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Portrait of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, 1796.

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THE
BIOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL:

CONTAINING

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS,

Recently Deceased.

EDITED BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.



In crowds the good and mighty go,
And in those vast dim chambers lie;
Where, mingled with the high and low,
Dead Cæsar and dead Shakespeares lie.—R. C. BAYNE.

NEW-YORK:
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1841.

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TO THE READER.

THE plan of the Biographical Annual was not conceived until all the other English and American gift-books for 1841 were already in the market; its contents, therefore, have of necessity been very hastily, and in many cases quite imperfectly, prepared. While it was passing through the press, however, the Editor was unexpectedly compelled to be absent from the city; and this circumstance has added greatly to the difficulties of its publication.

To the many gentlemen, who, at so short a summons, have given him the benefit of their aid—which has secured to the volume all the value it possesses,—he tenders the expression of his most grateful acknowledgments. To others, who would gladly have contributed to the work, if the period of its publication could have been delayed, he offers his thanks for their good will,

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and for furnishing such assistance as they could conveniently command.

It is the present intention of the Editor to continue the Biographical Annual from year to year, to make it intrinsically the most valuable of all the illustrated annuaries, and to make it rival in the splendor of its embellishments, and the beauty of its typography, the best works of its class issued in this country. It was of course impossible to present this volume, planned, written, and printed in six weeks, in a becoming garb. In its present form, it is presented to the public as eminently valuable for its contents, and as containing contributions from authors of the first character and celebrity, to whose co-operation the Editor refers with the highest personal gratification.

New-York, Dec. 24, 1840.

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THE BIOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.

THEODORE SEDGWICK.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE subject of this memoir is one whose character deserves to be held up to the imitation of all men engaged in political life, or in public controversies of any kind. He was a man of many virtues, but he enjoyed one distinction of difficult attainment—that of being a politician without party vices. In the questions respecting the powers of government and the proper objects and limits of human laws, he took part with great zeal, deeming them highly important to the welfare of mankind, yet he bore himself in these disputes with such manifest sincerity, disinterestedness, and philanthropy, and with such generosity towards his adversaries as to make them regret that he was not of their side. Nothing could exceed his dislike of the ignoble ferocity into which party men so often allow themselves to fall, save his abhorrence of the unmanly practices to which they

sometimes resort. It is with a feeling of deep reverence that I essay to speak of such a man.

Theodore Sedgwick, the eldest son of Theodore and Pamela Sedgwick, was born on the 31st of December, 1781, in Sheffield, one of those beautiful villages on the Housatonic, in the State of Massachusetts. His father, who for several years filled a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of that State, was a man of extraordinary ability and worth, distinguished for his legal learning, his courtesy of manners, his kindness of heart, and his sternness towards fraud and injustice. The intellectual character of the parent, with the nobleness and benevolence of his disposition, were the inheritance of a numerous family of children, among whom were the subject of this memoir and the Miss Sedgwick whose writings make so delightful and useful a part of our literature. It is related of him that he was in the habit of constant, intimate, and unreserved conversation with his children; and to the communication of his manners and virtues by this means, much of the mental and moral resemblance they bore him may doubtless be ascribed.

When Mr. Sedgwick was but seven years of age his father removed to Stockbridge. Here he passed the years of his early youth, and having finished his preparatory studies, was sent to Yale College, where he was graduated in 1799. He soon afterwards entered upon the study of the law

with Peter Van Schaack, an eminent barrister of Kinderhook, in the State of New York, and began the practice in Albany in the year 1803, in partnership with Harmanus Bleecker, a gentleman most respectable for intelligence and integrity, who now represents the United States in a diplomatic capacity at the Hague. This partnership subsisted until Mr. Sedgwick left the bar. He was equally fortunate in his domestic associations. In 1808 he married Miss Susan Ridley, daughter of Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore, and granddaughter of Governor Livingston, of New Jersey.

A great man* has said of the profession of the law, that while it sharpens and invigorates the faculties more than any other, it is by no means apt to open and liberalize them in the same proportion. Upon the mind of Mr. Sedgwick, however, prepared as it was by a fortunate education, and singularly noble in its native impulses and sympathies, it was very far from having any narrowing effect. Perhaps its peculiar discipline even heightened and strengthened his virtues. It is true that in some cases the profession has much to answer for. When it finds a man inclined to knavery or to pragmatism, it makes him the more knavish and the more contentious; but the truly conscientious and humane man is the better for wrestling successfully with its tempta-

* Edmund Burke.

tions, and the man of large and masculine understanding finds his moral judgment ripened by the study of its higher principles. Mr. Sedgwick applied himself with great industry and exactness to his professional duties, and although no lover of forns, he was yet an expert solicitor as well as an able advocate. As a speaker he was impressive, endowed with a natural fluency, and with a mind exceedingly active, and capable of instantly commanding its resources. When convinced of the justice of the cause in which he was engaged, he could press his argument, it is said, with exceeding force and power; but he was not a man to play a part in the tribunals any more than in private life, and he sought not to suppress or to disguise his convictions. For the tricks of the profession, for the cunning and artifice which give some men a reputation, he had an utter contempt.

In 1822, finding his health somewhat impaired, he took the resolution of retiring to the family estate left in Stockbridge by his father, who had died nine years before. At this time he was in possession of an extensive and increasing practice. He had acquired a high standing at the Albany Bar, then adorned by some of the very ablest lawyers in the Union, and the successful exercise of his talents and learning was every day raising him to still higher eminence. There are few men who would not have clung to such an opportunity of

acquiring wealth and distinction—few who would not have tried a short secession from the labours of their profession for health's sake, in the hope of resuming them with new spirit. But it was not in his nature to be greedy of wealth, and mere distinction had slight hold upon his mind. He appears to have given up the prospect of both without regret, and went back to the beautiful spot which had been the home of his youth, not to waste the remainder of his life in idleness, but to mingle with the healthful employments of the country, those projects of doing good for which the benevolent man everywhere finds scope.

Few men have fulfilled more completely their plans of retirement from professional business. The remainder of his life was a life of beneficence; his example and his way of thought had a visible and most favorable influence upon the community in which he lived, and in the salubrious air of his native fields he regained the health he had lost.

In 1824, and the year following, he was returned to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and again in 1827. It was in the latter year that he brought forward a project for constructing a railroad from Boston to Albany, which met at the time with vehement opposition, but has been since carried into execution with universal assent. Of that enterprise, which is to make amends to Massachusetts for the want of a great navigable river throughout her whole extent, he was the first to

perceive and urge the advantages, and may justly be reputed its author.

Mr. Sedgwick took a strong interest in the improvement of agriculture, and was twice elected President of the Berkshire Agricultural Society. He was particularly attentive to the cultivation of the various kinds of fruit to which our climate is congenial, esteeming them, with reason, as among the most innocent and natural of luxuries, suited to a palate and stomach undepraved by stimulating food, and he therefore held the opinion that their cultivation and consumption was friendly to temperate, healthful, and rational habits of life. Among the changes of modern manners, one which he most regretted, was the general tendency to luxurious and expensive modes of living, and the abandonment of the simple and frugal habits of our ancestors. He regarded this change as unfavorable to the morals, the intelligence, the physical vigor, and general happiness of the American race, and strove to counteract it in various ways—by his example, his public discourses, and his writings. His ideas upon this and various kindred subjects, have been given to his countrymen in a work entitled "Public and Private Economy." It is full of wise and just views, and is informed by a warm and genuine philanthropy. It was the principal design of this work to promote an object which lay nearest the heart of its author—that of narrowing more and more the limits of poverty,

ignorance, and vice among his countrymen—of inspiring them with the love of personal independence, giving them habits of reflection, teaching them reverence for each other's rights, and thus bringing about that equality of condition which is most favorable to the morals and happiness of society, and to the working of our political institutions.

I have already spoken of the strong interest taken by Mr. Sedgwick in political questions. Perhaps the reader will infer his political opinions from what has just been said concerning his book. He was educated a federalist, and in early life was a follower of that school, which, without deciding upon its other merits, must be allowed to have numbered, among its disciples, some of the ablest and most virtuous men whom the country ever produced. A strange fusion of parties took place immediately after the late war with Great Britain; the lines of party association were obliterated, and though there was still much difference in men's views concerning the proper objects of legislation and the just construction of the Constitution, yet they who agreed on these subjects scarcely recognized each other as engaged in a common cause. In this pause of party spirit Mr. Sedgwick's reflections appear to have taken a new direction, which led him farther and farther from his early political faith, and when men again began to associate in support of their opinions, he took the

side of the democratic party. He declared himself in favor of the election of General Jackson to the presidency, and from that time to his death his sympathies were with the party by whom that gentleman was supported. However much his early political friends might have been surprised at finding themselves separated from him, they could not doubt the perfect purity and disinterestedness of his motives.

He warmly espoused the freedom of trade in opposition to a protective tariff, when the country rang with the warfare of that great controversy. His opinions on this question were at that time quite unpopular in the region where he resided, but he was not a man to declare them with the less frankness, or support them with the less zeal, because of their unpopularity. He took part in the proceedings of the Free Trade Convention held at Philadelphia, and lived to see the opinions he maintained adopted by great numbers of persons in his native county.

He was twice a candidate for a seat in Congress from the western district of Massachusetts, once in 1834, and again in 1836. His personal popularity, great as it is known to have been, was overpowered by the predominance of the party hostile to the Administration, and he lost his election.

His ideas respecting the objects and measures of government were tinged by his peculiar moral

constitution. His temperament was that of hope and universal kindness; he looked forward to a brightening future for the world, and he judged favorably of his fellow-men. He doubted whether many things which have been made the objects of legislation, would not be better cared for if left to themselves, and he deprecated all unnecessary legislation as a useless and hurtful abridgment of personal freedom.

I remember to have heard him speak of the remarkable change of habits in New England, in regard to the use of spirituous and fermented liquors, as a great and glorious moral victory, honorable to mankind, to the age, and to the country. He rejoiced—no man could rejoice more—at the spectacle of a great people throwing off, at one effort, the power of a vice which binds men in chains harder to break than almost any other. Yet he deprecated the intermeddling of the law with a reform which was owing solely to moral causes, to persuasion and voluntary resolution, and feared that when an attempt was made to enforce temperance by statutes and penalties, the effect would be mischievous. He was therefore adverse from the first to the measure called the fifteen-gallon law, and to all legislation of a like character.

Of Mr. Sedgwick's opinions on another much agitated question, I find the following account given by a writer in the *Democratic Review*, to

whom I confess my obligations in compiling this memoir.*

"With reference to the subject of slavery, his views were equally characterised by his habitual liberality, moderation, independence, and sympathy with the cause of human freedom. They were fully stated in a letter addressed to the Anti-Slavery Convention assembled at Albany on the first of August, 1839, in reply to an invitation which he had received to attend the convention. He declined the invitation, though with not less courtesy than firmness, declaring at the same time his hostility to slavery as a great moral, political, and social evil, and his devotion to the unlimited right of free discussion, impliedly guaranteed in the present case by that provision made in the Constitution for its own amendment. He condemned the movement upon Congress, out of which so much excited bitterness had grown, as a wrong and mistaken one,—as he also considered the spirit which, with many noble exceptions, had characterised too much of the agitation of this subject at the north, and which had naturally awakened a strong feeling of exasperation on the part of the south, as widely at variance with that which should animate a great moral and democratic cause, such as he regarded the object of

* Political Portraits, No. XVII. in the Democratic Review for February, 1840.

effecting the voluntary and peaceful termination of American slavery. This letter was a noble and beautiful production, and transparent throughout with the character of the mind and heart of the man."

That generosity and kindness of heart which distinguished Mr. Sedgwick in private life, he carried into party controversies. He was candid towards his opponents, ready to do the amplest justice to their talents and virtues, and to put the fairest construction upon their words and actions. He regretted that political disputes are so often made fierce and bitter by the collision of personal interests, and earnestly desired that they might be so conducted as to separate, as far as possible, the one from the other. With such views, he was exceedingly averse to those removals from office for opinion's sake which have been too much the practice of both parties, deeming that they have a tendency to turn an election into a struggle between selfish men for the advantages of office, and to stifle the true voice of the people on the great questions before them.

Mr. Sedgwick died on the 6th of November, 1839. He attended on that day a meeting of his political friends, held at Pittsfield, in anticipation of the approaching State election. At the close of an address, marked with more than even his wonted earnestness and eloquence, and full of that moral truth which distinguished his political ad-

dresses from those of most other men, he was smitten with an apoplectic stroke, and shortly afterwards expired. "He died," said his political friends, "with his harness on;" but all metaphors drawn from the cruel art of war are inappropriate to the life and death of such a man. Men of all parties sorrowed that so enlightened an intellect was quenched for this earth, and that a heart so warm with the love of his fellow-creatures had ceased to beat.

WILLIAM DUNLAP.

BY JOHN INMAN.

WILLIAM DUNLAP was born at Perth Amboy, in the State, then Province, of New Jersey, on the 19th of February, 1766. His father, Samuel Dunlap, had been an Irish lieutenant of infantry, and served in the French war; he was an ensign at the battle on the plains of Abraham, where he bore the colors of the 47th, or "Wolfe's Own," regiment, and was wounded. Subsequently he married at Perth Amboy, and resigned his commission, preferring the solid comforts of a peaceful life to the excitement of danger and the fascinations of military glory.

The American Revolution commenced when William was yet a mere child, and the distractions and commotions by which it was preceded, as well as attended, left but little opportunity or means for the education of one whose parents occupied a station so near the centre of action. He was fortunate, however, in attracting the notice of an old gentleman, somewhat of a humorist, whose moderately well-furnished library, and cheerful, instructive conversation, proved greatly attractive to the child, and supplied, perhaps more

than supplied, the want of more methodical tuition. At all events, in his frequent visits to this early friend he was enabled to amuse himself with examining volumes that contained engravings, and some oil paintings, of no particular merit perhaps, but sufficiently glorious for the uncritical eye of youth; and thus was developed, if not generated, that taste for the graphic art which in after-years was to make the boy a painter.

When he was about nine years old he lost this valuable friend, who, for the sake of peace and security, removed to another State at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war. The same event induced the removal of Lieutenant Dunlap, the father, to New York, in 1777; previous to which, however, the boy had seen with his own eyes a specimen of the brutalities and excesses that follow in the train of war, as well as some of its picturesque effects.

At New York the education of the lad was commenced, *selon les regles*, but it was soon interrupted by an accident which deprived him of one eye, and from the consequences of which he was long in recovering. Books and pictures were his amusement during the long and weary hours of illness, and to these were added implements for drawing, the taste beginning to manifest itself in action. It was encouraged also by the engagement of an instructor; but his lessons were not long continued. The boy imagined himself able

to take portraits—probably in crayon—and, receiving applause from his relatives and companions, at the age of sixteen began to work at a settled price and for all comers. His price was high, considering the time and his own degree of ability: he had three guineas each for his portraits.

In 1783 he made a journey to Philadelphia, where he visited with great admiration the painting-rooms of Charles Wilson Peale. In the autumn of the same year he passed some time at Princeton, where the Congress was then in session, and at Rocky Hill, the head-quarters of General Washington. At the latter place he enjoyed the privilege of frequent intercourse with the illustrious founder of our independence, who sat to him for a portrait, which is still in existence. He also made a portrait of Mrs., or, as she was then called, Lady Washington. He was present at the evacuation of New York by the British forces, in November, 1783, and soon after embarked for England.

His first oil painting was done in 1782—a fancy portrait of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, for a sign; his second, a full-length of General Washington, was in 1783. This last he took with him to London, as a passport to the rooms of Mr. West, who had already been applied to in his behalf, and had consented to receive him as a pupil.

In June, 1784, our young artist arrived in Lon-

don, where he remained until August, 1787, passing his time chiefly, according to his own account, in the pursuit of amusement, and accomplishing little to either his advantage or his credit as a student. His bashfulness prevented him from profiting, as he should have done, by his means of intercourse with West, and the temptations of the great city were too strong for a young man of 20, amply provided with money, and having no one near him to guide or to control his actions.

On his return to New York, in October, 1787, he set up as a portrait painter by profession, but with little success, and soon after embarked with his father in trade. Not long after he married a Miss Woolsey, and by this fortunate connexion was brought into associations that were eminently profitable to him in the formation of his character, and in leading him to better pursuits than he had been engaged in following. President Dwight, of Yale College, had married one of his wife's sisters, and his other relatives by this marriage were men of character and standing.

From this time to 1805 he abandoned painting almost entirely. On the death of his father he emancipated the slaves that fell to him as part of his heritage; subsequently embarked in theatrical speculations, which proved unfortunate; and in 1805 his ruin was completed by the default of the United States marshal in New Jersey, for whom he had become security.

Driven to the practice of his art for the support of his family, he went to Boston and sought employment as a miniature painter. Employment came, and for a season he was busy and contented. After a profitable sojourn at Boston he went to Washington, and arranged his debt to the Government on account of the marshal. Thence he returned to his family, at Perth Amboy, and supposed himself established for life as a painter of miniatures.

A speedy change took place. Thomas A. Cooper, then of high reputation as a tragedian, had become lessee of the only theatre in New York, and Dunlap was tempted to join him as stage manager. In this post he remained until 1812, when he again took up the pencil, and at the same time embarked in authorship. He wrote a memoir of George Frederick Cooke, and another of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist; and also commenced a periodical, under the name of *The Recorder*. This failed, and once more he devoted himself to painting, having now added portraits in oil to his miniature practice.

In 1814, he was unexpectedly appointed assistant paymaster of the New York militia, in the service of the United States, and occupied this post until 1817, when he again became a painter, at the age of 51. From this time until the autumn of 1819 he remained in New York, painting portraits with great industry, and making decided improve-

ment. At this time, sitters becoming rare, he made a professional visit to Virginia, and passed the winter at Norfolk, where he did exceedingly well. The summer of 1820 he spent in Quebec and Montreal, where he painted a goodly number of portraits, and as winter approached, betook himself again to New York, where he again found sitters numerous. He found time, however, to make a study for a great picture, copied, without seeing the original, from the "Christ Rejected" of Benjamin West; we say copied, for the design was made from the published descriptions of that work, but of course much was left to the invention of the imitator, who had never seen the original.

On his return to New York, in the summer of 1821, he devoted himself, with much ardor, to the accomplishment of this great work, for which he had no better painting-room than the garret of his house, of course very badly lighted for an artist. He worked at it with unabated zeal until the approach of winter, when he again proceeded to Virginia, taking his great canvas with him, and there finished it. At Norfolk it was exhibited with encouraging success, and subsequently at Philadelphia, Boston, Portland, and New York. Artists praised it with discriminating kindness, and the public bestowed upon it so much attention that Mr. Dunlap, finding little to do in portraits, began to think of other large pictures, and of deriving a

sufficient income from their exhibition. He commenced a second, "The Bearing of the Cross," which was finished in the autumn of 1824; and in 1825 he painted a study, or sketch, for a third large picture, which he called "Calvary." In the summer he began upon the large canvas, but before he had made any great progress, he commenced a fourth, partly composed and partly copied from West's "Death on the Pale Horse," which was ready for exhibition in the fall, only two months and twenty-six days intervening between the commencement of the outline and the completion of the picture; a great display of industry in a man of 60.

From this time until the spring of 1828 he worked at intervals upon the "Calvary"—wrote some occasional pieces for the Bowery Theatre—and painted several portraits, among the best of which was a small full-length of his friend, Mr. Hackett, the comedian, in one of his Yankee characters. The means of subsistence were derived chiefly from the exhibition of the Christ Rejected, the Bearing of the Cross, and the Death on the Pale Horse, which were travelling all over the country, with varying, but, on the whole, reasonable success. To use Mr. Dunlap's own expressions, "at one place a picture would be put up in a church, and a sermon preached in recommendation of it; at another, the people would be told from the pulpit to avoid it as blasphemous; in

another, the agent is seized for violating the law taxing puppet-shows; and when on his way to a fourth, he is brought back by constables, like a criminal, and obliged to pay the tax and their charges for making him a prisoner. Here the agent would be encouraged by the first people of the place, and treated by the clergy as if he were a saint; and there, received as a mountebank and insulted by a mob."

In the spring of 1828 the Calvary was finished and exhibited. He considered it his best composition, and the opinion is probably just. In the winter of 1830 he got up a hasty picture of the "Attack on the Louvre" in the French Revolution of that year, but its exhibition had no success. He also wrote and delivered lectures to the students of the National Academy. In the course of the next winter he lectured on the fine arts before the Mercantile Library Association, and again to the students of the Academy; he also gave public lectures on the subjects of his pictures, then collected in the gallery of Clinton Hall, and made some profit by the exhibition. He had occasionally some portraits to paint, but his pecuniary circumstances were by no means flourishing; and as age and sickness came upon him, he would have suffered much from poverty but for the kindness and generosity of the many friends he had secured by his talents, his amiable disposition, and his probity. He had been engaged for

some years upon a History of the American Stage, which was published by subscription in November, 1832, and yielded him a handsome remuneration. In 1833, a festival benefit at the Park Theatre was got up for him, the proceeds of which were more than \$2500.

This timely addition to his resources enabled him to complete a work for which he had long been collecting materials—his History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States, in two volumes octavo, published, also by subscription, in 1834: a most valuable work, and highly creditable to his talents and industry. He subsequently published a novel, entitled "The Cold-Water Man," and an excellent compend of the History of the State of New York, for the use of schools. He was engaged upon a larger history of the same State, when he was carried off by an attack of paralysis on 23d September, 1839, at the age of 73. The history was published after his death.

Mr. Dunlap was in all respects an estimable man. If he had little genius, its want was perhaps more than supplied by good natural abilities, sound judgment, and unwearied industry. His modesty of speech and deportment was remarkable, and it was accompanied by great amenity of temper and goodness of heart. In conversation he was most interesting, upon general subjects, as well as upon those more especially relating to his art.

Eminently patient, and even cheerful, under affliction, his rich stores of anecdote were ever at the service of his companions in the social circle, yet he was always more ready to listen than to speak. For works of benevolence he was at all times prompt, according to his ability; and his gratitude for kindness was at once deep, unobtrusive, and dignified. His associations through a long life were chiefly with the distinguished men of his time, and among such perhaps no man ever had warmer friends. In his heart there seemed no place for envy. If he had no claim to the title of great, all conceded to him that of good; and if he was not illustrious, none will deny that in his sphere, and up to the measure of his ability, he was honorably useful.

B. B. THACHER.

BENJAMIN B. THACHER was a native of the State of Maine, where his father long enjoyed a high standing at the bar, and was for several years a member of Congress. In early life, Mr. Thacher gave evidence of an active and inquiring mind, and during his academic career, was noted for literary ability. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1826, and immediately commenced the study of law. With a view of completing his professional studies, he soon after removed to Boston, Mass. Here his taste for literature divided his attention with legal pursuits, and after being admitted to practice, his pen was constantly devoted to the leading periodicals of the day, the preparation of popular lectures, and for several years to the editorship of a daily journal. Of a philanthropic spirit, his time and talents were largely given to the benevolent enterprises of the day. He had especially at heart the cause of African colonization, the Temperance reform, and the claims of the Aborigines. His interest in the latter subject gave birth to his most elaborate literary production—an Indian Biography, prepared with great research and embodying numerous interesting aboriginal memoirs.

This work was published by Harper & Brothers, and constitutes two volumes of their Family Library. It at once established the author's reputation. He subsequently prepared two other volumes, entitled *Indian Traits*, which was published by the same house. For a period of ten years, Mr. Thacher was a voluminous contributor to the *Magazines and Reviews* of the day, and these occupations gradually withdrew him from the practice of law to the exclusive pursuit of literature. Several of his poems and lectures were deservedly popular. Habits of unremitting application made such inroads upon his health, that in the autumn of 1838 he was induced to try the effects of an European tour. The greater part of two years was passed in England, where his articles in some of the leading literary journals were very favorably received. He returned, however, with the symptoms of his disease much aggravated, and after lingering several months, expired on the 14th of July, 1840, at the age of 31. His persevering industry and excellent character gave promise of extensive usefulness; and his early death was widely lamented.





JESSE BIEL.

Laura A. Powell (Miss) engr.

JESSE BUEL.

BY PROFESSOR AMOS DEAN.

JESSE BUEL was born at Coventry, in the State of Connecticut, on the 4th day of January, 1778. From early boyhood he seems to have had the direction of his own course, his parents wisely leaving to his own disposition and inclinations the choice of that which should mainly constitute the business of his life. When he had arrived at the age of twelve years, the family, including himself, moved from Coventry to Rutland, Vermont; and two years afterwards, when he had completed the age of fourteen, he became an apprentice to the printing business in the office of Mr. Lyons, of Rutland. The first four years of his term were distinguished by a close, assiduous, and unremitting attention to the attainment of the printing art. At the end of that time he succeeded in purchasing of Mr. Lyons the unexpired three years of his regular term, and thus at the age of eighteen was enabled to exchange the apprentice for the journeyman. He went immediately to the city of New York, where he labored as a journeyman during the desolating ravages of the yellow fever. In June, 1797, he formed a connexion in business

with Mr. Moffit, of Troy, and commenced the publication of the Troy Budget. In September, 1801, at the age of twenty-three, he married Miss Susan Pierce, of Troy, and immediately removed to Poughkeepsie, where, in connexion with Mr. Joiner, he commenced the publication of a weekly paper called the Guardian. He afterward, in connexion with another, published the Political Banner. This last proved to be an unfortunate business connexion; and after about a year's continuance, either through the mismanagement or dishonesty of his partner, he found himself reduced to utter bankruptcy.

In this reduced condition, he did not, like too many, yield himself up to fatal despondency; but, with the unshaken assurance of success which naturally results from the firm determination to deserve it, he went forward, never for one moment losing confidence in the general integrity of men, or in the ultimate success of industry and application. He left Poughkeepsie and removed to Kingston, Ulster county, where he commenced, and for ten years continued to edit, a weekly paper called the Plebeian.

In 1813, Judge Buel removed to Albany and commenced the Albany Argus. In 1814 he was appointed printer to the State, the duties of which, together with the editorship of the Argus, he continued to discharge until the year 1820, at which time he sold out, with the determination to aban-

don the printing business. While engaged in that business he always performed himself the labor essential to its successful prosecution. He was always the setter of his own types, and, until he came to Albany, the worker of his own press.

After disposing of his printing establishment and business, he purchased a farm of eighty-five acres of land near the city of Albany, which he converted from "sandy barrens" into what has long been extensively and favorably known as the "Albany Nursery." While residing on his farm, since 1821, he has several times represented the city and county of Albany in the popular branch of the New York Legislature; has been for several years, and was at the time of his death, a Regent of the University; and in the fall of 1836 received the Whig support as their candidate for the office of Governor of the State of New York.

The political doctrines of Judge Buel were plain and practical. He held that office, instead of being made *for men*, should be made *by them*; that it conferred far less *privileges* than it imposed *duties*; that it was a *trust* reposed, and its incumbent a *trustee*, and responsible for the proper performance of the trust; and that it was no farther *honorable* than as an indication of *trust* and *confidence* on the part of those whose intelligence and moral worth were the vouchers for its value.

It is, however, the agricultural labors of Judge

Buel that have been the most extensively valuable to the largest classes of the community. He adopted and strongly enforced the new system of agriculture, which consists mainly in sustaining and strengthening the soil, while its productive qualities are put into requisition; in rendering the farm every year more valuable, by annually increasing both its products and its power of producing,—and this is accomplished chiefly by manuring, by draining, by good tillage, by alternating crops, by root culture, and by the substitution of fallow crops for naked fallows.

In 1834 he commenced the publication of the paper so long and well known as "*The Cultivator*," which, from a cheap, small sheet, possessing a limited circulation, became, shortly previous to his death, much enlarged, its subscription price increased, and the number of its subscribers extended to twenty-three thousand.

The motto adopted for his *Cultivator*, and which he fully carried into practice, was, "To improve the soil, *and the mind*." In his view, all the enjoyments of mere physical existence were possessed of but little real value when unaccompanied by the higher delights of a mental being. His system of education, however, like his system of agriculture, was eminently practical; and like that, too, it would endeavor to strengthen the producing power, while it developed its products. He would guide the effort of muscle by the direction

of mind. While cultivating the land, he would enjoy the landscape; while caging the bird, he would not be insensible to its music. He taught men that agricultural prosperity resulted neither from habit nor chance; that success was subject to the same law in this as in other departments of industry, and before it could be secured, must be deserved; that mind, intellectual power, and moral purpose, constituted as essential parts in the elements of agricultural prosperity as of any other; and all these truths he enforced by precept, and illustrated by practice.

But his career of usefulness was fast arriving at its termination. While on his way to Norwich and New Haven he was seized with the bilious cholera at Danbury, Connecticut, on Saturday night, the 22d September, 1839. About three days after this attack a bilious fever supervened, under which he continued gradually to decline until the afternoon of the 6th of October, when, after faintly uttering the name of his absent companion, with whom he had shared the toils, and troubles, and triumphs of almost forty years, he calmly, and without a groan or a struggle, cancelled the debt which his birth had created, and "yielded up his spirit to God, who gave it." He died in the field of his labors; in the midst of his usefulness; in the full maturity of his mental faculties.

The character and general habit of his mind was in the highest degree practical. The value

and importance he attached to a thing, were deduced from his estimate of its uses ; and those uses consisted of the number and importance of the applications which he perceived could be made of it to the common purposes of life. He regarded life as being more made up of daily duties than of remarkable events ; and his estimate of the value of a principle, or proposed plan of operations, was derived from the extent to which application could be made of it to life's every-day matters.

As a writer, Judge Buell's merit consists simply in his telling, in plain language, just the thing he thought. He seemed neither to expect or desire that his communications would possess with other minds any more weight than the ideas contained in them would justly entitle them to. With him words meant things, and not simply their shadows. He came to the common mind like an old familiar acquaintance ; and although he brought to it new ideas, yet they consisted in conceptions clearly comprehensible in themselves, and conveyed in the plainest and most intelligible terms.

His writings are principally to be found in the many addresses he has delivered ; in the six volumes of his *Cultivator* ; in the small volume (made up, however, principally or entirely from materials taken from the *Cultivator*.) published by the Harpers, of New York ; and in the "*Farmer's Companion*," the last and most perfect of his

works, published under the auspices of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and constituting one of the numbers of the second series of their truly invaluable District School Library.

The example of Judge Buel, as well as his works, affords much practical instruction. There is hardly a situation or condition in life to which some incident, event, or portion of his existence does not apply with peculiar force and afford great encouragement.

To the wealthy, those who by successful industry have accumulated competent fortunes, it teaches the salutary lesson, that continued happiness can only be secured by continued industry; that the highly gifted mind must feel a responsibility for the legitimate exercise of its powers; and that, when the requisite capacity is possessed, the one can be the most effectually secured, and the other satisfied, by communicating to other minds the results of a long experience, of much varied observation and accumulated knowledge, and many original and profound reflections upon men and things.

To those who have sustained losses, been unfortunate in business, and had the slow accumulations of years suddenly swept away by accident, misfortune, or fraud, it teaches the important truth, that

“In the Lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
AS FAIL;”

that undaunted resolution, rigid economy, close calculation, prudent management, aided by renewed application, and well-directed, persevering industry, can never fail, except in cases very uncommon, to retrieve their circumstances, restore their condition, and, by the excellent habits they create, to send them forward on the mutable course of life, with fresh assurance, renewed hope, and more confident anticipations.

To the youth who has just commenced threading the devious paths of young existence, who is beginning to open his senses and his faculties to the appreciation and enjoyment of the allment with which God has furnished them, it speaks a language at once impressive and inviting. It presents the instance of one from among them, born in poverty, having all the hardships, obstacles, and disadvantages so frequently occurring in early life to contend with, with no other inheritance than a sound mind in a sound body, working his way onward and upward, to the esteem, respect, and confidence of his fellow-men. There have been no peculiarly favorable combinations of circumstances to contribute to his progress and advancement. No miracle has been wrought in his favor, nor acts of magic enlisted in his aid. Nothing whatever has contributed to remove his case out of the empire of that same cause and effect in subjection to which all the phenomena of life are evolved. It is the obvious case of distinction and

a high reputation, acquired and earned by the most persevering industry, the most scrupulous regard for right, the exercise of superior intellect, the practice of every virtue; and its plain, practical language to the youth of our land is—“*Go thou and do likewise.* You are supported by the same soil, overhung by the same heavens, surrounded by the same classes of objects, and subjected to the action of the same all-pervading laws. Would you possess the same good? Acquire it by a resort to similar means.”

To all, it addresses a consoling language, in the fact that we here see industry recompensed; unobtrusive merit rewarded; intellectual action accomplishing its objects; high moral worth appreciated; and the unostentatious virtues of a life held in due esteem, respect, and consideration. This tends to create a strong confidence in the benignity of the laws that regulate human affairs; to inspire a higher degree of respect and reverence for the constituent elements of human nature; and to give birth to that sentiment strongly embodied in the language—*God, I thank Thee that I am a man.*

JUDGE WHITE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

HUGH LAWSON WHITE, the eminent jurist and statesman of Tennessee, was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, in the year 1773. His father, James White, removed from that section in 1786, and settled in what is now Knox county, East Tennessee, but which was then within the chartered limits of North Carolina, and familiarly known as the wilderness! In 1792, Hugh, then a stripling of nineteen, volunteered to act as a private in the defence of the exposed settlements of the West, against the hostilities of their savage neighbors, and served through the campaign with credit and efficiency.

Prior to 1800, the facilities for learning, west of the Mountains, were limited indeed, and young White here acquired but the common rudiments of an English education. In 1794-5, however, he visited Philadelphia, where he completed a course of mathematical study, preparatory to a professional life; and in 1795 he devoted some months to the study of the law, in the office of James Hopkins, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Returning to Tennessee in 1796, he immediately

commenced the practice of the law at Knoxville.

Although the foundation thus laid may well seem a slight and imperfect one, yet, in truth, young White possessed in himself—in his intrinsic and early developed characteristics—the elements of a legal career, leading through success to eminence. In his character, a patient, indefatigable industry and steadiness of effort were combined with a calm self-possession, and a mental acuteness rarely surpassed. Clear-headed, logical, and self-relying, he had early resolved on the attainment of distinction and fame in his profession, and he inflexibly, ardently pursued the strait and narrow path which led to the goal of his ambition. But the qualities which most commended him to the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens, were an unbending uprightness and integrity of character, blended with a purity of motive and of life, which were so eminently displayed, and so consistently maintained, through the temptations and vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that in after-years they passed into a proverb; and not only in his own State, but measurably throughout the South-West, Hugh L. White was familiarly compared to Aristides, and reverently regarded as the Cato of the Republic.

Such a man, however unaspiring, would not long escape the public honors and testimonials of

confidence of a people as virtuous, and as little distracted or blinded by party animosities, as were the citizens of Tennessee forty years ago.

In 1801, at the early age of twenty-eight, Mr. White was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of that State, and continued in the discharge of the duties of that station until 1807.

In 1808, he was appointed by President Jefferson a United States' District Attorney; and in 1809, elected a member of the State Senate, where he distinguished himself by his active agency in modifying and improving the land laws of Tennessee. About this time the Supreme Court of the State was remodeled and re-established, and, during his absence from the seat of government, he was again placed on the Bench. He immediately relinquished all other public employments, to resume one so congenial with his tastes and acquirements, and for six years he discharged the duties of that station with unsurpassed ability, and to universal acceptance. His reported opinions are regarded by the profession as evincing great strength and perspicuity of reasoning; and his eminence as a jurist is attested by the familiar fact, that, after he had abandoned the Bench for more exciting and conspicuous theatres of public duty and exertion, he was still universally known as 'Judge White,' through all the mutations of an eventful quarter of a century.

In 1815, Judge White resigned his seat on the

Bench, and accepted the presidency of the State Bank of Tennessee, of which institution he remained at the head for a number of years. Under his wise and judicious counsels the Bank prospered abundantly and contributed powerfully to develop the resources and advance the prosperity of the State. No moneyed institution was ever more deservedly popular. During his presidency, he was again, (in 1820,) elected to the State Senate; and about the same time he was appointed by President Monroe one of the commissioners to adjust the claims of our citizens on Spain, for the satisfaction of which provisions had been made by a recent treaty. He accepted the appointment, and discharged its duties with his accustomed fidelity; but refused to accept the extravagant compensation to which the commissioners were entitled. At another time he was chosen a commissioner to settle important land claims, which were in dispute between Virginia and Kentucky, and acted with equal ability and acceptance.

In 1825, he was unanimously elected a Senator of the United States, to which station he was re-elected with entire unanimity in 1831, and again in 1837. It was in the capacity of Senator that he first became prominent in the eyes of the Union.

Judge White took a high stand in the Senate, from the date of his appearance on its floor. To

the presidential elevation of his old friend and predecessor, General Jackson, he gave a steady and efficient support. He shared in the triumph of 1828, but refused, at that and all subsequent times, to take office under the federal government, preferring to serve in the station to which the people of Tennessee had elected him. He held the important post of chairman of the Senate's committee on Indian affairs, and as such was required to defend and sustain the new Administration at the point most exposed to attack, and most difficult to defend. During the early years of General Jackson's administration, before the bank controversy had overborne all remoter considerations, the Indian policy of the government was the chief ground of attack from the Opposition. That policy differed from the maxims of all preceding executives, in that it affirmed the absolute sovereignty of each State in the Union within its chartered limits, and the consequent nullity of every law or treaty of the United States which should stipulate or promise any thing conflicting with that sovereignty. Of course, all the treaties by which 'the United States solemnly guarantee to the Cherokees [or other tribe] all their lands not hereby ceded,' &c. &c., were held to contravene the rights of the States, and to be therefore null and void. This doctrine was enforced by Judge White in his reports and speeches with great logical acuteness, and in spite of a conflict-

ing decision of the Supreme Court, it became, through the assent of Congress and the acquiescence of the country, practically the law of the land. Judge White's support of the Administration through this crisis was most earnest and efficient. Through the protracted and violent bank controversy, down to the full consummation of the original state bank deposit scheme, Mr. White continued a powerful, though not conspicuous, or vehement, supporter of the Administration.

In 1833, the storm having subsided, and the selection of a new president beginning now to attract attention, the Tennessee delegation in Congress, with the possible exception of his colleague, Mr. Grundy, united in recommending Judge White to the people as a candidate to succeed General Jackson: Messrs. Polk and Cave Johnson afterwards dissented, but not when the nomination was made. The legislature of Alabama—strongly Jackson—concurred in the recommendation by a large majority. But the 'Democratic National Convention,' which assembled at Baltimore in May, 1836, nominated Mr. Van Buren as the candidate of the party; the Opposition in most of the States united upon General Harrison; and the defeat of Judge White, should he continue a candidate, became a matter of obvious certainty. His personal friends refused, however, to permit his withdrawal from the canvass, and

he was respectably supported in the southern States generally, receiving the votes of Tennessee and Georgia, and failing to obtain those of North Carolina by a little over two thousand, and of Mississippi and Louisiana, some two or three hundreds each. During the canvass, he was for a third time elected a senator of the United States from Tennessee; and at this, as at both preceding elections, the vote was unanimously cast in his favor.

Judge White continued in the Senate until the session of 1839-40, pursuing a moderate, independent course, but opposing the expanding resolution, the Sub-Treasury, and other measures to which his convictions were hostile. Although his locks were whitened by the frosts of age, and his health enfeebled, yet his mind remained as active and vigorous as ever, his influence in the public councils was undiminished, and his zeal in the discharge of his public duties unabated.

But a revolution in politics approached, which was destined to be felt even by him. In 1839, James K. Polk, one of the ablest men and most powerful speakers in the south-west, took the field as the Administration (Van Buren) candidate for Governor; and, after a canvass of unprecedented vehemence, in which he proved himself an overmatch, both in speaking talent and in personal address and popularity, for his opponent, Governor Cannon, he was elected by some twenty-five hun-

dred majority, with a Legislature of kindred politics. One of the earliest, as well as most important acts of that Legislature, was the passage of a series of resolutions, instructing the senators from that State, (Messrs. White and Foster,) to support the Sub-Treasury, the Expunging process, and sustain the measures generally of the Administration. Upon the receipt of these resolutions, Judge White read to the Senate a paper setting forth the reasons which must constrain him to decline a compliance with their commands. This is a document of great ability, and produced a powerful impression upon the Senate and the nation. Immediately upon the conclusion of its reading, Judge White (with his colleague) *resigned* the seat which he had now held with signal ability and honor for some sixteen successive years, and sat out in feeble health on his return to Tennessee. He incidentally remarked to a friend, just before starting, that he did not expect to live to see Washington again. His apprehension proved too well founded. The fatigue and inclemency of a journey in mid-winter from Washington to Tennessee, are thought to have sensibly impaired his failing health: from the time of his arrival at Knoxville, he sank gradually; and on the 10th of April, 1840, he breathed his last, in the 68th year of his age.

Such is a meagre and hasty outline of the life and public services of HUGH LAWSON WHITE.

Abler men have graced the councils of the nation ; purer and truer, it is believed, never. A tasteful and touching tribute to his memory was paid by the delegates from Tennessee to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore in May succeeding his decease : when, amid the throng of gay banners and proud devices which waved over the mighty host as it passed on in procession to its appointed place of meeting, the banner of Tennessee appeared shrouded in crape and borne on in silence amid the hushed acclamations of surrounding thousands—a mute but eloquent memorial of the man whom his State had so justly honored and so deeply loved.

JOHN BLEECKER VAN SCHAICK.

BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

A GREAT part of mankind never become acquainted with the sources from which they derive much of their enjoyment. Even the most intelligent are often at a loss to trace to the fountain-head, the streams at which they have drunk with the greatest eagerness. In the literary world, doubt and darkness rest upon many of the most popular productions, clouds obscure the origin of some of its most cherished works; and when these are removed by the spirit of research, or the partiality of friendship,—when unassuming merit is thus rescued from oblivion, and genius is preserved from undeserved indifference, our gratitude is justly due to the remembrancer, however much his attempt may fall beneath the dignity of his subject.

How precious then is Biography when such is its motive,—how pious the care of that friendship which gives us the true lineaments, and the familiar garb, of those who have passed rapidly over the stage of life, great even in the momentary exhibition of their exalted worth! The very greatest of our race owe much of their reputa-

tion to this devoted friendship, and it is in the mirror thus held up to us, that we grow fond of virtue, and honor the talent which otherwise had not been reflected to us down the vista of time. It is with this feeling of regard for the memory and brilliant qualities of him whose name heads this article, that we attempt a sketch of the character and life of a most noble-minded and intellectual person, cut off in the dawn of manhood, after a brief career, which gave the highest hopes to his friends and country.

Mr. Van Schaick was a native of the city of Albany, in which his family had long been distinguished. His father was a wealthy and eminent merchant, and his grandfather was the celebrated Col. Van Schaick, a soldier of two wars, distinguished by his personal bravery and good conduct at Ticonderoga, where Lord Howe was killed, and in the action with Dieskau, at the battle of Monmouth, and the expedition against the Onondagas.

After due preparation he became a member of Hamilton College, in this State, which on the death of his father he left, with the esteem of the faculty and the personal attachment of his classmates. He studied law in the office of Harmanus Bleecker, Esq., our present Chargé at the Hague, with the intention of commencing practice in his native city. The profession of law, however, having no charms for him, he determined, on at-

taining his majority, to visit Europe, and he sailed for England in the year 1826, with a fund of knowledge, and a classical and refined taste, which fitted him to enjoy and appreciate the advantages of foreign travel. Governor De Witt Clinton took particular interest in his tour, and furnished him with introductions to the literati of the Old World.

His letters written home to his friends during his absence, replete with sound observation and originality of thought, were highly valued by his correspondents.

The profession of the law continuing unsuited to his tastes, which were of a literary cast, he amused himself by revising his studies, adding to his stores of knowledge, and assuming the editorial charge of the Albany Daily Advertiser. In this occupation, his elegant style of composition, the clearness of his conceptions, the force of his arguments, and the brilliancy of his wit, conferred new interest upon the columns of that periodical.

Pleased with his new pursuit, he became a proprietor of the establishment, and devoted his whole energies to the public service. It was in the course of this occupation, he received many honors from the political friends with whom he was connected, among them a nomination to the Senate for the district in which he lived, on which occasion he received a large and unexpected vote.

Were it not foreign to the purpose of this sketch, an interesting account of the various places of honor and trust, which at different times were conferred upon him, might be given the reader, and a long series of testimonials from leading journals of our own and other countries, honorable to his reputation in the highest degree.

The most distinguishing traits in his character were a fervent eloquence, and high poetic talent.

Had he been compelled by circumstances to have depended on either of these for his maintenance, the public would have learned long ere this, to have properly estimated his superior ability. In addressing an audience, his voice was clear and distinct, his illustrations were classical and appropriate, his language was forcible and elegant. The last public speech which he ever made, was at Sand Lake, in Rensselaer county, to a numerous audience, and, according to the testimony of those who were present, it was a specimen of extraordinary ability.

While his prose compositions had attracted the notice of foreign critics, his poetry, generally the fruit of leisure only, at once became the subject of general admiration, and had a wide circulation through the country. To give our readers an idea of his style of thought, we extract from the *Biography of American Poets* the following lines, of which it is needless to say, there are few

things finer in the whole range of American literature :—

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON TO STAND STILL.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flash'd the red sun-beams gloriously back,
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armor on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp without the walls
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gather'd around their Kings, and "Joshua!
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whisper'd low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare
And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd :—
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased—
And lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminish'd heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopp'd upon the dial's face;

The clouds and vapors that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,
Glancing o'er mountain tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonish'd plains.
The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parch'd, baked earth, undamp'd by usual dews
Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, mid-day heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
On with thy armies, Joshua! The Lord
God of Sabboth is the avenger now!
His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky;
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
On! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave;
Then yonder orb shall set 'mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining the rainbow banner of the skies.

We select from an early copy of the Boston Token, the following address to the beautiful daughter of Governor Clinton, now, alas! no more :—

LINES TO A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GOVERNOR CLINTON.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCXXIX.

And thou, fair flower of hope !
Like a sweet violet, delicate and frail,
Hast reared thy tender stem beneath an oak,
Whose noble limbs o'ershadowed thee. The damp
Cold dews of the unhealthy world fell not
On thee ; the gaudy sunshine of its pomp
Came tempered to thine eye in milder beams.
The train of life's inevitable ills
Fell like the April rain upon the flowers,
But thou wert shielded—no rude pelting storms
Came down unbroken by thy sheltering tree.

Fallen is the oak,
The monarch of a forest sleeps. Around,
The withered ivy and the broken branch
Are silent evidence of greatness past,
And his sweet, cherished violet has drunk
The bitter dews until its cup was full.
And now strange trees wave o'er it, and the shade
Of weeping willows and down-swaying boughs
Stretch toward it with melancholy sorrow—
All sympathizing with the drooping flower.
And years shall pass ere living trees forget
That stately oak, and what a fame he shed
O'er all the forest, and how each was proud
That he could call himself a kindred thing.

Long may the beauty of that violet
Grow in the soil of hearts ; till, delicate,
Yet ripened into summer loveliness,
A thousand branches shall contending cast
Their friendly shadows in protection there !

As a specimen of his later style, we add an address to a female friend on her birth-day, and we think we hazard little in claiming for it the very first rank among similar productions :

TO ———, ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 12.

"A beauty that bewilders like a spell
Reigns in thine eyes' clear hazel, and thy brow
So pure in vein'd transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou."

ANOTHER mile-stone on life's journey, lady!
And still thy varied path lies pleasantly,
Changing its scenes, as thou dost onward pass;
Now, in the "cool sequester'd vale," where flowers
Of joy and cheerfulness are springing up,
Around, thou lingerest in thy shaded bower.
Serene retreat, where sweet affections dwell
And thy heart's chosen wealth is garner'd up,
Ingots and gems—a sister's depth of love,
Parent's fond watchfulness, and brother's pride,
And instant sympathy with thy lightest wish.

Amid thy queenly gracefulness goes forth
Where dazzling lamps, and beauty's sparkling eye,
And the light-hearted viol, and the dance,
And wine-cup's witching bubbles, and the lush'd
But passionate whisper, show fair Woman's empire;
Where cling around thy footsteps, votaries
To gaze upon that nature-tinted cheek,
The tremulous lustre of that diamond eye,
The raven masses of that silken hair—
To track the ear that voice's sweetest tone,
To hang upon that smile which speaks so rare,

Till pulses throb with a revealing swell,
And every thought is steep'd in thee alone.

The autumn birds have sung their sweetest chime,
The green wood echoes answer not their voice,
The golden grain wav'd in the fragrant air,
And fruits and flowers their mingled odor shed
Upon the gale, till drear November's breath
Withering their glories, left them desolate.
But the rich tone of eloquence thy voice
Gives forth, is music,—and the rose thy cheek
Still holds in changeless lustre, and the flowers
Give out their perfume in thine own boudoir,
Where the bleak winter winds can visit not,
But life's a day of happiness and joy.

On in thy sun-lit path,
No cloud to cross it with disturbing shadows,
No storm to shake thy heart's serenity,
No gloom to dim the twinkling of thy star!

Did our limits permit, we could furnish specimens of an entirely different character, and equally excellent.

Mr. Van Schaick's health, which subsequent to his return from Europe had become established, on one or two occasions slightly yielded to colds caught in returning home from Washington, where for several years he had spent his winters. In the fall of 1838, he caught a severe cold, which at last compelled him to confine himself to his room. After exciting the utmost anxiety on the part of his numerous friends, his disorder took an unfavorable turn, and he breathed his last on the

3d of January, 1839, in the 36th year of his age. During his last illness he was unusually brilliant, his conversation was interesting and instructive, and his recollection of his favorite authors never more accurate. Perceiving his danger, he comforted his nearest relatives with the assurance of his undying affection, spoke calmly of his approaching dissolution, and gave up his spirit without a struggle or a groan. No death for many years produced such a sensation as this, in the city of Albany. The whole town were affected at his loss,—the military association which he long had commanded, insisted upon paying him the last honors due his military rank, and his zeal in their behalf—and a funeral procession, such as had never been seen but once in that place, and then on the death of Governor Clinton, marked the universal regret which attended his decease.

The press, of which he had been the ornament, spoke from one end of the Union to the other their high sense of his talents and virtues, and even political opponents did not hesitate to twine their cypress wreaths around his urn.

Mr. Van Schaick in person was tall and well proportioned, his manners were graceful and winning, his conversation elegant and instructive, his wit playful and original. In the immediate circle of his friends he was most tenderly loved, and there his loss was felt with a poignancy which

the writer of this inadequate notice will not attempt to describe.

Had Mr. Van Schaick lived, he would have reaped, ere long, the full meed of honor to which his great talents and acquirements had already entitled him. His intimate friends, on reading this sketch of his career, will unite in the opinion, that what we have thus briefly said, falls far short of his claims to be remembered, and far below the standard by which they estimated their generous and noble-minded companion.

It is sincerely hoped, that his numerous productions in prose and poetry will one day be collected and given to the public, and should that time ever arrive, we hazard nothing in saying, that few names, in the American world of letters, will assume a more elevated rank than his.

JARVIS, THE PAINTER.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS was born in South-Shields-on-the-Tyne, (England,) in the year 1780. He was a nephew of the great Christian reformer and founder of the Methodist Episcopal church, with whom (on the emigration of his own father to America) he resided during several years of his infancy. His father settled in Philadelphia, and at the age of five years the little son was removed from the care of his pious uncle, and brought to the United States.—At ten, having evinced a taste for the fine arts, by looking at pictures, and trying to daub some figures himself, at the suggestion of Dr. Rush, the father of young Jarvis was induced to apprentice him to an engraver, whose name was Savage—a publisher of prints. But he knew nothing of the art of engraving, to which he pretended, and the boy was already his master in painting.

Being unable either to draw or engrave, Savage employed an Englishman named Edwin to do both, in the name of his employer. He then removed to New York, taking Jarvis with him. From Edwin, Jarvis learned both to draw and

engrave; and after his separation from his master, Jarvis continued the business for him until he himself became of age—serving his principal faithfully, in-doors, and playing many pranks and tricks fantastic without. Becoming of age, he began to engrave for himself. Soon afterward, his old instructor, Edwin, fell in with and invited him to accompany him to the painting-room of Mr. Martin—a portrait painter, who was overrun with business. On looking at his pictures Edwin remarked that Martin was the first portrait painter in the United States. “If that be true,” said Jarvis, “I will be the first to-morrow, for I can paint better pictures than these now.”—This resolution he carried immediately into effect, and portrait painting became his profession for life. One of his earliest portraits was that of Hogg, the comedian, who then kept a porter-house in Nassau street. Jarvis was wont to say that he was assisted in “face-making” by two men named Gallagher and Buddington. He himself then only claimed to be the best painter, because all the others in the country “were worse than *bad*.”

Jarvis afterward, in connexion with an associate named Wood, became a miniature painter, under the instruction of Malbone. While engaged in this branch of the art, he invented a process of drawing profiles upon glass. The outline being marked, the other side of the glass was

painted black, or gilded with gold leaf. The work was rapidly executed, and while these trifles were popular, with the aid of a single assistant, at one dollar per day, Jarvis and Wood were enabled to divide at times one hundred dollars at night. The gold leaf profiles were in great demand; Jarvis was always full of humor, and Wood was an excellent musician, so that their rooms in Park Row were attractive places of resort.

The habits of Jarvis were irregular, and he married mysteriously and imprudently. Owing to his first indiscreet marriage, and probably to other irregularities, it has been intimated that he did not obtain access to the best society, especially in female circles. But he afterward married, without mystery, "a delicate and lady-like woman." After his separation from Wood, he had a painting-room in Broadway, nearly opposite the City Hotel, where the late Mr. Dunlap says he used to paint profile portraits on Bristol-boards, at five dollars each. They were very well executed. He also at the same time painted in oil, or upon ivory, if required. But notwithstanding his labors in the humble departments of the art, and his loose and convivial habits, he was a student in every thing appertaining to his art, and requisite to its highest attainments. He studied anatomy with Dr. John Augustine Smith; and when Dr. John W. Francis returned from Europe

in 1815, bringing with him a splendid edition of Gall and Spurzheim, Jarvis studied the work several months, and, according to Mr. Dunlap, he was the first painter in America who applied phrenological science to the principles of portrait painting.

It was no advantage to the principles, or the morals of Jarvis, that he became the companion and fellow-lodger with Thomas Paine, who, as Dunlap says, "wrote 'Common Sense,' and played the fool." There is a bust of Paine belonging to the New York Historical Society, which was modelled in clay by Jarvis. At one time, about the year 1807, the business of Sully, then a resident of New York, was so small, that he hired himself to Jarvis as an assistant. Jarvis himself said it was a great shame that a man of Sully's genius and merit should find it necessary to labor as an assistant to him. Before this period, however, Jarvis had become eminent in his profession, and was even then wont to pass his winters in the southern cities, and his summers only at the north. As a humorist, he was one of the most lively and entertaining of men. His songs and his stories made him ever welcome on convivial occasions, and he was every where as popular as a table companion, as he was distinguished in his art. It was on his return from New Orleans, during the last war with England, that he was employed by the Corporation upon the

first two, and, as we believe, the only historical works which he ever attempted. These, (Perry and Decatur,) yet adorn the Governor's apartment in the City Hall, and are pictures of great merit. They show that, with habits of greater regularity, and attention to historical painting, he might have attained to exalted eminence in that highest department in the divine art. He had previously painted full lengths at the south.

It was soon after the war that the accomplished artist, Henry Inman, became a pupil of Jarvis, and performed one or more tours with him to New Orleans. Indeed, Mr. Inman accompanied him on his first visit to that city, and a most profitable visit it was. Jarvis went there penniless. In six months he realized six thousand dollars,—with three thousand of which he returned to New York. With the assistance of his young pupil, who was as full of genius as himself, he was enabled to finish six portraits per week—giving a daily sitting of an hour each to his subjects. In 1810, Mr. Inman separated from Jarvis, whose habits were more and more dissolute, so that in fact he gave but little instruction to his pupil. Inman then set about teaching himself. The earliest of his paintings that we ever saw, was a cabinet picture, in water colors, of Jarvis, taken in a slouched and dilapidated straw hat. It was a capital hit, and contributed much in giving In-

man a start in the brilliant career he has subsequently run.

From 1820 to 1834, Jarvis resided alternately at the north and the south, as already mentioned. He painted but little at the north, however, and his habits became worse and worse—telling stories, singing songs, living high, and drinking deep. He was eccentric in his manners, and also in his dress, almost to comicality. He was prodigal of money, when he had it, but in all his habits, business or otherwise, entirely without system or economy. Every thing was in disorder at home. He would invite friends to dine with him—gentlemen of distinction from the south—provide the choicest viands to be found in the market, and the oldest and richest wines—while his table was set with broken forks and tumblers, and old and damaged crockery. But it was Jarvis—and all was very well.

In 1833, while at New Orleans, his career of merriment and dissipation was brought to a close by a stroke of paralysis. He returned to the north, and from that year until the hour of his decease, on the 16th of January, 1840, dragged out a wretched existence—helpless and imbecile, both in body and mind. Of religious faith or hope, we presume he had none. Indeed, his principles, or rather opinions, if he ever thought with sufficient steadfastness to form any, were in unison,

we believe, with those of Paine. Once, it is said, when the late Bishop Moore was sitting to him, the good prelate attempted to direct his attention to sacred things; but the artist, with facetious irreverence, cut short the conversation, by saying carelessly, and yet as if merely giving a direction for the attention of the sitter—"Turn your head the other way—and shut your mouth." The effort was not repeated. And so died John Wesley Jarvis—the humorist and the wit—the jovial companion—the distinguished artist—and—but we forbear to finish the sentence.

CHARLES HAMMOND.

BY ALEXANDER MANN.

There exists in the bosom of the community a class of gifted men, who are content to forego the glare of ephemeral notoriety, in order that they may build up their own characters in the light of duty, and give an abiding impulse for good to the course of society. This class is not numerous or obtrusive, but the individuals who compose it exercise a powerful and invaluable, though often unacknowledged influence, over the minds of others. The busy world takes little note of them, for they pass noiselessly through it, and are not careful to purchase its applause by paying court to its ever-changing whims. But they make their mark deeply and permanently on the character of the age in which they live. The world's gaze and the world's honors are usually accorded to secondary minds—your bustling public characters—who, in their eagerness to rear a towering reputation for themselves, are commonly little scrupulous how far they borrow materials from others, and whose truest honor is that they are permitted to convey to society the golden fruits of minds infinitely superior to themselves.

On the 3d of April, 1840, died at Cincinnati, Ohio, CHARLES HAMMOND;—and those who knew and appreciated him, felt that one of those superior minds of whom we have been speaking, had passed from among men, and ascended on high. Throughout the whole country, and especially at the west, it was felt that a great man had fallen,—that a giant mind had finished its earthly labors, and gone to its eternal home.

Mr. Hammond was born in the State of Maryland, in September, 1779. In his early youth, he removed, with his father, who was a respectable farmer, to western Virginia. The circumstances of his parents did not permit them to give him a better education than the common schools of the neighborhood afforded. But outward obstacles avail little in deterring such a mind as that of Charles Hammond from the pursuit of knowledge, usefulness, and fame. He mastered the elements of science, and acquired a knowledge of the languages through the force of an unconquerable determination, and mainly by his own unassisted exertions.

He studied his profession under the direction of that eminent man, Philip Doddridge, one of the greatest men and greatest lawyers of western Virginia. His legal training was, as might be expected under such tuition, systematic and thorough. It is still well remembered, that on his examination for admission to the bar, he acquitted

himself in a manner so honorable as to draw forth the admiration of the numerous legal gentlemen who were present. Nor did his studies end with his noviciate. Through life he devoted a great share of the energies of a mind which had few equals, to a thorough investigation of the principles of his profession—a profession which, more than any other, demands the unremitting study of a whole life.

Mr. Hammond left Virginia, and settled in Belmont county, Ohio, a few years after that now powerful State was admitted into the Union. He became now permanently a citizen of Ohio. His attention was chiefly devoted to his profession, but a portion of it was given to agricultural pursuits. He purchased a farm, and its cultivation afforded him the means of relaxation from the severe duties of his profession.

At this time, and indeed at all times of his life, the law was the engrossing object of his pursuit. He studied and practised it as a science, and more for the pleasure he reaped from a contemplation of its principles, than from a desire of its pecuniary rewards. He regarded it also as the high road to honor and usefulness.

It was not for talents and acquirements like those of Charles Hammond, to linger in the back ground. Immediately he took his place at the head of the profession. Side by side with the most eminent lawyers of Ohio, he maintained his

ground through a long life, with distinguished credit and honor. It may be truly said, that the collisions which take place between the members of the bar, are of all encounters the most trying to the intellect of the competitors; and it is no slight honor, that a man has been able through a series of years to preserve his spear unbroken, and his plume untarnished, in those unsparing intellectual battles of which the bar is the constant theatre. But when a combatant not only maintains his position in the ranks, but is found at the close of the fight, standing among the foremost, it cannot be questioned that his courage has been unflinching, and his preparation complete.

Mr. Hammond was distinguished for the systematic and scientific character of his attainments. His learning was something more than a mere aggregation of facts. His acquirements were made in the light of principles, and composed not, as is often the case, a vast and shapeless mass of materials, but a stately and tasteful structure, up-rearing its fair proportions from an immovable foundation.

He was particularly distinguished as a constitutional lawyer. In the noble department of the profession, which requires the discussion of constitutional principles, he found a field of exertion congenial to his taste and his mental habits. His argument in the case of the Bank of the United States, against the State Auditor of Ohio, was

universally esteemed a masterly performance. Indeed, if no other proof of his legal abilities were in existence, he would still be entitled to no ordinary distinction.

It were hardly possible that a mind like his should not engage with deep interest in politics. At an early age, and before he removed to Ohio, he attracted the attention of the political men of the west, by his defence of Governor St. Clair. In the latter period of the territorial government, that accomplished functionary was attacked with great acrimony by the advocates of a State organization. Mr. Hammond defended him in a series of articles published in the *Sciota Gazette*, with such vigor and success as to drive the assailants from the field. The talent displayed in these articles attracted general attention, and when public inquiry had discovered their author, he received no stinted share of applause.

Mr. Hammond possessed a fine taste for classical literature, and occasionally exhibited proofs of a poetic turn of mind. But the law is a mistress who does not easily tolerate a rival; and he chose to repress his love of the lighter kinds of literature, lest it might impair his devotion to his profession, and weaken his habit of logical investigation.

Mr. Hammond's taste for political discussion, and his known ability as a political writer, drew him into the editorial field. About the year 1825

he removed to Cincinnati, where, in addition to the labors of his profession, he assumed the editorship of the Cincinnati Gazette. With what masterly ability he acquitted himself in this field of exertion, is well known. Up to the time of his death, it was the leading journal of its party in the western States. The vigor, energy, and logical distinctness with which he wrote, made him a most formidable antagonist, while the unquestioned integrity of his character gave a degree of weight to his opinions, not often possessed by those of partisan editors. Mistaken he sometimes, though seldom, was, but his honesty was ever above suspicion. No opponent entered the lists with him without finding a fair and honorable, as well as most able antagonist, and few without finding cause to regret the encounter. He never sacrificed his conscientious convictions of right, to any motive whatever. He possessed the honesty and independence, unhappily too rare among editors, to maintain the truth boldly, when such a course seemed to be unfavorable to the interests of his own party.

In the formation of his opinions, as well as in their expression, he was singularly honest and fearless. Neither friend nor foe was permitted to influence him. In his private character he was benevolent, upright, and sincere. Beloved by his friends, and respected by all, he passed a long life of singular usefulness, and unremitting labor,

with unspotted reputation and unsullied honor. And when the summons of death came, he laid aside his armor, and retired from the conflict

—“like a warrior taking his rest.”

For two or three years before his death, his health failed, and he withdrew entirely from the bar. His editorial duties were discharged to the last.

On the third of April, 1840, as has already been stated, the noble spirit of Charles Hammond took its departure from the earth. The consciousness that he had discharged his duty, while in the world, enabled him to leave it without regret or fear; and he was sustained while passing through the shadow of death, by an unfaltering trust in the Father of his Spirit.

REV. CHARLES FOLLEN, J. U. D.

BY HENRY J. RAYMOND.

SINCE the permanent establishment of a republican government upon the western hemisphere, the United States has been the place of refuge for the oppressed of every nation. She receives to her bosom, and protects by her laws, not merely the ignorant and degraded vassals of European despotism, but also the sons of high genius, the possessors of great and lofty intellects stored with the treasures of the past, and lifting on high their lights for the guidance of the future. Wherever the rights of man are unrecognized in the practical operation of the political machinery, wherever the sacred claims of humanity are disregarded and her high prerogatives trodden down by the iron heel of despotic misrule, thither may she turn her eyes and glory in having rescued from tyrannous oppression some brother—too noble to remain a silent victim of crushing ambition, and too weak to hurl it from its ill-gotten throne. Her's is the proud triumph of having furnished the freest, most inviting asylum on the earth for those whose lot it is to dwell in the habitations of cruelty and blood; and of having reared aloft the most

formidable obstacle to the designs of those whose energies are devoted to the up-building of power upon the ruins of liberty and human happiness.

Glory enough is it for any nation thus to feel that she lifts man up from the dust, and enthrones him in his native seat of dignity and honor.

The despotism of Austria, and the iron rule of the Holy Alliance, have forced many worthy citizens of Germany and Switzerland to leave their native land and plant their homes upon our hospitable shores: but among them all, we can call to mind no name, brighter or more nobly identified with the progress of liberty, than that of CHARLES FOLLEN.

And here we feel impelled to offer an apology for our apparent presumption in attempting to sketch his life. It is a task which should have been consigned to abler and more experienced hands; and but for an unlucky disappointment, by such would it have been achieved. We are well aware that the affectionate interest attached to their adopted son by the American public, might reasonably warrant the expectation that his portrait would be drawn by the hand of some highly favored sharer of his personal friendship—by some intimate acquaintance with his public and private virtues. But it has fallen to our lot to be the humble recorder of his worth; and, in discharging our duty, we shall make free use of the mate-

rials, meagre and unsatisfactory at best, which chance has thrown in our way.

The few leading events of his life, with which we are acquainted, may be briefly told. A native of Germany, he was born at Romrod, in the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt, in the year 1796, and received his education at the university of Glessen, where he took his degree of J. U. D. or Doctor of Laws, in 1817. Of his family, an elder brother, Augustus Follen, eminent as a German poet, is now a professor in the university of Zurich, in Switzerland; and another brother, also distinguished for his literary abilities, is now a citizen of the State of Missouri.

At an early age he was distinguished for the liberality of his political opinions, and for the freedom with which he gave them utterance: so much so, indeed, that upon the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand, in 1819, he was suspected of having at least been privy to the intentions of that wayward and misguided youth; and although fully and clearly innocent, he was nevertheless compelled by the jealousy of Prussia and the other Allied Powers, to leave Germany.

He went first to Switzerland, and accepted an appointment, which he immediately received, as professor of the civil law in the university of Basle; and he continued in this situation, the duties of which were discharged with fidelity and universal acceptance, until 1824. Here he exercised

the same dauntless freedom in disseminating his opinions which had subjected him to the persecution of the constituted authorities in his native land: and even here he was not beyond the reach of the Austrian government, whose relentless despotism holds in almost complete subjection her more republican but far less powerful neighbors. His animadversions upon the subject of civil government were highly displeasing to Austria, and a formal demand was made by her upon the authorities of Basle, that he should be surrendered to her tribunals to answer the charge then brought against him. He protested his innocence of any crime known to the laws of the Canton in which he lived, and under which he claimed the right to be tried. This right was admitted: and the insolent demand of the Austrian despot for a long time resisted. But the Swiss government at length became alarmed at the threatening remonstrances of her powerful neighbor, and soon commenced, on her own authority, a prosecution which speedily compelled this hunted apostle of Liberty again to fly for safety and for life.

He first went to Paris, where for a short period he was honored with the friendship of Lafayette, who was then on the eve of visiting the United States, and who kindly offered to introduce Dr. Follen to the acquaintance and sympathies of the American people. This proposal, however, he modestly declined, and accordingly remained in

France until the autumn of 1824, when he came to this country. Immediately upon his arrival he was appointed German instructor, and, in 1830, was made professor of the German language and literature in Harvard University. In this capacity he did much to awaken and cherish the love for the literature of his native land, which has since become so nearly universal throughout this country and England. Until within a few years the German language had been but little cultivated by the inheritors of the wealth of English genius, and its rich and almost exhaustless stores of poetry and philosophy have remained unexplored by the rest of the world. But the efforts of Coleridge, De Quincey and Carlyle, by their excellent translations, and still more splendid criticisms, of the masterpieces of German art, aroused the attention of British students to this newly discovered intellectual realm; and the impulse thus given in England to the study of German literature soon crossed the ocean, and in the United States is growing in power, and in some particular sections is fast becoming a mania. To the feeling thus awakened, Dr. Follen contributed not a little, both by his intimate acquaintance with the critical and philosophical writings of his countrymen and by his more humble, but not less serviceable labors, in preparing several elementary works for the study of the German language.

While at Cambridge Dr. Follen had given

much attention to the study of Divinity, for the active duties of which profession his eminent purity of life and extremely kind and benignant disposition rendered him peculiarly appropriate. He embraced the Unitarian faith, and the most prominent features of his Christian belief and character have been admirably set forth by his intimate and distinguished friend, Dr. Channing. He tells us that "his theory stood in direct hostility to Atheism, which confounds man with nature: to Pantheism and Mysticism, which confound man with God: and to all the systems of philosophy and religion, which ascribe to circumstances or to God an irresistible influence on the mind. * * * He had given himself much to the philosophical study of human nature, and there were two principles of the soul on which he seized with singular force. One of these was 'the sense of the Infinite,'—that principle of our nature which always aspires after something higher than it has gained, which conceives of the Perfect, and can find no rest but in pressing forward to Perfection: the other was 'the Free Will of Man,' which was to him the grand explanation of the mysteries of our being, and which gave to the human soul inexpressible interest and dignity in his sight. To him life was a state in which a free being is to determine himself, amid sore trials and temptations, to the Right and the Holy, and to advance toward Perfection."

At one time he was pastor of the Charles street church in Boston, and subsequently, for a short period, had charge of a congregation in New York. In 1839, he was invited to take the guidance of a religious society in Lexington, Massachusetts, where he accordingly preached for a considerable period. In the autumn of the same year he visited New York, where he delivered a series of lectures on German literature, which proved exceedingly interesting and acceptable to his numerous audiences. After concluding his engagements in New York, he embarked on board the Lexington, and perished in its terrible conflagration on the night of the 13th of January, 1840. The intelligence of his death, in connexion with the awful catastrophe which was its cause, fell upon the ears of his many friends and literary associates with an agonizing, heart-rending power; and called forth a repetition of the same deep and solemn bewailing expressed by Milton in his majestic lament for his beloved Lycidas:—

“ It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,
That sank so low that sacred head of thine.”

We have heard it said that the 14th of January, the day of his death, was the appointed day for his induction at Lexington into the sacred office whose functions he had assumed, and that a large congregation of his parishioners remained assem-

bled for some hours, momentarily expecting his arrival. But it was the will of his Father that he should enter upon His service in a higher and a holier sphere; and the next day beheld, in the same place, a still more numerous assemblage gathered together to bewail their sudden and unlooked-for bereavement.

Dr. Follen's character is described by those who enjoyed his acquaintance, as having been that of a great, holy and heroic man. Its most prominent characteristic was his ardent, undying zeal for the welfare of every human being. A deep sense of justice, a calm and abiding reverence for the rights of humanity, a clear conviction of man's inherent dignity, and an abiding recognition of his claims and his destiny, informed his life and controlled his actions. His earliest impulses were those of a warm-hearted philanthropist, gifted with a lofty mind, whose soul was haunted by visions of human greatness and perfectibility: and, like Schiller, he had 'learned to reverence the dreams of his youth.' Subjected as he had been, in his early manhood, to the cruel persecution of despotic governments, he embraced, as might be expected, the most liberal principles of democracy. His personal experience of the evils of arbitrary power had been bitter; and therefore, perhaps, he had the fullest, most undoubting faith in the character of our republican

institutions. Even the scepticism and radical democracy of the age, gave him no alarm for the permanency of our government, being fully confident that they were "merely the strivings after a deeper foundation for the highest faith." His adherence to moral principle, in despite of the dictates of mere expediency, formed a marked trait of his character; and this, together with his all-embracing benevolence, led him to take a deep and active interest in the efforts of those who contend for the immediate abolition of slavery in all its forms.

But besides these rarer and nobler qualities, for which he was so highly distinguished, the gentler and more endearing virtues of private life were conspicuous in his career. Uniformly of a kind and benevolent disposition—his manners marked with a winning courtesy and an active sympathy with the welfare of all, he was universally esteemed by his acquaintances and beloved by his intimate friends.

His life exemplified his own brief but pregnant declaration, that he "regarded the true characteristics of moral heroism to be an honest conviction of duty, however correct, or however mistaken: an exalted effort of the will; and the spirit of self-sacrifice." Well may we mourn the loss of such a man to our country and the world, and most happily may we apply to him Wordsworth's

character of a Happy Warrior,—and say with subdued and hopeful grief,

“Peace to the just man's memory,—let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages; let the mimic canvass show
His calm benevolent features; let the light
Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
Of all but Heaven, and, in the book of fame,
The glorious record of his virtues write,
And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.”

GOVERNOR BENJAMIN PIERCE.

BY JACOB B. MOORE.

THE charge of ingratitude, which history has so often laid at the door of republics, cannot be justly applied to the American people. On the contrary, there has been no instance, in any country, where a higher estimate has been placed upon heroic actions, and personal devotion to the public interests, than here. As the fathers of the Revolution, one by one, have passed off the stage of action, their memories have been held in remembrance, and the sense of obligation has not been lessened by the advent of new generations of men. When the people have been in doubt or in peril, or when they have had high honors to bestow, we have seen with how much fervor and confidence they have sought out the gallant and hardy chieftains who had perilled their lives in their country's cause, and with what boundless confidence the people have intrusted their destinies to such keeping. It is to this spirit, widely diffused among the people, that those great political revolutions may be traced which placed a Jackson in the presidential chair, and which have just called from his retirement, in a green old age, one of his illustrious compeers to occupy the same exalted station.

The leaders in our revolutionary struggle have all descended to the grave. No general or field officer remains, and but few of subordinate rank, of all that noble host of heroic spirits who won for us all that we enjoy which is worth possessing. It is no unfavorable omen for the country—now that no more of the gallant band of '76 remain—that the people naturally turn to the brave and tried hearts who breasted the storm of battle in the second war with England.

One of the last of the revolutionary stock of patriots whom the people elevated to high public stations, was General PIERCE, of New Hampshire, who fought himself into an heroic reputation in the war of independence; retired to the wilderness in New Hampshire, and there, "turning his sword into a ploughshare," wrought himself out a farm and an estate; and, after having filled various civil and military stations, closed his public career as Governor of the State.

BENJAMIN PIERCE was born at Chelmsford, Massachusetts, 25th December, 1757. His father, Benjamin Pierce, died in 1763, leaving a family of ten children, of whom Benjamin was the seventh.*

* The ancestors of the family of Pierce, of Chelmsford, were from Woburn, to which place they came from Watertown; one of their number, Daniel Pierce, being a member of the Council in 1689, and one of the committee of public safety, on the deposition of Andros. The name is numerous in New England.

From the time of his father's death he resided in the family of Robert Pierce, a farmer, of the same town, for more than ten years, engaged in agricultural pursuits during most of that period. Here he acquired those sound practical ideas of husbandry and thrift which distinguished him in after-life.

On the memorable 19th of April, 1775, the news rapidly spread to the surrounding settlements that the blood of Americans had been spilled at Lexington. Pierce was at work in the field, when a horseman rode up with the intelligence, hastily delivered his message, and passed onwards to alarm the country. He immediately left his plough, went to the house for his uncle's gun and equipments, and started off, on foot, with others of his comrades, for Lexington. Arriving there, they found that the British had fallen back upon Boston, and they continued their march to Cambridge. Here young Pierce, then aged eighteen, enlisted as a private in the company commanded by John Ford, and in the regiment of Col. John Brooks, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. He was in the midst of the battle on Bunker's Hill, and from that period to the closing scenes of the war, he was in every action where his regiment was engaged, and on all occasions was noticed and commended by his superior officers for his gallantry and good conduct. From the grade of a common soldier, he passed through

all the subordinate grades to the command of a company, which he held at the final disbanding of the troops in 1784. He left the army, in the enjoyment of the fullest confidence of his superior officers, and with a reputation for bravery and military talents, which was confirmed in his subsequent life.

Captain PIERCE returned to his native village in 1784, like most of his brother officers, with the remains of their nine years' pay in continental money; which, had it been worth its face, and what the faith of the government was pledged to make it, would have sufficed to purchase each of them a farm. But such was the depreciation, that he found himself nearly destitute of funds, and under the necessity of going into the wilderness, where lands were cheap, to commence the cultivation of a farm.

In the following year, having been employed as an agent to explore the Stoddard grant in New Hampshire, while returning from his expedition, he passed on horseback down the northwesterly branch of the Contoocook, a fine stream, which, after a devious course of many miles, unites with the river Merrimack. On the "Branch," as it was called, Captain Pierce found a solitary log-cabin, where, after partaking of the hospitality of the occupant, he bargained with the owner for a lot of land, consisting of about fifty acres, with the

intention of returning in the following spring to commence his clearing.

Early in 1786, he proceeded to his newly-purchased territory. With his axe he felled the trees of the forest, and with his gun procured food for sustenance, which he cooked himself, as best he might. He slept upon his military blanket, and as soundly, he was wont to say in his old age, and as comfortably, as in after-life, when he had acquired enough of worldly estate, and was in what the world termed "comfortable circumstances." Having made a clearing, and erected a rude habitation, he married in 1788 with Miss Andrews, who died in 1792, leaving one daughter, who married General John McNeil. General Pierce afterwards married a second wife, the daughter of Benjamin Kendrick, of Amherst, and by her had five sons and two daughters. The death of this lady preceded that of the General only a few months.

In the autumn of 1786, the militia of the county of Hillsborough were first organized and formed into a brigade. President Sullivan sought out the soldier, then far in the woods, having persuaded a gentleman of his council to accept the office of brigadier general, on the condition that he was to be furnished with a brigade major, qualified to take the preliminary steps for the perfect organization and discipline of the several regiments.

General Pierce, besides more than eight years'

service in the regular army, served in Massachusetts and New Hampshire twenty-one years in the militia, leaving it in the capacity of brigadier general. For many years he commanded that regiment which furnished a MILLER, a McNIEL, and several other highly valued officers and soldiers, who have distinguished themselves in the public service. It was often remarked of General Pierce, that he was the *beau ideal* of an officer of the Revolution, who had the manners of a gentleman, with enough for true discipline of that pride which distinguished the superior from the subaltern.

General Pierce was attached to the militia from principle, believing it to be the only sure arm of national defence. He counted himself among those who distrust standing armies as a safe reliance, on the ground that they might be used here, as they have in other countries, as instruments in the hands of executive power to overawe and destroy the liberties of the people.

In 1789, he was first elected a representative to the General Court of New Hampshire, and was returned for thirteen years in succession. As a legislator he frequently took an active, sometimes a leading part, in the discussions.

In March, 1803, he was first elected a counsellor, and continued in the council from 1803 to 1809—the five last years as the counsellor of Governor Langdon, by whom he was appointed

Sheriff of Hillsborough, for five years. In the office of Sheriff he continued till 1813; when, in time of high political excitement, he was addressed out of office by a majority of both branches of the legislature, for adhering to the old court instead of the new, which had been established by the same legislature. The constitution of New Hampshire, making the tenure of judicial office during good behavior, until the age of seventy years, except on removal, for cause, by address of both houses,—the legislature in 1813, desiring to get rid of the existing court, remodeled the judiciary system, rendering vacant all the judicial offices under the old law. The new appointments, of course, were of new men; but two of the judges of the old court, disputing the unconstitutionality of the new act, held their courts as usual, and the sheriffs of two of the counties, taking the same view of the case, refused to recognise the new court, who thus had no officers to execute their commands. The legislature, in this state of affairs, soon assembled, and the two refractory Sheriffs were removed by address of the two houses. Sheriff Pierce was one of the number.

These proceedings and violent changes in the judiciary system were in the end unpopular, and mainly contributed to a revolution in the politics of the State, which soon after followed. At the very next election after the removal of Sheriff

Pierce by address, the people elected him to the council, in which office he remained until 1818, when he was again appointed to the office of Sheriff. While in the discharge of the duties of this office, General Pierce became aware of the oppressions practised against poor debtors under the imprisonment laws of New Hampshire; and frequently spoke in the most decided terms of reprobation of the barbarous statute then existing in that State. So far as his personal example went,—and he enjoined the same upon all his under-officers,—the administration of the law was rendered as favorable as possible to the incarcerated debtor. One instance is recollected, which may serve to illustrate the generous feelings of Sheriff Pierce. An old man, of the name of Brewer, a revolutionary soldier, had become indebted to a petty shop-keeper, and being unable to pay the debt, had been arrested by his creditor, and thrust into close jail. Here, among a motley crew of thieves and felons, he had actually been confined for years. He had no earthly means of paying the debt, and could take the oath of poverty; but he had not the means of paying his board bills in prison, and the fees of discharge! Fruitless attempts had been made to soften the obdurate heart of the remorseless creditor, and subscriptions had been started to raise the sum necessary for the prisoner's release without success—and the old soldier remained in his

gloomy cell. General Pierce, on becoming apprised of the facts in the case, went to the prison, and opened the doors of the cell, bidding the gray-headed old man, "*Go breathe the free air!*" The debt he paid out of his own pocket.

In 1827, General Pierce was elected Governor of the State. In the following year he was left out of office, on account of his opposition to the re-election of J. Q. ADAMS. In 1829, the hero of the Hermitage having succeeded, the State of New Hampshire, (which has never been long in opposition to any federal administration,) again elected General Pierce to the office of Governor.

At the commencement of the late war with Great Britain, General Pierce entered with great zeal into its support; and used often to say, that were he a few years younger, he would once more hasten to the battle-field. Two of his sons, by his advice, entered the public service, one of whom died in the western country, and the other, Col. B. K. Pierce, has earned for himself a distinguished reputation. The Hon. Franklin Pierce, member of the United States' Senate, from New Hampshire, is a son of General Pierce.

Governor Pierce had experienced in their full force the inconveniences of an imperfect education. Although his naturally strong mind in a measure overcame the difficulties which he often encountered in the discharge of his various duties—he used often to speak with great earnestness of

the importance of early and particular attention to education. When he entered the army, his acquirements were very limited, having scarcely ever enjoyed even the advantages of a common school. By practice and perseverance, he acquired a competent knowledge of business, and passed through all his various offices with credit to himself, and the public satisfaction.

In his private character, General Pierce was hospitable and liberal. There was no public or private charity in the neighborhood, to which he did not willingly contribute—often, indeed, taking the lead in such matters. His house was open to all strangers, and until the evening of life, he kept up the good old custom of gratuitous entertainment to the passing travellers who chose to become his guest. He was of a cheerful disposition, always disposed to look upon the bright side of things, and delighting to contribute to the happiness of those around him, whether young or old. Vivacious youth found in him a congenial spirit, and sober age saw nothing with which to reproach him. His friends were numerous, and his memory is cherished, not because he held high public station, and obtained a commanding influence among the people, but on account of his plain republican manners, his integrity of character, his love of justice and private hospitality. His death occurred on the 1st of April, 1839, when he was in the 82d year of his age.

GENERAL ABSALOM PETERS.

BY ABSALOM PETERS, D. D.

THE subject of this memoir, whose decease was announced a few months since, was born in Hebron, Connecticut, March 25th, 1754. His father Colonel John Peters, who lived to the age of 84 years, and his grandfather, of the same name, resided at Hebron, and were respected as men of integrity and worth. His great-grandfather was William Peters of Andover, Massachusetts, son of Andrew Peters of Ipswich,* Massachusetts, son of William Peters of Boston; who was one of three brothers,—William, Thomas and Hugh—sons of William Peters of Fowy, in Cornwall, England, who were puritans and emigrated to New England in 1634. Thomas was a minister of the gospel, and is said to have resided at Saybrook, Connecticut; but, as far as we know, left no descendants bearing his name. Hugh was

* See *History of Hugh Peters, A. M.*, by Rev. Samuel Peters, LL. D., New York, 1807. The writer of this memoir has a manuscript furnished by Col. John Peters of Hebron to his nephew, Dr. John S. Peters, late Governor of Connecticut, by which he has corrected the genealogy given in the "History of Hugh Peters," by inserting the name of Andrew Peters of Ipswich.

also a clergyman, and was settled at Salem, Massachusetts, as pastor of the first church in that place, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. C. W. Upham. His name is famous in history, and few men have been more misrepresented and traduced. After repeated solicitations from the general court of Massachusetts, he reluctantly accepted the appointment of agent or ambassador of the plantations, to visit the government of Great Britain, where, having espoused the cause of the commonwealth, he fell under the wrath of Charles II., and was beheaded in 1660.* He left no children, excepting one daughter; and the name of his family, in this country, was preserved only by the descendants of his brother William, already noticed.

From William Peters of Boston, the subject of our narrative was of the sixth generation. His early life was spent amid the oppressions and agitations which preceded the war of the Revolution. It was perhaps the most eventful period of our country's history, "a time," as we have often heard him remark, "which tried men's souls." His father was a Whig, and young Absalom early imbibed the principles and the spirit of

* See History of Hugh Peters, before referred to, and Upham's "Second Century Lecture of the First Church," Salem, 1839, and his "Character of Hugh Peters," in the *Christian Register* of the same year.

resistance to the oppressive exactions of the government of Great Britain. But his eldest brother, who was educated for the Episcopal church, and who afterwards left his profession to take up arms in the British service, was a zealous Tory. His uncle, who was a clergyman, was also an active and conspicuous opposer of the Revolution, and rendered himself so odious to the Whigs, that he was obliged to abscond and take refuge in the mother country. Absalom firmly resisted the influence and persuasions of these powerful relatives, and adhered to the cause of the Revolution. This subjected him to the severest trials; and we have often heard him describe, with tears, the conflict of feeling with which, at the age of 19 and 20, he united with the Whigs in inflicting summary punishment upon his uncle for his secret co-operation with the enemies of his country. In his youth he was also in the battle of East Chester, New York.

At the age of 21, Mr. Peters became a member of Dartmouth College. Here too he engaged with ardor in the scenes of that day, so intimately connected with the achievement of our country's independence. For a considerable portion of his college life, he was captain of a volunteer company, composed of the students, who were armed and equipped to repel the attacks of the Indians, and to render such aid as might be required by the dangers of the times. In this ca-

capacity he was several times called out at the head of his youthful band, but never came into actual conflict with the enemy. His education was thus military, as well as classical; and during the course of his studies, he lost nothing of that zeal in the cause of his country which had been inspired by the events of his boyhood. He was a member of the tenth class of graduates of Dartmouth College, who completed their course in 1780, under its venerable founder and first president, the Rev. Dr. Eleazar Wheelock. The class consisted of ten members, viz. *Amos Chase*, Edward Longfellow, *Noah Miles*, *William Patten* (D. D.), Absalom Peters, George Pierce, Peter Pohquonnopcet, (an Indian chief of the St. Regis tribe,) *John Rolphe*, Joseph Steward, and *Daniel Story*. Those whose names are in italics were clergymen. Mr. Peters also commenced his studies with a view to the gospel ministry; but on account of the failure of his health, a few years after he graduated, he was induced to relinquish the study of his chosen profession and turn his attention to agriculture, and such military and civil employments as were demanded by the exigencies of the times, in a new country, where there were few so well qualified by education and natural talent, for offices of public trust and usefulness. He was also engaged at different times in classical instruction, and was especially distinguished as a teacher of music, in

which he composed several pieces of considerable reputation.

In October, 1780, a few months after he graduated, a great alarm was occasioned by the destruction of Royalton, Vermont, by the Indians, and a report that 4,000 Canadian troops had crossed lake Champlain, with the intention of proceeding to Connecticut river, under the command of John Peters, the elder brother of Absalom,—already referred to,—who had now become a colonel in the British service, and was at the head of the "Queen's Rangers," so called, in Canada; a large regiment composed of Canadian Indians and refugees from the Colonies. Absalom Peters was active and urgent in raising a force to resist this incursion of his brother's troops; and marched at the head of six companies, from the northern part of New Hampshire to Newbury, Vermont, the place designated for their rendezvous. On his arrival at this post, he was appointed Aid to Major-General Bailey, which office he sustained till the close of the war. Being well advised of the position of his brother in Canada, he selected a confidential agent, who proceeded under his special instructions to the army of Col. Peters, who had already reached the hither side of the lake, and was planning his march across Vermont to the Connecticut. The agent conducted his plan with so much adroitness and skill, that he soon secured the confidence of Col. Peters, and

was selected by him as his confidential guide to conduct his army through the wilderness of the Green Mountains, with which he professed a perfect acquaintance. The result was that he intentionally led them in circles, crossing each other, for several days, by which they lost much time, exhausted their provisions, and, at length, found themselves so bewildered and exposed, that the courage of Col. Peters failed him, and, with the concurrence of a portion only of his officers, he decided on a precipitate retreat to Canada, by which his troops were divided and himself disgraced, by an almost entire failure of the object of his expedition. This ingenious device effectually arrested, and, in the end, prevented all attempts of the Canadians and Tories to destroy the frontier settlements of Vermont and New Hampshire. His admirable success in thus defeating the plans of his brother, and ruining his influence, for the time being, even with the Canadians themselves, placed Mr. Peters high in the confidence of the Whigs, and gave him an early and conspicuous influence, which he was ever ready to exert for the good of his country.

In 1781, he was chosen to represent the New Hampshire Grants east of the Connecticut river, as a member of the convention which met at Bennington; and afterwards, during six sessions, he was a member of the General Assembly of Vermont until "the Grants" which he represented

were annexed to the State of New Hampshire by an act of Congress. During this period also he sustained the offices of justice of the peace and high sheriff. In the mean time he was engaged in subduing a farm in the new town of Wentworth, where he resided. After the cession of "the Grants" to New Hampshire, he was several times a member of the legislature of that State, and was honored with numerous civil offices, which he discharged with great integrity and ability. He also co-operated efficiently with Gov. Sullivan and others in organizing the militia system of that State; and having served as an officer twenty-four years, he resigned, with the rank of brigadier-general.

At the age of 29, General Peters was married to Mary Rogers, daughter of Nathaniel Rogers, Esq., a gentleman of liberal education, and a descendant, of the fifth generation, from the martyr John Rogers of England, who was burned at Smithfield in 1555. In this connexion he lived thirty-six years, until October, 1819, when Mrs. Peters, having reared to maturity, and with great discretion and kindness, a family of nine children, was removed by death, aged 63 years. Her son, Major George P. Peters of the army, who was a distinguished officer in the last war with England,—having served in the battle of Tippecanoe, under General Harrison, and in several battles on the northern frontiers, as also under General Jack-

son during the Seminole war, and having been twice wounded,—died in East Florida in 1819, in his 31st year. His younger brother, James W., a merchant in Alabama, and a member of the Senate of that State, died two years after, at about the same age. The surviving children of Gen. Peters having become settled in life, in 1821 he removed to Lebanon, Connecticut, where he was married to the worthy widow of the late Rev. John Gurley, and was soon after appointed post-master, which office he sustained until a few months before his death. In the autumn of 1839, warned by increasing infirmities, he was induced to remove to the residence of his oldest son, John R. Peters, of New York, where he received the solicitous attentions of his children resident in that city, until March 29, 1840, when he departed this life, at the age of 86 years and 4 days. His remains were removed, in compliance with his direction, to his native place in Hebron, Connecticut, where they were interred amid the scenes of his childhood, in a grave purchased by himself, by the side of his father's, in the burying-ground of the Episcopal church, of which he was a member. The oldest men were his pall-bearers, and their children of the second and third generations walked in the procession, as they conveyed this relic of another age to its resting-place in the grave. "Our fathers! where are they!"

General Peters was a man of strongly-marked

and original traits of character. His mind was active and investigating—his memory comprehensive and retentive. He had great independence, self-reliance, decision of character, and personal courage, combined with an uncommon flow of mirthfulness and philosophical wit. He possessed the power, in an extraordinary degree, of impressing his thoughts and opinions upon the minds of others, and was fitted for command in times of peril and alarm; while, in his ordinary intercourse, no man was ever more free from *hauteur* and airs of consequence. His social tendencies were strong and perpetual. He treated all men as his equals, and was a most amusing, as well as instructive companion. Thus while he contributed to the cheerful entertainment of every circle in which he moved, few men have enjoyed life as much as he. His habits were favorable to the possession of strong physical health, and his views and anticipations were ever enlivened with hope. And these traits of character were by no means diminished with his declining years. The summer previous to his death, when he was in his 86th year, he took a journey alone to New Hampshire, to visit his numerous friends in that State, during which he was absent three months, and travelled five hundred miles. He went, as he said in a letter now in our possession, "to mourn with the living the loss of the dead." On his return, he remarked that he was not conscious of

ever having enjoyed three months of his life more highly! This cheerful disposition he cherished to the very last. But a few hours before his death, he remarked that the patriarch Jacob, when he was a hundred and thirty years old, said, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been;" but I am much younger than Jacob, and yet I can say truly, "*My* days have been many and full of prosperity! Glory to God, that I have had so many blessings!"

The sayings and anecdotes of General Peters would fill volumes; and if they could be gathered up and presented in the language in which he was accustomed to relate them, they would throw much light upon the history of our country, during the last three quarters of a century. But this would be impossible. They were tales that were *told*—not written—and are but imperfectly remembered by his survivors. We will add only one, which is at once instructive and illustrative of the cheerful views with which he was accustomed to regard the progress of human improvement. Most old men look upon all changes in the customs and usages of society with disapprobation, as indications of increasing depravity and wickedness. Not so with the subject of our narrative. "General," said an aged friend of his, "don't you think the world is growing much more wicked than it was when we were boys?" "No," said the General, "it was always a wicked world.

Cain killed his brother; and there are very few examples of so great wickedness as that in our times, especially in civilized countries. No, neighbor T., I think the world is growing better.—There is much more light and knowledge among men than there was a century ago, and more religion in the world than there once was. And I think there has been some improvement in our own country since we were young. I remember that sixty-one years ago I was at the house of my friend the Rev. Mr. P., in L——, Massachusetts, and the Rev. Mr. K., who had lately been dismissed from his charge in a neighboring town, called to see him. Mr. P. inquired of Mr. K., who was now preaching to his former people? ‘No one,’ said Mr. K., ‘the people are too wicked to have a minister! They lately had a town meeting to choose tithing-men and adopt measures to secure the proper observance of the Sabbath laws; but they chose the most notoriously wicked man in the town. The chairman, Lieutenant E——, on counting the votes and finding the result to be so discreditable, refused to declare the vote, but rose and said, ‘It must be a mistake! It cannot be, that this town has lost all sense of character,—all self-respect! It cannot be! And, to settle the question, I will divide the house by the middle aisle. You that are for religion and good order, take the right-hand pews; and you that are for the *devil and confusion*, go to the left.’ And would

you believe it?—more than two-thirds of them went to the left!

“Now this,” said General P., “would be a hard case in these times, bad as the times are; yet this occurred sixty-one years ago in old Massachusetts! No, neighbor T.; the times are growing better, and our children have far better privileges than ever we had. So it will continue to be, on the whole, till the whole world will be converted.”

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

BY ALEXANDER MANN.

No State in the Union has been more fruitful in great men than South Carolina. Like the Roman mother, she points to her "jewels" with exulting pride. Small in territory and limited in her resources, she may not compete with all her sister States in wealth and power; but her treasure is the illustrious fame of her sons, and her pride the devoted attachment which they always manifest to their native State. And it may be truly said, that as no son of Carolina ever served her with more zeal and ability than Hayne, so none ever enjoyed in a higher degree her affectionate admiration and enthusiastic gratitude.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE was born near Charleston, South Carolina, on the 10th of November, 1791. He was sprung from the best blood of the Revolution. The only members of his family who were able to bear arms perished in that glorious struggle. Confinement in a British prison-ship destroyed the one, and the other, the martyred Isaac Hayne, poured out his blood on the scaffold in defence of the liberties of his country.

Mr. Hayne was the son of a respectable plant-

er of moderate fortune. He did not receive a collegiate education. His studies were begun and ended at a grammar-school in Charleston; and at the age of seventeen he entered the office of Langdon Cheves as a student at law. It is hardly necessary to say, that the instructions of this distinguished jurist and statesman were of the utmost benefit to young Hayne. A more brilliant and exciting example could not have been presented, or one more likely to fire with ambition a generous and aspiring mind.

Mr. Hayne applied himself to the study of his profession with his characteristic energy: But before he had attained the age at which he could legally be admitted to practice, the war with Great Britain, which was then approaching, called upon the patriotic to defend their country in the field. Mr. Hayne, with the ardor which characterized him through life, resolved to take up arms. He applied for and obtained an examination, and admission to the bar, under condition that he should not practise till he became of age. Having thus terminated his studies, he immediately volunteered his services as a soldier, and early in 1812 took the field as a lieutenant in the 3d regiment of State troops. His first effort as an orator was made while in the service, at Fort Moultrie, where he delivered an oration on the 4th of July, 1812, to his companions in arms. The elegance of his style, and the lofty patriotism

of his sentiments, gave indication thus early of his subsequent renown.

Having been honorably discharged from the service of the United States, Mr. Hayne immediately commenced practice in the city of Charleston. Mr. Cheves was about this time elected to Congress, and Mr. Hayne had the good fortune to succeed in a great degree to his legal business. He became immediately successful in his professional pursuits, and his practice continued to increase, and grow more profitable, up to the time when he finally retired from the bar.

Mr. Hayne was elected to the Legislature in October, 1814. This was his first appearance upon the stage of public life—a stage where he was destined to act an illustrious part. He was elected over a long list of competitors, many of whom were men of distinguished ability and eminent standing.

His popularity was in some degree attributable to the energetic support he had given to the war, but no small portion of it was unquestionably owing to his talents and eloquence. On the 4th of July next preceding his election, he delivered an oration, as the organ of the democratic party, which was considered by all who heard it a magnificent display of oratory, and which had a most important influence upon the rising fortunes of its author.

Mr. Hayne was distinguished in this new sphere

of action, as well by his sound judgment and good statesmanship, as by his eloquence. As chairman of the military committee, which he became on his first taking his seat in the house, and especially as quarter-master-general of the State, to which office he was about the same time appointed by the Governor, he rendered the most important services; and his zeal for the public interest led him to act a conspicuous part in the general business of legislation.

After he had been five years a member of the House of Representatives, that body testified its appreciation of his talents and character, by unanimously electing him to preside over its deliberations. Never before was one so young called to the chair, and the unanimous election of Mr. Hayne was certainly a most distinguished honor. As a proof of the acceptance with which he discharged the duties thus imposed upon him, he was elected attorney-general of the State, by the legislature over which he had presided, at the close of the session in which he was called to the chair. Soon after, President Monroe offered him the appointment of United States' attorney for the district of South Carolina, which he declined.

Mr. Hayne held the office of attorney-general till December, 1822, when, at the age of thirty-one, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. At the expiration of his first term he was re-elected, and continued a member till December,

1832. It was here that he became known to the nation at large. That dignified body afforded a suitable field for the exercise of his genius; and it is not too much to say, that no member ever left it with a more brilliant reputation.

The limits of the present sketch do not permit a particular notice of Mr. Hayne's course in the Senate. He was strenuously devoted to what were regarded as the peculiar interests of the South. The tariff, which, soon after he entered the Senate, became the leading topic of discussion, found in him a determined and energetic opponent. In common with most southern statesmen, he held that measure to be tyrannical and unconstitutional, and in his speech against it in 1824, he made a luminous exposition of the views of South Carolina in regard to the ruinous tendencies of the protective system. As chairman of the naval committee he rendered the most important service to the navy, and much of the present efficiency of that arm of the public defence is owing to his patriotic exertions.

It was in 1832 that the great debate took place in the Senate, in which Mr. Hayne was so illustriously distinguished. A resolution had been introduced by Mr. Foote of Connecticut, respecting the surveys of the public lands. The debate which arose upon this resolution drew within its circle the great question of the right of a State to resist a law of Congress,—a question at that

period of absorbing interest, and universally regarded as involving the integrity of the Union. Mr. Hayne advocated the well known South Carolina doctrine, and he was opposed by Mr. Webster.

It is unnecessary to enlarge on the circumstances and character of this debate; they are familiarly known to the whole country. No contest of equal interest ever occurred in the halls of Congress, whether regard be had to the unrivalled powers of the parties engaged, the intense excitement which pervaded the nation, or the unparalleled importance of the subject of debate.

It is unnecessary here to express an opinion of the comparative ability displayed on this memorable occasion. The friends of the two great champions respectively, have always regarded their arguments as unanswerable. If it be true, that the logic of the "great constitutional lawyer" was irresistible, and the famous peroration of his closing speech unequalled in the annals of American oratory, it is no less true that Mr. Hayne's reply was characterized by a fiery, impetuous, overwhelming eloquence which has never been surpassed.

The latter part of the year 1832, and the beginning of 1833, gave birth to events not likely to be forgotten. A strong feeling of self-interest in South Carolina urged on the opposition to the protective policy to the verge of revolution.

The Legislature, in special session, called a convention, of which Mr. Hayne was a member, "to determine the character" of the tariff, and "to devise means of redress." On the 24th of November, that body passed the celebrated ordinance of Nullification.

It was now generally apprehended that a fearful collision was approaching between South Carolina and the General Government. That event, above all others to be deprecated and deplored—a civil war between a State and the Union—seemed at hand. In this perilous crisis Carolina re-called her favorite son from the councils of the nation, to take the helm of state. On the 11th of December, having resigned his seat in the Senate, he was inaugurated Governor of the State. The proclamation of President Jackson, issued on the 10th, reached Charleston a very few days after. Governor Hayne responded, in a counter-proclamation, in a tone of impassioned defiance, declaring his determination to resist the aggressions of tyranny, from whatever quarter those aggressions should come, and, if need were, to shed his blood in defence of his native State. His defiance did not expend itself in words. Active measures were taken to put the State in a posture of defence, and a resolution manifested to resist to the last extremity. These proceedings naturally caused alarm for the safety of the Union, and induced the patriotic to endeavor to

devise some mode of conciliation. The compromise which was ultimately effected through the exertions of an illustrious statesman, is too well known to require any farther allusion. Peace spread her benign wings over the Republic, and the Union was saved.

Governor Hayne continued to occupy the executive chair until the month of December, 1834. In his valedictory message he expressed his anxious desire to pass the residue of his days in retirement. But in this wish he was not indulged. In the summer of 1836, he was elected president of the "Louisville, Cincinnati, and Charleston Railroad," a great work intended to connect the south and the west, and secure to Charleston a participation in the trade of the Mississippi valley.

Mr. Hayne died at Asheville, North Carolina, on the 24th day of September, 1839. He had gone to that place to attend a meeting of the directors of the railroad, when he was seized with a fever which terminated his existence at the age of 48. His early and lamented demise cast the deepest gloom over his native State, and caused an indescribable sensation throughout the south. The whole country participated in the grief at his loss, and in the regret that a statesman of rare and brilliant genius was cut down in the noon of his day.

Mr. Hayne's life, though not protracted, was full of activity, distinction, and glory. At the

bar, in the senate, in the executive chair, he acted his part—often one of unparalleled difficulty—with distinguished honor. Those who differed most widely from him in opinion, never doubted the purity of his motives, or the integrity of his character; and when he fell beneath the hand of death, the grief was deep and universal.

RICHARD BACON, JR.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

"All thy fond hopes to disappointment doomed!
 Thine expectations all cut off—thyself
 Left in thy prime to wither, like the bud,
 The flower-bud rich of promise, by the frost
 Cut off untimely!" * * * * *

It is not strange that the sentiment should so early have prevailed, that those endowed with peculiar talents were marked by Heaven for an early doom. We would by no means be understood to assert it as our own belief, or to say that there is any just warrant for such a deduction. But is it not true, that many, very many, whose morning life has given promise of a glorious day, have fallen as it were on the very threshold of being? Nay, more: is it not true, when we consider the relative proportion of their numbers, that humanity is oftener called to bend over the untimely bier of the child of genius, than over him of common mould? We believe experience will justify an affirmative response to the question: and no more common lamentation of the bard is heard, than for those who are early called from the scenes of their high hopes to sleep in forgetful slumber. If a cause is sought, doubtless a

ready one can be found in the constitutional temperament of the gifted. It is indeed idle to claim that genius, merely of itself, should be doomed of Heaven. But the mass of mankind stop not for philosophical accuracy. Too often is the "*causa non pro causa*" alleged in their investigations. And when we consider the number and the character of those who in life's morning put on their robes of immortality, we must cease to marvel at the sentiment—for indeed our own hearts will sometimes respond to it—"Whom the gods love, die young!"

We have chosen the subject of our present sketch not so much for a biographical memoir, as to confer a merited tribute to the memory of a well-beloved friend. He was of those who feel the stirrings of an ambitious and richly endowed spirit within them, but to whom it is not permitted to enter engagedly in the ranks of those who wage a warfare for renown. He listened to the clarion call of Fame, and he pined in spirit for the contest. But a strong hand held him back; and his only record is with

"Those, the young and brave, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife;
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!"

RICHARD BACON, JR., was born at Northington, (a small parish of Farmington,) now Avon, in the

State of Connecticut. His family, soon after his birth, removed to the town of Simsbury, in the same State: and here the subject of our sketch passed the chief part of his life. He evinced at an early age an unusual fondness for study, and began to develope a mind of superior ability. Circumstances, however, seemed to forbid his attaining a liberal education. After reaping all the advantages he could derive from an attendance upon the common schools, he was removed to the grammar-school at Hartford, one of the oldest, and probably the best, of the preparatory schools in the State. Here he remained for some time, and applied himself assiduously to the usual course of a thorough "English education," as also to the study of the Latin language. With his departure from this institution, closed the most of his academic studies. He had long before imbibed a strong taste for reading, and general literary pursuits. This he had cultivated to as great an extent as his other studies would permit; and he now gave his entire leisure to an attentive perusal of the standard English authors, as also to the literature of our own country. Poetry was his chief delight. Though the modesty of his genius for a long time kept the fact in concealment, circumstances at length declared him to have been a not unwelcomed worshipper at the shrine of the Muses.

We have before remarked that the greater part of our author's life was passed in the town of

Simsbury. Soon after he closed his academic course, and while he was anxious to enter upon the studies of a profession, he began to suffer from an inflammation of the eyes. This entirely defeated his plans. It gave a character to his whole after-life, and in some measure, we fear, caused his premature death. Baffled in his pursuit of a profession, he attempted other occupations, which seemed not to clash with his bodily affliction, in the hope that time would restore the use of his eyes again, and yet suffer him to attain the object of his wishes. He remained a twelve-month in Hartford, and nearly two years in New York, engaged in mercantile pursuits. But his difficulties seemed rather to be increased than removed thereby; and disappointed, and sick at heart, he returned to the quiet of his paternal mansion. Here his literary pursuits were renewed with redoubled vigor. When his own failing sight could not minister to his desires, his kind sisters would engage his leisure by reading to him, and assisting to write out and copy the productions of his own fancy.

It was at this period of his life that we became personally acquainted with Bacon. He gave us his entire confidence, and a friendship was formed which grew stronger to the day of his death. We never met with a warmer heart, or a hand which pressed a more cordial welcome. We soon saw that his affliction was a trial hard indeed to

bear. He heard the strife of the great world around him, while he was compelled to be an unwelcome lingerer from its busy scenes. Still, he did not complain. Though it was painfully evident that his mind was not fully in unison with the quietude of his situation, Hope cheered him with her whisperings of brighter days to come. Besides, he found many ingredients of happiness in his cup. Of a warm and social disposition—he was surrounded by a family which he loved: a devotee of literature—time and opportunity enabled him to indulge in his favorite pursuits, though under some discouragements it is true: a child of Nature—he could rove at will amid her most wild and enchanting scenes. As our acquaintance ripened to intimacy, we found as much to admire in his poetical taste and talents, as we had already found to love in his social temperament and virtues. His chief fault as a poet—and it is a common one with young writers—was a redundancy of fancy. Against this—for he soon became sensible of it—he was very careful to guard. He composed with enthusiasm, and then in cooler moments gave himself to the task of severe revision. He would write and re-write a piece with great care, and even then seemed loth to part with it. He published but little. He shrunk instinctively from notoriety, and when he *did* publish, he gave no clue to the authorship of his article. We doubt if he ever published two articles

over the same signature; consequently, to the great public he was unknown. Beyond the circle of his own personal friends, Bacon was not recognized as a poet. We feel tempted to give in this connexion the first article which our author gave to the public, that the reader may judge whether personal friendship has misjudged his talent:

THE WINDS.

Waves of an ocean, viewless, yet sublime!
 Which finds no strand save starry isles ye lave,
 In your cool waters bathed the infant Time—
 Your elainless surge shall roll above his grave!
 For of your birth we ask the sacred page;
 It lends no answer to our questing tone:
 Chaos' black realms ye deluged in your rage,
 Loosed from the hand outstretched from Heaven's high
 throne!

"God said, let there be light!" With sunny glance
 The young waves wooed you as ye passed along;
 Stretched forth their hand to join you in the dance,
 To joyous music from the starry throng!
 Oh blessed hours! Through Eden's blissful grove,
 In gentlest Zephyrs, 'mong the flowers ye flew;
 Stirred Eve's long tresses as she sang of love,
 And brushed her bosom of the pearly dew.

The Sun has laws: the Ocean's heaving tide
 In dread obedience only dares to roll:
 No power is awayed to bound your restless pride—
 Ye soar on high, fit emblem of the soul.

Down charnel depths, where fated stars have gone,
 Hurl'd from their place in Heaven, ye grope your way;
 Trample in dust the Pleiad's skeleton,
 And hold wild revel on the rotting clay.

Kissing the tear-drops from the blushing Spring,
 In gentle dalliance joyous on ye linger,
 Plucking your pinions from the trembling string,
 Yielding rich music 'neath the minstrel's finger!
 Oh! I have thought as on my ear ye crept,
 Soothing with whispered tale the drooping flowers,
 That dreaming Nature murmured, as she slept,
 Some cherished memory of her childhood's hours!

Pressing the lip to silence, soft ye tread,
 When Love attendant opes the lattice wide;
 Bathe the hot temples of the sick man's head,
 And woo sweet slumber to the sufferer's side!
 Kind Ministers! ye cool the cheek of Care,
 The old man's brow, the maniac's tortured brain;
 Ye pass the prison grate, and wan Despair
 Smiles at your touch, forgetful of his chain!

How changed! the scarf of empire on your breast,
 The thunder fettered to your cloudy car,
 Ye rouse to fury Ocean from his rest,
 And hurl the oak with hideous howl afar!
 Dread Ministers! For now your work is death!
 The crash of the proud ship to ruin driven—
 The shriek—the groan—the prayer—the gurgling breath—
 Are in your keeping;—bear them all to Heaven!

We might add other articles equally excellent
 —for we have many at hand—but our limits for-
 bid. We doubt not, in the judgment of all who

read our sketch, the above will be deemed the fruit of genius of no common order. For such we ever deemed Bacon's to be. We confidently looked forward to the day when his name would hold a proud place among the talented ones of our country, and that day a no far distant one. Who that then knew him could have thought that that voice would so soon be tuneless, and that mind so soon have its full developement in a better world.

During our collegiate days, we were separated but a short distance from our friend. Scarcely a week went by without bringing him to our lodgings, or taking ourself to his own "happy valley." Those winged hours of social converse, and those rambles over hill and dale, are and ever will be among the greenest spots in the waste of memory. But time separated us. Business at last called him away on a distant tour; and soon after we had left college our face was turned southward. While waiting in New York the sailing-day of our packet, we were agreeably surprised by meeting unexpectedly with our old friend again. We had thought him many an hundred miles away, and the meeting was consequently the more cheering. After a hurried conversation upon topics of mutual interest, he abruptly expressed a fear "*that he was becoming deranged!*" It seemed a strange assertion, and we gave no heed to it. We wonder now that

our own fears were not excited: for there certainly was much that was unusual in his manner, and he had a wild scheme planned for his future course, which seemed very unreasonable, and from which we endeavored to dissuade him. There was a mystery about him. Something weighed like lead upon his spirits; but we thought it a morbid mood, which would pass away. We urged him to return home, but apparently in vain. He seemed bent on his wild enterprise, and bade us adieu with the design of engaging in it. Little thought we that his melancholy prediction was true! Little thought we that his warm hand would soon be cold in death, and his warm heart lie still beneath the clods of the valley! His hearty "God bless you!" lingered in our ears, and we felt that we were parting with our best and truest friend. A few days went by, and we were again surprised, by the reception of a letter from Bacon, dated at his home, in Simsbury. It was brief and hurried, and some part of it was entirely unintelligible. We attributed such part, however, to a merry mood, rather than to any more serious cause. We gathered from it that the matter which had weighed so heavily upon his spirits when we had last seen him, was satisfactorily removed, and all was well with him. We wonder now at our blindness. The very assurance he gave of the removal of his difficulty, so singular were many circumstances connected with it,

should have given us alarm. But we were satisfied, and the epistle was laid aside to await the leisure of a future day.

When we reached our place of destination, various causes conspired to make us for a time neglectful of our distant friend. At length our grateful duty was undertaken. It was New Year's—and our thoughts were busy with Bacon. He had not been forgotten, though for a time neglected. Ere the holidays had gone, we determined to greet him with a hearty remembrance. Alas! we recked not of the trial in store for us! Before those holidays were ended, and while our heart was revelling in the past, and memory was busy with its scenes so dear, and with *him*, the dearest object of those scenes—we received an unwelcome letter from the father of our friend. Bacon was no more! He whom we loved with more than a brother's love, was slumbering unconscious of our sorrow! Never sank our heart as at these sad tidings, and we wept like a broken-hearted child!

Poor Bacon! There was too much truth in his mournful assertion. He was indeed deranged! It might be, as he stated in his letter before alluded to—probably the last he wrote—that his mental difficulty, whatever it may have been, was removed. But it had done a fearful work, and its effects were fatal. His family had hope that repose and quiet would restore him. But each

succeeding day only increased his malady. His noble mind was unhinged—his fancy ranged with frantic wildness—and the sands of life hastened to their last. His mental sufferings were intense, and his imagination—too skilfully cultivated—became his tormentor.

“ Then the haunting visions rose,
Spectres round his spirit's throne :
Poet ! what can paint thy woes,
But a pencil like thine own !”

He had conceived the plan of a majestic poem, which he never executed, entitled “THE DEATH-BED OF HOPE,” and now he spoke of it with feelings of agony. “Strange !” he would exclaim ; “was it not strange I should have thought of *that* subject ? Now I see it all : *I am without hope !*”

Thus did he suffer, and thus did his malady increase, that in a few weeks his family deemed it advisable to remove him to the “Insane Retreat,” at Hartford. Poor Bacon ! what sufferings were thine ! Conscious of the past—yet conscious of the madness which was destroying thee ! But his sufferings were not long protracted. On the 29th of December, 1838, not three weeks from the day of his admission to the institution, his spirit passed gently and composedly away—and in full possession of its former powers—we may trust, to an everlasting rest. His remains were brought back to Simsbury, and on the 1st of Jan-

uary, 1839, amid the scenes of his pleasant boyhood, attended by a weeping throng of friends and kindred, "he made his cold bed with the grave of the year!"

Thus perished, at the age of 24, one of the noblest hearts that ever went down to death, in the pride of manhood. Our own feelings it were vain to describe. All other griefs which we had known seemed trifling in comparison with this.

" We had lived and loved together
Through many changing years:"

And now that our friend was snatched away, and in so mournful a manner—dwelling in the dreary loneliness of a maniac's habitation—unable fully to realize the rich blessing of his fond parents' sympathy, and his brothers' and sisters' sorrow—and thus, by the peculiar sadness of his disease, dying, as it were, alone, in solitary anguish,—it was hard, hard indeed to bear! The burden of our grief was like the boy's sorrow for his first playmate—

" Oh call my brother back to me—I cannot play alone!"

We annex the following tribute to his memory certain that if it has no other merit to commend it, it has that of honest sorrow for worth well beloved and genius untimely blasted. It was the unstudied lament of a friend, for one most dear—

and we add it with the regret that a worthier minstrel has not bewailed him with a worthier lay!

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF RICHARD BACON, JR.

Friend of my soul! while yet I hear
 Thy kindly voice's farewell tone—
 Thou sleepest with the slumbering year,
 And wintry winds above thee moan:
 Gone with thy genius' kindling fire—
 Thy manhood's glorious promise vain:
 And I must tune my mournful lyre,
 To breathe for thee a funeral strain!

Ah! feebly roams my hand along,
 O'er trembling chords to sadness strung;
 For thee, thou child of joyous song,
 How can the solemn dirge be sung!—
 Full oft my lyre its notes of woe
 Hath waked, when griefs my soul would bend:
 How shall I bid its numbers flow
 For thee, my best, familiar friend!

Thou art not dead! I see thee still!
 For Memory wakes her magic power;
 Again we climb the wooded hill,
 Or seek the valley's vine-clad bower:
 Now by the wild brook's prattling stream,
 We rove, with careless spirits blest—
 Or watch the day-god's parting gleam
 Gush from the chambers of the west!

'Tis noontide, in the leafy June!
 Beneath some tall tree's fragrant shade—

Where soft winds breathe a whispered tune,
 Our forms along the turf are laid:
 And there, while griefs and care retire,
 And we in peace, alone, recline—
 Thou kindly list'st my simple lyre,
 And I do joyous list to thine!

The autumn's pensive days have come,
 And Death o'er Nature's bloom hath past:
 Among the funeral woods we roam,
 Where leaves are rustling on the blast:
 And while the breeze goes wailing by,
 And trees their leafless branches wave—
 We muse how Life's bright hopes must die,
 And man lie slumbering in the grave!

Alas! alas! and thou art dead!
 The friend so true—beloved so well!
 While Hope her wildest visions spread—
 Fond Memory! cease thy magic spell!
 There's gloom along thy mountain's side,
 And by thy free brook's pebbly shore—
 There's sadness in thy summer's pride,
 For thou, my friend, will come no more!

And thou didst die, in manhood's prime,
 From home and food delights away:
 While I beneath a distant clime,
 Was doomed in loneliness to stray!
 I might not mark thy gathering care—
 When sickness, lone, thy form did bow:
 Nor cheer thy sorrowing heart's despair,
 Nor wipe the death-damp from thy brow!

And thou dost sleep that hallowed sleep,
 Which Earth may ne'er disturb again:

No more thy sorrowing eye shall weep—
No more thy bosom throb with pain!
And oft at morn, at noon, and eve,
With pensive steps will mourners come—
Alone, o'er buried hopes to grieve,
And weep above thy narrow home!

But now, farewell!—hard—hard to speak,
To one of heart so true as thine:
These flowing tears adown my cheek,
Too well proclaim the grief of mine!
In yon bright heaven a glorious rest
We trust henceforth pertains to thee;
But the cold turf which wraps thy breast,
Is all that now remains to me!

THE CHEVALIER DE GERSTNER.

BY W. M. GILLESPIE.

A PROMINENT peculiarity of the American people is the earnest skill with which they *improve* every useful invention, originating either at home or abroad. While the rolls of the Patent Office testify to their original inventive genius, their remarkable facility of improving and extending the discoveries of others can be vouched for by many a foreign inventor, who sees the child of his brain, which he had sent into the world quite perfect as he fondly thought, seized upon by some ingenious American, and so bettered, adapted and transformed, that its astonished and mortified author can scarcely recognize his own progeny. RAILROADS form a striking illustration of this national characteristic. The imperfect tram-roads of the English collieries have been developed in this country till they form an iron bond of union five thousand miles long; and such is the perfection and ingenuity which their construction here displays, that they have been the objects of the visits and study of many distinguished engineers from abroad. England, France and Russia have thus been well represented; and we have now to la-

ment the death of a scientific and able Austrian engineer, whose acknowledged talents and professional enthusiasm justified us in expecting additional valuable results from his investigations.

Francis Anthony, CHEVALIER DE GERSTNER, was born at Prague in Bohemia, April 17th, 1796. His father was the founder of the polytechnic school in that city, and was one of the most distinguished practical mathematicians of his day. The young M. de Gerstner having been educated under such auspices, was appointed, when but twenty-one years of age, professor of practical geometry in the polytechnic school of Vienna, which post he filled for six years. But the practical bent of his mind soon displayed itself, and led him to apply to actual usefulness his mathematical theories. A railroad connecting the Moldau with the Danube was then projected, as a part of a great chain uniting the German ocean with the Black sea. This led M. de Gerstner to visit England in 1822, to examine the internal improvements of that country. Upon his return he obtained a charter for a railroad from Budweis on the Moldau to Linz on the Danube, and patriotically commenced the work at his own risk. It was, however, subsequently completed by a company. It is the first which was executed on the continent of Europe, and is one hundred and thirty miles in length.

In 1829, he prepared for publication a work on mechanics, combining the substance of his father's lectures with the results of his own practice. It appeared in three quarto volumes, with many plates, and in spite of its expensive character, its sale in Germany amounted to three thousand copies. The technical reviews and scientific journals united in praising in the highest terms both the matter of the work and the manner of its treatment.

In 1834, the Chevalier de Gerstner visited Russia, and after familiarizing himself with the nature and resources of the country, laid before the emperor Nicholas the project of a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Circumstances would not then allow the full execution of this plan, but a small portion of the road was completed in a manner highly creditable to the scientific skill of the engineer; and the subsequent plans of the emperor for binding together with these iron chains the widely separated portions of his vast empire, are doubtless due in a great degree to the suggestions of his professional adviser.

The Chevalier de Gerstner had made frequent visits to England with a view to improvement in his profession, and in 1838 put into execution a long-cherished project of visiting the United States. After travelling through Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, and England, he reached

this country in the steamer Great Western in November of that year.

He eagerly commenced his examination of our public works, and from that time devoted himself unceasingly to the collection of information respecting them. He personally visited and inspected all the important railroads and canals, and by free intercourse with their engineers, directors, &c., (to whose courtesy and ability he bore full testimony,) he obtained copious materials for a work upon their construction, management, and fiscal state. For such a task, his past life rendered him peculiarly suitable. He combined in a remarkable degree, scientific and mathematical knowledge with practical skill and experience; and, from his statistical habitudes of mind, and his familiarity with European works of a like nature, could, with unusual fairness and justice, compare them with those of America.

Of these qualities he gave proof, in a *brochure* on Belgian railroads, which he published while at Cincinnati. In it he classifies and expounds the satisfactory results of that government enterprise, and attributes its great pecuniary success to the adoption of the principle of low fares. This is a doctrine which all travellers will vouch to be little practised in this country; and yet all experience demonstrates that the reduction of the rate of passage on great thoroughfares,

always increases the number of those who avail themselves of it, in so great a ratio as to render the change a source of augmented profit.

In the prefatory part of this essay, he alludes to his American investigations, and states that the 3,000 miles of railroad then in operation cost \$60,000,000, averaging \$20,000 per mile. He also gives the very satisfactory result, that while their incomes varied considerably, their average return was $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the capital, and this was increasing annually at the rate of 15 to 20 per cent. upon the gross income. When we consider that many of the roads included in his estimate were planned and built for the benefit of the inhabitants to whom they gave an outlet, with little regard to their value as investments; that others were absurdly located by the force of speculation, as links between places which had no desire to approach, and that others were brought into existence by the pernicious selfishness of legislative log-rolling,—we may be allowed to feel strong confidence in the certain and great productiveness of railroads judiciously planned and executed.

The important and useful work which the Chevalier de Gerstner was preparing, was stopped in its progress by the illness which attacked him in December, 1839; and on the 12th of April, 1840, he expired in Philadelphia. He

left his family in a foreign land to the sympathy of strangers by birth, but friends by the feelings excited by his merits and remarkable kindness of heart and manners. His death is a loss to the cause of internal improvement and its accompanying benefits, not merely in America, but throughout the world.

REV. DEMETRIUS A. GALLITZIN,

"THE PASTOR OF THE ALLEGHANIES."

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE FINE, D. D.

THE career of this venerable ecclesiastic has been characterized by traits of a very extraordinary nature. Destined, by birth, for the highest honors in his own country, he abandoned it, and sacrificed all his brightest anticipations, in order to devote himself to the cause of religion in the New World. Nor did he select, even here, a conspicuous theatre on which to figure; but preferred the retired and rugged fastnesses of the Alleghany mountains, for the exercise of his zeal, and other eminent virtues. It was amid those solitary retreats, surrounded with a colony of poor settlers, that he erected a church, and made the "desert to blossom as the rose." During forty-one years, he devoted his fortune, his fine mind, his literary and theological attainments, to the service of the poor, amid the wilds of Pennsylvania. And he cherished this voluntary obscurity beyond the glare of the court, and the purple of the church—either, or both of which he might have enjoyed, had he embraced the eccle-

siastical state in Europe, or chosen for his abode the metropolis, where pontiffs love to cover with merited dignities the princes of the earth, who choose "the Lord as their portion and heritage."

The Rev. DEMETRIUS A. GALLITZIN was the son of the most noble prince Gallitzin; a name in which Russia prides herself, as among her wisest and most renowned, and all Europe recognizes as most distinguished and illustrious. Having filled some of the highest offices in the empire, the prince was sent to represent the Czar, as minister plenipotentiary to the court of Holland. It was whilst in the discharge of this high function, that he gave birth, at the Hague, to the subject of this brief memoir. The twenty-second of December, A. D. 1770, ushered into life the young Gallitzin, the flower of his family,—the future "pastor of the Alleghanies."

His boyhood was spent in acquiring all the accomplishments proper for a youth of his noble condition: and possessing great talents and a natural enthusiasm of character, he did not fail to turn to the best advantage the opportunities which he enjoyed. Having arrived at his twenty-second year, adorned with an elegant person and captivating manners, but still more with an ingenuous and inquiring disposition, he determined to travel, in order to prepare himself still more thoroughly for the elevated station for which he was intended. He crossed the Atlantic,

with the view of observing the progress of civilization and human liberty in the republic of the United States.

It is no difficult matter to imagine with what distinguished and cordial welcome the hope of the princely family of Gallitzin was received on these shores; and with what exciting emotions his parents looked forward to the realization of all their designs in his regard.

But Providence, who disposes all things "strongly and sweetly," had other views: in the midst of his career, when courted by all the world, on account of his immense fortune and illustrious birth, the convictions of religion came upon his spirit with irresistible energy. He had been born and educated in the Greek church, which, ever since the seventh century, had separated from the See of Rome, and, under an Œcumenical patriarch of its own choice, erected an ecclesiastical polity independent of the ancient Catholic church. The great controversy which agitated the east and west on the subject of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, and the violent usurpation of authority grasped by the Greek patriarch in opposition to the rightful supremacy of the Roman pontiff, are familiar to every reader of ecclesiastical history. It may be, however, added, that, although most of the *dogmata* of the Greek church are orthodox—although the mass,

transubstantiation, auricular confession, purgatory, &c. are strictly believed and adhered to, by its members, still no schismatics are more hostile to the western or Roman Catholic Church, than the Russians, and other partisans of the oriental usurpation. The conduct of the reigning autocrat towards his Catholic subjects, as well in Russia as in Poland, sufficiently attests the truth of this assertion. Hence it is, that the Russians are taught, from their cradle, to abhor the Roman supremacy—and to cleave with superstitious and national tenacity to their own œcumenical patriarchate, as the source of all orthodox doctrine and legitimate discipline. The nobility and gentry are nurtured, with peculiar care, in all these prejudices and hostile feelings against Rome. The reader may, therefore, easily conceive how profound must have been the investigations—how sincere the convictions—how great the triumph over prejudice—of young Gallitzin, when, amid all the dissipating scenes into which, as a gay traveller, he was thrown, he became a convert to the doctrines and supremacy of the Roman church. By taking this step, he was fully aware that he was blasting, at one stroke, all his future worldly hopes—that he was incurring the inexorable displeasure of a Father, who before had doted on him, and was closing the doors of imperial favor against himself for ever.

But his generous heart had resolved to make

the sacrifice. He was in quest of truth : and once convinced where it was to be found, he made up his mind to obtain it, at the peril of all things else. This was, for him, that "precious stone" of which the Scripture speaks ; to purchase which he was prepared to "sell all things he possessed." He had paused from the hurry of his travels, to search into the question which divided the Greek from the Roman Church. He consulted the oracle of the American Catholic church—John Carroll—at that time Bishop of Baltimore : a prelate, whose memory is as dear to our country as it is sacred to our religion : a prelate, whose patriotism and virtues were well known to the first Congress which deputed him on a most important mission to Canada, in company with his cousin Carroll of Carrollton, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Chase : a prelate, who combined the deepest convictions of religion with the blindest manners and most tolerant disposition. It was this immortal Bishop, in whom Gallitzin found an instructor—as Augustine found in Ambrose, at Milan—to whom he unbosomed his inmost feelings—by whom he was instructed—and through whom he was admitted into the pale of the Catholic Communion.

Having taken this step, he now formed the resolution not to return to his native country, but to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and spend his life in spreading through the New World the doc-

trines which he believed to be revealed from heaven. To this end, he withdrew altogether from society, and retired into the Theological Seminary at Baltimore, in order to prepare himself for the work of the holy ministry. His course in that venerable institution, which had been founded by eminent divines exiled from France by the horrors of the Revolution, was edifying and exemplary; and, on the festival of Saint Joseph, the 19th of March, anno 1795, he received the order of priesthood from the hands of Bishop Carroll.

Had he, then, betaken himself to the "Eternal City," it is more than probable that he would, in a very short time, have been invested with the highest honors of the church. His name, his fortune, his accomplishments, his piety, would have richly entitled him to them. But, instead of seeking for such distinctions, he courted obscurity; and, under the *anonyme*, as it may be termed, of "Rev. Mr. Smith," he retired into the interior of Pennsylvania, and commenced the exercise of the ministry on one of the farms belonging to Georgetown College, called Conewago.

But, not satisfied with bounding his labors within the district of that mission, he extended them into the bosom of the Alleghanies; in which, as if to bury himself still more deeply in solitude and oblivion, he, at length, determined to fix his residence. There, in the midst of a few poor families, he began his apostolic labors in the year

1795; and continued in that wild retreat, round which, however, he gradually drew large congregations, until the period of his death.

They only who have witnessed it, can form an idea of his boundless charity. Thousands now live to proclaim it, and bitterly to bewail the loss of it, by his departure into another world. His ample fortune was spent in affording them temporal comfort, while his life was exhausted in conferring on them spiritual consolations.

The Reverend Demetrius Gallitzin was gifted with rare intellectual endowments—and, as an author, occupies a conspicuous rank among the ecclesiastical writers of America. He had become a perfect master of the English language, which he spoke and wrote almost without any foreign idiom or accent. His "defence of Catholic principles" holds a place among the standard polemical works of our country: and the number of editions through which it has gone, both here and in England, vindicates his claim to the position which it now holds, and is likely to hold among future generations. His manner of writing is vigorous; and a spirit of candor and a tone of high breeding preside over his most earnest and ardent works of controversy. He is keen, it must be admitted;—but he cuts with a polished razor: and when he meets his antagonist on the theological arena, he encounters him according to the tactics of honorable warfare;

and in his victory, he is calm, forbearing, and just.

Full of merits and good works, this venerable priest expired, in the 71st year of his age, on the 6th of May, 1840. In his demise, the church has been deprived of one of her most eminent divines—the sanctuary, of one of its brightest luminaries—the community, of one of its most accomplished ornaments—the poor, of their best benefactor—and a numerous congregation, of their devoted pastor and father.

*Multis ille quidem flebilis occidit !**

His grave is made in the solitude where his life was spent : and better rest, in peace, under the green turf watered by the tears of the poor, than lie neglected and forgotten beneath the stately mausoleums of the great. He has gone to receive the reward promised to the good and faithful servant—and his memory, as "Pastor of the Alleghanies," will be in benediction in the annals of the church.

* The tears of many will bewail his loss.

WILLIAM LEGGETT.

BY THEODORE SEDGWICK.

WILLIAM LEGGETT was born in the city of New York, in the year 1802. A portion of his education was acquired at Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia. In the year 1819, he accompanied his father's family to the State of Illinois, and it may well be that the free and unshackled life of the western prairies did much towards impressing on his character that bold and lofty independence which so much distinguished it. In 1822 he entered the navy with the rank of midshipman; but threw up his commission in 1826, owing to a personal difficulty with his commander, which, however, attached no blame whatever to him. His first literary efforts resulted from this last step. He now published his "*Leisure Hours at Sea*," and several prose sketches, which were afterwards collected under the title of "*Tales by a Country School-Master*."

In 1828 he established the "*Critic*," a weekly periodical, which did not, however, outlive a six-month's existence; and in 1829 attached himself to the "*Evening Post*."

In June, 1833, that paper became the leading Administration journal in the city of New York, and when Mr. Bryant, the senior editor, went to Europe in 1834, its sole management fell into the hands of Mr. Leggett.

It was from this time that Mr. Leggett's reputation began to culminate. He brought a new spirit to the important task in which he was engaged. While he remained firmly, nay, devotedly, attached to the democratic party, he pointed out and denounced with unprecedented boldness their faults and errors, and rapidly acquired, not only in his own party, but throughout the country, an elevated and commanding position.

But unhappily for himself, more so still for the political party which he adorned, and most unfortunately for his country, this career was abruptly terminated.

In 1835 he was seized by a violent illness, which reduced him to the borders of the grave, and for a year he was incapable of any continued exertion.

In December, 1836, he established "*The Plain Dealer*," a paper intended to support democratic principles, but at the same time to examine all the measures of the government with perfect independence. The first numbers of this journal contain some of his boldest and most eloquent productions, but the hand of illness was

soon again laid heavily upon him, and he was, in 1837, compelled to discontinue the "*Plain Dealer*."

In November, 1838, he was prominently before the nominating-committee as a candidate for the Congressional nomination, but failed, owing to the anti-abolition fanaticism which then controlled the leading men of the democratic party in New York.

This was his last public effort: he retired to New Rochelle, in Westchester county, and there, after a year of pain and suffering, borne with unflinching courage, died on the 29th of May, 1839.

These are the prominent facts of the life of WILLIAM LEGGETT, but they should not be unaccompanied by a few at least of the comments which they naturally suggest. Lord Brougham has said of Sir Samuel Romilly, "It is fit that no occasion on which he is named should ever be passed over without an attempt to record the virtues and endowments of so great and good a man for the instruction of after-ages."

It is equally fit, that no occasion on which William Leggett is named should be passed over without an attempt to record the example of a man who was a politician without selfishness,—a partisan, without yielding the independence of his own judgment,—whose life was a lesson of courage, honesty and truth.

His name may not reach after-ages, but those who knew him will ever love to dwell upon his memory, they will ever acknowledge the impulse given to their own minds by his active, intelligent and uncompromising independence. They will ever remember him as one who, but for untoward circumstances, an unkind fortune and premature death, would have deeply impressed his name on his age and country.

I may be allowed to close this most imperfect sketch of this able and intrepid man by an extract from the Preface to the edition of his works, which appeared in January last.

"The foundation of his political system was an intense love of freedom. This, indeed, was the corner-stone of his intellect and his feelings. He absolutely adored the abstract idea of liberty, and he would tolerate no shackles on her limbs. Liberty in faith—liberty in government—liberty in trade—liberty of action every way,—these were his fundamental tenets—these the source alike of his excellencies and his defects. * * *

"His great desire on all the questions which agitated the country appeared to be the attainment and establishment of *truth*. The vehemence of his temperament and the force of his original impressions often had an obscuring tendency upon his mind. But against these he was forever striving. No one familiar with him but must have perceived the progress his mind was con-

tinually making, and the manly independence with which, when once convinced of an error, he denounced and cast it off. Truth was his first love and his last—the affection of his life. His most favorite work was, I think, Milton's *Areopagitica*, and the magnificent description of Truth which it contains was constantly on his lips. * * *

“The death of Mr. Leggett is deplored with a regret that arises as well from public as private considerations. We grieve for the loss of an accomplished man of warm attachments, ardently devoted to his friends, and ready to make any sacrifice for them. But, if possible, we still more deeply lament the death of an eloquent and independent politician, thoroughly imbued with the cardinal principles of liberty—of one with no superior, and scarcely a rival in his vocation, who, whatever his faults, had merits that a thousand-fold redeemed them; his richly stored intellect—his vigorous eloquence—his earnest devotion to truth—his incapability of fear—his superiority to all selfish views,—are forever embalmed in our memory.

“Most especially do his friends deplore the time and circumstances of his death. Life appeared to be opening brightly, and the clouds which had hung around him seemed on the point of dispersing.

“Every year was softening his prejudices and calming his passions. Every year was enlarging

his charities and widening the bounds of his liberality. Had a more genial clime invigorated his constitution, and enabled him to return to his labors, a brilliant and honorable future might have certainly been predicted of him. He would not have left a name only as the conductor of a periodical press—he would not merely have left these transient and fleeting memorials of his ability and rectitude. It is not the suggestion of a too fond affection, but the voice of a calm judgment, which declares that, whatever public career he had pursued, he must have raised to his memory an imperishable monument, and that as no name is now dearer to his friends, so few could then have been more honorably associated with the history of his country than that of WILLIAM LEGGETT."

SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

BY W. S. RANDALL.

SOLOMON SOUTHWICK was born on the 25th of December, 1773, at Newport, Rhode Island. His father was one of the earliest and most effective champions of that gallant struggle for the rights of the colonists, which eventuated in the war of the Revolution. For several years prior to the commencement of hostilities, he was the editor of the *Newport Mercury*; a journal deeply partaking of the aroused spirit of the country, and devoted to the assertion and maintenance of those high principles which the men of that day regarded as inseparably identified with patriotism and public and private liberty. His well known sentiments and effective exertions in preparing the popular mind for independence, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the officers and agents of the British government; and, placed under the vindictive ban of an unscrupulous and irritated tyranny, he became one of the earliest victims of power and oppression. From a condition of competency, and even of affluence, arising from his connexion with some of the highest and wealthiest families of the province, and from his own industry and

talents, he was soon reduced to utter destitution; hunted down by the myrmidons of despotism, driven from his native State and compelled to seek a precarious shelter wherever it might be found. His wife soon fell a victim to anxiety, care, and physical and mental sufferings; and he survived her loss but a short period, leaving five children dependent upon the charity of the world for the means of subsistence.

The subject of this sketch commenced his career, at twelve years of age, as cook to a fishing company bound for Cape Cod; whence, after enduring the innumerable hardships and privations incident to circumstances so unfavorable, he returned to Newport, and apprenticed himself to a baker. He afterwards abandoned this employment, and went on board a coasting vessel as a common sailor, where he remained sufficiently long to experience the usual variety of "hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent perils"—to contract the worst acquaintances—and impregnate his ardent and susceptible, but immature mind, with those sentiments of infidelity and atheism which had already plentifully emanated from the fertile laboratory of the French Revolution.

At the age of eighteen, he was induced to give up this roving and unsettled life; and soon after obtained a situation as a printer's boy,

in an establishment in New York, in which, among others, the celebrated Charles Holt and Matthew L. Davis were employed. Thence, at the solicitation of his brother-in-law, John Barber, then printer to the State, he proceeded to Albany, and first as a journeyman, and subsequently as partner, in the establishment of the "Albany Register," then the organ of the democratic party, laid the foundations for his subsequent busy and prosperous career as a politician.

On the death of Mr. Barber, in 1808, he succeeded to his interest in the Register, and was soon after appointed printer to the State. In this capacity his talents, intrepidity, and enthusiastic energy of character, soon placed him at the head of his party, and enabled him for a long time to exercise an almost unlimited influence upon the political destinies of the State. He met, however, with a vigorous and powerful opposition, particularly in the city of Albany, then the stronghold of federalism, where he was obliged, for a considerable length of time, to stem the torrent of a formidable and exasperated majority. To so high and unwonted a pitch was the popular feeling enlisted against him, that, on one occasion, his dwelling was surrounded at midnight by an infuriated mob, bent upon personal violence, while an only and beloved daughter lay dead at the time in the house.

Few men have occupied a larger space in the early political history of our State; few have participated more extensively, and for a longer period of time, in the public confidence and regard; and few have experienced more striking vicissitudes of fortune in the great arena of partizan warfare. But while a recapitulation of the exciting incidents which marked his political career could not fail to prove acceptable, as well from their important connexion with the history of the times, as from their intrinsic interest, the limits to which we are restricted necessarily compel us to hurry over this portion of his busy and eventful life. We cannot even stop to sketch the meagre outline of those stirring events in which he bore so conspicuous a part; events which, in their immediate consequences, as well as ultimate results, exercised so important an influence upon the administration of our political affairs. Abundant materials are afforded in a review of his biography, for a graphic and interesting history of a period fertile in incident, distinguished for the display of talent, and marked by the agitation of questions which have exerted a powerful influence upon the condition of society, and the success of our republican institutions. We are induced to hope that some one more intimately conversant with this important era, and more familiar with its peculiar spirit, will yet be found to illustrate, by the aid of these

materials, a department of our civil and political history hitherto overlooked or but imperfectly appreciated.

Of the causes immediate or remote, personal or political, which led to the final overthrow of Mr. Southwick's influence as the great and acknowledged leader of a triumphant party, and which brought in their train the loss of that immense fortune which, during a period of nearly thirty years, he had toiled most industriously and faithfully to acquire, we have neither time nor room here to speak. His enemies—and a man of his peculiar cast of character, basking for so long a period in the full and uninterrupted sunshine of personal and political prosperity, and wielding so potent an influence as that which moulds public opinion to its measures and its will, could not choose but surround himself with strong and powerful enemies—have arraigned him upon weighty and serious charges; many, and indeed most of which, have been thoroughly investigated, and a verdict of substantial acquittal awarded.

In investigations of this nature, great allowance is undoubtedly to be made for peculiarity of position,—collocation of circumstances,—the prevalent code of political morality,—the contagious influence of example,—the tempting prize at stake,—the excited condition of the

public mind, and particularly that of the principal combatants in the anomalous field of political warfare then opened,—and most of all, the ardent, ill regulated, rash, headstrong, and mercurial temperament of the individual thus called upon to reconcile, with the cool and dispassionate dictates of sound judgment and strict morality, all the varied impulses by which his conduct was governed. The compulsory retirement of such a man from the familiar arena of political strife, with a ruined fortune and blasted expectations, especially when we make due allowance for the splendid qualities which eminently fitted him to adorn the highest public station, was surely a retribution sufficiently severe.

In 1816 Mr. Southwick was appointed post-master in the city of Albany, the duties of which station he continued to discharge until near the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, when he was displaced in favor of General Solomon Van Rensselaer. For several years he had acted as a regent of the University, under an appointment from the Legislature, and also as one of the managers of the State Literature Lottery, under the same authority. While holding the office of State printer, and actively engaged in his editorial duties, he nevertheless found time to complete a thorough and regular course of legal studies; and, in 1813, was admitted as an

attorney, and subsequently as a counsellor, of the Supreme Court.

About the year 1819, he established in the city of Albany, a weekly paper, under the title of the "Plough-Boy," principally devoted, as its name imports, to agricultural topics. He continued the publication of this paper some two or three years, when he again embarked in the political contests of the day, and assumed the editorial charge of the "National Democrat," in the same city, which he continued for about three years, during which time he took the field as the self-nominated candidate for Governor against Mr. Yates, and obtained a very respectable support.

When the vicissitudes of political fortune terminated his influence as a party leader, and with it the fairest prospects of worldly comfort and affluence, it abated in no respect the zeal and spirit with which he had, from the first, been accustomed to regard those great principles of government and policy upon which his political faith was founded. No longer, however, acting under the complicated responsibility of a party leader, and free to carry out, unembarrassed by counteracting influences, the suggestions of his own clear and vigorous mind, in that field of political action which appeared to him the most important, he embarked all his energies in that famous crusade against the institution of Ma-

sonry, which from 1827 to 1830 convulsed a great portion of the State, and produced for the time being a new and peculiar organization of political interests.

To this subject, on its first agitation, Mr. Southwick, impelled alike by the ardor of his character, and the convictions of his sober judgment, devoted the concentrated energies of his powerful mind. He conducted a paper in the city of Albany, under the title of the "National Observer," devoted to the examination and discussion of the various questions arising out of the anti-Masonic excitement; and subsequently, he was placed in nomination by the anti-Masonic party, on its first political organization, as a candidate for the office of governor. The decline of his fortunes, however, political and pecuniary, prevented his continuance as the leading editor of the party to which he had attached himself, and he was compelled, in justice to himself and his family, to retire from the noisy and vexatious clamor of politics to the privacy of the domestic circle. His long connexion with the party interests of the day had terminated: and the remainder of his life was devoted to study, to contemplation, to the welcome, and to him ever precious, enjoyments of a happy home, and to the dissemination of religious, moral and intellectual truth. The morning of his life was overshadowed with heavy and

threatening clouds; his noon-day sun shone with a brilliant, perhaps a too brilliant and hurtful splendor; but his evening declination was the steady, tempered reflection of a mellowed and softened light.

It is to this period that we must chiefly refer his exertions in the great field of religious, moral and intellectual improvement, to which we are indebted for the most conclusive proofs of the vigor, depth and compass of his mind, as well as of the comprehensive benevolence and general philanthropy for which he was distinguished. We have seen that at an early period of his life, and when surrounded by an atmosphere of immorality and vice, he was led to abandon the belief in Christianity, which had been instilled into his infant mind by the counsels of parental and maternal love, and to commit himself without a rudder or a compass to the stormy ocean of infidelity. His subsequent efforts, however, to disseminate the truth, beauty and sublimity of the Bible, in an admirable course of lectures devoted to that subject, and delivered during the years 1831 to 1837, in most of the principal towns and cities of the State, attest the soundness and the force of those religious convictions which had finally fastened themselves upon his mind; and his connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which took place in 1831, as well as the uniform morality, purity

and simplicity of his life, bear the strongest witness to their practical effect. His "lectures on the Bible" were accompanied by, and alternated with, occasional addresses on the subject of the Temperance Reform, then in its infancy: and it is but simple justice to say, that his exertions in this important field of labor contributed materially to the progress and success of the cause to which they were devoted. He also published about this period his "Letters of a Layman," under the signature of "Sherlock," addressed to Thomas Herttell, Esq. of New York, chiefly on the subject of that philosophical infidelity of which Mr. Herttell was known to be an able and distinguished champion.

In the year 1819, Mr. Southwick established and conducted for a considerable length of time a religious periodical, published in the city of Albany, entitled the "Christian Visitant," principally devoted to an examination of the prevalent systems of jacobinical infidelity which had, as before remarked, been transplanted in this country by the terrible whirlwind of the French Revolution; and which had taken deep root, particularly in the large cities and more populous places of our country.

But the crowning excellence of his labors, in a literary and moral view, is his early, unremitting and assiduous devotion to the great cause of EDUCATION. Himself, emphatically, a self-made

man—owing all of knowledge, of mental and moral culture, of success in life, of honor, fame, distinction and usefulness, to his own exertions and perseverance—it was the predominant desire—the master-passion, if we may so speak, of his mind, to communicate to others, particularly to the laboring classes, to the indigent, the obscure and the friendless—and generally to young men in every condition of life, that knowledge of their powers and faculties which should render them independent alike of extraneous circumstances and adventitious aid, in the development of their minds. His address at the opening of the Albany Apprentices' Library—an institution to the establishment of which his exertions materially contributed—is an earnest, impassioned and eloquent appeal upon this great subject, and secured for him the most gratifying tributes of applause and admiration from the ablest statesmen and most distinguished philanthropists at home and abroad. Wilberforce commended it as one of the highest efforts of comprehensive benevolence. Jefferson, Adams, and Monroe, addressed to him and others, letters expressive of their exalted admiration of his character and his efforts in the cause of Education. This address was, indeed, a masterly production—overflowing with an energy, a pathos and an eloquence, which only such a subject, in the hands of such a man, could elicit. His exertions in aid

of indigent and deserving young men, particularly mechanics, struggling under the pressure of outward circumstances, were not confined to the closet or to the public lecture-room. While his fortune afforded the means, he constantly sought out those to whom he might beneficially extend the hand of assistance; and he neglected no opportunity of advancing and encouraging the industrious and the deserving, by substantial testimonials of the interest which he felt in their welfare. While holding the station of president of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank in the city of Albany, he, in several instances, and wholly without solicitation from those interested, endorsed notes presented for discount by such individuals, which had been refused by the Directors as insecure; and on such occasions, his timely interference was discovered only when the notes were taken up by those who had originally presented them.

Mr. Southwick's "Lectures on Self-Education," delivered co-temperaneously with those on the Bible, and subsequently repeated about a year previous to his death, before the Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement in the city of Albany, created a general interest, and secured for him, wherever the course was announced, the most intelligent and respectable audiences. These lectures were eminently worthy of the ample genius and diversified experience of their author.

To the young, they are particularly invaluable—comprising, as they do, a masterly exposition of the fundamental principles upon which intellectual and moral training and discipline depend. This great work was succeeded by "Five Letters to Young Men, by an Old Man of Sixty," designed to warn the young against the theatre, the gaming-house, the circus, and other seductive allurements and immoralities peculiarly incident to cities. In all his various lectures, addresses and orations, before literary and other societies, at public meetings and on anniversary occasions, he seems to have kept this great purpose steadily in view; and he neglected no opportunity which presented itself, to communicate the rich results of his own experience, varied and extensive reading, and comprehensive and judicious observation, with reference to the cultivation and development of the mind. A few months previous to his death, he had projected the establishment of a Literary and Scientific Institute, in the city of Albany, under his control and supervision, for the express purpose of affording the requisite facilities to young men desirous of pursuing a course of self-education upon his plan; and had offered to indicate to those at a distance, who might wish to avail themselves of his course, without actual attendance upon the contemplated Institute, a synopsis of its arrangement and method.

For two years immediately preceding his

death, he conducted the "Family Newspaper," published by his son, in the city of Albany—a weekly journal, devoted to literary and miscellaneous subjects. A great variety of manuscript productions upon several topics of general and local interest, theological, political, literary, moral, and miscellaneous, many of which it was his intention to revise and prepare for the press at a future period, were left by him in an unfinished state, when he was suddenly, and without any previous warning, arrested by the hand of death, in the midst of his usefulness, and the full maturity of his intellectual powers. Returning, in company with his wife, from an evening visit, he was suddenly attacked by an affection of the heart, which in about fifteen minutes terminated fatally. His age was sixty-six.

The chief elements which entered into the composition of Mr. Southwick's character were noble and intrinsically great. Reared in the school of adversity—struggling with, and surmounting, the most formidable obstacles to advancement and success in life,—working out the materials for usefulness, honor and fame, by his own unaided and unassisted exertions, and finally triumphing by the mere force and energy of his character, over all that impeded his progress,—obtaining, too, that most difficult of all victories, the final and complete subjugation of the selfish

propensities to the higher and nobler intellectual and moral nature,—this example cannot fail to prove eminently beneficial, in the present period of aroused and earnest conflict, for the ascendancy of truth, and the purification of humanity.

HENRY J. FINN.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Among the victims of the tragic catastrophe which befell the Lexington, no one has been more generally lamented than the excellent comic actor, HENRY J. FINN. Of his life the present writer has few particulars in his possession; and he enters upon the task of furnishing a brief biographical sketch, more for the purpose of expressing a wish that others, with better means for doing justice to the memory of Finn, and with more copious materials for his history, would give to the public a fitting memoir, than with any hope of supplying the desideratum himself. The life of the actor is generally full of incident and variety; and could Finn have lived to have written his own reminiscences, we believe we should have had one of the most interesting autobiographical works connected with the stage.

We have heard from Mr. Finn's own lips that he was a native of the city of New York; and from the report of others, we learn that he was born in the year 1782, of respectable parents. At an early age he was sent to the academy at Hackensack, then in high repute, under Mr.

Traphagen. He afterwards, while yet a boy, sailed for England, having been sent for by an uncle, who was in affluent circumstances. He was accompanied on the voyage by his mother. The vessel, in which they embarked, foundered at sea, and the crew and passengers took to the boats and were for many days driven about, the sport of the winds and waves. They were at length picked up by a ship bound for Holland, and landed at Falmouth. Even thus early in life did Finn experience a foretaste of the awful fate that was to terminate his career.

He arrived in London. The novelties and allurements of the great metropolis led him to disregard the austere injunctions of his uncle, and the old gentleman finally died without bequeathing to him a penny. The mother had left this life some time before; and Finn re-embarked for America, and arrived in the city of New York in the spring of 1799. Here he commenced the study of the law in the office of Thomas Phoenix, the late district attorney of the city. He did not, however, find the profession a congenial one, and after spending two years over Blackstone and Coke, he abandoned it forever. Soon afterwards he revisited London, turned his attention to the stage, and appeared in subordinate characters at the Haymarket Theatre. He soon rose to be a favorite.

A late number of the London New Monthly

Magazine, conducted by Theodore Hook, says, in a notice of a piece called "The Sleep-Walker," that "owing to the excellent acting of Mr. Jones and Mr. Finn in the little part of Thomas, it was the most successful piece of the season;" so that even in his first attempt, and in a trifling character, he gave promise of reaching the reputation he has since acquired. In 1811 he returned to America, and made his first public appearance at Montreal, where he gave an entertainment consisting of recitations, songs, &c. in which he was very successful. His next appearance was in New York, where he was received with marks of distinguished favor. Subsequently he became a member of the company of the Federal-street Theatre, Boston, where he continued for a number of years, and established a reputation as an actor, and a character as a man, which will be ever dear in the memory of the citizens. He first took to the tragic line in Boston—appearing as Othello to Cooper's Iago—but he soon became convinced that he had mistaken his forte, and though his tragedy might be good, his comedy was far superior. So he gave up Gloster, Shylock, and Macduff, for Paul Pry, Mawworm, and Dr. Ollapod.

Long after he had become a confirmed favorite as a comedian, we remember seeing him play Shylock. But, although a stranger would have said he played the part more than respectably, yet the humorous associations connected with the

intonations of his voice and the lines of his countenance, produced a ludicrous effect upon those who had been familiar with his rich comic personations, and converted his tragedy to farce. We remembered "Billy Black," and when we saw him as the "inexorable Jew," sharpening his knife upon his shoe, we were disposed to call upon him for a conundrum.

Mr. Finn was at one time manager of the Federal-street Theatre, in Boston, and visited England once or twice for the purpose of selecting recruits. He brought over to this country some of the best stock actors now upon our stage. In 1828 he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, former manager of the Federal-street Theatre, and by her he had five children. Having accumulated a handsome property by his professional industry, he purchased a beautiful cottage at Newport, R. I., where he spent a portion of the warm months, and recruited after his winter campaigns in Boston, New York, and, of latter years, in New Orleans and the southern cities, where he became an immense favorite.

During the mania for speculation in 1835-6, Finn became "inoculated" with the rest of the world, and lost a considerable portion of his property by meddling with "fancy stocks." He was not, however, disheartened by his reverses. He applied himself with assiduity to his profes-

sion, and was fast retrieving his losses. He had just finished a successful engagement at the Chesnut-street Theatre in Philadelphia, and was returning to his happy and hospitable homestead at Newport. He took passage from New York on the 13th of January, 1840, on board the Lexington,—since the destruction of which, by fire, with the precious cargo of human lives committed to it, nothing has been discovered in regard to the subject of our memoir. He undoubtedly perished with the greater portion of the ill-fated company, in the midst of horrors, which the imagination shrinks from contemplating :

“Et nunc, sub undis oceani,
Procul ab amicis,
Immatura morte quiescit!”

As an actor, Finn was gifted with true genius. His comic powers were indeed extraordinary. The spontaneous flashes of wit and merriment, which sparkled through all his personations, gave to them a peculiar zest. In Boston he was for many years the paramount favorite with the theatre-going public. His benefits were always handsomely attended; and he had a peculiar faculty of attracting public attention by the ingenuity of his “cards” and announcements, which were usually made up of the most extraordinary and inconceivable puns, for which his own name furnished prolific materials. His

representations of Beau Shatterly, Philip Garbois, Sir Peter Teazle, Bob Logic, Paul Shack, Monsieur Jacques, and other parts of peculiar humor, will long live in the memories of thousands.

Finn's versatility was as extraordinary off the stage as on. He could paint miniatures very neatly, as also landscapes and portraits in oil. His comic songs are among the most ingenious in the language. He was the author of a drama called "Montgomery, or the Falls of Montmorenci," which was acted in Boston with considerable success, and afterwards published. He also left behind him a manuscript tragedy, some specimens of which were published in the New York Mirror for 1839. He was the author of several comic annuals and almanacs, and of many prose contributions, which show that he was the master of a pure and correct English style.

The following little poem, though inferior to many of the lyrical pieces of Finn, is interesting when read in connexion with the remembrance of his own melancholy end. The coincidence is not a little remarkable.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

DEEP mists hung over the mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read ;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seemed hushed, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea,
The ship that sheltered that homeless one—
As though his funeral-hour should be
When the waves were still and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless :
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing bell
Was echoed along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away to tell
Where the mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then lingered upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent ;
But *the plunging sound of the dead was there*—
And the ocean is now his monument !

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed, and shed, in the hours to come—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home !

A writer in the Boston Morning Post says :
“ We find it impossible to realize the melancholy
fact in its full extent, that FINN is NO MORE. The
poet, wit, actor, painter, and author—the only
legitimate representative of so many of the rich-
est characters of the drama—the finished *artist*—
at home in every department of his profession—
of humor inexhaustible—of versatility unbounded
—well may the children of the stage lament the

loss of one of its brightest ornaments. It will be long ere we shall look upon his like again.

"But it is not only as a professional man that we deplore his premature decease. As a personal friend with whom we have pleasantly travelled a long way over the road of existence, we repine at his sudden exit. He is associated with the recollections of many scenes of hilarity and social enjoyment, which now come thronging back to our memory with painful distinctness. As a member of society, he was faultless in the performance of all the duties which pertain to that character. In all the tender relations of consanguinity, his bearing was exemplary.

"In his private intercourse, Finn was grave, unobtrusive, and reserved. With an exterior of great comic humor, his thoughts and conversation were naturally of a serious cast. He possessed not that flow of animal spirits which many would suppose from the richness of his stage delineations. But he was always cheerful and kind in his bearing, courteous and respectful to all, assuming nothing and yielding every thing; more prone to be a listener than a talker, and taking more pleasure in seeing others shine than in attempting to shine himself. He was domestic in all his habits and feelings.

"Finn was eminently a favorite with the *press*. Originally attached to it as the editor of a newspaper, it has constantly been his gratification, to

employ moments snatched from the toil of his profession, to enliven the spirit of the public prints. There was nothing harsh or vindictive in his disposition or his writings. His jokes, though always *pointed*, had no power to wound, and we doubt if he ever hurt the feelings of a human being. The elements were kindly mixed up in him, and no provocation could arouse him to bitter resentment. Neither the taunts of professional jealousy, nor the injustice of heedless criticism, could disturb the equanimity of his temper. As a writer of humorous songs, Finn possessed talents as happy as they were rare. Our readers may recall several of them—his Fireman's song—his song at the Tariff dinner—at School dinners—at Horticultural celebrations—and, more recently, at the Mechanics' festival.

“As a genteel comedian, he was also held in the highest estimation, and had he reserved himself for what is technically called the upper walks of the profession, he would have continued a dramatic star of no ordinary magnitude. But when, in England, the sun of tragedy set with the extinction of Kean, and the eccentric orb of Liston arose on the theatrical horizon, Finn's versatility enabled him to conform to the change in the public taste, and to take possession of, and hold on this continent without a rival, a line of character of which Liston was the original and end in the mother country. All these rich and humorous

personifications of character are now lost to the stage: Beau Shatterly, Bobby Buckhorse, Bobby Trott, Dr. Logic, Billy Black, Mons. Jacques, Old Garbois, Paul Pry, and a host of others, peculiarly his own, and in which no other person can be tolerated while memory holds her seat. All these old and valuable stage acquaintances sunk beneath the wave with *him*, and were swallowed up forever. But why dwell on the catalogue of lost treasures, and torture the heart with unavailing regrets!

"Burke said of Garrick, that 'his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations.' But probably the announcement of his decease did not bring a pang to more bosoms than will be touched by the mournful relation of the fate of FINN."

REV. ELIHU W. BALDWIN, D. D.

BY JOSEPH H. MYERS.

In essaying a sketch of this eminent and good man, we treat of one greatly beloved by many hundreds in this city, with whom he was long associated as a Christian teacher and pastor.

But our object is not so much to detail the events of his life, in so far as it was passed in the ordinary labors of the ministry,—for this has already been competently done by several of his brethren,*—as to record briefly that peculiar service which he performed, while as a pioneer, in the remote West, and, at an earlier period, in the eastern suburbs of our city, he prepared the way, and aided to introduce and extend the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of the Christian faith. The character of Dr. BALDWIN it is well to know in these aspects of it, for he is to be numbered with those who have done a good work in forming communities, and building up their great institutions.

The Reverend Elihu W. Baldwin, D. D., late President of Wabash College, was born at Dur-

* To these articles we are greatly indebted for the materials of this sketch.

ham, Greene county, New York, December 25th, 1789. He was the son of Deacon Jonathan Baldwin, formerly of Connecticut, and now residing at Atwater, Ohio. To the pious faithfulness of his parents, who trained up their children according to the principles of the Bible, and to God's blessing upon that early parental instruction, Dr. Baldwin attributed his religious character.

In his eighteenth year he entered Yale College, in the autumn of 1807. His youth had been passed at his paternal home, where he pursued his preparatory studies under the guidance of the Rev. Jesse Townsend, pastor of the church in Durham.

While in college he was admitted to much intimacy with its venerable president, Dr. Dwight, whose confidence he so far acquired as to be chosen to act as tutor to one of his sons. This period of intercourse with Dr. Dwight was ever regarded by the subject of this notice as one of the bright spots of his life. In after-years he looked on this eminent person as his model, and ever spoke of him in terms of the highest reverence.

Together with more than twenty of his fellow-students, he connected himself with the church of Yale College in 1808, for then, first, he deemed himself a Christian, having received the faith of

the Gospel in the spring of that year. From a child, however, spiritual realities had exercised power over him, but now, for the first time, he dedicates himself to God, "with awe," to use his own language, "with awe of the presence of an all-seeing God. I resolved to live to him from this time forever."

He was graduated in 1812. His residence at college had been protracted to five years, he having found it necessary, in order to increase his pecuniary resources, to teach for one year, while pursuing his collegiate studies; and after leaving the institution, the two succeeding years were also employed in teaching.

At the academy in Fairfield, Connecticut, of which at this time he was principal, he was every way successful, and throughout life he was a very able instructor of youth.

In November, 1814, he became a member of the Theological Seminary at Andover; among the kindred spirits with whom he there associated, was the lamented missionary Parsons, to whom he became strongly attached.

September 10th, 1817, he was ordained to the gospel ministry, and repaired to New York with the determination of going as a missionary to the western territory, under the auspices of the Young Men's Society of this city. At their unanimous request he consented to forego the execution of this plan, in favor of a district within

the limits of the city. The position which he might occupy, or the place where he should labor, was probably, in his view, of little moment. He had just before written in his diary, "I now clearly perceive that the favor of God is enough for me. Let me have his presence and behold his glory, and I desire no more."

We here approach that part of his life when his peculiar work began. To him was now assigned the task of winning a rude people to orderly and upright practices, and to the exercise of Christian meekness and love, and of establishing among them those institutions which tend to secure culture of mind and rectitude of heart. Under the direction of the Society, he commenced his labors on the East river, near Corlaer's Hook. "The field was most forbidding. It was in the suburbs, separated by a wide waste, unsafe by night to the traveller, from the city proper. A few only of the streets were regulated. Rugged hills, partially undermined, and humble detached dwellings, presented an unsightly appearance. The people were not less rugged. The neighborhood was known as a place of infamous resort by day and by night."

Here he visited and preached from house to house. He began his public ministry, November 22d, 1817. An upper room of a private dwelling, occupied as a school-room, served him and his little

company as a place of worship. At first no more than fifteen persons assembled. By the accession of others, he was soon encouraged to proceed to the establishment of a church, and on the 24th of March of the following spring, the seventh Presbyterian church of New York was organized at a private room in Grand street. It consisted then of only 20 members. They were all poor, and earned their daily bread by their daily labor. At the date of this writing, less than twenty-three years from the establishment of that church under Dr. Baldwin, it has received more than nineteen hundred members, and sent forth two numerous colonies, over which are placed faithful pastors.

We need not trace minutely the progress of this body in numbers, wealth, character, and influence. Our concern is rather with their leader, whose efforts were zealous and persevering, and his labors as a pastor always abundant.

Nor were his studies neglected. The reputation for scholarship which he had won and sustained at college and at Andover, was preserved in spite of his missionary toils, and throughout life.

During his connexion with this society, which continued for eighteen years, and was terminated only by his removal to the west, he maintained that unwearied assiduity and self-denial which characterised his labors. Three times, chiefly

through his exertions, was a house of worship erected; the first one occupied by them having been sold in order to free the society from debt, and their beautiful house, built in 1826, was burnt down early in 1831. In November of that year they were enabled, with the aid of friends, to complete another edifice; and here, during this and the succeeding year, large numbers were added to the church, which, soon after, was composed of six hundred persons; and in its Sunday Schools one thousand children received instruction.

It may be well to note the fact, that for a considerable period—about nine years,—Dr. Baldwin had received only five hundred dollars, annually. This was while acting as a missionary: for the six years next succeeding, his annual stipend did not exceed eight hundred: this was increased to twelve hundred dollars for each of the three years that followed. "Very often were he and his family driven to great straits, and at times such was their destitution that they scarcely knew where or how to obtain their daily bread. But they trusted not in vain to Him whom they served. The early history of no church in this city, it is thought, presents such a continued succession of trials." Notwithstanding these embarrassments and trials, hitherto he had steadily refused to go elsewhere, preferring his own people, endeared to him by mutual services, and by common joys and sorrows, to the important and de-

sirable stations which he was solicited to occupy. But early in 1835, he was invited to repair to that region which he had himself first chosen as the field of his early labors, and there to undertake the presidency of Wabash College.

To the urgent request of the Board of Trustees, supported, after mature consideration, by his brethren and friends, and enforced by his own convictions of duty, he could not refuse to accede, and in the autumn of 1835, he removed with his family to Crawfordsville, Indiana, and, assuming the responsibilities of his office, entered with vigor upon the discharge of its duties.

Before quitting New York, he had made successful efforts to enlarge the pecuniary resources of the College, and thus to increase its means of usefulness; and to accomplish this, his energies were employed during the remaining five years of his life.

The College edifice, the erection of which he had undertaken and effected, having been destroyed by fire in 1838, he lived to see it rebuilt in an improved manner. This was the *fifth* public building erected mainly through his exertions. But the time was at length come when his benevolent efforts were to cease.

He died on the 15th of October, of the present year, after a painful illness, in the 51st year of his age. He departed in the midst of his labors, removed by a disease brought upon him during

a three weeks' tour made in behalf of the College.

In an interval of ease, just before his dissolution, he sent an affectionate message to the students, conveying the tenderness of the parental friend, and the yearning love of the Christian teacher, importing his heart's desire, and prayer to God for them that they might be saved. Respecting himself he used this language. "I want peace, great peace. I am unworthy of it. I am a poor sinner. I am willing to be humbled before the universe; but my trust is in the merits of Christ."

He who uttered this on his death-bed, had long brought his passions into complete subjection, so that no angry or harsh expression ever escaped him. The purpose to effect this he had formed in his eighteenth year, and had inserted the resolution in his diary. Moreover, good will and good deeds dwelt in his heart and adorned his life. His was a far-reaching benevolence, which in its wide expansion would embrace all men; in this spirit, he labored strenuously to advance their well-being.

Such lowliness of mind as is breathed in the expressions we have recorded, could result, then, only from a comparison of himself with infinite purity and holiness. From this were derived his power and steadiness in action; in the depths

of self-abasement before God, springs up the energy to do good to men.

From different sources we learn the high consideration he had gained at the West; we need not speak of the affection and reverence which were borne him by numbers here. He was loved as a father by a numerous people, and to them and his many friends, his annual visits to the city afforded the highest gratification. Some among us yet look on his features preserved by the limner's art; his virtues are engraven on many hearts.

During the five years of his presidency, his influence had spread far in the State which he had chosen for his home; he had become well known to the people, and from them his memory will not pass away.

His voice had been heard throughout the Wabash valley, and in the councils of that commonwealth, when he pleaded the cause of education and sought legislative aid in behalf of the institution which he represented. To that institution he was a most faithful friend—as the constituted guardian of its interests, he strove assiduously to advance them at home and abroad.

The students found in him a mild but firm counsellor and director, a ready and most communicative teacher. He secured the attention of his pupils by a happy facility of illustration, and by his power of appeal to the understanding, im-

pressed and fastened his instructions on their minds.

But as with him the spiritual and eternal had long held the pre-eminence over all things tangible and transitory, so he sought with special earnestness and diligence to win them and others to the love of all excellence and goodness, as manifested in his Divine Lord, and to the practice of his holy precepts.

In conversation, as well as in public discourse, such themes were dearest to him.

May his life of laborious diligence, and high achievement, find many imitators, so that not only humanizing arts, but all ennobling virtues, may flourish and adorn our land.

NICHOLAS CUSICK.

THIS distinguished Indian chief was born at the Oneida Reservation, in the western part of the State of New York, on the 15th of June, 1756. At an early age he was kept at school for several years by Sir William Johnson; and he then returned to his own people, and remained among them until the commencement of the Revolutionary war. At this time the British Government were very desirous to secure his services in behalf of the crown; and he is said to have indignantly refused a commission in the army, proffered to him, with a large salary, through a distinguished officer in the British service. Soon after this occurrence, at a council held by the agents of the Provincial Government, with the friendly Oneida Indians, he offered himself as a volunteer, and as such enlisted in the army under General Washington. With the warriors whom he brought with him into this alliance, and by his intimate knowledge of the English and Indian languages, he rendered essential service to the cause in which he had enlisted. He soon received a lieutenant's commission and continued in the service for about five years; and on many occasions he appears to

have given great aid to the Americans. At one time, in particular, he is said to have saved the division under Lafayette from an almost certain destruction.

Upon his leaving the service at the close of the war, a pension was settled upon him, which he continued to receive until his death. Soon after the restoration of peace, he was appointed by the Six Nations, first chief of the Tuscaroras, and was ever regarded as faithful in his endeavors for the good of his people and of the United States. He also sustained an important part in the late war with England.

Cusick is described by many who knew him intimately, as having been in many respects a remarkable man. In whatever situation he was placed, it required but a glance to discover that his was a master-spirit. He was fond, in his latter days, of relating to those who felt an interest in them, the stirring scenes in which he had been engaged: and at such times it was highly interesting to watch the changes in his features as the visions of the past flitted before him. For some fifty years before his death, he had professed the Christian faith, and was subsequently appointed an interpreter among the Indians by the Missionary Society then existing. He resigned the office about ten years since, and died at Tuscarora Village, October 29th, 1840, aged 82 years.

REV. JOHN T. KIRKLAND, D.D., LL.D.

THE great Hooker beautifully remarks that 'the life of a pious clergyman is visible rhetoric;' and to few in any country is the maxim more peculiarly applicable, than to the individual just named as the subject of a brief sketch. His father was one of those self-denying christians, worthy to be the successors of the glorious band of martyrs whose blood has sealed their faith, who devote their lives to the service of truth in the lands of heathendom. His son was born on the 17th of August, 1770, at Little Falls, on the Mohawk, in New York, and received the rudiments of an English education, under the disadvantages incident to his situation in a town comparatively new, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, whither his parents had removed in 1772. At the age of thirteen he was placed by his father at an academy in Andover, where, by the generous assistance of the Hon. Samuel Phillips, a gentleman of eminent legal abilities, and afterwards lieutenant governor of the State, he was enabled to prepare for admission to Harvard college, where he was graduated with distinguished honors at the age of nineteen.

After four years divided between teaching and the study of divinity, on the 5th of February, 1794, he was ordained as pastor of the church in Sumner street, Boston. In delivering to him his solemn charge, his father, venerable for his years and the purity of his character, said to him with a kind of prophetic vision, "You are a son of prayers and of vows. May God Almighty bless you; and may you increase whilst I decrease, and shine many years as a bright star in the Redeemer's hand, when I, your natural father, am set, and seen no more." This solemn prayer of his time-honored parent was fully answered, in the unusual popularity which the preaching of his son immediately commanded, and ultimately in the extended reputation which he acquired as a stern moralist and the greatest ethical preacher of his age. His sermons were characterized by great depth of thought,—by the broad and all-embracing philosophy, as well as charity, which shone through them,—by the energy and richness of their language,—and above all, by that profound, intimate and soul-searching knowledge of man—of the tortuous mazes of the human heart and the hidden motives which control human action—which, more than any other man, he had at absolute command.

In 1810 he was elected to the presidency of Harvard college, which was rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Webber. With great reluctance

he accepted the appointment, and the period of his continuance in office has been designated as the Augustan age of Harvard university. Under his direction, and mainly by his efforts, the course of studies was enlarged and the standard of scholarship raised, the law school was established, the medical school re-organized, and a body of professors and tutors collected together, unrivalled in talents, in acquirements, and in high literary enthusiasm—a constellation of learning such as the university has witnessed neither before nor since his time. The names of Frisbie, Farrar, Norton, Everett, Ticknor, Popkin, Bigelow, Sparks, Bancroft, Cogswell and Follen, who were all his coadjutors, are alone sufficient to establish this fact. His intercourse with the students, too, marked as it was by that kindness and urbanity which formed so prominent a part of his character, and uniformly characterized by a courtly and dignified address, tempered with the utmost ease and an affectionate solicitude for their welfare, inspired them at once with confidence for their head, and an earnest ambition to excel in the arts and graces of which he was so eminent a master. After presiding for eighteen years with dignity and the most distinguished success over the highest literary institution of his country, he was forced, by a severe attack of the paralysis, to leave it. He resigned in March, 1828, and spent several years in travelling—for a portion of that time through

the western and southern portions of the United States, but principally in Europe and the western cities of Asia. He returned to this country in 1832, and spent the remainder of his life, clouded as it was by feeble health, in Boston, where he died on the 28th of April, 1840. His death called forth many excellent funeral discourses, the best of which are those by the Rev. Messrs. Parkman, Young and Palfrey.

WILLIAM MACLURE.

Of the early life of this distinguished naturalist and munificent patron of the scientific associations in this country, we have but meagre information. We only know, generally, that for some years he devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, in which he amassed a handsome fortune: but having formed an acquaintance, which resulted in a close and long-continued intimacy, with SAY, one of the first naturalists this country has produced, he subsequently gave his time and much of his fortune to the promotion of those objects in which his whole energies were thus enlisted.

The study of Natural History in its various branches, notwithstanding the great inducements to its pursuit presented by the peculiar character of our country, and the splendid advantages which would accrue to every department of enterprise from its successful cultivation, has never received that attention in the United States to which its high importance and ennobling character so eminently entitle it. Within a few years, however, it has awakened the interest and excited the efforts of many of our most ingenious and philosophical minds. This may be attributed, in

no small degree, to the exertions and influence of the 'Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia'; an institution formed in 1812 for the advancement of this department of scientific inquiry, and which owes its present high character and influence, as well as its prospects of future usefulness, in a great measure to the zealous co-operation of Mr. MACLURE in the earlier stages of its existence. The enterprise was then new, and, although useful, exceedingly difficult. In 1816, when the institution was struggling for its very being, Mr. Maclure attached himself to it and identified himself with its welfare, with a zeal and liberality which have few examples on record. He visited Europe and traversed the entire continent, making the most valuable collections of books and specimens, and taking advantage of every thing which could advance the interests of his favorite pursuit and his adopted institution. The academy now possesses the largest and most valuable library on the continent, in the department of natural history; and in their published "Notice," they declare themselves "indebted to Mr. Maclure for seven-tenths of all the books contained in it."

In 1825, this devotee to the interests of learning projected a scheme of education, embracing in its details all that is valuable in literature, science and art. For the purpose of carrying his designs into more complete execution, he removed to

New Harmony, in Indiana, where he concentrated his library, his splendid collections in natural history, and whatever else could best promote his cherished object.*

The failure of his health made it necessary for him to remove to a milder climate: and he accordingly went to Mexico, where he died, at the village of San Angel, on the 22d of March, 1840, in the 75th year of his age. The only works from his pen, of which we are aware, are a volume entitled "Opinions on Various Subjects dedicated to the Industrious Producers," and another embracing many valuable facts relating to the Geology of the United States. The former consists mainly of articles primarily written while in Paris for the *Revue Encyclopédique*, which were however excluded by the censors of the press, and afterwards published in Spanish at Madrid.

* It should here be mentioned, that Mr. Maclure's object was entirely unconnected with, and different from, the eccentric scheme of Mr. Robert Owen, of which the same place was the theatre. A contrary impression would be obtained from an article in the *Lond. Athenæum*, August 22d, 1840.

REV. WILLIAM STONE.

Among the clergymen who have deceased during the eventful year 1840, was the late Rev. WILLIAM STONE—father of the writer of this brief tribute to his memory. He died at Sodus, in the county of Wayne, on the 20th of March, 1840, aged 83 years.

Mr. Stone was born in the town of Guilford, New Haven county, in the State of Connecticut. His ancestors were of the sturdy band of pilgrims, who planted that town in the year 1639. His mother was a Leete—the grand-daughter of "Captain Andrew Leete," as he is called by Cotton Mather, although he was also a judge of the Superior Court, and sat upon the trial of Mercy Disbrough and Goodwife Clawson, for witchcraft, in Fairfield county, in 1692. Captain Andrew Leete was the son of Governor William Leete, the founder of the Guilford Plantation, as it was termed, and for several years governor of the colony of Connecticut, and afterward of the colonies of Connecticut and New Haven united.

The life of Mr. Stone, until within the last twenty years, was one of great vicissitude and activity. He was a soldier of the Revolution,

as well as of the church militant. In the earlier part of the war, he left his books—all that he could not carry in his knapsack—and went into the army as a common soldier, to relieve a brother who was in ill health. That brother died: but patriotism, in those days, was something more than a name, and a love of country induced the deceased to enlist for an additional term of three years, during which he saw much service. In the course of the war he was at the battles of White Plains, Germantown, and Monmouth, besides other affairs. At Germantown he stood near Gen. Nash when that fire-eater fell. He was at the execution of Andre, and did not quit the service until the close of the fighting part of the conflict. "I shall ever remember your father," said the late Gen. Wilcox of Killingworth, to the writer, "for in the army he always carried the whole works of Josephus in his knapsack."

He was a man of undaunted courage. On one occasion, he, with only an elder brother, repelled a boat's crew of the marauding refugees, who were attempting to land at Guilford Neck. Subsequently a large band of refugees, led by a Captain Hathaway of Suffield, landed at the same point, plundered the family mansion, and made the deceased a prisoner. During the passage of the free-booters down the Sound, they encountered a flotilla of boats manned by the Whigs, and after a smart skirmish the former were taken. Their prisoner

always, in relating the affair, expressed his mortification at the cowardice of his captors in this combat. This Captain Hathaway was somewhat celebrated for his piratical exploits in the service of the crown, as may be seen in the *Remembrancer*—a periodical published in London during the war of the Revolution, and generally devoted as a record of the events of that contest.

The belligerent part of the war of the Revolution being over, Mr. Stone resumed his studies, and passed his freshman year at Dartmouth college. The late celebrated Stephen Burroughs was there, a classmate, and in good standing.—The three subsequent years of his collegiate life were passed at Yale, where he was graduated in 1786. The graduating class of that year stands out in proud relief, for the many distinguished men it contained. Mr. Stone was a good mathematician, but occupied a high rank as a linguist. Of Greek and Hebrew he was a thorough master; and because of his fondness for, and proficiency in, the Hebrew, he was a great favorite of his preceptor in that department of letters, President Stiles. Doctor Stiles was a man of great learning, and was a profound Hebraist. He corresponded with many learned men of the east, and with several rabbins, one of whom resided in Jerusalem. He thought there could scarcely be any genuine sacred music except in the Hebrew tongue, and was wont to engage his favorite pupil

to visit him for the purpose of helping him to sing in that venerated language.

The college chum of Mr. Stone was John Bird, of Litchfield, who afterward settled in Troy, and was early distinguished at the bar of this State, in the State legislature, and also for a brief though brilliant career in Congress.

Pursuing vigorously the study of theology, Mr. Stone was soon licensed as a candidate for ordination, by the Connecticut Association, and for thirty-five years thereafter occupied a wider field, and performed more clerical labor, than almost any other man. He was stationed at one period at Claremont, New Hampshire, and at another period at Brattleborough, Vermont. From the east he performed a voluntary mission through all the original States except Rhode Island, into Florida. Nearly four years of this time he spent in the two Carolinas and Georgia, where he formed extensive acquaintances. For a considerable time he was in the family of General Wayne, then residing in Georgia, upon a plantation presented him by that State for his revolutionary services. While traversing the regions of the south, the deceased encountered several wild and thrilling adventures.

Returning to the north, he preached for a season in the eastern part of Long Island, where he had previously taught school. He then removed into the State of New-York, accepting a parish in

the then extensive town of New-Paltz, in the county of Ulster, where he was ordained—the Rev. Stanley Griswold, then of New-Melford, Conn., preaching the sermon. Mr. Griswold was a classmate: but afterward relinquished the ministry, and became a prominent politician, first as an editor of a newspaper in New Hampshire. He was engaged for that post by the celebrated and eloquent colloquialist, Seth Hunt. By the assistance of Mr. Griswold, a man of splendid talents, Mr. Hunt was enabled to revolutionize New Hampshire, and bring it into the support of Mr. Jefferson's administration. Mr. Griswold was subsequently appointed secretary of the territory of Michigan, and removed to Detroit. From thence he removed to Ohio, where he was appointed a judge; but he shortly afterward took up his abode in Indiana, where he was elected to the Senate of the United States, but died before he took his seat.

But to return to the subject of the present article. Not being able to preach in Dutch, as the good people of New-Paltz desired him to do in every alternate service, Mr. Stone removed in the spring of 1793, into the valley of the Susquehanna river, to the town of Jericho, (now Bainbridge.) During the period of five years, he preached alternately in Jericho and the surrounding towns of Delaware, Otsego, Chenango, and

Tioga counties, performing the duties of a missionary with unremitting zeal and labor.

The country was new and wild, and the fatigues and deprivations of the missionary great. Among the inhabitants of the forests between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers, which he was often compelled to traverse, was the untameable panther, in rather unwelcome numbers. On one occasion the missionary was honored by the company of a panther for several miles, screaming in most unwelcome proximity. It was on his return from one of these missionary excursions to the settlements on the Delaware, that an incident occurred illustrating the heroism of the woman whom he had chosen as his companion for life, and who yet survives—having been the participator of his labors, travels, and trials for more than half a century. There were in those days neither bridges nor boats upon that section of the Susquehanna, save a clumsy scow, at a distant ferry. The scattered settlers, therefore, used canoes in their intercourse with each other across the river. During the absence of Mr. Stone, at the time referred to, which was at the close of winter, a sudden thaw had broken up the ice by which the stream had been fettered, and the dissolving snow had swollen the always impetuous torrent to the full capacity of its banks. It was in this situation of the river, while its surface was bearing along the tumbling

masses of ice and pieces of broken timber, that the wife, from the door of their habitation, situated upon the western side, saw her husband upon the opposite bank. With the affection, and more than the courage of her sex, she proceeded to the river's brink, and with eyes open to the hazard she was encountering, stepped into the canoe belonging to them, and boldly pushed forth into the angry stream.

The weather had suddenly become cold, so that with every rise of the setting-pole, the water congealed to ice, while the canoe itself, by the force of the torrent, and the floes of ice, was hurried at times rapidly down the stream. But her courage and energy held out, and she safely crossed the flood, landing at perhaps a mile below her point of departure. This incident is introduced, not merely as a striking case of female intrepidity, but as serving as a faint illustration of the hardships encountered in border life.

In the autumn of 1797 Mr. Stone removed into the county of Otsego, and was the first Presbyterian clergyman there, west of Cooperstown. For ten years he labored in that county, chiefly in the towns of Burlington, Butternuts, Pittsfield, Exeter, and Hartwick—preaching alternately to the different churches. His fellow-laborer in those (at that time) wild settlements, was the Rev. Daniel Nash, (Father Nash, as he was called, and the

Rev. Mr. Grant of Cooper's 'Pioneers,') who was his kinsman, and cotemporary with him in college, though of the class preceding him. But he seemed almost as averse to the tide of civilization as Leatherstocking himself; and encountering some parochial bad treatment, he again, in 1807, plunged into the wild woods of Salmon river, in the section of country now forming the northeastern part of the county of Oswego. Here, for seven or eight years more, he preached to the new settlements of Onondaga and Jefferson counties.

In the year 1817 he removed to the town of Junius, and thence, in 1819, to Sodus, on the south shore of Lake Ontario. During the years 1818 and 1819, he was employed by the Albany Missionary Society, in the southwestern counties of this State, bordering upon Pennsylvania, and in 1820-21, by the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York. His labors in that field were alike faithful and severe; but a bodily infirmity, arising from an accident some years before, which occurred on the felling of a tree, rendered it impossible for him to continue his ministerial labors, and the last eighteen years of his life were passed for the most part in seclusion. His last visit to the city of New York was in 1823.

Mr. Stone was an eccentric man. The ill treatment referred to above sank deep into his mind, and to a considerable extent soured it with

the world—for which, indeed, or for its opinions, he unfortunately never cared enough. The country has produced few better scholars in the languages. But he used them only for his own private gratification, occasionally by preparing a student for college, and once, for a season, when he was in charge of the formerly celebrated academy at Fairfield, New York. He was by nature a very proud man, but his pride was peculiar to himself, and utterly unlike that of any other man. And yet he possessed less of worldly ambition than any other gentleman of education whom we have known.

It seemed to be his great delight to crowd upon the wildest border of civilization, and preach the gospel among the rudest people. But during all the changes of his location, and the other vicissitudes of his life, there were two objects which he never forgot—his God and the classics. His daily habit, at least down to the month of October preceding his death, when his health began more seriously to fail, was to study the Scriptures in the originals; and with Homer, Xenophon, the Greek Testament, Horace, Juvenal, and Cicero, not to forget the Hebrew Bible, he would set himself down in the most dreary spot in the world, "nor feel its idle whirl." His memory was truly wonderful. What he once read, he seemed ever to retain; and the whole range of ancient and modern history, even to the minutiae,

with all the miscellaneous stories of voyages and travels, was ever at his command. His family lectures or conversations upon these subjects, in the early years of the writer, were better than volumes of reading—while subsequent study, in years of greater maturity, has but served to test their accuracy.

A more patriotic heart than his never throbbed in a human bosom. He loved his country, and its civil and religious institutions, above all price. But during the last ten years his mind was clouded with dark forebodings in regard to the stability of the great political edifice of which Washington was the chief architect, and himself one of the humble builders. In the last letter he wrote, which was long, and expressed with uncommon clearness, after adverting to the course of the present Administration, he concluded, "Indeed, I feel very anxious for the liberties and privileges of our dear country."

During the last few years, his religious character and affections were severely tried and highly refined, in the furnace of affliction. He had successively buried five of his children, three sons and two daughters, all between the ages of twenty and twenty-six. But he bowed submissively, and without a murmur. He felt the chastening rod, but saw also the hand that inflicted it, and, like Job, was ready to console himself by the reflection, "The Lord gave, and the Lord

hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." His sickness was protracted for several weeks, but its whole course was marked by the most delightful manifestations of the Christian faith and character. To the inquiries of his daughter, who watched his bedside till the last, if he had any fearful apprehensions of death, he said, shortly before he departed—"Not in the least; all is calm. I believe the Saviour is *my* Saviour—God's will be done." During the last three days of his life, his mind was clear and serene, and a mark of impatience was never manifested by him in his illness.

At length "the wheels of life stood still," and his spirit has gone to its rest.

It is presumed that the public will excuse the perhaps seeming egotism of the foregoing rapid tribute of a son to the memory of a father,—but there was no other hand to perform the office.

GOVERNOR WOLF.

GEORGE WOLF was born on the 12th of August, 1777, in Allen township, Northampton county, Pennsylvania. His father was a native of Germany, and a man justly and universally esteemed for his integrity. His son spent some years in the study of the Greek and Latin languages in a classical school in his native county, where he subsequently studied law, under the direction of Hon. John Ross. He was a zealous advocate for the election of President Jefferson, and in 1814 was elected a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. In the years 1824, 1826, and 1828, he was elected a member of Congress, the latter year by a very large majority, and the two former years without any opposition. In Congress he was distinguished for his habitual industry and attention to business, and while chairman of an important committee, he made numerous reports, evincing those powers of investigation and discrimination for which, it is conceded by all, he was remarkable. As a speaker, he was plain and argumentative, using good language, and conveying his ideas with great precision. He was known to be a decided

friend of the American system and internal improvements; and the interests of education had at all times received from him a steady support. These qualities, added to the strictest integrity, had become so well known, and were so highly appreciated by the people of Pennsylvania, that, in 1829, they elected Mr. Wolf Governor of the Commonwealth. So far from having been an aspirant to this distinguished station, there is the best authority for saying that he was placed in nomination by the State Convention entirely without his knowledge. He yielded to the wishes of the people, who had selected him for their chief magistrate, and, abandoning a lucrative practice in his profession, entered upon his official duties as Governor in the latter end of December, 1829. He found the affairs of the State in an embarrassed condition, owing to the extensive scheme of internal improvement in which she had embarked, and for meeting the expenses of which suitable provision had not been made. But in this crisis of public affairs, as at all subsequent periods, Governor Wolf followed the impulses of a sound and enlightened judgment, and succeeded in carrying the ship of state safely through her trying emergencies.

Although Governor Wolf was a supporter of General Jackson, on each of the occasions when that individual was before the American people for the distinguished station of President of the

United States, still there were some important measures of public policy in which he entertained opinions somewhat at variance with those of the late President. Believing the United States Bank to possess a salutary influence in regulating the currency of the country, he approved and signed a resolution of the Pennsylvania Legislature, in favor of rechartering that institution. After the publication of General Jackson's celebrated *reto*, and during the progress of the electioneering campaign, some of the friends of the bank endeavored to procure from the governor an expression of opinion adverse to the re-election of General Jackson. But Governor Wolf's opinion of the qualifications of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, at that critical period of the history of the country, did not depend upon the views entertained by the General on the bank question. Under these circumstances, the friends of the bank in Pennsylvania united with the anti-masonic and anti-improvement party, in opposing the re-election of Governor Wolf, which took place in the October preceding. Notwithstanding this procedure on the part of the friends of the bank, Governor Wolf, on his re-election, in his first message to the legislature, reiterated his opinions in favor of the United States Bank. It was remarked by a member of the legislature, (an opponent of the bank,) in reference to this high-minded and magnanimous proceeding, that "it added one

more to the many evidences already before the people of Pennsylvania, that their affairs were safely confided to the care of a chief magistrate, whose exalted purity of motive and unflinching firmness, in the pursuit of what he believed to be right, placed him above the storm of party excitement, and beyond the reach of those influences which are too apt to agitate, and render unsteady in their purposes, the rest of mankind."

At the last session of the legislature, during his gubernatorial term, numerous bills for the establishment of banks throughout the State were under consideration, and several of them were passed and sent to him for his signature. But he made no scruple to exercise the veto power, reposed in him by the constitution, whenever, in his judgement, the interests of the country required it. At different periods during the session, he returned, with his objections, three bills for the establishment of banks, and one for withdrawing from the cognizance of the Supreme Court certain claims for canal damages. On each of these occasions, attempts were made to procure the passage of the bills by the votes of two-thirds—the number required by the constitution to pass a law without the approbation of the governor. But so forcible were his arguments, and so abiding the confidence in his judgement and devotion to the public interests, that he was constantly sustained by a majority of the house in which the

bills originated—that body, on receiving the governor's objections, uniformly receding from the bills which had previously received their sanction.

After Mr. Ritner's election as Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Wolf was appointed by the President of the United States, Collector of the Customs for the port of Philadelphia, and he continued to discharge the duties of that office until his death, which occurred on the 14th of March, 1840. On the morning of that day, as he was about to ascend the steps leading into the entrance of the Custom-House, to proceed to his duties, he was observed to falter in his gait, and to exhibit signs of a paroxysm. A chair was immediately brought him, in which he was removed within the Custom-House, where he almost instantaneously sunk dead. It is presumed that the cause of this sudden and solemn death was an affection of the heart.

In all his private relations he sustained an enviable reputation; and his political opponents, we believe, never assailed his private character.

CAPTAIN JAMES RILEY.

THIS well-known author of an interesting personal narrative was born in Middletown, Connecticut, on the 27th of October, 1777. He spent his early youth in laboring upon a farm, enjoying no privileges for the attainment of an education except such as were afforded by the Common School system of his native State, which at that time were exceedingly meagre. When fifteen years old he shipped on board a sloop bound to the West Indies, and ever afterwards followed the seafaring business as his profession. He was soon appointed to the command of a vessel; and, in 1808, being then captain of the *Two Marys* of New York, his ship was seized by the French while in the Bay of Biscay, and confiscated under the memorable Milan Decree of the 17th of December, 1807. He remained for some time in France, and returned to his native country in 1809. For some few years he was extremely unfortunate in his business, steadily refusing the most tempting offers, during the continuance of hostilities, to accept the command of vessels navigated, contrary to the laws of war, under foreign

licenses. In April, 1815, he was employed as master and supercargo of the brig *Commerce*, of Hartford, and sailed for New Orleans. With great difficulty he reached that port, and, after having exchanged his cargo, set sail for Gibraltar. Arriving there, he took on board a cargo of brandies and wines, and set sail for the Cape de Verd Islands, where he intended to complete the lading of the vessel with salt. In this voyage he was shipwrecked, and thrown upon the coast of Africa. For some eighteen months he was detained as a slave by the Arabs, clans of whom were cannibals, where he endured almost incredible sufferings and hardships, in consequence of which, as he states in his narrative, he became reduced from his natural weight of about 240 to 60 pounds. He was finally ransomed by Mr. Wiltshire of Mogadore, and the ransom money for himself and his companions was afterwards paid by the United States, under the administration of James Monroe.

Immediately after his return to this country he published a narrative of his sufferings and adventures, which disclosed such extraordinary perils, and apparently miraculous deliverances, that his statements at first obtained but little credence, and the whole account was for some time regarded as a mere romance. Its details were, however, abundantly confirmed by subsequent accounts, and particularly by the corroborative

testimony of Judah Paddock, who had been wrecked nearly in the same place, and suffered severely among the savages of that coast. After his return to this country, he resided for some years in Ohio; and subsequently resorted again to his former employment, trading almost wholly at the port of Mogadore.

Captain Riley in many respects was an extraordinary man; he had a strong mind, great energy and perseverance of character, not easily daunted by danger, was grateful to the last for the kindness shewn to him in adversity, and possessed many excellent traits of character. His work, which may be considered an authentic detail, has had a wide circulation, and has always been considered a very interesting narrative.

He died on the 15th of March, 1840, on board his brig the *William Tell*, bound to Morocco, in the 63d year of his age.

STEPHEN BURROUGHS.

"But Heaven forbid that a thief should die,
Without his share of the laws!"

OLD RHYME.

"WE have taken our pen in hand," as the primitive epistolary exordium hath it, to bring anew to the mind of the reader his old, unforgotten entertainer, STEPHEN BURROUGHS. Burroughs! To us, at least, there is magic in the name. Memory awakens at its mention, and goes back with untiring step to the days of boyhood, when Sinbad, Robinson Crusoe, and Stephen Burroughs were triumvirate aspirants for the meed of our juvenile approbation. Truth spoke like fiction—fiction plead like truth—and Burroughs bore away the palm! But those days were brief. We lived to learn that Sinbad was but an idle whim, and that Robinson Crusoe was an over-drawn tale, fraught with more fancy than fact: but of the veritable story of the renowned deeds of the "great unhang," we may say with the bard,

"'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true!"

There was one thing about the volume of

Stephen which our juvenile philosophy could not fathom, and that was the motto of the title-page :

“ When such sad scenes the bosom pain,
What eye from weeping can refrain ? ”

For our own part, we thought the scenes anything but sad. They were all full of fun, and the measure was by no means stinted. 'Tis true that now and then a frosty chain would press gallingly upon the leg of the hero: but what of that? He had his fun in getting into the scrape, and he would have his sport in getting out. Why should our bosom be pained when the adventurer himself seemed to enjoy his “ scenes ” so lovingly? Then, as to “ weeping,”—this appeared utterly out of the question. Our nature was as lachrymose as generally falls to the lot of boyhood. But we found in the adventures of Stephen no claim upon the fountain of pity. Our ribs were oftener sufferers than our “ eyes.” Thus much for our boyish experience! Now we find ourself with the old book again in hand, and may perchance do better justice to its merits.

Stephen Burroughs was the son of a clergyman of Hanover, in the State of New Hampshire. From such paternity, one would naturally look for a corresponding character in the son. But such things go at times, as dreams are said to do, by contraries. Often, too often, will children

"bring down the gray hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave." The subject of our sketch complains of too great rigidity in his parental education. There may be truth and propriety in the complaint. Discipline overdone, is worse, sometimes, than no discipline at all. The mind of the young, as has been frequently remarked, resembles the pliant and flexible bow. It yields easily to influence—still more readily to authority. But one must be careful how he exercises his authority. Let him remember he cannot always retain it. If he impose too severe restraint, if he strain the mind of his child or pupil to its utmost tension, as the released bow flies to an opposite direction, so he will see with pain the tender subject of his cares and anxieties rush with fatal eagerness to an opposite extreme of vice and folly.

Be this fact as it may in relation to the present subject, we find young Burroughs, even in his early boyhood, impatient of control, and imbued with an indomitable love of mischief. This he gratified on every possible occasion—not apparently from a desire to do injury, (for cruelty seems to have formed no constituent in his character,) but from the merriment he derived from the ingenuity of its execution, and the often incomparable drollery of the *dénouement*. Of course, this in no way tended to his personal

popularity in the neighborhood, and often drew down upon him a merited punishment.

Like most wild-brained youth, Burroughs seems to have been possessed of a good degree of romantic fervor; and this having been nourished and increased by a due amount of most injudicious novel-reading, at length assumed a military turn. Consequently, his first adventure was in character with his propensity. During the year 1779, at the age of 14, he ran away from home, and joined a company of continental soldiers. He was twice brought back by the strong arm of parental authority; but he finally effected his escape, and joined the company again, armed and equipped with clothes, blankets, bread and cheese, and an old musket, long guiltless of breaking the peace. He accompanied the soldiers to head-quarters: but finding that military glory was not what it had appeared to his ardent fancy, he took French leave of his warlike friends, and returned to his father's house.

Satisfied with his military achievements, the hero entered upon a new scene, determined to win spoils from the classic field. He was placed by his father at a school in Coventry, Connecticut, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Huntington. O rare devotee of learning! The studies of his persevering assiduity are as fresh in memory as if we had perused them but yester-

day. We can see the identical apple-orchard and water-melon patch, where he paid his nocturnal *devoirs*. We can hear the crash of the tumbling wood, as the unfortunate owner opened the door, against which it had been piled. We can see the young rascal scampering at the farmer's approach, until he had decoyed him to a filthy ditch. Here the wily student suddenly falls, and away goes the hurrying boor, heels-over-head into the slough, carrying away, however, one of Stephen's coat-skirts. Then what a figure the scholastic youth must have cut on the following day, robbed of one of his flowing honors, exhibiting himself *in detail* to his quizzing companions! Such devoted labors of course were rapidly preparing him for college. And when he had further qualified himself by other such like exploits, and concluded by appropriating to himself the free use of a neighbor's horse, without saddle or bridle, by which operation the condition of the quadruped was in no way improved, and by which operation the condition of the biped was materially injured, by exposure, prosecution, and reasonable damages, his affectionate instructor despatched him to his father, as duly qualified to enter upon a higher department of study.

At the following Commencement of Dartmouth College, in the year 1781, Burroughs presented himself for examination, and was admitted. His

collegiate course could easily be anticipated. "The twig" was already "bent"—it would require no shrewd foresight to determine the inclination of "the tree." His reputation had gone before him, and the eyes of the "faculty" were fixed searchingly upon him at his first entrance. But, however accustomed the learned magistrates were to deal with rogues, they had their master in Burroughs for a time. He succeeded entirely in some pranks, and, among others, in getting the whole town aroused at an alarm of Indian spies. The "spies" were no other than Burroughs and a companion, returning from some usual water-melon appointment. The alarm spread—the militia turned out—and among the foremost in the investigation was the honest author of the confusion. The affair was "blown," however, and its perpetrator saved himself from college censure only by stealing a march on his professors, and paying for the stolen fruit before he could be arraigned before the bar of college authority. His rogueries at last became an annoyance to himself. "A liar is not to be believed," says an old and wholesome adage, "even when he speaks the truth:" and Burroughs found the practical application of the principle far from agreeable. So celebrated had his name become for all mischief, that suspicion was in advance of him. And at last, wearied with the rigid surveillance of those in authority

over him, he grew tired of college life, and with his classic laurels thick about him, he returned once more to his paternal roof.

After refreshing himself from his late toils by a suitable repose, Burroughs now looked about him to choose some scene for action in the great theatre of the world. As the army had at first attracted his attention, it is not a matter of wonder that the sea should have presented the next claim. Accordingly, we find him at the age of 17, fitted with all necessary appliances, and bending his course toward Newburyport, Massachusetts. Here he succeeded in obtaining a berth as physician, on board a packet, having a letter of marque to France. The voyage was not unattended with incidents. The packet captured a brig from New York, bound to London, which proved a rich prize. When she had nearly gained her destined port, she fell in with an English vessel, carrying 18 guns, which evinced a decided disinclination to become a prize. A severe fight ensued, in which many lives were lost on either side, and much injury sustained by the vessels. It was terminated by the retreat of the Englishman, and soon after the packet reached France in safety.

From his share of the prize-money, the "doctor" was enabled to spend a few weeks in travelling. His "trip" was a brief one, and in a few weeks he was again on the sea, homeward-bound.

An alteration had taken place in the board of administration of the floating empire. A man had been promoted to the office of first-mate whose advancement the "doctor" had endeavored to prevent. The opposition was fruitless, and the result very unfavorable to Burroughs' situation. The mate commenced a series of petty annoyances, greatly to the detriment of his antagonist. He was ordered to leave the cabin: and afterward, while recovering from a serious attack of sickness, on some accusation of petty theft, poor Burroughs was thrown into irons. When the vessel reached Newburyport, and while our adventurer was preparing to demand a legal investigation of his treatment, he was arrested in the street, and carried before a justice of the peace. Here he found as his accuser his old friend the mate, aided by one or two colleagues, prepared to prosecute the old charge of misdemeanor at sea. It appears to have been true that a theft had been committed on board the vessel. But the mate seems to have known more about it than any one else, and to have found it particularly convenient to charge it upon Burroughs, both to screen himself and to gratify his malice for the affront already mentioned. The charge was sustained to the satisfaction of the judge, and our adventurer was committed to jail. Here he remained for a time, and was discharged in a manner entirely unaccountable. He was without friends,

and without money, whereby he might call his persecutors to legal retribution; and again, satiated with the sea, he returned to his father's board.

After a twelvemonth's recruit, Burroughs next determined to enter upon the duties of school-teaching. He doubtless thought that instruction and discipline had both proved so salutary in his own case, that he was peculiarly qualified to impart their blessings to the rising generation. However this may have been, he made an engagement to teach a school in a town some thirty miles distant from his native place. Through the kind offices of an affectionate college officer, who retained an old grudge against him, the citizens became dissatisfied with him, and Burroughs quitted them and his school. He soon outwitted his professor, as he had too often done before, and engaged a school in another place, where he established himself well before his good friend could attempt his removal. Consequently he was enabled to fulfil his contract in peace. While engaged here, he became a victim of that potent power which

—“rules the court, the camp, the grove !”

He became enamoured of a lady fair, “supposed to be a widow.” But “the course of true love,” which the poet assures us is wont to flow roughly,

seemed ill-disposed to change its character for Mr. Burroughs. When the affections of the fair widow were supposed to be fairly won, her lover, upon an occasion, was greeted by the unwelcome sight of her "lord and master," having returned to claim his long-parted wife. It was a terrible blow for the sighing lover: but like most swains similarly circumstanced, *he survived*.

Our adventurer soon found himself again upon the world, possessed of the sum total of one whole pistareen in cash. He reflected rapidly upon every calling which generally engaged the attention of men, and then determined upon that which one would naturally suppose would have been the last to enter his mind. Good reader, as you are probably already well aware, the conscientious Mr. Burroughs determined to——preach! We remember to have read of a similar character who once entertained similar predilections for clerical employments:

"When the de'il was sick, the de'il a monk would be;"

—but the motives which actuated this personage were far more honorable than those to which Mr. Burroughs laid claim. He seems himself to have entertained a pretty just estimate of his clerical qualities, and we will cite his own authority.

"Preach? A pretty fellow am I for a preach-

er! A pretty character mine, to tickle the ears of a grave audience! Run away from my own home for being connected in robbing a bee-house, and for my attention to a married woman; having been through scenes of tumult, during my whole career, since I have exhibited on the active stage of life. Besides all this, what an appearance should I make in my present dress?—which consisted of a light grey coat, with silver plated buttons, green vest, and red velvet breeches. 'This, said I, is a curious dress for me to offer myself in, as a preacher; and I am by no means able to obtain a different suit.'

Lest any may wonder why he should contemplate the literary duties of his new profession with complacency, let us state that the rascal had a respectable stock of his father's old sermons in his possession. This matter alters the case. He was confident that if he could be admitted without suspicion into any pulpit, he could discharge the duties thereof with becoming credit. Despite the disadvantages of his dress, he resolved upon the course. The peculiar organization of the Congregational church around him favored the scheme. And if other churches, more carefully guarded, have been often imposed upon by the grossest pretenders, it cannot be matter of wonder if Burroughs should have succeeded in gaining a clerical repute in the Congregational church of New England.

The *début* of the so-called Rev. Mr. Davis, was made at the town of Ludlow, Massachusetts. He preached here but once, and thence, upon recommendation of a clergyman whom he consulted, he departed to the primitive town of Pelham, in the same State. In this place, he met with immediate employment in his new vocation. For a time, all went smoothly. But, at last, it became matter of wonder how he could always be so promptly prepared with discourses as he ever appeared to be, both upon ordinary and extraordinary occasions. On one of these occasions, when preaching in a small room, his "notes" were discovered to be more ancient than the years of the preacher would seem to warrant. The information spread, and dissatisfaction prevailed. He was suspected of retailing to his hearers stolen treasures. At last, a plan was devised which would put Mr. Davis' sermonizing abilities to an effectual test. It was thought by the jealous hearers, that if he could preach during the day from a text which should be given him in the morning, it would furnish satisfactory proof of his "powers," and they would then cease to marvel at his being always so promptly prepared. He was accordingly waited upon on a certain Sunday morning, and desired to discourse from the first clause of the 5th verse of the 9th chapter of Joshua. It was a strange text, surely, and ingeniously did Mr.

Davis handle it. The people were satisfied, and all went quietly again for a time.

It would be morally impossible for any man, how unblemished soever his character, to maintain himself long undiscovered in a situation like that which Burroughs now held, especially so when within two hundred miles of his old home, and the scenes of so many wild exploits. Two or three times had his path been crossed by unwelcome intruders. At length, when absent a few miles distant from his parish, he met a clergyman, at the house of a friend, who was well known to him. The clergyman called him by his true name. The Rev. Mr. Davis corrected the mistake. But the clergyman would allow no correction: he knew his man. Burroughs rode off "highly indignant," and returned to Pelham. As he rode on, he began to concert measures to meet the gathering storm, or rather to avoid it. He knew the violent character of the people among whom he was sojourning too well to risk his person among them when his true character should become known. Although he was indebted to them for one more Sunday's services, he sought the house of a friend, and there lay in secure concealment. The result we will give in his own words:

"The next morning, Mr. Davis was not to be found. My landlord was almost frantic with surprise and grief. The town was alarmed, and sud-

denly was all in a flame. About 11 o'clock, p. m. a man came from Belchertown, with information respecting the character who had been exhibiting among them as a preacher. This blew the flame into a tenfold rage. No pen can describe the uproar there was in the town of Pelham. They mounted hue and cries after me in every direction, with orders to spare not horse-flesh. They perambulated the town, and anxiously asked every one for some circumstance which would lead to a discovery where I was. All this took place whilst I lay snug in the corner, observing their operations. In holding a consultation upon these disagreeable matters, every one was anxious to clear himself of being the dupe to my artifice, as much as possible. 'I never liked him,' says one. 'I always thought there was something suspicious about him,' says another. 'He ever had a very deceitful look,' says a third. In fine, it had come to this, that not one now could discern any thing which ever appeared good or commendable about me, except one good old lady, who said, 'Well, I hope they will catch him, and bring him back among us, and we will make him a good man, and keep him for our preacher.'

"You may with propriety ask me, what the people of Pelham expected they could do, should they overtake me in their pursuit? I know the question will naturally arise; but I cannot give you an answer, for I do not know their intentions

or expectations. Perhaps they thought, for they were a people very ignorant, that I had broken the laws of the land, to the same amount as I had offended them. About 12 o'clock the night following, I took my leave of Lysander, promising to return and see him again, as soon as the tumult was hushed."

The discomfited Mr. Davis reached the house of his friend in Rutland, Massachusetts. But his flight had not been unperceived. We will allow him again, however, to tell his own story, as he does it with more ability than we could pretend to do.

"After I had taken some refreshment, and put out my horse, I went into his counting-room, to have some further conversation on the subject of my business. Whilst I was leaning my elbow out at the window, I turned my eyes at the sudden and violent trampling of horses, and saw a large number of people from Pelham after me. Seeing so many, and they riding with such fury, gave me a sudden impulse of fear, and I thought to elude them by flight; I therefore sprang out of my chair, and ran across the shop, in order to go out at the back door; but no sooner had I arrived there, than I was met by one Konkey, who attempted to seize me. This aroused my indignation, and with my walking-staff, I gave him a blow across the right arm, which broke it. Having by this mean made myself a passage, I ran round the

end of the shop, which I supposed would be most out of sight; but when I turned the corner, I met, full in the face, two of my deacons. I then turned and ran about twenty rods, down a small hill, and the Pelhamites all after me, hallooing with all their might, 'Stop him! stop him!' To be pursued thus like a thief, an object of universal speculation to the inhabitants of Rutland, gave me very disagreeable sensations which I was determined not to bear. I therefore stopped, took up a stone, and declared that the first who should approach me I would kill on the spot. They were very credulous in stories of the devil, witches, &c. and now thought the devil had appeared in human shape, ready to destroy them. They all stopped; amazement being pictured on their countenances, except one Hind. This man valued himself much on his dexterity, and in order to shew his superior ability, advanced alone, till he came within my reach; when, with a single stroke of my stone, I tumbled him to the ground, apparently a lifeless corpse. Seeing a large number of people beginning to collect and come towards me, I moved on about two rods in front of the Pelhamites, and they after me. I told them in the most decided manner, that instant destruction should be their portion, if they attempted to approach any nearer. They believed, and kept their distance, till coming to a barn, which had only one small door, I went in, determined to defend the door, which I expected

to be able to do, on account of its advantageous situation. After I had entered the barn, I found there a situation, which pleased me much better, viz. the hay-mow, there being only one place by which it was possible to ascend it, therefore when I was on the top of this hay-mow, I could keep off any number of men that should attack me. I accordingly seized this stronghold with despatch, mounted my fortress, and carried with me a scythe-snaith, as a weapon of defence to keep off the assailants. When the Pelhamites saw, through the crannies of the barn, where I had taken my station, they ventured to come in, together with a number of the inhabitants."

"What a situation for an ecclesiastic!" exclaims the celebrated Laurence Sterne, when describing a scene by no means becoming such a character. "What a situation for an ecclesiastic?" might the redoubtable Mr. Davis, with more truth, exclaim. The Pelhamites found that though they had "treed" their game, they had by no means caught it. At this crisis, a citizen of Rutland came forward as Mr. Burroughs' defender, while the Pelham question was defended by Deacon McMullen. After a long discussion, it was agreed to adjourn to the tavern hard by, and settle the quarrel amicably at the bar. This was a kind of satisfaction which it seems peculiarly suited the perturbed Pelhamites. Thither all repaired, and matters were progressing

toward a harmonious adjustment, when the aforesaid Hind came in, foaming with rage for the injury he had received in the recent encounter. This circumstance changed the aspect of affairs. Some seemed bent on carrying Burroughs forcibly back to Pelham. He consequently beat a retreat to a room above, and locked himself in. They came to his door, and, finding it locked, sent for an axe, to break it open. Hearing this, Burroughs leaped from his window upon a shed, and from that to the ground, in the midst of the very men who were procuring the axe. He says:

“Coming so suddenly among them, they had not time to recollect themselves, so as to know what this meant, till I had run the distance of twenty rods, when they started after me; but one of their number much exceeded the rest in swiftness, so that in running sixty rods, he was twenty rods before the others. By this time I was out of breath by running, and coming to a high wall, made of small stones, I jumped over it, and sat down behind it by a tree standing against the wall. I took a stone in my hand as I went over, intending to knock down the foremost man when he came up to me, which I supposed would be easy to do, as I should take him by surprise, and execute my plan before he could defend himself. After this should be performed, I could easily outrun the rest, as I should by this time be rested,

and be forward of them. An alder swamp, about half a mile distant, was my object.

“When the foremost man came up to the wall, I heard him panting and puffing for breath, and instead of being able to leap over, he ran against it, and threw it down in such a manner as to cover me almost entirely from sight; the stones falling against the tree in such a manner as to do me no injury. The man ran through the breach of the wall, and continued his course about fifteen rods beyond me, and stopped till the others came up, who anxiously inquired what had become of Burroughs? The others replied, that he had run like a deer across the meadow, and gone into the alder swamp.

“They concluded it was in vain to follow me—gave up the chase—went back to the tavern—took a little more satisfaction, and returned to Pelham.”

But we have lingered quite too long upon these “scenes.” We must despatch the remainder with more brevity.

One would naturally suppose that his past experience would have satisfied Burroughs with his clerical character. But the fact was otherwise. He went directly to Rhode Island, and there made a short engagement. Soon after, he made a visit to Pelham again, to see an old friend, (as he was on his way to Danbury,

Connecticut, to fulfil a professional engagement,) and here

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

The friend whom Burroughs now visited, (and at whose house he had taken refuge when the storm first arose at Pelham,) had discovered a "royal road to wealth," as he imagined, by the "transmuting of metals," whereby copper could be readily converted into silver. He was imposed upon by an artful knave, and effectually duped. As a great favor, the friend had let Burroughs into his secret, and the two, even in the palmy days of Mr. Davis' clerical reputation, had planned a scheme for carrying on the business to an extent which promised to enrich both adventurers. In justice to both, let it be said, they were duped: and silly as they may appear in their delusion now, were entirely honest in their scheme. It was upon this business, in part, that Burroughs now sought his friend. He found him crest-fallen. He had discovered his blunder. The transmuter had fled, giving a proof of his power by a successful experiment upon the coin of his victims; and with its originator had fled too all hope of speedy wealth. But in place of the exploded project, the friend informed Burroughs that he had hit upon another scheme which promised nearly as good success. This was no less than a plan for counterfeiting

silver dollars. Burroughs was startled at the plan, and opposed it. The friend was sanguine, and produced some of the coin, the work of a notorious counterfeiter. Burroughs argued against the honesty of the pursuit. The friend replied, with an argument which would have done credit to the philosophy of Paul Clifford. Burroughs wavered in his moral firmness. But the wife of his friend came in to his aid, with tears and persuasive entreaties. At length the friend yielded to the argument of honesty, but pleaded necessity for disposing at Springfield of a small quantity of the coin which he had already received, in exchange for certain articles necessary for carrying on further operations. To this he had pledged himself to those associated with him, and he felt that he could not in honor retract. Burroughs, in the exigency of the case, fearing the ruin of his friend and his family, with Quixotic benevolence offered to undertake the business and obtain the articles. He did so—went to Springfield—and ere he could leave the place, was arrested and committed to prison for “passing counterfeit money.”

The rash adventurer now experienced the disadvantages of his former course. His reputation had a very unfavorable effect upon the popular mind, far from conciliating that good will of which he so much stood in need. The trial came on. He was found guilty, and sentenced

to stand one hour in the pillory, and remain three years confined to the House of Correction. As the jail in Springfield was thought to be too insecure for such a prisoner, he was removed to Northampton, and consigned to his gloomy abode. He was soon joined by companions in guilt. It was not long before the active mind of the captive was at work to regain his liberty. But his evil genius seemed to have deserted him. He was detected, punished, and secured by massive chains. The uncalled for harshness of his treatment drove him to madness, and he attempted to burn the jail, and perish amid the ruins. But again he was defeated. The flames were extinguished, and the captive received for compensation a most cruel flogging, and, after being handcuffed and pinioned, was chained to the floor of his dungeon. This was in the dead of winter. He was denied fire, and even refused straw to lie upon. In addition to this suffering without, the fangs of hunger were gnawing him within. In this situation he was doomed to remain for a number of weeks. He was wasted to a mere skeleton, and at last ardently wished for death to terminate his excruciating woes. At length, when the springs of life were almost worn out, and life itself was fast sinking to its close, a kinsman visited him. He supplied him with money, and at sight of the magic treasure the jailor's wife became an "angel of mercy."

It seemed to be a matter of conscience with Burroughs, (if he had any such thing as conscience, which we doubt,) not to learn wisdom by experience. No sooner was he recovered from his late sufferings, than he turned his attention anew to an escape. This he would now have effected, had there been no unfair play within his fortress. But the principle of "honor among thieves," however it may have obtained among other like communities, found no practical exemplification in the Northampton jail. Guarded without and watched within, he was circumvented in every attempt, and each one only served to make his condition worse.

At length, all the prisoners who had been sentenced to the House of Correction were removed to Castle Island, then a military station, in Boston harbor. The island was well garrisoned, and the prisoners closely guarded, but Burroughs did not despair of escape. He alone of all the prisoners was permitted to remain in his "palace" during the day, while the others were at their labor. The time did not pass unimproved by him, and it was not long before, on a rainy night, all the prisoners sallied forth, surprised the sentry, seized a boat, and were off. Owing to the imprudence, of some of the company, all were again arrested and brought back to punishment and servitude.

It was now thought best that the rogue should

be put to labor. This proved too severe a task upon his mental abilities. Notwithstanding his ready wit at every thing else, he could not comprehend the sublime and occult mysteries of nail-manufacture. Despite all his efforts, he never could construct more than five perfect nails in a day, and his teachers finally gave him over as a stupid pupil. Yet once more was his restless mind active in search of some new method for the liberation of himself and his fellow-prisoners. He was not long in conceiving a plan; and a masterly one it was, which reflected credit upon his wisdom and courage. An armed guard always escorted the prisoners at day-break to their labor. The rest of the soldiers remained in the garrison, at a short distance from the prison. The keeper was accustomed to give his prisoners a call, some few minutes before the time of their "turning out." The plan of Burroughs, in this state of things, was this. He divided the prisoners into two companies, believing all to possess the courage which distinguished himself. Of one of these bands he proposed to take command. The other he gave in charge to one Phillips, of whose valor he had a high opinion. It was concerted, that as soon as the first call was given in the morning, and the keeper had departed, at a given signal, Burroughs, with his party, would surprise the guard in waiting for the prisoners, and disarm them by superior numbers, while

Phillips, with the other party, should rush to the garrison, and surprise it ere the soldiers were well upon duty. These two points effected, no difficulty would remain to secure the cannon, and other defences, and thus not only command the island, but the whole of Boston harbor. At the time appointed, all were in readiness, and, at the signal, Burroughs rushed to the charge. He surprised the sentries, disarmed two, reached the guard-house, and ordered the soldiers to lay down their arms. He was obeyed. But on looking round for his bold troops, not one could be seen. The cowardly villains had all deserted him, and the other leader had crawled back to his bed. By this time the alarm had been given, and it is not a matter of marvel if the united garrison succeeded in capturing their one assailant. He had played a fearful game at a desperate stake, and that too with a courage worthy a better cause. But his game was fatal, and dire indeed was his punishment.

Burroughs now relinquished all ideas of escape, and offered to compromise with the commander, promising to remain quiet if the liberties of the island might be allowed him. Strange as it may seem—and it shows the difficult charge which the prisoner had proved—his proposal was acceded to. Burroughs was again in partial comfort, and offered his kind protectors no more annoyance. The day of liberation at last arrived,

and the captive once more breathed the air of freedom.

For two or three years, Burroughs conducted with great propriety. He married, and saw a family rising around him. But he was again dragged to the bar of justice for a crime of which he was in part guilty, if not of the full terms of the indictment. His sentence was a severe one; and when he had received a part of his punishment, he gave his friends "a receipt in full of all demands," and disappeared. Again he conducted for a time, in a State not far distant, with credit to himself and friends. But after a very few years he removed to Canada, and from thenceforward, until near the time of his death, we know his conduct only by the voice of rumor. This spoke any thing but creditably of him. He was reported to have been extensively engaged in counterfeiting bills on banks of the United States, and to have practised crime with a high hand, unwhipt of justice. His memoirs, written by himself, have been extensively circulated. Edition after edition have been published in this country, and one has appeared in England, embellished, we believe, by Cruikshank. Burroughs died at a place called "Three Rivers," in Lower Canada, on the 28th of January, 1840. Report speaks of a moral reform toward the close of his life. Of this we are skeptical: still we do not

know it to be untrue, and give him the benefit of the "rumor." He had been, for some time before his death, we believe, engaged in his old profession of teaching, and had conducted with propriety. But what a miserable fragment this, to offset against a life of crime!

The book which Burroughs has left of his course of life can do no hurt—at least, to those whose minds are mature, and whose judgments are ripened. It may be read with profit. We can imagine no man, of whatever class, but may peruse it with advantage. There are things in it to laugh at: but one will become serious ere its close. He will find it a melancholy guide-book, warning off from every vice and crime with the mournful exclamation, "*This way danger lies!*"

Throughout his whole book, Burroughs complains of the prejudice of the community which existed everywhere against him, from matters of a personal nature. That prejudice now no longer exists. Men can form a true opinion of the author and actor, unbiassed by popular prejudice. But the verdict which the public will form upon the character of Burroughs will be a severe one. To say *he has lived in vain*, would be too light a conclusion. His boyhood was given to folly—his manhood to crime! With talents and advantages which might have rendered him an ornament to society, he became its disgrace: with

more "appliances and means to boot," than most possess, to become the benefactor of mankind, he proved their pest! And, in short, his whole career furnishes a mournful proof of the truth of a celebrated remark of Dr. Young, that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool!"

JOHN HELM.

THE subject of this sketch, a pioneer of the West, and a soldier in the Indian wars growing out of the settlement of Kentucky, was born on the 29th of November, 1761, in Prince William county, Virginia. He was the eldest child of Thomas Helm, who landed with his family at the Falls of the Ohio, now Louisville, in March, 1780. Towards the close of the year he looked out for a new location, and commenced a settlement near where Elizabethtown now stands. Early in the following year he removed his whole family to that place, and built what was called a fort, where he continued to reside until he died, at an advanced age.

JOHN HELM came to Kentucky in the fall before his father, when about 19 years of age. For those times he was well educated for a practical surveyor. He was of small stature, and not remarkable for either strength or activity, the qualities that most adorned the forest gentlemen of that day; but, possessing a firm, good constitution, with great steadiness of purpose and habits, he was enabled to perform the most astonishing labor, and to endure the greatest sufferings. Tho

qualities of his mind were well suited to his business, possessing in a superior degree a sound and discriminating judgment, united with patient and untiring investigation and personal bravery. On reaching Kentucky, he immediately commenced the dangerous occupation of locating and surveying land, for which he had been educated.

His first trip was, perhaps, his most unfortunate; having formed the usual company for surveyors in those times, he commenced operations not far from Salt river, accompanied by William Johnson, the father of Dr. Johnson, of Louisville, for whom he was then surveying. A company of Indians having discovered them, and knowing their business, waylaid them while they were engaged in the active employment of running a line. The Indians, squatting in the small cane through which they had to pass, as they came up, fired, and rising at the same moment, rushed upon them with their usual terrific yell. Mr. Helm being a little in advance, was in the midst of the Indians at the moment of the attack. The Indians, considering him as their captive, turned their attention to those in the rear. He used the fortunate moment, and passing through them made his escape—the others were killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was William Johnson; and Mr. Helm alone returned to tell the sad news that all was lost.

In 1791, he went out on St. Clair's campaign

as a common soldier, but his capacity for business and superior education were qualities more uncommon in those days than at present, and could not be long overlooked. He performed all, or nearly all, the duties appertaining to the staff officers in Col. Oldham's regiment of Kentucky militia, which formed one division of St. Clair's army. The regular troops formed the other division.

Both Col. Oldham and Mr. Helm were greatly dissatisfied with St. Clair's disposition of the army the night before the fatal battle, and earnestly remonstrated with him, but to no purpose.

In the early part of the action, Col. Oldham was killed and his division routed. While engaged in preparing for a retreat, Mr. Helm was severely wounded, and his efforts wholly frustrated.

Seeing death or escape the only alternative, and being surrounded by the enemy on every side, Major P. Brown, Captain John Thomas, (since General Thomas,) Stephen Cleaver, (since General Cleaver,) Mr. Helm, and a few others, concluded to make a last desperate attempt and open a passage through the Indian lines, the only possible way by which to retreat. The Indians were doubly prepared, having twice resisted a charge made by a division of the regular army; but those men thought it was but death at the worst, and they would make a trial for life. Their

plans being settled, they called long and loud to the Kentuckians to come and go home, and with a desperate shout charged upon the Indians without firing a gun. The Indians for a moment seemed to be panic-struck, and yielded to them to pass, while the whole army, as if by one impulse, followed after.

Mr. Helm, with the true feelings and spirit of a backwoodsman, clung to his rifle, that treasure to be parted with only in death—his arm bone broken and shattered, as before mentioned—and carried his rifle, and run and marched with the army, upwards of thirty miles that day.

The sufferings from such a wound would have been great under the most favorable circumstances and best treatment, but awful indeed must they have been in a wilderness, with such treatment and accommodations as could be given in a retreating and defeated army; yet, after months of suffering, he returned to his family, and was restored to health. This closed his Indian fighting, and he again resumed his occupation of surveyor. The Indians were no longer a dread and terror. The balance of his life was spent in active and useful labor, mostly as a surveyor. He acted as county surveyor in Washington county many years, and also, at the same time, as one of the associate judges, under the old system, and was a neat and thrifty farmer. He had no political ambition; although often urged, he was never a

candidate for any office before the people. He accumulated a considerable fortune, considering the theatre upon which he acted and the country in which he lived; yet few men ever came as near living and dying without an enemy as he did. Seven years before his death, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, having previously professed religion; and died at his residence in Elizabethtown, in a full assurance of a blissful eternity, on Friday, the 3d day of April, 1840, having lived 51 years, the husband of one wife, and leaving five children, and a numerous family of grand-children.

GENERAL ADAIR.

Few men have rendered more important military service to the southern and north-western frontiers, or been more highly esteemed by those among whom their lot was cast, as soldiers and patriots, than JOHN ADAIR. He was a native of Chester county, in South Carolina; and in early life distinguished himself in our Revolutionary struggle, then just commenced, by the ardor and activity with which he espoused the cause of his country, and by the military genius which he displayed in the direction of the detachment under his command. In 1787 he emigrated to Kentucky, at that time the fruitful field of high and daring enterprize. He at once entered into the contest with his characteristic vigor, and participated largely in the border warfare which was then furiously and destructively waged, and which was successfully closed in 1794. In the attack on Fort Recovery, in which action Governor Madison and Colonel Richard Taylor of Kentucky were severely wounded, he commanded, as Major, a detachment of Kentucky troops.

At the close of the Indian warfare, he repre-

sented for several years the county of Mercer, in the Legislature of the State, was afterwards speaker thereof, and in 1799 was a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of Kentucky. He afterwards held the station of register in the Land Office, and was subsequently elected Senator in the Congress of the United States. About this period, his opinions and conduct were the subject of much attention, and of no little vituperation, in connexion with the mysterious designs of Colonel Burr; but it is now very well understood that General Adair's course in this affair was very much misrepresented, and was predicated wholly upon the belief that Burr's movements and plans were known and approved by the government of the United States, which, he believed, seriously contemplated a war with Spain.

At this period of our political history, General Adair acted entirely with the federalists, being led into this connexion both by his calm convictions of the correctness of their opinions, and by his intimate association with the leading men of that party. At the same time, his adherence to those opposed to the war of 1812 was entirely subservient to the duty which he owed his country, as was sufficiently evinced by the readiness with which he accompanied Governor Shelby and General Harrison into Canada in the fall of 1813, and by the good conduct which he

displayed in that campaign. He bore a prominent part in the glorious achievements at New Orleans, and was, in consequence, promoted by Governor Shelby, and placed at the head of the brave Kentucky troops. His acrimonious controversy with General Jackson, growing out of the imputation cast by the latter upon the chivalrous Kentuckians under his command, resulted in his election as Governor of the State, whose fame he had so vigorously and triumphantly defended. In 1831, at the advanced age of 72, he was elected a representative in Congress, which was the closing theatre of his political life. In all his various political offices he was the invariable and inflexible friend of popular rights, and his best eulogy is to be found in the deep and unaffected sorrow which followed him to the tomb. He died May 19, 1840, "full of years and full of honors."

JOHN LOWELL, LL. D.

THIS exemplary philanthropist was born at Newburyport, in Massachusetts, October 6th, 1769, was graduated at Harvard University in 1786, and practised law with distinguished success until the year 1803. He then left the bar, and soon visited Europe for the improvement of his health, which had been much impaired by his arduous professional labors. Upon his return he gave his time and attention to the use of the public in various ways. The time in which he lived was a period of great political excitement; and he mingled in its strife with great ability and efficiency. He was a consistent and zealous supporter of the principles of Hamilton and Ames, and, throughout his whole political career, steadily refused to accept office, or in any way to receive a reward for his exertions. From 1810 to 1822 he was regarded as the leading member of the corporation of Harvard University, and was one of the projectors and founders of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Boston Athenæum, the Savings Bank, and the Hospital Life Insurance Company. For many years he was also the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural Soci-

ety; and throughout the latter portion of his life, he devoted nearly all his time to the study and pursuits of horticulture in its various branches.

Mr. LOWELL was distinguished for his generosity, his public spirit, his private charities, and the hearty, zealous earnestness with which he entered upon every undertaking that engaged his attention. He was a firm believer in the truths of Christianity, an unmerciful opponent of all dissimulation and hypocrisy, and a man of singular uprightness and integrity. He died March 12, 1840, of apoplexy, at Boston, in the 71st year of his age.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON.

BY J. KENRICK FISHER.

THIS talented painter was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, September, 1795. His parents, previously to the Revolution, resided in Boston; but removed thence when the republican army obtained possession of that town, and retired to the province above named, where his father held a post in the British army. In 1803, Mrs. Newton, then a widow, returned to her friends in Boston, bringing her children with her; and it appears that young Newton continued to reside there until he was about twenty-one years of age.

His relatives intended that he should become a merchant, and placed him in a counting-house; but he manifested a talent for drawing and painting, and attracted notice by sketching likenesses of his friends; and so much of his time was spent in this way, that it soon became apparent that he would not apply himself to mercantile pursuits; and his friends, judging favorably of his promise as an artist, determined to indulge his inclination. It appears that he received some instruction from his uncle, Gilbert Stuart, after whom he was named; and the works of that great artist cer-

tainly had much influence in forming his style; but, owing to his propensity for disputing, and to the high opinion of his own abilities, which the praise he received had tempted him to indulge, he frequently provoked his uncle, who rebuked him so harshly that a coldness grew up between them, which continued until Newton went to Italy, in 1816, after which time there seems to have been no opportunity for a reconciliation. I have heard many extravagant stories about this unhappy difference,—some ascribing it to the uncle's jealousy of his nephew's talents, others to the nephew's conceit and insolence; but the peculiar dispositions of both were such that, under the circumstances of the case, they hardly could have got along without more wrangling than is consistent with the safety of friendly feelings: the one, confident of his extraordinary attainments, and ardent in his temperament, could not easily endure contradiction from a boy; the other, noted through life for defending his own opinions, right or wrong, with all the ingenuity he could muster, and elated by the general praise he had received, was not likely to pay such homage as was really due.

Newton remained in Italy about a year. He readily perceived that the living artists of that country could afford him no useful instruction; and, in 1817, he went to Paris, where he first met Charles Robert Leslie, with whom he formed a

friendship which soon became intimate, and continued until Newton's death. His proficiency at this time was very moderate, as I have been told by Leslie; in fact, the first picture he painted in England was so deficient in drawing, and in other respects, that Leslie advised him not to exhibit it. But he did not follow the advice; and it was fortunate for him that he did not, for there was something in the coloring, and in the humor of treatment, which attracted considerable notice, and caused it to be immediately sold. He was ever after successful in pleasing the public; but he continued to neglect drawing, and on that account did not so much rise in the estimation of the artists, who were bent on discountenancing the prevalent vice of their school, the excessive devotion to color, which he evinced in a degree that was extraordinary even among themselves. This neglect has been ascribed to indolence; but I believe he was not without great industry and perseverance in the pursuit of his favorite excellence; and I therefore ascribe it to the predominance of his feeling for color, for which he was always noted. Leslie says his eye was so exquisite that he could not touch his canvas without producing harmony, and that he never did anything disagreeable to the eye, however defective it might be in shape. Besides this extraordinary perception of the beautiful in color, he had a fine feeling for humor of the most refined sort, and

also for the pathetic ; and with these qualities, in spite of his neglect of academic discipline, he made his way to the feelings of all.

In 1828, if I remember rightly, he was made an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1832, a Royal Academician. It would not become me, if it were not far from my disposition, to speak disrespectfully of the talented and liberal men who are members of that academy ; but I may be allowed to say, that I never could account for their tardiness in electing Newton, on any other ground than that which I before assigned, namely, their severe opposition to the undue ascendancy of color. His pictures had merits of the highest order, more than could be equalled by the correctness of several who were preferred before him ; and though I am deeply sensible that their severity was needed by the students, I do not believe it was wise or just to withhold the honors of the academy from him so long as they did.

In 1832 Mr. Newton returned to this country, on a visit to his friends, and remained about a year ; during which time he painted a few small pictures, chiefly portraits. He married a Miss Sumner, of Boston, and shortly after returned to London. His happiness was soon terminated by the greatest calamity that can befall an intelligent being, a loss of reason. It is said the disorder was hereditary. His friends judged it for his comfort and advantage to place him in a private

asylum, where he could receive the best possible care and treatment; but they were not long permitted to indulge the hope of his recovery. His devoted friend, Leslie, often visited him, and exerted himself with some success to alleviate his condition, by aiding in his amusements, which he describes as being all of an elegant kind, the chief of which was his favorite art. Some of the productions of his pencil, even in this condition, are said to have been excellent.

As there was no hope of his recovery, the parents of Mrs. Newton thought it advisable that she should return to them, and sent for her. Newton lingered somewhat more than a year, when his disorder terminated in death. A short time before his decease, his consciousness returned to him. He inquired for his wife; but she had gone. His last moments are said to have been deeply affecting.

Such was the end of a most gifted artist, in the prime of life, and the full enjoyment of fame, fortune, and domestic happiness. He is lamented by many of the most talented men in England, whose friendship he had long enjoyed, and who esteemed him for his amiable feelings and social qualities, as well as for his professional abilities.

It is important that the character and habits of a man of genius should be known; because such knowledge is often of service to the philosophy of mind. Therefore, in writing this sketch, I feel

bound to state what I know, either of the talents, the virtues, or the foibles of Mr. Newton. Among the latter was a singular unwillingness to acknowledge himself in the wrong in any disposition he had made in a picture: he would defend every thing so long as he could, and when arguments were failing, he would attack his opponent on some point or other, to avoid being driven to any conclusion, and sometimes become excited and sarcastic; but the next day the objectionable part would be found altered. It is said that he sometimes was displeasing in his manners; he has even been abused on this account: but, the general esteem in which he was held, his intimacy with many of the nobility, and of the most eminent men, sufficiently refute the charges that have been sometimes made against his character as a gentleman. It appears that he was nervous and excitable, easily provoked, although generally good-natured; and that he had not the faculty to shuffle off a boor without offending him. He used to be annoyed by Americans, who were anxious to make his acquaintance; but his time was so taken up with more important company, that he did not care to devote much of it to them, unless they happened to please him: and the claim to his attention, on the score of nationality, was sure to nettle him, as he did not consider himself an American, and had been often abused as a renegade.

Dunlap, in his history of the arts in America, mentions that Newton, at a dinner in New York, declared himself a subject of Great Britain, and takes the occasion to say that such conduct diminished his respect for him as a man. It is true, however, that he was a British subject, born in a British province, the son of a loyalist who fled from this country at the commencement of the Revolution; and if he preferred the society and institutions of England to ours, he had as much right to do so as any man has to make a similar choice in religion or politics: indeed, we could not, consistently with the principles of freedom which we proclaim, deny to one of our native citizens the right to transfer his allegiance to any foreign government he might choose; and to censure Newton on this account evinces more discourtesy than justice. Mr. Dunlap also says that Newton, when last in this country, spoke disrespectfully of his uncle, as he did of American artists generally. If he had told us whether the remarks applied to his uncle's character as a man, his ability in portraiture, or his talent for coloring and imitation, I should know what to make of the charge; but since he has not been thus particular, I can only presume that he spoke unfavorably of the coloring of Mr. Stuart's pictures, which, if compared with the works Newton had been so long familiar with, could not admit of such commendation as had usually been awarded to them. As to his remarks

on American artists generally, I do not know what they may be; but I believe him to have been a competent judge, and a man of honor, and that therefore his opinions are entitled to respect, even if they do not accord with those we have been accustomed to hear.

Mr. Dunlap also mentions, as an instance of the difficulty of pleasing him, that a gentleman of this city shewed him his collection of pictures, and not receiving any compliments on account of them, said, "At least, you will allow that they are tolerable." "Tolerable!" said Newton, "yes; but would you eat a tolerable egg?" Such replies are likely to provoke men who believe their favorite pictures worthy of the commendations bestowed on them by those who drink their wine; and an artist of Newton's refined taste and sensitiveness would hardly fail to bring on himself, from some quarter or other, the charge of "pertness, approaching to puppyism," which Mr. Dunlap has been pleased to record. On the whole, these disparaging remarks on Newton's politics, manners and opinions, appear to have no probable foundation; they are contradictory to his general character, and seem generally to have been made in resentment of some dissatisfaction for which he ought not to have been held accountable. I am particular in noticing them, because I wish to remove, as much as possible, the prevalent notion that a great artist may

be a mean and ill-bred man. If a few instances have occurred in which he wounded the feelings of any gentlemen, they may fairly be attributed to his nervous temperament, and the uneasiness he constantly felt on account of his inability to speak in a satisfactory manner of the "widely received opinions," the political institutions, and the works of art, which were held up for his admiration. It may, moreover, be observed, that the nervous disorder, which terminated in insanity, was making its slow approaches while he was in this country. I have been informed that he frequently got up at midnight, to scrape out some part of his picture which he was not satisfied with, and which would not allow him to sleep until he had erased it. In such a condition he could not have been so much at ease as might be desirable, or feel such pleasure as he otherwise would in the various companies in which he found himself.

THE LATE SAMUEL WARD.

BY CHARLES KING.

THE record of a good man's life, while it soothes the affections of all who loved and survive him, has the higher merit of encouraging the struggles and sustaining the virtue of those who, entering upon life with no other reliance than their own strong arms and resolute hearts, and honest principles, are cheered on their way by the example of success achieved and high character established, under like circumstances, by others.

It is a brief record of this sort, and not a eulogy, that is here attempted of the late SAMUEL WARD. The pompous funeral orations which commemorate the death of the great ones of the earth, too often, by the very exaggeration of their praise, mark a painful contrast between the actions of the man, and the votive offerings that decorate his tomb. The reader, while his taste is gratified by splendid perorations and his imagination is excited by brilliantly drawn pictures, yet feels his moral sense shocked at the discovery, that flattery stops not even at the grave; and although it cannot "soothe the dull, cold car of death," that it yet

finds profit in ministering to the vanity of the living.

Ours is a humbler and more honest task—that of satisfying the feelings of private friendship, while we adhere to the impartiality of unadorned narrative.

Mr. Ward was a native of Rhode Island, and sprang from a race illustrious in the annals of that renowned commonwealth. The founder of the family, Thomas Ward, of Gloucester, England, was a soldier in the armies of Cromwell, who, after the accession of Charles II. in 1660, retired to this country and settled at Newport, Rhode Island. He married Amey Smith, a granddaughter of Roger Williams, and left an only son, Richard, who was subsequently Governor of Rhode Island. His sons, Thomas and Henry, were successively Secretaries of the plantation for half a century, and his son Samuel was Governor thereof for several years. Samuel was also a member of the Continental Congress from 1774 to March 1776, when he died at Philadelphia. Of this gentleman, old John Adams, a member of the same Congress, thus wrote: "He was a gentleman in his manners, benevolent and amiable in his disposition, and as decided, ardent and uniform in his patriotism as any member of that Congress. When he was seized with the small pox, he said, that if his vote and voice were necessary to support the cause of his country, he

should live; if not, he should die." He died, and the cause of his country was supported, but it lost one of its most sincere and punctual advocates. He was an ingenious man and well informed."

Samuel, the son of this gentleman, and the father of the subject of our notice, early took part with his country against the oppression of England. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary war he commanded a company, and was one of those who made the perilous march with Arnold through the unbroken forests of New England to Quebec. He was subsequently a lieutenant colonel in the Rhode Island line, and served with distinction throughout the war. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and passed through a long life with unblemished reputation.

Samuel Ward, his son, was born 1st May, 1786, soon after which the family, in 1790, removed to this city. A narrow income and a large family prevented the father from gratifying the wish early expressed by his son for a collegiate education; and therefore, at the age of 14, having received only the ordinary instruction of an English school, he entered as a clerk in that banking-house of which he eventually became the head. In 1808, at the age of 22, he was taken into partnership by Mr. Prime; and from that time till the period of his death, he continued an active and influential man of business.

Money was the commodity in which Mr. Ward dealt, and if, as is hardly to be disputed, money be the root of all evil, it is also, in hands that know how to use it worthily, the instrument of much good. There exists undoubtedly, in regard to the trade in money, and respecting those engaged in it, many and absurd prejudices, inherited in part from ancient error, and fomented and kept alive by the jealousies of ignorance and indigence. It is therefore no small triumph to have lived down, as Mr. Ward did, this prejudice, and to have forced upon the community in the midst of which he resided, and upon all brought into connexion with him, the conviction that commerce in money, like commerce in general, is, to a lofty spirit, lofty and ennobling, and is valued more for the power it confers, of promoting liberal and beneficent enterprizes, and of conducing to the welfare and prosperity of society, than for the means of individual and selfish gratification or indulgence.

The incidents of such a career as that of Mr. Ward are necessarily few, and as he was of remarkably unobtrusive disposition, though of great firmness of purpose and well-settled notions of duty, the impress of his character upon those around and in contact with him, though sure and salutary, was yet silent and gradual.

Mr. Ward was married to Miss Cutler, in October, 1812,—a lady of great beauty and fine

understanding. The years of his married life, though few and fleeting, were bright and joyous. A liberal and elegant hospitality presided over his household, while the domestic hearth was gladdened with the merry voices of the children of their marriage.

In the year 1824, death took from him the wife of his affections, leaving him with the charge of a family of three sons and three daughters.

Affliction, like adversity, tries and proves the character. Mr. Ward, stunned for a while by the blow which had scattered in an instant his dreams of human happiness, soon recovered the tone of his mind, by looking to that religion which heretofore perhaps had occupied too small a portion of his thoughts, and which alone can adequately console the broken heart.

He roused himself to his duties as a father, as a member of society, and, above all, as a Christian; and after the lapse of a few years, he became zealous and active in his efforts to advance the objects of various literary institutions and associations for promoting the growth of morality and religion.

In 1828, the Historical Society—which, though early founded, had struggled along through a precarious existence, and without other local habitation than such as the indulgence of the Corporation of the city allowed it in the build-

ing known as the Old Alms-House,—was, in the progress of the city's growth, which required the application to city purposes of all their buildings, turned out of doors. Mr. Ward immediately interested himself earnestly and successfully in procuring for it, and its already valuable collection, a safe and convenient retreat in the new building then just erected by Mr. Peter Remsen, on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street.

In 1830, in connexion with Albert Gallatin, Rev. Drs. Wainwright, Matthews, and others, Mr. Ward was exceedingly active in founding the New York University, towards which he himself subscribed \$2500, and was mainly instrumental in inducing other large subscriptions.

The subject of sound and liberal education, to be placed within the reach of all, or as nearly so as possible, was one particularly near to his heart, the rather that he himself had been balked in his favorite wish of obtaining such an education. This loss was, to the day of his death, a source of regret to him, although assiduous self-culture and much reading, in the intervals of a very busy life, had, in the estimation of others, left him little to regret on this point. He therefore followed up with ardor the plan of the University, took part in the proceedings of the Literary Convention, which in 1830-1 was held in this city, and over which John Q. Adams pre-

sided—having for its object, inquiries into the state of education among us, and as to the best modes of advancing it,—and he persevered until the New York University was established.

About the year 1831, Mr. Ward turned his attention more especially to the moral and religious condition of the poorer classes in this great city, and entered warmly into the efforts then making in behalf of the cause of Temperance, so intimately connected with morality; and in behalf of Mission Churches in those parts of the city where there was most need of, and least opportunity for, religious instruction.

Of the City Temperance Society, which was then formed, he became the President, and so continued until the day of his death, directing its operations with the well known energy of his character, but, at the same time, with the discretion and forbearance that could alone conciliate friends to this new and most beneficent reform. It is mainly owing to the good sense and sound judgment which Mr. Ward exhibited in this situation, resisting the extreme demand of total abstinence, and the more injurious pretension to interfere with the divine institution of the Eucharist, that the New York City Temperance Society has maintained its ground unshaken amidst the perils resulting from *ultra* and unpopular doctrines. In addition to his personal

services, Mr. Ward's pecuniary contributions to this society were from \$300 to \$500 per annum.

The establishment of the Mission Church in Vandewater street, the first in connexion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, attested his efficiency in that cause. It was upon his indication and recommendation that the Rev. B. C. Cutler (his brother-in-law) was brought from Quincy, Massachusetts, to take charge of this free church, and the success with which he ministered there, until called to a sphere of wider usefulness in Brooklyn, amply justified the choice. Mr. Ward's contributions in money, large as they were, to this object, and large as were the sums which he prevailed upon others to give, were hardly more important than his punctual and diligent personal attendance once or twice weekly at the meetings held to advance the interests of this evangelical undertaking.

It was about 1831, that, after years of self-examination and study and meditation, he determined to join the church. From the period of Mrs. Ward's death his mind had been turned to this result, but he was too conscientious to act in so grave a matter without due preparation and certain convictions. Having at last arrived at his own conclusions, which, because adopted with caution, were rarely indeed altered, he took the final pledge, and he lived up to it, so far as fallible human judgment may decide, for

the remainder of his days. Among the aids to which he was indebted for a right decision on this most momentous subject, was Butler's *Analogy of Revealed Religion*; and Mr. Ward would sometimes dwell with emphasis upon the satisfaction with which, after repeated trials, and a good deal of intense study, he finally mastered that most powerful, consistent, and logical treatise upon Christianity.

The prosperity which rewarded his labors as a man of business, seemed only to impose on him the desire, as it afforded the means, of being more extensively useful. Without neglecting any former objects, he extended the field of his labors and benefactions. He took a lively interest in Kenyon College, Ohio, of which Bishop McIlvaine had recently become President; he made a donation to it of \$1000, and loaned it a very large sum besides, on the security of its lands. He also gave liberally to Bishop Kemper, for his college, and to Bishop Smith, of the diocese of Kentucky, for the spiritual wants of the West. His money, however, as before remarked, was perhaps the least valuable part of his services, for he took a personal interest in all these subjects, consulted about and contrived means for advancing them, enlisted the active support of many, and the sympathy of all, in their behalf, and thus literally went about doing good.

In 1836, Mr. Ward, in conjunction with other public-spirited individuals, founded the Stuyvesant Institute, and erected the fine edifice bearing that name in Broadway, which it was fondly hoped, like the Atheneum in Boston, might become a centre for literature, art, and science, in the upper part of our wide-spreading city. The political and financial reverses, that soon followed, defeated, at least for the present, this expectation, and annihilated for Mr. Ward the large sum of \$4000, he had contributed to this enterprise. After-years, however, may yet realize the benefits which he and his associates meditated for their day and generation, and the noble fabric still stands, and long may it stand, a monument to the liberal spirit of its founders.

With very clear and decided notions on political subjects, Mr. Ward had yet kept himself,—as was, indeed, until 1834, the case with very many of the leading and active commercial men in New York,—free from party strife. As an American, he felt bound to take an interest in the elections, as they recurred, and never omitted to fulfil the obligation of voting; but in the mere scramble for office, the contest between the *ins* and the *outs*, he neither felt nor feigned any concern. When, however, in 1834, that series of disastrous measures commenced, which, under the auspices of General Jackson and his successor, have caused such accumulated ruin

and misery, Mr. Ward, with his wonted decision and vigor, entered the political arena, and incited and encouraged all who had the welfare of the country at heart, to do likewise. The removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States, he pronounced to be, at the time, and never faltered in the belief, an act so lawless, violent, and fraught with disaster, that it would and must eventually overthrow the men and the party that resorted to it. He did not live to witness, as we do, the entire and literal verification of this sagacious opinion.

The winter of 1836-7 was one that called forth in the highest degree the exercise of Mr. Ward's principles as a commercial man, proud of the great city with whose growth his own was identified, and whose honor was to him dear as his own. Long and strenuously he strove to avert the financial crisis then impending, declaring himself ready to put all his own earnings at hazard, rather than witness the dishonor of the banks of New York. Individual effort, however, was vain, and the 10th of May saw all the banks reduced to suspend specie payments; and upon no man did that disastrous day close with deeper mortification than upon the subject of this notice. Personally, and in his business relations, this event affected Mr. Ward as little possibly as any one at all connected with affairs; but, in his estimation, it vitally wounded the commercial honor

and character of the city. He was not, however, a man to waste in unavailing regrets, hours that might be more advantageously employed to repair the evil, and he therefore at once set about the arrangement of measures for inducing and enabling the banks to resume at the earliest possible moment. The public mind was far from sound on this topic; the business of banking had been made a sort of mystery, and ideal difficulties and interested objections, and timid anticipations, were again and again the sole replies to the direct and manly suggestions of common sense, honesty, interest, and duty, which Mr. Ward from day to day, in season and out of season, in the street, in his office, and in bank parlors, iterated and reiterated, about the absolute necessity and certain practicability of an early resumption. So much earnestness, however, backed by so much good sense and untiring perseverance, could not fail to obtain a hearing, and gradually to make proselytes. Little by little the circle of sound thinkers and correct reasoners was enlarged, until early in the year 1838, the sentiment that the banks could and should return to specie payments, became more and more irresistible. Opposition from elsewhere only induced greater efforts on the part of Mr. Ward, and those who shared his councils, and coincided in his views, to sustain the confidence of the New York institutions in their

ability to carry out their honest purposes. After these banks had announced their determination to resume within a year from the day of suspension, Mr. Ward was active in organizing the public meeting which pledged the merchants and traders to stand by the banks. They did resume, and as Mr. Ward had again and again predicted, specie, instead of being drawn from, flowed into, the banks. All difficulties were overcome, and the path of honor and duty was once more entered upon by those institutions. Mr. Ward, overwrought as he had been by the almost exclusive charge of the extensive business of the house,—his partner, Mr. King, being in Europe,—and by his great efforts out of doors in bringing back specie payments, fell sick. It was on a bed of suffering that he first received from his partner in London, the gratifying intelligence that the Bank of England, influenced by a wise and provident desire to restore the currency of our country so intimately connected in business with Great Britain, had determined to confide to their house for that purpose a loan of nearly \$5,000,000, in gold. This extraordinary mark of confidence, this well-earned tribute to the prudence and integrity of the house, Mr. Ward did not affect to undervalue, and confirming, as it did, the sagacity of his own views, and the results which he had so confidently foretold, it was not

lost upon the community in the midst of which he lived.

It was shortly after this period, that the law of the State of New York was passed permitting private associations or individuals to transact the business of banking. Mr. Ward conceived this to be a good occasion for establishing a bank on what from long experience he deemed to be sound principles; and the result of his cogitations and consultations, frequent, though not with many persons, was the establishment of the Bank of Commerce, which in its constitution and bye-laws may, it is believed, be truly described as presenting a model bank.

The health of Mr. Ward, which had undergone several violent shocks from the painful and exhausting disease of inflammatory gout, began to give way under the severe trials and constant fatigues to which he exposed himself; and when therefore, on the declension of Mr. Gallatin, by reason of advanced age, to accept the presidency of the Bank of Commerce, the station was pressed upon him, both his shattered constitution and the unaffected diffidence which instinctively held him back from accepting prominent station, combined to urge him to refuse. But when he was solicited with increased earnestness to accept the post, and appeals were made to his sense of duty, he yielded his consent to take the helm, until the new bank should be

fairly afloat, and under full and successful headway, stipulating with that rare disinterestedness that entered so largely into his character, not to receive any compensation for his services. Unhappily, the rooms in the new Exchange, in which the business of the bank was transacted, were yet damp from recent plastering, and two successive attacks of his ancient malady, were thereby induced in the spring of 1839, which, by their severity and rapid succession, fatally undermined his health. But he yet struggled against disease and debility, giving all the energy of a mind that soared above the influence of bodily suffering, to perfect and consolidate an institution, by the enduring, just and beneficent operations of which he might reasonably hope to be remembered in after-years among men.

In July of that year, feeble and emaciated, he made his accustomed summer visit to Newport, but not with the accustomed result of renovated strength and spirits; the recuperative powers of the system seemed exhausted, while from the critical condition of the commercial and financial affairs of the country, he, from his connexion with the Bank of Commerce, was not allowed the respite from business, which at Newport he had hitherto been wont to enjoy. He kept up an active daily correspondence with the bank, took a lively interest in all its transactions, and when, in October, the banks of Pennsylvania, and of the

States south thereof, suspended specie payments, and clamors almost amounting to menace, were heard against the declared purpose of the New York banks to maintain at all hazard their payments, Mr. Ward hurried back, valetudinarian as he was, to the city, threw himself at once into the conflict, sustained, encouraged, and convinced the timid and the doubting,—replying with truth and energy to a friend who admonished him of the peril to his exhausted frame of such exertions, that “he would esteem life itself not unworthily sacrificed, if, by word or deed, he could aid the banks in adhering faithfully to their duty.” For nearly two weeks he gave up his time, thoughts, and labor to this object; and when, at last, he saw that it was accomplished, and that the honor and fair fame of the much-loved city in which, and with which, he had grown from boyhood to mature age, were to be inviolably maintained,—he went home to die. It was literally so; the bed which received him after the accomplishment of this his last labor, he never again left alive.

Enduring pain without a murmur,—patient, gentle, humble, and resigned,—looking death steadfastly in the face, as one whose features he had accustomed himself to contemplate,—leaning for support upon the Rock of Ages,—consoled by the memories of a well-spent life,—at peace with himself and with the world,—he expired in the midst

of his family and friends, on the 27th of November, 1839.

In his personal intercourse with the world, Mr. Ward was direct, almost to abruptness. Sincere and decided in his own views, he was impatient of circumlocution and indecision in others. He was a stickler for punctuality, not only as an act of politeness, but as economizing what he deemed a precious possession—time.

Having early proposed to himself a particular aim in life, he never lost sight of it until success crowned his efforts. Of this singleness of purpose and unwavering determination, this anecdote is told by an elderly lady, still living: that upon her questioning him while yet a lad, as to what he meant to be, his immediate reply was, "I mean to be one of the first bankers in the United States."

In the intercourse with his family and friends, he was eminently confiding, generous, and tender. As son, brother, parent, and friend, he was, not irreproachable merely, but admirable; and in all the relations of life, he exemplified and adorned the character of a good citizen, a humble Christian, and an honest man.

If we have not wholly failed in our sketch of such a character, it will not be without its moral and encouragement for others.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER, generally known as the "Patroon," for upward of half a century, has filled a wide space in the sphere of usefulness, not only in the immediate community in which he resided, but in the whole State and country. His father dying when he was very young, he came to his princely estates early in life. From that day until his decease, his life, both in public and private, was that of virtue and honor, and of expansive benevolence. His hand was set to every good work, and his heart beat responsively to every thing calculated to awaken human sympathy.

He was the last of those who may, in one respect at least, be classed among the colonial gentry, as the law of entail ceases with him. There are those remaining who yet remember the festivities of the tenantry of Rensselaerwick, when the young Patroon, as he was called, came of age. The event was celebrated with great feasting and rejoicings—the roasting of oxen, and the killing of poultry, and knocking in the heads of butts of brown ale—after the manner of feudal times.

He was educated at Harvard College, and married, as his first wife, the daughter of General Schuyler, the heroine of the general's family, who snatched her infant sister from the cradle, and rushed through the gang of John Waltermeyer, when that tory chieftain was attempting to abduct General Schuyler from his mansion, during the war of the Revolution. His second wife is the daughter of the late eminent Judge Patterson, of New Jersey.

At the election of John Jay, as governor of New York, Stephen Van Rensselaer was elected lieutenant-governor. He subsequently served in the Senate of the State of New York, and afterward several times in the House of Assembly. In the year 1821, he was elected a member of the convention which formed the new constitution of the State. Soon after this event he was chosen to represent the city and county of Albany in the Congress of the United States, in which station he served eight or ten years, greatly to the satisfaction of his constituents. It was by his casting vote in the New York delegation in Congress, that Mr. Adams was elected President, on the first ballot, in February, 1825; by which act, under all the circumstances of the case, and the very delicate position in which he was placed, he won for himself great credit for his moral courage and patriotism.

In 1816 he was appointed one of the Board of

Canal Commissioners, of which body he became the president, on the removal of Dewitt Clinton, in 1824, and at the head of which he remained until his decease. He was likewise for a long series of years a regent of the University of the State of New York, and the chancellor of that body after the decease of the late Lieutenant-Governor Taylor. For more than thirty years he was, we believe, the major-general of the cavalry of the State of New York. Certainly he was in the occupancy of that rank at the commencement of the late war with Great Britain in 1812. And the alacrity with which he repaired to the Niagara frontier, and assumed the command, in that year, at the instance of Governor Tompkins, has ever been considered an evidence of his disinterested patriotism, inasmuch as he had been opposed in principle to the declaration of that war, and inasmuch, also, as his princely fortune, and his partiality for the tranquil pursuits of private and domestic life, afforded him every inducement for avoiding the toils and hardships of the field. His campaign was crowned with the brilliant, though in the end disastrous, affair of Queenston; and had his means been equal to his bravery and military skill, the sun of that year would not have gone down, as it did, in gloom.

But it is in the retirement of private life, and in the walks of Christian philanthropy and benevolence, that the example of Mr. Van Rensselaer

affords the most attractive subject for contemplation. His whole course was marked by benevolent actions, while his path was ever illuminated by the bright though softened lustre of the Christian religion. He was literally the father of the fatherless, and ever, and in all circumstances, the poor man's friend. He was a liberal patron of literature and the arts, as his numerous benefactors will bear ample testimony. In connexion with our great national institution of Christian benevolence, his name has ever stood most prominent. He was one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the Bible Society, and his name was for a long time numbered upon the honored list of Vice-Presidents. For many years before his decease, he had been at the head of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; and his name is munificently connected with many other kindred institutions, which cannot now be enumerated. Long will the poor of Albany have reason to deplore his loss; long will the numerous tenantry of his extensive domains have reason to bless his memory; and long will the Christian public have cause to mourn the departure of a staunch and unwavering friend and most liberal benefactor.

A gentleman by birth, education and associations, a brother-in-law of Hamilton, and a member of the elevated circles of the palmy days of the young republic, the manners of Mr. Van

Rensselaer were those of the old school—at once simple, elegant, and unostentatious. His temper was marked with native sweetness and amiability, blended with many Christian graces. His deeds of charity were not performed to be seen of men, and as his left hand did not know what was done by his right, the records of his bounty have been kept only above. His political principles were those of the “father of his country.” His religious, those of the Bible—unsophisticated by false philosophy, and untinged by fanaticism. He was evidently a practical Christian.

His last end was peace. For more than a year before his decease, he had expressed himself ready to depart, and awaited with composure the summons of the messenger. He died January 26th, 1839, in the 74th year of his age.

DR. HENRY PERRINE.

BY W. M. GILLESPIE.

If it be true, that "he who causes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, is a benefactor of his country," the highest praise must be due to him who introduces new and valuable objects of culture, and by their means converts desert tracts, before valueless and noxious, into permanent sources of wealth and prosperity. Such praise is merited by the late Dr. HENRY PERRINE.

He was a native of New Jersey, was educated as a physician, and practised his profession with great success in the State of Illinois. In 1826, he was appointed by John Q. Adams, American Consul at Campeachy. He resided there for many years, and thus became intimately acquainted with the value of the agricultural productions of the provinces of Campeachy, Yucatan, and Sisal. His comprehensive mind perceived the benefits that would arise from transferring their culture to the United States; but to this the narrow-minded jealousy of the inhabitants interposed great obstacles. When they could not avoid allowing seeds to leave the country,

they would boil them previously, that their subsequent germination might be impossible. But Dr. Perrine's philanthropic employment of his professional skill overcame this difficulty. The cholera scourged those regions more heavily in proportion to their population, than any others, and he was unwearied, night and day, in affording relief to the sick. So distinguished were his services, that the Mexican government gave him a public vote of thanks. He thus obtained many devoted friends, some of whom had the courage to supply him with the great object of his desires, in spite of the denunciations of the priesthood.

Dr. Perrine was thus enabled to transfer to the congenial soil of Florida, and to the care of his intimate friend, Mr. Howe, many valuable tropical plants. Among them the most important was the *Agave Sisalana*, a plant precisely the same as that which produces the valuable article of merchandise known in the market as Manilla hemp: The peculiar cactus upon which the cochineal insect feeds, as well as bananas, and other esculent plants, were also among the objects of his cultivation. His experiments demonstrated that the staples of the tropics may be advantageously produced in our southern States, some of them as far north as Virginia; and that the sand barrens and noxious morasses of Florida are peculiarly adapted to produce, almost without labor, by self-propagation, the various fibrous

plants from which are manufactured Manilla and Sisal rope, the beautiful variety of grass cloths, &c.

Having resigned his office of consul, Dr. Perrine came to the United States to carry his plans into operation. He attended the session of Congress in 1838, and laid before the members his philanthropic project. In the room appropriated to the committee on agriculture he displayed some specimens of fibrous plants, in their original and manufactured states. In a memorial to Congress, he embodied a vast amount of information upon the nature and habits of various useful plants, and proved the practicability and advantages of his theories. For aid in these great plans, he asked the aid of government; not in money, but in a grant of lands generally considered worthless and uninhabitable. After long solicitation, he received permission to locate a settlement for the propagation of tropical plants upon the public lands in Florida, with the privilege of purchasing any surrounding lands at the market price when the Indians should be removed.

Having so far succeeded, he came to the north, to inquire into the wants of the manufacturers, the kinds of fibre most likely to be first demanded, and the machinery which would best cleanse them from the surrounding pulp and enveloping skin. His next step would have been, upon the

cessation of Indian hostilities, to collect a number of poor but industrious families, and settle them upon the lands of his Florida grant, ensuring them a subsistence, until, by their labor and acquired skill, they became able to support and enrich themselves. He had proceeded to Florida with his family, and was residing at Indian Key when that place was attacked by the Indians during the past summer. He addressed them in Spanish from the top of his house, and prevailed upon them to retire. They returned however after midnight, burst into the house, and there put an end to his life and patriotic labors. His family escaped by means of a boat, which the Indians had left near the house.

So perished Dr. Perrine, another victim of the murderous Florida war. But it is to be hoped that his splendid scheme for the increase of national wealth will not perish with him. Its great importance will most clearly appear, when we reflect that our cotton, rice, and tobacco crops are rapidly exhausting the soil of our southern States. This effect is most strongly seen in Virginia where many estates, once among the most fertile in the Old Dominion, are now worthless barrens. But even were this not the case, the introduction of new objects of culture is yet highly laudable. A prudent capitalist is careful not to invest all his fortune in any one enterprise, however promising and apparently secure it may be, and however

great its present returns. Should a nation exercise less forethought than an individual, in matters of so much greater moment? England is encouraging the cotton culture in India, and has sent out thither some of our own skilful planters, whose experience she will turn against us. The enterprising, though despotic, Pacha of Egypt, finds time amid his wars to promote the same object in his kingdom, and will thus produce it at comparatively the doors of the consumers. With these and similar facts before us, we may estimate at nearer their true value, the great projects of Dr. Perrine for increasing our national objects of cultivation and commerce.

It would be perhaps too much to expect that another could arise, possessing his experience, talents and energy, but we would earnestly hope that, among his many friends, some will be found, able and willing to carry out successfully his noble enterprise.

TIMOTHY FLINT.

THE race of pioneers in the cause of American literature is passing from the earth. It is a subject of just regret that so scanty memorials of their several characters and lives have been given to the public by their cotemporaries and friends, that the most interesting and instructive details of personal character, calculated to delight and improve the future admirers of their surviving efforts, and which, once lost, can never be recovered, have been too generally suffered to sink into oblivion, because no hand has been put forth to preserve them.

Our country will yet feel and deplore this omission as a misfortune. The founders of her political independence have gone to their graves amid the tokens of a nation's gratitude and affection; the turf above their mouldering bones is yet verdant with the proud, regretful tears of millions, who have learned from history, from biography, from story and song, the glowing tale of their trials and their achievements. The founders of her intellectual independence have thus far met a different fate. Will it be ever thus? We trust not. The value of literary

biography has not been sufficiently estimated among us. Its lessons have been listened to and heeded with scarce a thought of the source whence the salutary monitions emanated. It is the fashion to ridicule and condemn the unconsciously admitted faults of the Boswells of literature; but what would we not give for a delineation of Shakspeare by a Boswell?

The writer of this brief sketch laments that it has not been found possible, by reason of the haste with which the concluding sheets of this work are put to press, to obtain a sketch of Mr. Flint's eventful career from the pen of a personal acquaintance, and that, in the absence of personal knowledge, the materials before him are vague, scanty, and imperfect. All he can hope to effect is the arrangement of these materials in the most natural and intelligible order.

TIMOTHY FLINT was born in the town of Reading, Massachusetts, in the year 1780. He graduated at Harvard University, in 1800, and was soon after ordained to the Christian ministry in the Congregational order. He accepted a call from the Congregational Society in Lunenburg, Massachusetts, to assume the pastoral charge of that church, and there remained in the discharge of the duties of his sacred calling for several years. He then accepted an appointment as a missionary to labor in the valley of the Mississippi, to which he repaired in 1814. After

devoting several years to that service, residing principally at Cincinnati, he relinquished the post of missionary, partly on account of his feeble health, which was thought to dictate a removal to a more southern climate, but essentially, if we mistake not, because a change of his religious creed from Orthodoxy, so called, to Unitarianism, rendered a dissolution of his missionary connexion, or at least a cessation of his dependence on the Congregational church, just and proper. He removed to Alexandria, parish of Rapides, on the Red river, Louisiana, and there engaged in the conduct of a literary seminary. Here his family resided at the time of his death.

In 1825, soon after his removal to Louisiana, Mr. Flint wrote his "Recollections of Ten Years passed in the Valley of the Mississippi," which was published in the course of the following year. This work extended to four hundred octavo pages, and is written with that bland simplicity and vigorous fluency of style which distinguish all his works. Its appreciation by the public was more ready and cordial than is often the fortune of the first production of an author wholly unknown to the public which he addresses. Though a veritable narration of the author's experience and observations, the "Recollections" possess all the charm of a romance, blended with a more abiding interest and value.

They contain the most graphic and faithful delineations of the scenery and physical aspect of the region depicted, that has ever yet been given to the public.

Mr. Flint's next work, "The History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley," was published at Cincinnati in 1827. It was an original production, composed with great labor and care from materials principally collected by himself in the course of his travels in that vast and fertile region, and will long preserve his name in the West. It has passed through three or four editions, and still remains the best treatise extant on the subject which it professes to illustrate.

"Francis Berrian, or the Mexican Patriot," Mr. Flint's first essay in the department of romance, was published in Boston in 1826. Very few better American novels have issued from the press; hardly one more agreeable, or fraught with deeper interest. The unstudied *naïveté* and freedom from pretence which mark its pages are hardly surpassed in the romances of Goldsmith or Fielding, from which, however, it widely differs in scope and in the characters delineated.

"Francis Berrian" was followed in 1827, by "Arthur Clenning," a similar work of imagination; and this in 1828 by "George Mason, the Young Backwoodsman, a story of Mississippi," which was received with even greater favor than his first effort. In 1830, he gave to the public his

last original romance, "The Shoshonee Valley," the scene of which is laid beyond the Rocky Mountains, "in a country which for beauty has no parallel in the world."

In 1833, Mr. Flint edited some numbers of "The Knickerbocker Magazine," which had been projected and issued at the commencement of that year by Mr. Peabody, a publisher of this city. Mr. C. F. Hoffman had first been engaged as editor, but retired in a few months, on personal grounds. We believe Mr. Flint's editorship was rather nominal than actual, though he contributed many valuable papers to the Magazine, as well before and after, as during his editorial connexion with it. In the outset of 1834, the proprietorship of the Magazine was changed, and with that change Mr. Flint's editorship ceased.

During the year of his connexion with the Knickerbocker, he wrote his volume on "Natural History, Geometry, Chemistry, the Application of Steam, and Interesting Discoveries in the Arts," which was published in Boston. In the early part of 1834, he translated from the French, "Celibacy Vanquished, or the Old Bachelor Reclaimed," a novel which gained a considerable though transient popularity. He also translated at different periods several other works of similar character.

For three years Mr. Flint edited the Western Monthly Magazine at Cincinnati. His own con-

tributions to this work would make several large volumes, and they constitute nearly the best specimens of American periodical literature. He wrote, during the successive years of his literary labors, a great number of tales and sketches for annuals and the literary journals with which he was not immediately connected. The works we have enumerated do not comprise nearly all he wrote, but we have not before us, nor can we recollect, the titles of his other productions. His mind was vigorous, but highly imaginative; he had a discriminating judgment, deep sensibility, warm affections, and a quick perception of the grand and beautiful.

During the last years of his life, enfeebled by disease, he wrote but little for the public. He left his Louisiana home early in May, 1840, on a visit to the place of his nativity, hoping to derive a benefit from the bracing air of New England. He was at Natchez when the terrible tornado devastated it, and there narrowly escaped destruction, having with his son been buried for some time beneath the ruins, with the multitude of the whirlwind's victims. Soon after his arrival at Reading, his malady assumed a more malignant character, and he wrote to his wife in Louisiana, that when she received that letter he would have ceased to exist. This sorrowful intelligence doubtless precipitated her own death, which occurred but a few days after the letter reached

her. The prediction of his own decease was premature, but only too well grounded. On the 18th of August, Timothy Flint breathed his last, at the age of 60 years. Though far removed from his family and the friends of his maturer years, he died deeply regretted by a limitless circle of friends, and by the country to whose literature he had made such important contributions.

MATTHEW CAREY.

AMERICA has adopted few sons who proved to be more patriotic or worthy her fostering care than the subject of this imperfect sketch. He was born in Ireland on the 28th of January, 1760, of worthy and opulent parents. In his early life his education was confined to the branches of a common English education; and upon reaching the age of 15, although against his father's wishes, he went, as an apprentice, to learn the printer's trade with a Mr. McDonnell of Dublin. He says of himself, that at this time he was very fond of miscellaneous reading, and was enabled to gratify his taste in this particular by the kindness of a keeper of a circulating library, who used to supply him clandestinely with books. His studious habits were confirmed by the necessity which a lameness in his foot laid upon him, to abstain from the usual sports of children and youth.

His first essay in writing was when he was about the age of 17, and was upon the subject of duelling. It was drawn out in consequence of an unlucky quarrel between his fellow-apprentices, in which his employer was in some way involved, who was excessively enraged at young

Carey's strictures. His next production was a pamphlet, written in 1779, upon the oppression of the Irish Catholics. It was a work of no little ability, and was dictated by an ardent love of civil and religious freedom, and written with great force and asperity against the British Government. The publication of it produced great excitement; and Parliament being then in session, the Duke of Leicester brought it before the House of Lords, and Sir Thomas Connelly before the House of Commons. It was denounced as treasonable and seditious, and a reward was offered, by a recreant body of his own countrymen whose cause he had undertaken to vindicate, for the apprehension of Mr. Carey. He immediately embarked for France, and was employed for a while in the office of Dr. Franklin, then the American Minister at Paris, and who kept a small press for the purpose of reprinting his despatches and other valuable documents. While in France he was called upon by Lafayette, who was seeking information relative to the condition and prospects of the inhabitants of Ireland.

After remaining in France for about a year, he returned to Dublin, and established a paper called the "Freeman's Journal." It was commenced in October, 1783, and is described by the editor as having been "violent and enthusiastic." It soon drew upon his head the persecution of the Government; and he was soon arrested for a libel on

the Premier, brought before Parliament and committed to Newgate. He was released, however, in a few weeks, and for the purpose of avoiding sundry other vexatious suits then pending against him, he embarked in disguise and landed at Philadelphia on the 15th of November, 1784.

He was now nearly penniless; but he was soon invited by Lafayette, who was then in this country, and had accidentally been informed of the vicissitudes of his fortune, to call upon him. He received him with great kindness, encouraged him in his half-formed project of establishing a newspaper in Philadelphia, and a few days after sent him as a free gift the handsome sum of four hundred dollars. This was an act worthy his sympathising generosity, and it is but justice to say that Mr. Carey subsequently repaid him in full.

He now commenced the publication of the "Pennsylvania Herald," and made it extremely popular by introducing the novel practice, in this country, of publishing *in extenso* the speeches of the House of Assembly. Party spirit at that time, in Pennsylvania, ran exceedingly high, and he was soon involved in a quarrel with Col. Oswald, the conductor of the "Gazetteer," the organ of the party to which Mr. Carey was opposed. A bitter newspaper controversy, discreditable alike to both parties, ensued, terminating in a duel, in which Mr. Carey received a wound that

laid him up for over a year. It is but an act of fairness to Mr. Carey to say, that he ever after depreciated this act as rash and misjudged,—and contended vigorously for the abolition of this relic of the ages of barbarism.

He soon engaged in the publication of the "Columbian Magazine," from which, however, he finally withdrew, and commenced the "American Museum," a magazine intended to preserve the valuable fugitive essays of the day, which he continued until 1787. His success in these undertakings was very slight, and, as a specimen of his extreme poverty, he mentions the circumstance that a German paper-maker, living fifteen miles from the city, came five times for the payment of a note for thirty-five dollars, receiving the amount in as many instalments.

In 1793, Mr. Carey, with Mr. Girard and others, was very efficient in his devotion to the sick, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. Their efforts to ameliorate the condition of the afflicted were attended with great success. In the same year, out of his warm regard for the welfare of his countrymen who came to our shores, he was chiefly instrumental in the formation of a society for the special relief of emigrants from Ireland, an institution which has since done much good, and is still numbered among the most beneficial societies in that city.

While Mr. Cobbett was in Philadelphia, in

1796, he became involved in an angry personal controversy—carried on with great bitterness and virulence, as well as ability, on both sides. It was confined, however, to a "war of words," and resulted in nothing more serious. In 1810, he engaged with great zeal and earnestness in the contest which then raged with regard to the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States. He wrote a series of essays warmly advocating its renewal, and gave great attention to the diligent consideration of the whole subject.

The publication of "The Olive Branch," Mr. Carey regards as one of the most important events of his life. It took place in 1814. The purpose which the author had in producing it was to "endeavor, by a candid publication of the follies and errors of both sides, to calm the embittered feeling of the political parties." The first edition was produced within the leisure time of six or seven weeks. It formed a duodecimo volume of two hundred and fifty-two pages, of which about eighty were public documents. It was sold out immediately, and the author says, "I was preparing a new edition when the thrice-welcome news of peace arrived, which I thought would render it unnecessary." But he subsequently had good reason to change that opinion, by the demands that came in; and one edition after another was prepared, each one receiving

some version or addition, until, within three years and a half, ten editions were struck off, there having been over ten thousand copies sold.

His next large work was the "Vindication of Ireland," which appeared in 1819. His object in writing this work was to prove, among many other positions, that, from the invasion of Ireland by Cromwell, the government of that country had been marked by almost every species of "fraud, chicanery, cruelty, and oppression;" that the Irish were, from time to time, goaded into insurrection; that they did not enjoy the free exercise of their religion; that the pretended conspiracy of 1641 was a miserable fabrication; and that the massacres, said to have been committed by the Irish in the insurrection of the same year, are unfounded in fact.

Whatever may have been the merits of the work, it certainly evinced great patience and industry in its author, and was extremely popular in Ireland, where it was pronounced by the highest authorities to be the ablest and the best vindication of Ireland that was ever written.

Soon after the publication of this work, he entered the lists in favor of "The Protective System of American Industry," and became for many years the untiring champion of that policy, in its broadest extent. He wrote a series of nine essays, which were published by a very reputable society, established in Philadelphia to aid in

the encouragement of domestic industry. They were anxiously sought for by the friends of the system, and were generally copied into the newspapers north of the Potomac. Subsequently he brought forth numerous other writings, favoring the "Protective System," forming, in all, fifty-nine distinct publications, and embracing, in the whole, two thousand three hundred and twenty-two pages. Many public demonstrations of gratitude followed his labors, in this as in other departments of exertion, and there were also indications of public opinion, denunciatory of his toils and his views, expressed in no stinted terms.

The latter portion of Mr. Carey's life was eminently active and useful. He took an active part in all the worthy charities of the day. He seemed to have an ambition to do good, and whenever he took hold of a cause, he brought to it the devotion of his early days. He was a bold and unceasing advocate of the great system of Universal Education—utterly repudiating the idea that there should be one education for the rich and another for the poor, zealously declaring that he would have education as free as the genial air. His labors in behalf of the poor—constantly seeking, both by his pen and his bounty, to ameliorate their condition—were untiring and disinterested.

His last publication was a volume upon the subject of domestic economy, entitled "The

Philosophy of Common Sense," the object of which was to embody his experience and the maxims of his career of fourscore years.

Mr. Carey was a man of great sagacity, of an ardent temperament, of untiring industry, and of great practical ability. He always recognised the claims of society, and devoted much of his life to the benefit of his fellow-men. He died in Philadelphia, on the 17th September, 1839. His funeral was numerously attended, and his decease, even at the ripe age of 80 years, called forth the sincere grief of his fellow-citizens.

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