearing down every thing in its passage, and sweeping the field with shouts that were heard above the roar of the artillery. Every step had been contested with the energy of despair, and under the oppressive heat, scores of brave fellows had fallen in death, unsmitten by the foe.

The whole English army retreated, and took up a strong position on the ground Lee had occupied in the morning. Almost impenetrable woods and swamps were on either side, while there was nothing but a narrow causeway in front, over which an army could advance to the attack. The battle now seemed over; for under that burning sun and temperature of ninety-six degrees, the exhausted army could hardly stir. Even Washington's powerful frame was overcome by the heat and toil he had passed through; and, as he stood begrimed with dust and the smoke of battle, and wiped his brow, the

perspiration fell in streams from his horse, which looked as if it had been dragged through a muddy stream, rather than rode by a living man. The tired hero gazed long and anxiously on the enemy's position, and, notwithstanding its strength, and the heat of the day and the state of his army, determined to force it. His strong nature had been thoroughly roused, and the battle he sought thrown unexpectedly upon him, and well-nigh lost, and he now resolved to press it home on the foe. All around him lay the dead, and the cry for water was most piteous to hear; while those who bore back the wounded, were ready themselves to sink under the heat. The eye of Washington, however, rested only on the English army; and ordering up two brigades to assail it, one on the right flank and the other on the left, he brought the heavy guns of Knox forward to the front. In a few minutes these tremendous batteries opened, and the English cannon replied, till it was one constant peal of thunder there over the hot plain. In the

mean time, the burning sun was stooping to the western hills, and striving in vain with its level beams to pierce the smoke and dust-filled atmosphere, that spread like a cloud over the field. Still that heavy cannonade made the earth groan, and still those gallant brigades were forcing their way onward through the deep woods and over the marshes to the attack. But the almost insurmountable obstacles that crossed their path, so delayed their march, that night came on before they could reach their respective positions. The firing then ceased, and darkness shut in the scene. For awhile, the tread of the battalions taking up their positions for the night, the heavy rumbling of artillery wagons, and the moans of the wounded, and piteous prayer for water, disturbed the calmness of the Sabbath evening, and then all was still. The poor soldiers, overcome with heat and toil, lay down upon the ground with their arms in their hands, and the two tired armies slept. Within sight of each other they sunk on the field, while the silent cannon, loaded with

death, still frowned darkly from the heights upon the foe. The young moon just glanced a moment on the slumbering hosts, then fled behind the hills. The stars, one after another, came out upon the sky like silent watchers, while the smoke of the conflict hung in vapory masses over the woods and plain. Washington, determined with the dawn of day to renew the battle, wrapped his military cloak around him, and, throwing himself on the ground beneath a tree, slept amid his followers. So did Bonaparte, on the first night of the battle of Wagram, sleep by the Danube, lulled by its turbulent waters.

But at midnight, the English commander roused his sleeping army and quietly withdrew, and before morning was beyond the reach of Washington's arm. So profound were the slumbers of our exhausted troops, that no intimation of the departure of the enemy was received until the morning light revealed their deserted camp. The prey had escaped him, and so Washington slowly followed on, moving his army by easy marches to the Hudson. * * * *

GENERAL GREENE'S RETREAT.

To understand the ground over which this remarkable retreat was performed, it is necessary only to glance at a map. Three large rivers rise in the north-west parts of South and North Carolina, and flow in a south-easterly direction into the Atlantic.—The lower, or more southern one, is the Catawba, which empties into the Santee. The next, north of it, and nearly parallel, is the Yadkin, emptying into the Pedee. The last, and more northern, is the Dan, which soon leaves its south-easterly direction, and winds backwards and forwards across the Virginia line, and finally falls into the Roanoke.—Greene was now on the Catawba, or most southern river, and directed his steps north—his line of progress cutting the Yadkin and Dan. To place a deep river between

two armies, effectually separates them for some time, while a retreating army between one and a powerful adversary, is almost sure to be ruined. Therefore, the great effort of Cornwallis was to overtake his weak enemy somewhere between the rivers, while the latter strained every nerve to keep a deep stream dividing him and his foe. Greene was now across the Catawba, which, swollen by the recent rains, prevented Cornwallis from crossing. But at length it began to subside, and the latter determined, by a night march to a private ford near Salisbury, to deceive his antagonist, and cross without opposition. But Greene had been on the alert, and stationed a body of militia there to dispute the passage. At day break the British column was seen silently approaching the river. A deep hush was on every thing, broken only by the roar of the swollen waters, and not a living thing was to be seen on the shore. Twilight still rested on the forest, and the turbid foam-covered stream looked doubly appalling in the gloom. The

rain was falling in torrents, and the British commander, as he reined up his steed on the slippery banks, looked long and anxiously on the farther side. There all was wild and silent; but faint flashes of the American fires, in the woods, told too well that he had been forestalled. Still, the order to advance was given, and the column boldly entered the channel. With muskets poised above their heads to keep them dry, and leaning against each other to steady their slippery footing, the grenadiers pushed forward. As they advanced the water deepened, until it flowed in a strong, swift current, up to their waists. The cavalry went plunging through, but the rapid stream bore many of them, both horses and riders, downward in the darkness. The head of the column had already reached the centre of the river, when the voices of the sentinels rung through the darkness, and the next moment their guns flashed through the storm. The Americans, five hundred in number, immediately poured in a destructive volley, but the British troops pressed steadily

forward. Soldier after soldier rolled over in the flood, and Cornwallis' horse was shot under him; but the noble animal, with a desperate effort, carried his rider to the bank before he fell. The intrepid troops at length reached the shore, and routed the militia.—Cornwallis was now on the same side of the river with his antagonist, and prepared to follow up his advantage with vigor. But the latter no sooner heard that the enemy had passed the Catawba, than he ordered the retreat to Yadkin. Through the drenching rain and deep mud, scarcely halting to eat or rest, the ragged troops dragged their weary way, and on the third day reached the river and commenced crossing. In the meantime, the recent rains had swollen this river also, so that by the time Greene had safely effected the passage, the current was foaming by on a level with its banks. He had urged every thing forward with the utmost speed, and at midnight, just as the last of the rear-guard were embarking they were saluted with a volley from the advanced

guard of the British. When the morning light broke over the scene, there lay the two armies within sight of each other, and the blessed Yadkin surging and roaring in threatening accents between, as if on purpose to daunt the invaders from its bosom. Stung into madness at this second escape of their enemy, the English lined the shore with their artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade on the American camp. But the army, protected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly and safely behind it. In a little cabin, just showing its roof above the rocks, Greene took up his quarters, and while his troops were reposing, commenced writing his despatches. The enemy suspecting the American general had established himself there, directed his artillery upon it, and soon the rocks rung with the balls that smoked and bounded from their sides. It was not long before the roof of the cabin was struck, and the shingles and clapboards began to fly about in every direction—but the stern warrior within never once looked up, and wrote

on as calmly as if in his peaceful home.—Four days the British general tarried on the shores of the Yadkin, and then, as the waters subsided, again put his army in motion. Moving lower down the river, he crossed over, and started anew after his adversary. But the latter, ever vigilant, was already on his march for Guilford, where he resolved to make a stand, and strike this bold Briton to the heart. But on reaching Guilford, he learned, to his dismay, that the reinforcements promised him had not arrived. The English army was nearly double that of his own, and all well-tried, disciplined soldiers; and he knew it would be madness to give battle on such disadvantageous terms. There was, therefore, no remedy but retreat, and this had now become a difficult matter. In the hope of being able to sustain himself at Guilford, he had suffered his enemy to approach so near, and block him in so effectually, that there was but one possible way of escape. Cornwallis at last deemed his prey secure.

On the 10th of February, this battle of manœuvres again commenced, and the two armies, now only twenty-five miles apart, stretched forward. Cornwallis supposed his adversary would make for the upper fords of the Dan, as there was nothing but ferries below, and hence put his army in such a position that he could crush him at once; but Greene quietly withdrew towards the Lower Dan, where he ordered boats to be congregated, in which he could transport his troops over. His object in this was two-fold; first, to place a deep instead of a fordable river between him and his formidable adversary, and, secondly, to be in a situation to effect a junction with the reinforcements he expected from Virginia. Discovering at once the error under which Cornwallis labored, he added to it by sending a large detachment to manœuvre in front, as if the upper fords were indeed the object of his efforts. Col. Williams commanded this chosen body of men, and marched boldly against the entire English army. The British commander, think-

ing it to be the advanced guard of the Americans, began hastily to contract his lines, and make preparations for a fierce resistance. This detained his march, and allowed Greene to get a start, without which he must inevitably have been lost. The English were without baggage; indeed, the whole army had been converted into light infantry, which enabled it to move with much more alacrity than that of the Americans. It was now the dead of winter—the roads of to-day were filled deep with mud, and to-morrow frozen hard, presenting a mass of rugged points to the soldiers' feet, through which or over which they were compelled to drag themselves, urged on by the fear of destruction. In the meantime Cornwallis, apprized of his error, began the pursuit in good earnest.—But that gallant rear-guard of Williams kept between the two armies, slowly retreating, but still present—ever bending like a brow of wrath on the advancing enemy. The fate of the American army rested on its firmness and skill, and every officer in it seemed

to feel the immense trust committed to his care. There were Lee's gallant legion, and Washington's heavy mounted, desperate horsemen, heroes every one. Vigilant, untiring, brave, they hovered with such a threatening aspect around the advancing columns, that they were compelled to march in close order to prevent an attack. The least negligence, the least oversight, and the blow would fall like lightning. Never did a rear-guard behave more gallantly. The men were allowed only three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and but one meal a day.—By starting and pushing forward three hours before day-light, they were enabled to get a breakfast, and this was the last repast till next morning. Yet the brave fellows bore all without a murmur; and night after night, and day after day, presented the same determined front to the enemy. Cornwallis, believing for a while that he had the whole American force in front, rejoiced in its proximity, knowing that when it reached the river it must perish—then Virginia would

lie open to his victorious arms, and the whole South be prostrate. But when he at length discovered his mistake, he strained forward with desperate efforts.

In the meanwhile, that fleeing army presented a most heart-rending spectacle. Half clad, and many of them barefoot, with only one blanket for every four men, they toiled through the mire, or left their blood on the frozen ground—pressing on through the wintry storm and cold winds in the desperate struggle for life. At night when they snatched a few moments' repose, three soldiers would stretch themselves on the damp ground under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch: and happy were those who had even this scanty covering. Over hills, through forests, across streams, they held their anxious way, drenched by the rains, and chilled by the water through which they waded—and, unprotected and uncovered, were compelled to dry their clothes by the heat of their own bodies. Greene saw their distress with bitter grief, but it could not be

helped—his cheering words and bright example were all he could give them. Now hurrying along his exhausted columns, and now anxiously listening to hear the sound of the enemy's guns in the distance, he became a prey to the most wasting anxiety.—From the time he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba, he had not taken off his clothes; while not an officer in the army was earlier in the saddle, or later out of it, than he. But undismayed—his strong soul fully resolved yet to conquer—he surveyed with a calm, stern eye, the dangers that thickened around him.—Should the rear-guard fail, nothing but a miracle could save him—but it should *not* fail. Every deep-laid plan was thwarted, every surprise disconcerted, and every sudden movement to crush it eluded by its tireless, sleepless leaders. Often within musket-shot of the enemy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished to return the fire, but the stern orders to desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies toiled on. It was a fearful

race for life, and right nobly was it won.—At length the main army arrived within forty miles of the ferry boats which were to place a deep river between them and the foe, and hope quickened every step. All night long they swept onward through the gloom, cheered by the thought that another day would place the object for which they struggled within their grasp. On that same cold and slippery night the noble rear-guard, slowly retreating, suddenly saw, at twelve o'clock, watch-fires blazing in the distance. There then lay the army, for which they had struggled so nobly and suffered so much, overtaken at last, and sure to fall. In this fearful crisis, that gallant band paused and held a short consultation; and then resolved, with one accord, to throw themselves in an overwhelming charge on the English army, and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice as great as it was glorious, secure a few more hours of safety to those they were protecting. This noble devotion was spared such a trial; the fires were indeed those kindled by Greene's

soldiers, but the tired columns had departed, and staggering from want of repose and food, were now stretching forward through the midnight, miles in advance. Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smouldering camp-fires, believed himself almost up with Greene, and allowing his troops but a few moments' repose, marched all night long. In the morning his van was close upon the rear of that firm guard. Now came the last prodigious effort of the British commander—that rear-guard must fall, and with it, Greene, or all his labor and sacrifice would be in vain. On the banks of the Dan he had resolved to bury the American army, and if human effort and human energy could effect it, it should be done. His steady columns closed more threateningly and rapidly on the guard, pushing it fiercely before them, and scorning all meaner success, pressed forward for the greater prize. Still Lee's intrepid legion, and Washington's fearless horsemen, hung black and wrathful around their path, striving desperately, but in vain, to check their rapid

advance. On, on, like racers approaching the goal, they swept over the open country. driving every thing before them.

But at noon a single horseman was seen coming, in a swift gallop, up the road along which Greene had lately passed. Every eye watched him as he approached, and as he reined his panting steed up beside the officer of that exhausted, but still resolute band, and exclaimed, "*The army is over the river*," a loud huzza rent the air.

The main portion of the guard was now hastily despatched by the shortest route to the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former approached the river, they saw Greene, wan and haggard, standing on the shore, and gazing anxiously up the road by which they were expected to appear. His army was over, but he had remained behind to learn the fate of that noble guard, and, if necessary, to fly to its relief. His eye lightened with exultation, as he saw the column rush forward to the river with shouts which were

echoed in deafening accents from the opposite shore. It was now dark, and the troops were crowded with the utmost dispatch into the boats and hastened over. Scarcely were they safely landed, before the banks shook beneath the hurried, heavy tramp of Lee's legion, as it came thundering on towards the ferry. The next moment the shores rung with the clatter of armor, as those bold riders dismounted, and leaped into the boats ready to receive them. The horses were pushed into the water after them, and the black mass disappeared in the gloom. In a few moments lights dancing along the farther shore, told of their safe arrival, and a shout that made the welkin ring went up from the American camp. Lee was the last man that embarked; he would not stir till his brave dragoons were all safe; and as the boat that bore him touched the shore, the tread of the British van echoed along the banks he had just left. The pursuing columns closed rapidly in towards the river, but the prey they thought within their grasp had escaped. Not a boat

was left behind, and Cornwallis saw with the keenest anguish, a deep broad river rolling between him and his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and this terrible march of two hundred and fifty miles made, only to be retraced.

But no pen can describe the joy and exultation that reigned in the American camp that night. The army received that gallant rear-guard with open arms, and hailed them as their deliverers. Forgot was all—their lacerated feet, and stiffened limbs, and empty stomachs and scanty clothing—and even the wintry wind swept by unheeded in the joy of their escape. Together they sat down and recounted their toils, and asked, each of the other, his perils and hardships by the way. Laughter, and mirth, and songs, and all the reckless gaiety of a camp from which restraint is taken, made the shores echo.—But it was with sterner pleasure Greene contemplated his escape; and as he looked on the majestic river, rolling its broad, deep

current onward in the star-light, a mountain seemed to lift from his heart. He listened to the boisterous mirth about him, only to rejoice that so many brave fellows had been snatched from the enemy; then turned to his tent to ponder on his position, and resolve what next to do.

Thus ended this glorious retreat. It had been conducted for two hundred and fifty miles, through a country not furnishing a single defile in which a stand could be made. Three large rivers had been crossed, forests traversed—and through rain and mud, and over frost and ice, Greene had fled for twenty days, baffling every attempt of his more powerful antagonist to force him to a decisive action. For the skill in which it was planned, the resolution and energy with which it was carried through, and the distance traversed, it stands alone in the annals of our country, and will bear comparison with the most renowned feats of ancient or modern times. It covered Greene with more glory than a victory could have done, and stamped him at once the great commander.

DEMOCRACY.

THE ONE PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.

EVER since the time of Christ, man has striven more or less resolutely to get an acknowledgment of his rights, either in religious or political matters, or in both. Despots have made use of old reverence—superstitious fears—trickery—falsehood—the dungeon—the bayonet—and the scaffold—to silence his claims and overcome his arguments. Force *has* done much; for though

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again,"

it often requires "the eternal years of God," and men have succeeded in burying it fathoms deep. But the one of which I have been speaking, has had two wild resurrections—one in England, when Cromwell shouted over its grave; and one in France, when

the infuriated populace called it in shrieks forth from its burial of ages. Oh! how man has struggled to be free—free to eat the bread his own hand has sown—free to breathe his thoughts over the lyre, or utter them through the pages of his country's literature—free to lay the taxes himself pays—free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. See England convulsed, her House of Commons in tears, and the torch of civil war blazing over the land, and all for a *principle*—the principle of personal freedom. Behold this country, pouring out its blood like water! See it clothed in mourning—her children marching barefoot over the frozen ground, leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of it they had traversed; nay, marching by hundreds naked into battle—and all for this *one principle*. See France rent asunder, her streets flowing blood; and the loud beat of the alarm drum, and the steady peal of the tocsin, and the heavy roll of the tumbrels, going to and from the scaffold—the

only music of Paris for years—and millions of men sacrificed; and yet this principle, in some form or other, lying at the bottom of it all. Deceived as the fierce actors in this tragedy may have been, and diverted, though the thought, for awhile, might have been to personal safety or personal aggrandizement, yet the spell-words by which the storm was directed were, "Freedom!—Equal Rights!" Look at Europe, while the great Napoleonic drama was performing: there is something more than the unrolling of banners and the pomp and majesty of arms. Great deeds are wrought, and glory is the guiding star to thousands; yet that long and fearful struggle, notwithstanding the various pretences set forth, was, with all its bloody accompaniments and waste of treasure, and loss of life, and suffering, simply an effort to stop the progress of this one principle. Here all the diplomacy and hypocrisy of Europe are reduced to a single element—the world in arms against equal rights. France "threw down the head of a king as the gage of bat-

tle," and the conflict was set. Cromwell's army shouting through the fight, and French patriots storming over entrenchments with republican songs in their mouths, may be fanatical or deluded men, and cheated at last by ambitious chieftains; but the thing they sought was no delusion.

What a terror it is able to inspire when such a vast expenditure of life and money is made to check its advancement. Behold the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Prussia, and even Pitt of England, combined together, calling on the wisdom of the statesmen, and summoning to their aid a million of men to crush a single principle.

See the world also at this moment. Gens-d'armes are parading the streets of every continental city—spies entering every suspected house—the passport of each wayfarer examined, and his person described—the freedom of speech suppressed, and bayonets gleaming before every printing-office, to stop this principle from working amid the people.

The poet must quench his burning thoughts; the scholar suppress his glowing words; the historian blot out his fairest page at the bidding of royal censors. Even His Holiness the Pope will not allow the streets of Rome to be lighted with gas, nor a railroad to be made through his dominions, lest this principle should flash out of the rays of the one, or be hurried in with the speed of the other. Barriers are established; the very post-office is watched without intermission; and the minions of power scattered thick as the locusts of Egypt on every side, to keep from man the knowledge of this principle. Yet it works on, despite of its enemies. On the plains of Fleurus, at Lodi, Arcola, and Marengo—through the Black Forest—at Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, and Friedland, it was the most terrible thing in the battle. The world saw only the smoke of the conflict, and heard only the thunder of cannon and groans of the dying; but this single principle gained more than Napoleon, and tyranny lost more than the victory. Nothing seems able to

stay its progress. Outliving the age of superstition and ignorance—conquering the power of the church—beheading two kings—convulsing Europe with arms—and finally overthrown by numbers and buried with the bayonet, it still lives and breathes. Surviving defeat—scorning power—it carries a deathless existence; and whether shouting amid the roar of battle, or whispering through the pages of the poet and historian, it exhibits the same immortality. All measures have been tried to destroy it—a false religion, diplomacy, fear, watchfulness, and persecution; but in vain. It rises from under the weight of thrones, and from the field of carnage; and though denied the press, and even language, and chased and hunted like a common felon the length and breadth of Europe; pointed at, spit upon, speared, and trampled under foot, it still lives, and increases both in strength and boldness. What then shall be done to stay its progress?—what blow aimed at its life that has not been given? While the conflict was secret,

there were hopes that when it became open, power would prevail; but now, nothing remains to be tried. Progress it does, and progress it will, and the day so much dreaded is slowly but surely approaching.

ASCENT OF MOUNT TAHAWUS.

Amid the laughter and freedom inseparable from a life in the woods, we whiled away an hour, then shouldered again our knapsacks and passed on. The sky, which was clear and beautiful in the morning, had drawn a veil over its face, and the clouds, thickening every moment, gave omen of a stormy night and gloomy day to come. When we set out, we expected to encamp at the base of the main peak over night, and ascend next morning ; but I told Cheney we must be on the top before sunset, for in the morning impenetrable clouds might rest upon it, and all our labor be lost. We were weary enough to halt, and a more forlorn-looking company you never saw than we were, as we straggled like a flock of sheep up the bed of the stream. At length it began

to climb the mountain in cataracts, and we after it. It was now nearly three o'clock, and we had been walking since seven in the morning. Wearied and completely fagged out, it seemed almost impossible to make the ascent. Up, up, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees—flogged and torn at every step by the long, thorn-like branches of the spruce trees—leaping from rock to rock, or crawling from some cavity into which we had fallen through the treacherous moss, we panted on, striving in vain to get even a sight of the summit that mocked our hard endeavors. One hunter with us several times gave out completely, and we were compelled to stop and wait for him. Crossing now a bear-track, and now coming to a bed where a moose had rested the night before, we at length saw the naked cone, forming the extremest summit of the mountain. There it stood, round, gray, cold, and naked, in the silent heavens. A deep gully lay between us and it, filled with spruce trees about three feet high, and growing so close together as

to form a perfect matting. Through these it was almost impossible to force our way, and indeed, in one instance, I walked a considerable distance on the tops, without touching ground. This difficulty being surmounted, next came the immense cone of rock, bending its awful arch away into the heavens, seemingly conscious of its majesty and grandeur. Up this we were compelled to go, a part of the time, on all fours; but at length, at four o'clock, we stood on the bald crown. The sun, though stooping to the western horizon, seemed near the zenith, and not to move one minute of a degree downward on its path. But how shall I describe the prospect below and around? I have stood on the Alps, and looked off on a sea of peaks, and remained awe-struck amid the majesty and terror around me—feeling as if I were treading on the margin of Jehovah's mantle. But the bright snow-cliffs and flashing glaciers gave life and animation to the scene, while here all was green, dark, and sombre. Those are not peaks around us, but huge

mis-shapen masses, pushing their gigantic proportions heavenward—now formed of black rock that undulates along the summit like a frozen wave, and now covered with low dark fir trees, that seem like a drapery of mourning over some sleeping or dead monster. All around is wilder than fancy ever painted or described. Scarce a hand's breadth of cultivated land in the whole motionless panorama. There, far, far below, stretching away for miles, is a deep dark lane through the forest, telling where a swift river is sweeping onward, but not a murmur rises up to this still spot, nor a flash of its bright waters escapes from the sullen woods that shut it in. To your left is Mount McIntyre, black as night, and rising from the sea of forest below like some monument of a past world. There, too, is Mount Colden, and further on White Face, with the immense scar on its forehead; and there—and there—but it is vain even to count the summits that seem to have been piled here in some awful hurry of nature. As you thus stand

with your face to the south, the whole range of the Green Mountains, from Canada to where they sink into Massachusetts, stretches in one grand bold pencil-stroke along the sky. Far away to the south-east, a storm is raging, and the clouds lift and heave along the dark bosom of the mountain, like the foldings of a vast curtain stirred by the wind. At the base, and losing itself in the distance, spreads away Lake Champlain, with all its green islands on its bosom. From this immense height and distance, the elevated banks disappear, and the whole beautiful sheet appears like water flowing over a flat country. Burlington is a mere toyshop in the hazy distance. Turning to the west and south-west, you overlook all that primeval wilderness of which Long Lake is the centre—and how grand and gloomy is the scene!—an interminable forest, now descending in a bold sweep to the margin of some lake, and now climbing and overstepping the lordly mountain in its progress. Summit overlaps summit, ridge intersects ridge, and

all flowing away together, in one wild majestic sea, towards the western horizon. The only relief to this solitude is the lakes that dot the bosom of the forest in every direction. But there is one as far as the eye can reach, which, either from its overshadowed position, or the natural hue of its water, is black as ink. It looks in its still and dark aspect like the pool of death! But what a tremendous gulf surrounds you, as you thus stand nearly six thousand feet in the air, on this isolated dome! On one side, where the forest comes boldly up to the base, an avalanche of earth has swept, cutting a lane for itself through the strong trees, like the scythe of the mower through the grass.

But just take one more sweep of the eye around the horizon before those clouds which come dashing so like spirits through the gulfs, leaving a night-cap on every summit in their progress, shall obstruct the vision. You take in an area of nearly four hundred miles in circumference, just by turning on your heel. Oh, how thought crowds on

thought, and emotion struggles with emotion, as you stand and gaze on this scene where the Almighty seems to have wrought with his sublimest power! Cities and kingdoms—the battling of armies—the struggles of the multitude—and the ambition and strifes of men, sink away into insignificance. The troubles of life seem small, and its petty anxieties and cares are all forgotten. God and nature seem one, and sublimity and power their only attributes. One cannot refrain from asking himself unceasingly, Did His strong arm heave those mountains on high, and lay their deep foundations? Did His hand spread this limitless mantle of green below, sprinkle all these lakes around, and fill these vast solitudes with life? Subdued and solemn, the soul whispers the reply to its own inquiries, and involuntarily renders homage to the Infinite One.

THE INDIAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Towards night, B——n and myself arrived with Mitchell at his hut, where we found his aged Indian father and young sister waiting his return. "Old Peter," as he is called, had come, with his daughter, a hundred and fifty miles in a bark canoe, to visit him.—The old man, now over eighty years of age, shook with palsy, and was constantly muttering to himself in a language half-French half-Indian, while his daughter, scarce twenty years old, was silent as a statue. She was quite pretty, and her long hair, which fell over her shoulders, was not straight, like that of her race, but hung in wavy masses around her bronzed visage. She would speak to none, not even to answer a question, except to her father and brother. I tried in vain to make her say No or Yes. She would inva-

riably turn to her father, and he would answer for her. This old man still roams the forest, and stays where night overtakes him. It was sad to look upon his once-powerful frame, now bowed and tottering, while his thick gray hair hung like a huge mat around his wrinkled and seamed visage. His tremulous hand and faded eye could no longer send the unerring rifle ball to its mark, and he was compelled to rely on a rusty fowling-piece. Every thing about him was in keeping. Even his dog was a mixture of the wolf and dog, and was the quickest creature I ever saw move. Poor old man, he will scarcely stand another winter, I fear—and some lonely night, in the lonely forest, that dark-skinned maiden will see him die, far from human habitations; and her feeble arm will carry his corpse many a weary mile, to rest among his friends. As I have seen her decked out with water-lilies, paddling that old man over the lake, I have sighed over her fate. She seems wrapped up in her father, and to have but one thought, one

purpose of life—the guarding and nursing of her feeble parent. The night that sees her sitting alone by the camp-fire beside her dead parent will witness a grief as intense and desolate as ever visited a more cultivated bosom. God help her in that dark hour. I can conceive of no sadder sight than that forsaken maiden, in some tempestuous night, sitting all alone in the heart of the boundless forest, holding the dead or dying head of her father, while the moaning winds sing his dirge, and the flickering fire sheds a ghastly light on the scene. Sorrow in the midst of a wilderness seems doubly desolate.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE.

How is it that a scene of quiet beauty makes so much deeper an impression than a startling one? The glorious sunset I had witnessed on that sweet lake—the curving and forest-mantled shores—the green islands—the mellow mountains—all combined to make a scene of surpassing loveliness; and now, as I lay and watched the stars coming out one after another, and twinkling down on me through the tree tops, all that beauty came back on me with strange power. The gloomy gorge and savage precipice, or the sudden storm, seem to excite the surface only of one's feelings; while the sweet vale, with its cottages and herds and evening bells, blends itself with our very thoughts and emotions, forming a part of our after existence. Such a scene sinks away into the

heart like a gentle rain into the earth, while a rougher, nay, sublimer one, comes and goes like a sudden shower. I do not know how it is that the gentler influence should be the deeper and more lasting, but so it is. The still small voice of nature is more impressive than her loudest thunder. Of all the scenery in the Alps—and there is no grander on the earth—nothing is so plainly daguerreotyped on my heart as two or three lovely valleys I saw. Those heaven-piercing summits, and precipices of ice, and awfully savage gorges, and fearful passes, are like a grand but indistinct vision on my memory; while those vales, with their carpets of green sward, and gentle rivulets, and perfect repose, have become a part of my life. In moments of high excitement or turbulent grief, they rise before me with their gentle aspect and quiet beauty, hushing the storm into repose, and subduing the spirit like a sensible presence. Oh, how I love nature! She has ten thousand voices even in her silence, and in all her changes goes only from beauty to beauty.

And when she speaks aloud, and the music of running waters—the organ note of the wind amid the pine-tree tops—the rippling of waves—the song of birds, and the hum of insects—fall on the ear, soul and sense are ravished. How is it that even good men have come to think so little of nature, as if to love her and seek her haunts and companionship were a waste of time? I have been astonished at the remarks sometimes made to me on my long jaunts in the woods, as if it were almost wicked to cast off the gravity of one's profession, and wander like a child amid the beauty which God has spread out with such a lavish hand over the earth. Why, I should as soon think of feeling reproved for gazing on the midnight heavens gorgeous with stars, and fearful with its mysterious floating worlds. I believe that every man degenerates, without frequent communion with nature. It is one of the open books of God, and more replete with instruction than anything ever penned by man. A single tree standing alone, and

waving all day long its green crown in the summer wind, is to me fuller of meaning and instruction than the crowded mart or gorgeously-built city.

* * * * * *

Not merely the physical man is strengthened, but the intellectual also, by these long furloughs from close application, and this intimate companionship with nature. A man cannot move in the forest without thinking of God—for all that meets his eye, is just as it left his mighty hand. The old forest, as it nods to the passing wind, speaks of him; the still mountain points towards his dwelling-place; and the calm lake reflects his sky of stars and sunshine. The glorious sunset and the blushing dawn, the gorgeous midnight and the noonday splendor, mean more in these solitudes than in the crowded city. Indeed, they look differently—they *are* different.

TRUE STANDARD OF MORALITY.

A MAN'S moral worth is not to be graduated by his negative virtues—the evil he merely refrains from doing—but by the amount of temptation he overcomes. He is not to be judged by his defeats alone, but also by his victories. Many a man passes through life without a spot on his character, who, notwithstanding, never struggled so bravely as he who fell and was disgraced. The latter may have called to his aid more principle, overcome more evil, before he yielded, than the former, either from circumstances or his physical constitution, was ever called to do. It would be as unnatural, it would require as great an effort for the cold, phlegmatic and passionless being to be vehement, wild and headlong, as for the fiery

and tempestuous man to be quiet and emotionless.

Victory is nothing—it depends upon the nature of the conflict and the odds overcome. Greater generalship, cooler bravery and loftier effort may be shown in one defeat than in a hundred victories. We have no patience with those moralists of mere animal organization, who place the finest-wrought spirits God ever let visit the earth, on their iron bedstead, and stretch and clip according to the simple rule of long measure. A higher and juster standard is needed. A passionate and highly-strung nature can be no more understood by the dealer in stocks and real estate, or the dull plodder in the routine of his daily duties, than the highest paroxysm of the poet can be comprehended by his dog.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

THE music of the sea always finds an answering chord in the human heart, especially heard at night, when the gathering storm is sounding its trumpet and summoning the reluctant waves to the coming conflict. There is a sullen threatening sound in the roar of the ocean heard at such a time, which fills the heart with gloomy forebodings, and brings before the vision the proud barque, reeling to and fro in the tempest, with her masts bent and bowed, and her rent sails streaming to the blast, and the form of the sailor clinging to the parting shrouds, and all the tumult and terror of a shipwreck. As I stood listening to the Atlantic speaking to the shore that hurled back its blow, the flame of a light-house five miles distant, on one of the Fire Islands, suddenly flashed up in the surrounding darkness. Round and round in its circle it slowly swept, now lost in the

surrounding gloom, as it looked away from me towards the vexed Atlantic, and now blazing landward through the driving rain. That lantern had almost a human look, as it slowly revolved on its axis. It seemed keeping watch and ward over sea and land—now casting its flaming eye over the deep, to see what vessels were tossing there, and now looking down on the bay and land, to see how it fared with them in the stormy night. I love a lighthouse, with its constant guard over human welfare. After a long voyage at sea, baffled by calms and frightened by storms, when I have caught the friendly flame of the lighthouse welcoming me back to the green earth—the first to meet me and to greet me—I have felt an affection for it, as if it were a living thing. That steady watch-fire burning over the deep, through the long tempestuous night, for the sake of the anxious mariner, is not a bad emblem of the watch and care of the Deity over his creatures, tossed and benighted on the sea of life.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

HAVE you ever seen an eagle fettered to the earth day after day and week after week? How his plumage droops, and his proud bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility! His eye, that was wont to out-gaze the sun, is lustreless and dead, and but low sounds of irritation escape him. But just let the free cry of a free eagle, seated on some far mountain crag, meet his ear, and how his roughened plumage smoothes itself into beauty, his drooping neck becomes erect, and his eye gleams as of old. Pour that wild scream again on his ear, and those broad wings unfold themselves in their native strength, and with a cry as shrill and piercing as that of his fellow, he strains on his fetter, and perchance bursts away, soar-

ing gloriously towards heaven. Who then shall stay his flight, or fill his heart with fear? So had man been chained down age after age, till his spirit was broken, his dignity and glory gone, and his soul marred and stained. Our "Declaration of Rights" was the cry of that free eagle on his mountain crag, and the fettered soul heard and answered it the world over, with a shout that rocked the thrones of Europe to their bases, and made the chain that bound it smoke and quiver beneath its angry blows.

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