TRIP TO BOSTON,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF 'TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY.'

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CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.
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DEDICATION

TO

JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, Esq.

My dear Chandler,—As these Letters were written to you, it is meet that the volume in which they are printed should be inscribed to your name. I do not offer it to you as a thing of much intrinsic value; but it affords me, equally well with a book of more ambitious pretensions, the opportunity to record publicly the cordial friendship with which our pleasant intercourse and the many excellent qualities of your head and heart have inspired me, and to make open acknowledgment of the numerous acts of kindness for which I am your debtor.

Having thus, in yielding to the promptings of my own heart, satisfied the claims of grateful friendship, it only remains for me to subscribe myself, as in all sincerity I do,

Your Friend and faithful Servant,

E. C. Wines.

PREFACE.

The following Letters were written at intervals, snatched from the bustle of travel and the engrossing occupation of sight-seeing, during a short "Trip to Boston." They are given to the public—"such as they are,"—and for what they are worth. A small edition only is published. If they meet with approbation, and are *encored*, I hope to make them, at their second appearance, more worthy of approval. If they do not,—"ay, what then?" Gentle reader, I will tell thee: I shall be sorry, certainly; but shall bow without complaining to thy better taste. What can I else?

I am sensible of many omissions; and do not offer my Letters as any thing like a complete "Picture of Boston." It would be easy to write as many more, and about things equally interesting. Plymouth, Salem, Andover, Worcester, and various other places not more distant, I had intended to visit, but could not. Boston itself contains numerous objects of interest, either not mentioned at all in my letters, or barely hinted at.

I have the materials of a long, and, I doubt not, interesting letter on the Public Schools of

this city. But I was unwilling to put forth a paper on so important a subject hastily; and I have not been able to command the time necessary to arrange my materials and give them a form and dress that would afford satisfaction either to myself or others. I can only, therefore, express, in general terms, the high gratification I have experienced in beholding the many proofs afforded by the Boston Schools of sound instruction wisely imparted; and I beg the Masters, especially Mr. Dixwell, of the Latin School, and Mr. Sherwin, of the English High School, to accept my thanks for their obliging attentions, and for the patience with which they heard, and the kindness with which they answered, all my inquiries. Whenever a second edition shall be published, if these Letters gain sufficient currency to warrant another issue, I shall endeavor to supply the deficiency referred to and explained in this paragraph.

The Letters forming the present volume were originally published under the signature of "Peter Peregrine." By the advice of my publishers, and for reasons not needful to detail, I have determined to lay aside a disguise which had been already penetrated, and make my bow to the public in *propria persona*.

E. C. W.

Boston, August, 1838.

CONTENTS.

LETTER XXIII.

A TRIP TO BOSTON.

LETTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM PHILADELPHIA—EFFECT OF THE COUNTRY ON FIRST EMERGING FROM A HOT CITY—PRINCETON—FIRE-WORKS AT NEW YORK.

New York, July 20, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I am thus far on my way to Boston, and well nigh fused. The heat in the city of Gotham is terrific, and the Gothamites puff under it like so many steam engines. What aggravates it to a Philadelphian, and a cold water man, is the execrable qualities of the water. To drink what they call water here is to me like swallowing a doctor's prescription.

I am, as above hinted, on the wing of locomotives and steamboats, with my face towards the boast and glory of New England. It will be my first visit there.

I expect to see a great many nice Yankee notions, and if you will allow me the pleasure of seeing myself in print, I will send you a few off-hand sketches. I do not flatter myself that I shall enlighten *you* in reference to any thing that Boston contains ; for you already know much more about it than I can be expected to glean during a stay of only a few days ; but some of your numerous readers may be in a state of ignorance, better suited to the ambitious design I have formed of figuring, with your leave, in your useful columns.

I left our good and goodly city, on Thursday afternoon in the midst of the Niagara that fell from the clouds about five o'clock. The true Niagara "flows and will flow for ever ;" but the mimic torrent, to which I refer, soon exhausted itself, and the clouds, disappearing, left a clear sky. It was the first time, during the season, that I had escaped beyond the precincts of our monotonous forest of heated bricks and marble, and the sight of the country, with its variegated landscapes of hill and valley, of tree and flower, of flocks and streams, of meadows and wheat fields, had an effect upon the mind akin to that of music or poetry.

The end of my first stage was Princeton, where I halted for the night. I wish you could take time to pay a visit to that venerable seat of learning and piety. I can assure you a hospitable reception, and your philanthropic spirit would exult over the scenes

it would behold. The college is in a highly flourishing state—the theological seminary prospers—and the Edgehill School, now under the care of the Rev. John S. Hart, has its usual number of pupils. This institution has been ten years in operation, and always full. The present principal is an accomplished scholar and an able instructer, and well deserves the confidence and support of an enlightened public.

I reached New York last evening in time to witness a brilliant display of fire-works at Castle Garden. This beautiful art is purely a modern invention. The ancients, it is true, employed fire and made splendid illuminations on some of their festival occasions; but it was always for religious purposes. The art was invented by a Florentine, and first exhibited in the form of streams of fire issuing from the mouths and noses of hollow statues, on the festival of St. John. In 1764–5, a M. Torré, a French pyrotechnist, delighted Paris with the most beautiful and surprising displays of his art. He represented, on successive occasions, the palace of Pluto, the forge of Vulcan beneath Mount Etna, and the descent of Orpheus to the infernal regions. It appears to me that in the poetry of the art we are going backwards.

But I must close, or I shall miss the boat. I will only add that I have been a whole twenty-four hours in New York, without once hearing the words "Bank," "Biddle," "Specie Payments," "Van Buren," or any other of kindred import.

LETTER II.

DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK—PLEASURE OF BREATHING THE FRESH PURE AIR—A SQUALL AND ITS UNPLEASANT EFFECTS—ARRIVAL AT STONINGTON—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN STONINGTON AND BOSTON.

Boston, July 21, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I wrote you a very few hasty lines last evening—so hasty that I had not time even to glance my eye over what I had written, before sealing it up, and then hastened down to the Providence boat, which I reached just in time to save myself the vexation of a day's delay in New York. I told you in my last how near I had been to melting, and I need scarcely therefore inform you in this how perfectly delightful it was to find myself seated on the upper deck of one of our "floating palaces," and fanned by the fresh and cooling breezes that swept freely over the expanse of waters. But what good is stable below the skies? Scarcely had we passed that remarkable eddy with a name grating to "ears polite," when a sudden and violent squall, accompanied with a tremendous descent of rain,

overtook or rather met us, for it was dead ahead, and not only drove us all into the cabin, but made it absolutely necessary to shut up every little crevice through which a breath of outward air might else have penetrated into our furnace. In this condition we remained for an hour, puffing and lamenting and wiping away the big drops of perspiration, as they chased each other rapidly to the surface. But as evils come to all, so all evils come to an end; and at length, when the windows of heaven were shut, the windows of the steamboat were opened, and the vital element, cooled by the recent storm, was, in its influence, like health after sickness, or liberty after confinement.

We reached Stonington about 3 o'clock, A. M., where we took the cars for Providence and Boston. The railroad on this route is excellent. There was less jar in the cars than in some steamboats; and the way we came is what the Western people would call "a caution." It was literally flying! Stoppages out of the account, we must have averaged over twenty miles per hour, for the whole distance of ninety miles. Notwithstanding this speed, an umbrella, having been dropped out of one of the cars, the train was stopped, and we went back nearly a mile to pick it up. I mention this as an uncommon instance of attention to travellers. I must, however, tell you the whole truth, lest, in the fullness of my admiration, I give the gentry who hold the comfort of travellers in the hollow of their hand, too much

credit for their civility. *It was through the fault of the agent that the umbrella had fallen out of the car.*

The country through which we rode, or rather flew, till we approached the neighborhood of Boston, is any thing but picturesque or fertile. It is even worse than the ride between Baltimore and Washington. Stunted shrubbery; corn fields, in which the stalks, "few and far between," though in blossom, are scarcely higher than a man's knee; potato patches not much more promising; meadows and pastures that look as if they had had the jaundice; and fields, covered with stones, and almost entirely bare of vegetation;—these are the principal features in the landscape. They are relieved, it is true, by a few snatches of fertility, by an occasional glimpse of luxuriant verdure, and by here and there a quiet and thrifty village of white frame houses, with its graceful spire emerging from a clump of trees, and telling of scenes dear to the heart of both the christian and the patriot; scenes in whose quiet repose and unobtrusive simplicity are found no meagre portion of the elements af all true national glory, of all solid public prosperity, of all well-founded expectations touching the perpetuity of our republican institutions.

If the country through which we passed is any thing like a fair specimen of New England, whatever of wealth or prosperity she boasts, cannot be derived from her soil. And whether the hypothetical

part of the preceding sentence has any basis of truth or not, the proposition contained in the inference is true beyond a doubt. The greatness of New England (and who will deny that she is great?) springs from a different source,—the intelligence, industry, virtue and enterprise of her inhabitants. And these are qualities beyond comparison more to be coveted and prized than all the blandness of climate and splendor of external scenery, which ancient descriptions attribute to the Vale of Tempe, or even to the abode of departed heroes and sages. Mark here the goodness of Providence in distributing her gifts. Where she denies a fertile soil, she gives that which is of far greater worth. Thus it will be found in most of her givings, that, when she withholds one thing, she makes up for her seeming partiality by bestowing something else of equal or perhaps of greater value. Impressed with this view of the subject, that droll but admirable writer, Sir Thomas Browne, pertinently asks why those upon whom the Creator has bestowed eminent intellectual endowments with facilities for their developement, should envy the rich their possessions, since they themselves are the favorites of Heaven, being the recipients of the greater blessings.

I'll tell you a thought which has occurred to me. It is that there is a special Providence in keeping the generality of those who are capable of benefiting mankind by their talents, so poor, that they are

obliged to exert themselves to gain their daily bread. Tell me whether or not you think there is force in this view of the matter?

My letter has, most unexpectedly to myself, "turned out a sermon." As my sheet is full, I must beg you to excuse and print it, and await the *amende honorable* till the next post.

LETTER III.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY NEAR BOSTON—ARRIVAL—VEXATIOUS ADVENTURE—BENEFITS OF PHILOSOPHY UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES—DETERMINATION AS TO THE MODE OF SPENDING MY FIRST DAY IN BOSTON—PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

Boston, July 21, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I mentioned in my last letter the sterile and unattractive appearance of the country through which our route from Stonington lay. As, however, we drew near to the city of the Pilgrims, the scene gradually assumed a gayer, richer, and more cheering aspect. The villages became

more frequent and beautiful ; elegant country seats made their appearance, dotting the scene in every direction, and imparting to it a spirit and a charm it had lacked before; large, well-filled gardens ever and anon attracted our notice and won our praise ; the verdure of the earth and of the trees assumed a deeper tint, and displayed a more luxuriant growth ; the spires of village churches glittered in the morning sun on every side of us ; carriages, carts, waggons and vehicles of every description were passed in multitudes ; every thing, in short, would have betokened, even to one who knew neither where he was, nor whither he was going, the immediate neighborhood of some great and flourishing metropolis. At length the Queen of the East itself was revealed to my expectant eyes, sitting, most queen-like, on the noble promontory that forms the utmost boundary of the waters of Massachusetts Bay. Such was the speed upon our train that we swept almost in a twinkling over the intermediate space between us and the town, after the latter became visible, and brought up in fine style just in the suburbs.

Here a sad and most vexatious disappointment awaited both my travelling companion and myself. We saw trunks, bandboxes, carpet-bags, and every species of luggage poured out torrent-like upon the platform. We saw the owners come and remove them one after the other. We had the patience to watch this operation till the last article had disap-

peared, and we gazed upon utter vacuity. And to the question, "Where are our trunks?" echo replied, "They must have been put in the Providence crate by mistake, and left there." Here was a pretty piece of comfort for us verily! I had to summon your shade—barring the bull—to my assistance. I thought how philosophical *you* would be under like circumstances; I thought also of our worthy "Monster," sitting "calm as a summer morning" in his marble palace, while tempest and war are without; and I soon became ashamed of the stirring of anger that had begun to disturb me. I mastered the brute-like passion, and behaved myself quite like a man. I need not advise *you* to pursue a like course under circumstances trying to the temper; but permit me, *through* you, to advise others to do it. They will feel the better for it, act the better for it, and think the better of themselves for it, as your and their humble servant can testify.

But think of the predicament I was and am in! Having on light-colored summer clothes, without any change of apparel; not knowing an individual here, and without a single one of my numerous letters of introduction!

I took lodgings at the —— hotel, recommended to me by an excellent friend in Philadelphia, as one of the best houses in the place. My first business was to do justice to a first rate breakfast; my next to write a hasty letter to my wife, and another to my

good friend, the Editor of the United States Gazette, whom I think you know ; my third was to cast about for employment for the day. I was not long in deciding what I would be at. I determined for once in my life to go like a prince, that is, *incog ;* and to pass up one street and down another, till I had gone over as much of the city as my strength would permit. This task I have been at till the soles of my feet seem to me like jelly, and I can now tell you what sort of stuff a pretty considerable part of Boston is made of. But I am too tired to undertake it at present, and must therefore reserve to another letter my First Impressions of this noble and magnificent city.

Before folding my sheet, I will mention one little fact which you will be pleased to hear, as showing the progress, not of temperance in declamation, but of temperance in practice. I have before told you that I am stopping at one of the most fashionable hotels in Boston. Two long tables were filled to-day at dinner with well-dressed gentlemen, and yet I observed that but two bottles of wine were called for among the whole company. Does not that show—something ?

LETTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOSTON—VIEW FROM THE DOME OF THE STATE HOUSE—POINTS WHEREIN BOSTON, DIFFERING FROM MOST OTHER AMERICAN CITIES, IS LIKE A EUROPEAN METROPOLIS—DIVERS INTERESTING SIGHTS.

Boston, July 23, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—In my last letter I promised to give you in this, my first impressions of Boston. I hardly dare trust myself to do it, lest I run into some extravagance or other. The Bostonians may well be excused for being proud of their city, when the admiration of a stranger, wandering through its streets with no guide but accident, and no source of information but such as chance threw in his way, was elicited at almost every turn.

Sallying forth with the intent and under the circumstances narrated in a previous communication, I first directed my steps towards the State House, and sought the prospect to be obtained from the top of its lofty dome. The view there revealed to the beholder would more than repay five times the present toil of the ascent. I would speak soberly and without exaggeration, and such I believe to be the declara-

tion that there are few prospects either in the new world or the old, that can be compared with this. You know something of my title to speak in this manner, but I must vindicate it to others. Permit me, then, to say that I have had some opportunity of observation in various parts of the globe. I have stood upon the Keep of Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, on the Leaning Tower of Pisa, on the dome of the Cathedral at Florence, on the summits of Gibraltar, Vesuvius, the Acro-Corinthus, and the Acropolis of Sardis, and on many other elevated points in all the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa and America; and I declare to you that, to the best of my recollection, few of the prospects thus obtained are equal, and fewer still superior, to that enjoyed from the State House at Boston.* Immediately beneath you lies the noble City of the Pilgrims, richer in its historical associations, richer in its schools, its libraries, and its literature, and, I will add, richer in its architectural beauties, than any other city this side the big waters. To the eastward stretches out a view combining all the elements of the grand, the beautiful, the graceful, and the picturesque: it is the ocean, gemmed with innumerable islands of every variety in size, and whitened

* I am told that an artist is employed in making a panorama of Boston from this point. I did not learn his name. If it is well executed and true to the original, it will be a picture worth seeing.

with the canvass of a thousand ships, the arteries, as it were, which link the metropolis of New England to the most distant regions ever penetrated by the skill or the enterprise of man. While, in whatever other direction you may chance to look, the eye, for a vast distance, ranges over an undulating country, gay with the summer residences of the rich, dotted with smiling villages embowered in trees, and covered every where with the evidences of industry, plenty, contentment, and happiness,—the worthy fruits of good schools, wise laws, and constitutional liberty.

Having, for a full half hour or more, feasted my eyes and my mind upon the scenes, of which I have given you but a faint description, I descended and spent the rest of the day in wandering up and down and to and fro in this great and splendid city. I cannot, however, take leave of the Capitol without mentioning one fact worthy of being told in Gath and published in Askelon, and spread abroad upon the four winds, and particularly proper just at this time to be iterated and reiterated in the ears of some persons in Philadelphia. It is that this building is almost entirely free from writings, drawings, mutilations, and defacings of every kind. An example this, which ought every where to be copied.

I have called this a "great," a "noble," a "splendid," a "magnificent" city; and these epithets are not employed at random, nor without an apposite

meaning. If witnesses are demanded, I summon to the stand those vast and massive piles of warehouses here yclept "wharves;" I call to my aid, in like manner, the banks, the churches, the market house, the new court house, the capitol, divers of the hotels, theatres and public halls, whole rows of granite stores and residences, and even entire streets; and last, though far from least, the noble Park of over fifty acres, which you will seek in vain to match this side of Europe. In short, I can pour you forth such a mass of evidence as would compel any christian jury, before they had heard one half of it, to render a verdict in my favor.

Boston has more the air and appearance of a European city than any other in the United States, which it has ever been my fortune to behold. In fact, saving the want of a cincture of walls and battlements, with their massive and frowning ordnance, one might here readily enough fancy himself on the eastern shore of the Atlantic ocean. The large proportion of granite and other stone edifices, the irregularity and narrowness of the streets, the great variety in the structure of the houses, and the dingy appearance of many of them, the balconied windows, the unevenness of the ground on which the city stands, the appropriation to a considerable extent of specific portions of the town to particular kinds of business, and, finally, the vast "Common," with its spacious mall, its mimic lake, its lofty and spreading elms,

and the deep verdure of its grass and foliage, may well justify the comparisons I have made.

I saw, in my solitary Saturday's peregrinations, several objects, that brought up interesting reminiscences of the olden time:—among others, a house over two hundred years old;* the site of the first cottage ever built by a white man in SHAWMUT; the "Boston Stone;" the cannon ball lodged in the wall of Brattle street Church in the time of the Revolution; the oaken door of the house of T. H. Perkins, Esq., the celebrated philanthropist, made of the original timbers of Old Iron-sides; and the spot where the American Revolution may be said to have been born, the place where the tea was indignantly hurled into the ocean, to season its waters for the fishes and monsters of the deep.

* I cannot vouch for this: "I tell the story, as 't was told to me."

LETTER V.

A SABBATH IN BOSTON—WISDOM AND BENEFICENCE OF GOD IN THE INSTITUTION OF THE SABBATH—SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM WARE—A BAPTIST CONFERENCE—THE EXPANSIVE AND ELEVATING NATURE AND TENDENCY OF CHRISTIANITY—ITS SUPERIORITY TO OTHER RELIGIONS.

Boston, July 23, 1838.

My Dear Chandler,—Yesterday was the Sabbath, the day of holy rest, the season of refreshment after exhausting labor, and of preparation for a purer and better world. How are the wisdom and goodness of God displayed in every thing that reveals aught of his character to our understanding! You tell the story of the Frenchman who thought he might have suggested some modifications, had he been present at the Council at which it was determined to create man! But what mortal can arrogate to himself, even in sport, the ability to improve the Bible, or to mend the economy of God in reference to our race? The institution of the Sabbath is one of those simple and unobtrusive, but at the same time sublime features of the Christian system, which stamps it as an

emanation of the Divine Intelligence and Love. How full of mercy to man and beast! How admirably fitted to the wants of both the body and the soul! How divinely conservative of the knowledge of God and the practice of goodness among men! How beautifully adapted to the great design for which it was instituted,—the education of the soul for its home in the Heavens!

Circumstances, not needful to relate, prevented me from going out in the morning. In the afternoon I strolled into a church, which I found on inquiry to be Dr. Channing's. I have for many years desired to listen to the eloquence of the great champion of Unitarianism in America. My desire, however, was not upon the present occasion, gratified; nor, I fear, will it be, during my stay in Boston. The Doctor has a country seat near Newport, where he spends several of the summer months, and where, I take it, he now is. In his absence the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. William Ware. This gentleman gave us a sermon from the text, "What is your life?" He remarked that life was a vapor only in one of its aspects, viz. the shortness of its duration, and its inability to resist the agencies every where and always at work for its destruction; but that it is any thing but a vapor, any thing but vanity or a thing of naught, in its relations to the principles of sentient and intellectual existence, to time and opportunities of self-improvement, to the occasions and

means of usefulness to others, to the knowledge and study of the word of God, and to the eternal world which is in immediate prospect before us. The discourse was undoubtedly marked by much intellectual vigor, and the thoughts were communicated in style of pure English, free from affectation, cant, and ornate verbiage. But it lacked soul. It wanted the vital element, the fresh and breathing power, which lays its grasp upon the imagination, the judgment, the sympathies of the hearer, and leads him captive at its will.

In the evening also I sallied out in like manner, "not knowing whither I went." I dropped into a place of worship, which, on asking, I found to be a Baptist Church; and I soon perceived that the meeting was what in New England is called a "Conference." I thank God that I went there. Some half dozen lay members of the church spoke, and what surprised me a good deal, they all spoke *well*. The matter, the spirit, the language, and even the elocution was good. I was much more affected, and I will add benefited, by what I saw and heard there, than I had been by the elegant essay to which I had listened in the afternoon. I felt most sweetly the sublime truth that, although myself a total stranger to every other being in the house, I still had real brothers there. What a noble, what a glorious religion, my dear Chandler, is ours! How expansive, how fraternal, how sympathetic, how subversive of

all the narrow prejudices and selfish sentiments of the soul! A devotee of India could not worship or sympathize religiously with a devotee of China, nor an idolater of Polynesia with an idolater of Africa. It is the essence and tendency of every false religion to contract the soul, to narrow the sympathies, to feed the selfish principle in every way. It is the distinctive and preëminent glory of Christianity to make of all mankind one comprehensive brotherhood, not in a name alone, but in spirit and in deed. Wherever its pulse beats in the heart, it makes man the friend of man.—Nor is christianity broader in its sympathies, than it is comprehensive in its blessings. It levels all mere human distinctions, whether factitious or otherwise; or, to speak more correctly, it elevates all in whom its spirit dwells, to a dignity far higher than any which human institutions or human applause can bestow; the dignity, namely, of an intimate relationship and true fellowship with the Creator and Redeemer of Man.

Let us, then, all, writer, editor, and readers, love this religion more; let us cherish it with greater diligence; let us make it the regulator of our actions and the anchor of our hopes; let it be our Urim and our Thummim; let us cling to it as patriots, as philanthropists, and as christians, esteeming it, as it is in truth, the charter of our liberties, the keeper of our constitution, the salvation of ourselves, our country, and our race!

LETTER VI.

THE WEBSTER DINNER.

Boston, July 24, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have just returned (11 o'clock, P. M.) from the Great Webster Dinner, given in Faneuil Hall, to the Hercules of the Constitution, by the "Mechanics of Boston." And a great affair it was in every respect; great in the Man who was the occasion of the festive throng, and the "observed of all observers;" great in the illustrious men, his contemporaries and compeers, who surrounded him; great in the place of assemblage, the consecrated and the honored "Cradle of American Liberty;" great in the number of guests (over fifteen hundred) who assembled "to do honor to the Men and the Man;"* great in the intelligence, worth, and patriotism of the guests; great in the perfect order, harmony and deep-toned feeling of the vast multitude, and the entire absence of excess of every kind; great in the burning and the wither-

* Gov. Everett's opening address.

ing eloquence that was echoed, for hours in succession, from the vaults of old Faneuil Hall, and re-echoed in tones of thunder from the crowds below; and, more than all and above all, great in the PRINCIPLES, which beat in the hearts of the mighty throng, which formed the strong bond of union among them, and which are destined, at no distant day, by the simple power of truth and their own inherent majesty, to triumph over faction, to prostrate misbegotten and misused power, to hurl from their places the men who have no sympathies in common with the people who placed them where they are, and to spread the broad ægis of their protection over the rights, the interests, the liberties, of this great nation.

Wednesday morning, the 25th.—Thus far last night, in the freshness of my first impressions; I will not add, in the warmth derived from drinking wine, for that, tempting though it was, I in great measure eschewed. On looking over what I have written, I find nothing to retract or modify. On the contrary, "the half has not been told you," nor can be, at least by me. Would that I had abilities equal to the task! Would that I could place the great, the exhilarating, the sublime scene, before you and your readers, as it appeared to the actual spectators! Shall I confess to you a weakness, or does it deserve a better name? At all events, whatever you may think of it, or by whatever name you may call it, I will confess that, when I surveyed the vast assem-

blage after they were all seated, and remembered where we were, and under what circumstances, and for what causes we were there, some tears were forced to the surface by the throng of delightful and almost indefinable emotions that were struggling in my breast. And there were others there, older men than I, in the same condemnation, unless I greatly mistook some very significant motions.

You have been in Faneuil Hall, and need no description of the edifice.* At the extreme end of the Hall, opposite the entrance, was the elevated platform destined for the accommodation of the officers and invited guests, on which were spread six long tables, three on either side of a wide passage way. The body of the Hall was filled with twelve tables, at right angles with the first mentioned, running from the platform to the other end of the edifice. Eight tables more were fitted up in the galleries, which, as you know, are exactly like the galleries of a church without the pews. The *coup d'œil*, before the company entered, was splendid and imposing to a degree. Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight plates were laid. The tables were tastefully set out, and loaded with a profusion of good cheer, both in the solid and liquid form, sufficiently tempting to the eye and the palate of a *bon vivant*, but which would have thrown the vegetable and cold

* It is seventy-eight feet square.

water Dr. Alcott into a perfect fever-fit of horror and indignation.

I must now let you a little into the admirable management of these Boston Yankees. The procession was formed on the Common adjoining the State House, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The tables were numbered from one up to twenty-six. Then, in addition to the entrance tickets, there were table tickets, numbered to correspond with the tables, and just as many for each table, as it could accommodate guests. For each table there was a marshal, and every marshal marshaled his own men on the Common. This done, which occupied about an hour, the procession moved off to the music of an excellent band, each division with its marshal at the head falling into its proper place, and the whole line spreading itself out four deep nearly half a mile in length. It was truly an imposing spectacle. When those in front reached the entrance of Faneuil Hall, the whole procession halted, till the occupants of table No. 1 had gone in with their marshal and quietly seated themselves in their places. Then the procession moved forward again till the occupants of table No. 2 came up to the door, when the same scene was re-enacted. And this was repeated till No. 26 were all in their places, without the least bustle, uproar, contention, or confusion of any kind. I defy "all creation" to do the same thing in "slicker" style, or quite as "slick."

And now, sir, gird yourself "*predibus*" *præsentibus*. We are all now in the Hall and comfortably seated, every man with his eighteen inches of space good measure, every mind full of admiration and expectation, and every heart overflowing with kindly feeling and social joy. Fancy an appropriate but somewhat "lengthy" grace at an end, and then to the onslaught! Zounds! What a clattering of knives and forks! What an utter contempt of the vegetable diet men in the huge havoc of the animal kingdom! What an uncorking of bottles! What a generous flow of soul, of lemonade, and of champagne! What a confused but not unmusical murmur of conversation, with an occasional burst of uprorious laughter! Imagine this agreeable scene to continue for half an hour when tap—tap—tap is heard on the table of the President of the occasion, the Hon. Edward Everett, a name endeared to every American heart, that reverences genius, learning, taste, and moral worth. He rises, he speaks, he addresses the vast concourse of freemen before him, who hang upon his lips in breathless silence, except when they rend the air with loud and long and hearty shouts of approbation. He turns to the man whom the people delight to honor,—the man of lofty purpose, of firm resolve, of giant intellect. He thanks him in the name of his fellow-citizens, for the vigilance, the zeal, the fidelity, and the transcendant ability, with which he has served them. He

alludes to the prostrate position of the administration of the country, and tells him that to his sleepless eye and good right arm they ascribe, in no small degree, its present inability to do further mischief. He tells him how warmly his services lie in the hearts of his neighbors and friends; how deep the reverence they cherish for his talents and virtues. "Look," he continues in a strain of eloquence unsurpassed, "look at the assemblage of your fellow-citizens before you. Read their homage in their beaming eyes, their joyous countenances, their applauding voices. The bayonets of Napoleon could not coerce it; the wealth of the Indies could not buy it; but they bring it freely, and lay it at your feet." Who could resist the power of such a scene? DANIEL WEBSTER is not the man! He struggled hard to command, to repress his emotions. But he struggled in vain. The tears started from his eyes, and from many others. The moral sublimity of that hour and of that scene no painting, no poetry, no eloquence, no description whatever, can ever convey to minds that did not themselves behold it; and those who did behold it will carry the impression of it to the hour of their dissolution. The effort which Governor Everett made yesterday he can never surpass; and if *he* cannot, *who* can? It is no disparagement of the eminent men who followed him, to assert that, in taste, finish, classical purity and richness, and in the charms of a graceful oratory, none of their efforts came up to his.

Mr. Webster's speech was great—when was he ever otherwise than great? Does a giant ever fight with straws? No, it is always a giant's club, though it may not always be wielded with equal vigor. Mr. Webster was more than unwell—he was sick. Nevertheless, his speech was illumined with sallies of wit, with flashes of eloquence, and with strokes of power, worthy of his best and most applauded efforts.

There were more than twenty other speeches, by gentlemen from all parts of the United States. Of these it may be said, in general terms, that they were all good, most of them excellent, and many of them gems of the purest water. But what a chaos, or rather, what a galaxy! I cannot, without spinning out my letter too long, even name the authors of them all, much less give you an account of what they said. This, indeed, is the less necessary, as a "chiel" of a reporter was in the gallery, "tak'in notes, an faith, he'll prent it." But there are two or three that I *must* single out, and whisper a word or two in your ear about them. And first of all, is Prentiss, of Mississippi. This young man, this stripling from the backwoods, for such he is yet, is a phenomenon. "He beats all nater." The people about whom Wildfire in the play tells such marvellous stories, are no touch to him. He is a perfect Niagara of words. Like Antony, "he speaks right on," to the tune of no stopping for any thing. The loudest applauses do not detain him a moment; nor

the end of his sentences, unless he happens to want breath. I never before saw the man who could get out an equal number of words in the same time, and all of them words that "breathe and burn,"—words of power,—words that lead captive all who hear them,—words, it may be added, many of them, of deep philosophy and wisdom.

Mr. Menifee, also, of Kentucky, a man, if possible, of still more youthful appearance, delighted the company with a powerful and an admirable address. Gen. Wilson, the Whig candidate for Governor in Isaac Hill's state, drew forth peal after peal of laughter, and won repeated and rapturous applause, for more than half an hour, by his wit and eloquence. His speech was an allegory throughout, done, if I may so speak, to admiration. And yet, to my taste at least, the old Bay State still carried off the laurel in the person, or rather in the speech, of her able, her eloquent, her statesmanlike, her classical Cushing.

The evening was enlivened by the music of an excellent band, and by several funny and patriotic glees. There was less drinking, far less, than ever I saw on any similar occasion. The most perfect order and good fellowship, and a generous glow of patriotic sentiment prevailed throughout the whole eight or nine hours during which we were at table. But what raised my admiration to the highest pitch was the manner in which the company was dis-

missed. A little before eleven o'clock, the chief marshal announced, as from the chair, that it was late, and that, after the singing of a glee, the festivities would be at an end. The people heard the glee, gave a few rounds of applause, and then walked out, and, for all the world, as if they had been going home from church. I could not help wishing that certain great folks in Russia and Austria, and some from a "leetle" nearer home, had been there to see. Joking apart, it was a noble demonstration and illustration of the majesty of law, and of the power of the self-governing principle. Happening to-day to mention my feelings on this point to the Hon. A. Lawrence, he said he could give me a still more illustrious example to the same effect. Forty thousand people, or thereabout, assembled on the Common, on the evening of the Fourth, to witness a display of fire-works. This took place between eight and nine o'clock. *At half past nine the Common presented the appearance of an ordinary evening, neither more nor less.*—BEAT THAT WHO CAN!

The hospitality of the Yankees makes me feel quite at home. The truth is, in its *materiel* and its *morale*, its houses and its inhabitants, its streets and its spirit, Boston is a charming place.

LETTER VII.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN BOSTON AND MOUNT AUBURN—THE ENTRANCE—DESCRIPTION OF THE PLACE—UNIFORM DISPLAY OF GOOD TASTE IN THE MONUMENTS—EPITAPH OF PROFESSOR ASHMUN—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT AUBURN—PRICE OF LOTS AND SINGLE INTERMENTS—JOKE UPON A TRAVELLER—HUMBUGGERY.

Boston, July 26, 1838.

My Dear Chandler,—I have just returned from a visit to Mount Auburn Cemetery, which is, among the lions of Boston, like the "moon among the lesser stars." I went in company with an esteemed friend under the hospitable escort of the Hon. Richard Fletcher, of whom, as he is a public man, I may perhaps be excused for saying (and I crave his pardon if this sentence ever meets his eye) that he is eminent alike for his ability as a lawyer, his purity as a politician, and his worth as a man.

We set off with raised expectations of the charms we should encounter. We had heard (who has not?) much in praise of the beauty, as well of the drives in the neighborhood of Boston, as of the spot to

which we were going. Our course lay through Cambridge. That part of the ride between Boston and Cambridge disappointed us greatly, and I began to fear that I should be under the disagreeable necessity of opposing mine to the general taste. But I was soon relieved from all such apprehensions, after we had passed the ancient and venerable halls of Harvard University.* The country now presented a luxuriant appearance, the views in every direction were extensive and picturesque, and the country seats of opulent citizens, which lined either side of the broad avenue over which our steeds were rolling us, gave indubitable tokens of the wealth and taste and comfort of their occupants. The distance seemed scarcely more than a stone's throw, before we drove up and halted in front of the noble gateway which forms the entrance to the Cemetery; noble in every thing but the paltry deception which meets you in the shape of wooden granite, even here in the gates of death? Where will not men *deceive*? "*Timeo Danaos*," &c. Might not "*hominem*," as a generic term, be substituted for "Danaos" in the reading, without unjustly satirizing the human race? For my part, in reference to this gate-way, I perfectly agree in opinion and sympathize in feeling with Fanny Kemble Butler, as, by the way, I do on

* I will say nothing of Cambridge or Harvard now, as my purpose is to spend a day there, and to make them the subject of one or two letters.

several other points, from which some of my countrymen dissent. It is said, that the expense was, in the infancy of the enterprize, an obstacle in the way of an entrance more worthy of the place. In a city like Boston, rich beyond most others, and proverbial for its liberality, this *never* ought to have been an obstacle; it *cannot* be now, when vast sums must have been realized from the sale of lots.

As Mr. Fletcher is owner of a lot in the Cemetery, the gate was opened by the janitor, and we were permitted to drive through. I have censured the taste that could paint wood in imitation of granite at the entrance of a City of the Dead. If you were a man to enjoy such things, as I rejoice to know you are not, I would tell you to gnaw upon that criticism to your heart's content; it is the only one you will get from my pen on this sweet place. But how to approach the description; how to compress within the limits of a letter what might be said, and what I desire to say; how to convey in words any thing like an adequate idea of this lovely and delightful abode of the Departed,—this is indeed a labor. It embraces an accumulation and variety of classical beauties, and presents scenes of Arcadian loveliness, both within its own enclosures and in the charming vistas you catch in every direction through the openings in its deep and overhanging groves, which certainly no spot in America can match, and which probably few places can equal in any part of the

world. One can scarcely resist the impression in walking over this ground, that it was expressly designed by the Creator, for its present use; and, though corruption is not less foul here than elsewhere, and the worms are as sure to banquet upon the poor remains of humanity, yet death would seem disrobed of half its terrors, if one could be assured of a final resting place beneath the deep shadows of its trees, and amid its profusion of flowers, with the pure breezes of heaven sweeping through its delicious glades, and mingling their music with that of the happy birds.

What is it that constitutes the charm of Mount Auburn? Nature and Art here harmonize with each other, and mingle their powers "to lend enchantment to the scene." The Cemetery covers an extent of about a hundred acres. Where can another hundred acres be found, embracing such a diversity of surface, and such a profusion of beauties? Swelling hills, rounded knolls, deep ravines, secluded dells, opening glades, steep acclivities, primeval forests, tiny lakes, and even quite a lofty mountain, are all features of the landscape. The whole of the surface is intersected by broad and graveled avenues for carriages, and by foot-paths, graveled in like manner, running in every conceivable direction. The foot-paths bear the names of trees or shrubs, and what struck me not a little was the great variety of these which here grow native. It is in

contemplation to plant both sides of the avenues and foot-paths with flowers and ornamental shrubs. We spent more than an hour in threading these mazy walks, and rambling over this endlessly diversified and most romantic of burial-places; and every turn almost revealed to our view, and equally to our admiration, some new glory of art in the shape of an obelisk, a column, a sarcophagus, or some other sepulchral monument, of marble or of granite, each vying with the others in the purity of the taste with which it was designed, and in the perfect elegance and finish of its workmanship. What struck us as remarkable was, that, with one general character, one soul of beauty breathing, as it were, though all these mementoes of the dead, the charm of variety was yet perfect. Scarcely any two monuments are exactly alike. Another thing equally remarkable is, that though there are degrees of beauty in the tombs, none are otherwise than beautiful. I think it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere else can the evidence be met with of such invariably pure taste in so large a number of persons as make up the proprietors of this Cemetery. The same variety and good taste are displayed in the railings that surround the different lots; and to some extent also in the manner in which the lots are laid out and adorned with flowers and shrubbery.

You will not expect me to particularize. If I were

to describe minutely *every thing* here that is worthy even of such a description, I should fill the reading part of your paper for a month. Yet I must single out one or two objects. The richest gem in this whole collection "*d'Oggetti Preziosi*," is the monument of Samuel Appleton. This was made in Italy, and imported at an enormous expense. It is a Grecian temple of pure white marble, about, as nearly as one could judge by the eye, twelve feet by six. It is encircled by a flight of steps, three in number, of the same material as the rest of the structure. On each of the longer sides there are six graceful pilasters, of the Corinthian order, supporting the entablature, with an elegant door between each three. The entablature on each of the shorter sides is supported by four pilasters, exactly similar to the former. The very spirit of poetry breathes forth from the entablature. Each tympanum is ornamented with the usual ancient emblem of time included in eternity,—a serpent coiled into a circle, with an hour-glass within, and a pair of wings spreading beyond it. Over the doors are carved wreaths of evergreen leaves. And the roof at each end is surmounted by a sepulchral lamp, purely classical in shape, and of inimitable workmanship. The structure forms a *tout-ensemble*, which satisfies the eye, the imagination and the taste.

The monument of Spurzheim is the first that a visiter encounters after passing the gate. Whatever

diversity of opinion there may be as to the science of which Spurzheim was so illustrious and able a champion, there can be but one sentiment touching the sarcophagus that his disciples have reared to his memory. It was made in Rome, after the model of the tomb of Scipio, and is one of the most beautiful of the monuments that adorn Mount Auburn. The four Lawrences have made a mimic paradise near the summit of the mountain. The monument of Judge Story is instinct with the taste that breathes in every thing with which that illustrious man has aught to do. And this, unless we were at fault in our surmises, is not the only gem he has contributed to enrich the collection. We thought we could trace the goings of his master mind in the following inscription, engraved upon the massive and severely beautiful Egyptian sarcophagus, reared to the memory of his friend, Professor J. H. Ashmun. "Here lies the body of John Hooker Ashmun, Royal Professor of Law in the Harvard University, who was born July 3d, 1800, and died April 1st, 1833. In him the science of Law appeared native and intuitive; he went behind precedents to principles; and books were his helpers, never his masters. There was the beauty of accuracy in his understanding, and the beauty of uprightness in his character. Through the slow progress of the disease that consumed his life, he kept unimpaired his kindness of temper, and superiority of intellect. He did more,

sick, than others, in health. He was fit to teach, at an age when common men are beginning to learn; and his few years bore the fruits of a long life. A lover of truth, and an obeyer of duty, a sincere friend, and a wise instructer; his Pupils rear this stone to his memory."

Is not that a real jewel? Have I not given you a drop, nay, a draught, of pure pleasure, by transcribing it? How chaste in beauty, how rich in thought, how manly in sentiment and expression? It may be said of the [probable] author of that epitaph, who ought now to be at the head of the judiciary of his country, with as much truth as it was of Goldsmith, "*non tetigit quod non ornavit.*" And how exalted must have been the character, how transcendent the intellect of the man who, at the age of thirty-two years, could have merited such praise from such a source.*

* The following communication appeared in the Boston Courier of 15th August, 1838.

"The justly appreciated inscription on the monument to the memory of Mr. John Hooker Ashmun, which was quoted in a letter descriptive of Mount Auburn, and appeared in your paper of Saturday, was written by Mr. Charles C. Emerson. He was a student at the law school at Cambridge, a friend of Mr. Ashmun, and the same disease finally proved fatal to both. The epitaph now tells the character of both the Professor and the student. It might be truly said of either, that 'books were his helpers, never his masters;' that there 'was the beauty of accuracy in his understanding, and the beauty

I said, near the beginning of this letter, that I would give you but one critical bone to gnaw. I retract that pledge. One further criticism I venture to offer, and I am sure that I shall at least carry your taste with mine in the point referred to. There is a beautiful little monument of white marble, a perfect *bijoux* in its way, crowned with a cross in keeping with the rest. Thus far there is certainly nothing to censure. But what think you appears in the transverse portion of this emblem of our faith? "HILDRETH." Could any thing be in worse taste? Could any thing more effectually check the pleasure derived from contemplating the other pure and tasteful beauties of the monument.

Accompany me now to the principal eminence, called Mount Auburn, and from which the whole Cemetery derives its name. This—I now quote from Bowen's Picture of Boston—" is one hundred and five feet above the level of Charles River, and commands one of the finest prospects that can be obtained in the environs of Boston. On one side is the city in full view, connected at its extremities with Charlestown and Roxbury. The serpentine course of the Charles River, with the cultivated hills and fields rising beyond it, and having the Blue Hills of Milton in the

of uprightness in his character,'—'a lover of truth, an obeyer of duty, a sincere friend.' The taste of the 'massive and serenely beautiful sarcophagus,' is the result of the exertions of Mr. Emerson. W."

distance, occupies another part of the landscape. The village of Cambridge, with the venerable edifices of Harvard University, is situated about a mile to the eastward. On the north, at a very short distance, Fresh Pond appears, a handsome sheet of water, finely diversified by its woody and irregular shores. Country seats and cottages, seen in various directions, and especially those on the elevated lands at Watertown and Brighton, add much to the picturesque effect of the scene."

Lots in the Cemetery, containing three hundred square feet, are sold for eighty dollars apiece, with an additional sum for the privilege of selecting the location. There is also a public lot, in which single interments are permitted, on the payment of ten dollars.

On emerging from the Cemetery, we drove to Fresh Pond, a beautiful lake in the immediate neighborhood. This is a favorite resort of the Bostonians during the summer months, and well it may be. They come out here to swing,* promenade, bathe, sail, fish, eat ice-creams, play at various athletic games, and enjoy all other innocent pleasures that a cool, romantic spot can afford. We saw every where posted up this significant warning to sportsmen and loafers: "Shoot no guns; cut no boughs." Hence it may be inferred that ladies and children may enjoy

* Not to be swung up!

the delights of this charming retreat, sitting or walking, without fear, beneath their own vine and fig-tree, or rather beneath the deep shade of the most magnificent forests of hemlocks I ever beheld. We observed several huge ice-houses, no mean rivals of the houses in which they build men-of-war, out of which we were informed several fortunes had been made.

An amusing joke was played off upon a gentleman traveller a day or two ago, at one of the rail-road *depôts* in this city. He offered the agent a fifty dollar note, who refused it, both because it was too big and because the bank where it was issued was too distant. A "cute Yankee," in a particularly obliging mood, steps up, and says, it will give him the greatest pleasure in the world to do the gentleman a favor, and offers to get his note changed in less than no time. Was ever such disinterestedness? The traveller gratefully accepts the proffered kindness. A modicum of sagacity can divine the issue. Neither the gentleman's obliging friend, nor his fifty dollar note has been heard from since.

An "UNRIVALED ATTRACTION" is exhibiting in Boston, "*for three days only!*" It lives and breathes in the shape of a "Mammoth Rat, weighing twelve pounds, and measuring thirty-nine inches; one of the greatest curiosities ever exhibited in this city." Tomorrow is the "last day;" and the next day, probably, "*positively* the LAST;" and the day following, "THE VERY LAST," and so on, till, as the Little Ped-

lington man has it, "THE LAST LAST DAY" really comes; in other words, till no more simpletons will go to see it.

O! Humbug! Humbug! "Thy name is Legion; thy field is the world!"

LETTER VIII.

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM—STATISTICS OF THE INSTITUTION—ITS LIBRARY—VAST COLLECTION OF PAMPHLETS—BOOKS OF ENGRAVINGS—DANIELS' ORIENTAL SCENERY—EXCAVATED TEMPLES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF ELLORA—STATUARY—EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

BOSTON, July 28, 1838.

MY DEAR CHANDLER,—I have spent two afternoons at that delightful literary retreat, the Boston Athenæum; and I will now endeavor to give you, in part, the "gleanings" I have made. The facts I communicate are upon the authority of the very obliging and intelligent librarian, Dr. Bass; the opinions advanced I will hold nobody responsible for but myself.

The Athenæum was founded in 1807, chiefly through the indefatigable efforts of William S.

Shaw, Esq.; and it commenced operations with "two bushels of books," a rather remarkable mode of measuring that article, but still the one adopted by the *savans* of those times. Soon after the institution was established, the elder Adams loaned it the whole of his valuable library, the number of bushels not stated, but the number of volumes was several thousands. The main building was a present from James Perkins, Esq. Twelve years ago, Col. Thomas H. and James Perkins, jr. Esqrs., offered the institution seventeen thousand dollars, provided the people of Boston would raise an equal amount, for the purpose of increasing the library and erecting an edifice for a picture-gallery and lecture-room. Such was the liberality of the contribution, that the whole sum raised was forty-five thousand dollars, instead of thirty-four thousand, which would have secured the donation of the Messrs. Perkins. The institution is debtor to the liberality of the Perkins family altogether to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars. The regular income is derived from thirty thousand dollars in stocks, from rents, from annual subscribers (ten dollars a year), and from money paid by share owners for the privilege of taking out books. It amounts at the present time to something over three thousand dollars annually. About twelve hundred dollars of this sum are appropriated to the purchase of books, principally works of recent date, six hundred dollars are absorbed in subscriptions to

periodicals, and the remainder is barely sufficient to pay the current expenses of the institution. The receipts from the picture-exhibition are a distinct matter. They are very irregular, varying from four thousand dollars to nine hundred dollars. The moneys derived from this source are set apart to the purchase of works in the fine arts. The number of shares (three hundred dollars each) is two hundred and sixty, only two of which are now in the hands of the treasurer.

The library numbers over thirty thousand volumes. It is the third in size in the United States, and the proprietors claim that it is the first in value. It is particularly rich in scientific works, and more especially in the transactions of learned bodies. It embraces a collection of twenty-seven thousand pamphlets, a number, I think, immensely greater than can be found together any where else in the country. The number of periodicals taken, besides newspapers, is about fifty.

The collection of prints is large, and very fine. They enjoy the honor of one entire room in the Athenæum buildings. One might spend days in this room without tiring of the beauties treasured within its walls. Among other valuable works, there is an original Hogarth and a complete set of the Musée Français, in seven volumes. But the most attractive work in the collection is Daniels' Oriental Scenery in six numbers, embracing one hundred and thirty-two

views. This is the only copy of the work in the United States. Some idea, though but a faint one, you may form of its value and splendor, from the fact that the artists, two brothers, were twelve years in collecting materials for it, and that the cost of each copy is seven hundred and fifty dollars. All the epithets of praise, applicable to works of this class, may be bestowed upon this production, without overrating or overstating its merits. A British officer, who recently visited the Athenæum, declared that there would be little necessity to go to India after seeing these views, as any one could, in a few hours, obtain from them nearly as good an idea of that country as he had gained by a six years residence there. For myself, I could not break away from them till I had surveyed every one. The perspective is so perfect, the drawing so accurate, the whole execution so true to nature, that in contemplating them, you seem almost to be looking at a reality rather than a picture. One number is devoted entirely to the mountains of Ellora, an extensive and lofty range, about two hundred miles from Bombay. The first engraving in this number presents you with a panoramic view of the entire range, with its sides thickly perforated with excavated temples. Those which follow present you with exterior and interior views of the temples themselves.

And what a commentary do they read to us on the pride, the grandeur, and the despotism of those elder

times! Here is a series of works, supposed by antiquaries to be more ancient than the pyramids, and compared with which, those vast structures themselves, the wonder alike of the ancient and modern world, are mere baby's toys! These temples are, many of them, two hundred feet deep, with surrounding chapels of smaller dimensions, with columns, statues, idols, and sculptured ornaments, past computing, all cut out of the hard rock, by the slow and consuming toil of millions of human beings. *Where* are the princes, for whom these millions toiled? *Who* are the monarchs, who dreamed of an eternal remembrance among men, as they watched the growing fruits of their iron rule? We ask the questions,—and are answered by the returning echoes of our own voice!

A very striking peculiarity in the structure of these temples, is, that you sometimes see a long row of massive columns, not one of which is like any of the others. I noticed, with surprise, one or two among the innumerable statues, the dress of which was not unlike, in its general air and effect, the European costume of the present day.

The room appropriated to busts has by no means an empty appearance. Many of the "canonized images of our forefathers" are gathered here, and their spirits still speak to us through the forms in which their features are preserved. The statuary apartment, also, boasts some interesting objects, and

among others, one gem of the purest brilliancy. It is a statue, called "The Greek Boy." He is picking a thorn out of his left foot. That foot rests on his right knee. He is bending forward, and inclines a little to the right. And how intent! What symmetry in the limbs, what justness in the proportions, what truth and spirit in the *tout-ensemble!* The whole statue is redolent of poetry.

I was just about to close my letter, without a word about the exhibition of paintings. Strange, that one should forget what gave him so much pleasure! Is there no emblem in this of our conduct in more important matters? You see I have not space for above half a dozen lines more; but I could easily fill more than that number of pages in setting forth the many and high beauties of the rich collection of pictures now in exhibition. As it is, I can only particularize a sweet face of Miss Sedgwick, by Ingham, who has painted a lovely woman in a lovely style; and a jolly old St. Nicholas, alias Santa Claus, by Weir. He has filled the stockings, upset the furniture, and is marching off on a broad grin, to fulfil his errand of love, with pannier still loaded to bursting. There is more devil in his face than would answer for half a pandemonium, and yet more good nature than you shall meet with in any other for a twelve-month. Good speed to thee, thou rejoicer of childhood! May thy age be ever green, thy pleasure ever new, and the fountain of kindness within thy heart like the waters of the ocean!

LETTER IX.

A VISIT TO HINGHAM—SEA VIEW OF BOSTON—THE BAY AND ITS ISLANDS—MILITARY WORKS—OLD COLONY HOUSE—A DRIVE TO THE NANTASKET BEACH—LAND SCENERY—SEA VIEW—THE BEACH—BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA LADIES—SALT WORKS—PERCH FISHING.

Boston, July 31, 1838.

My Dear Chandler,—Yesterday I enjoyed a charming sail, and passed a delightful day in the agreeable society and among the wild rocks of Hingham. I had been invited by J. L. Homer, Esq., one of the editors of the Boston Gazette, to domesticate for a day with him and his family at the Old Colony House. This gentleman is one of the sort with whom you feel as well acquainted after the first interview as the hundredth. I have already, on more than one occasion, been indebted to his politeness, and am in a fair way to be brought under still heavier obligations.

I left Boston at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the steamboat Gen. Lincoln, a large and commodious vessel, well freighted with ladies and gentlemen in search of

purer and fresher air, than can be had in the city with the mercury above ninety degrees. The sea-view of Boston, which I had the opportunity of contemplating, as we passed down the bay, is superb. I can recall but two similar views—those of Genoa and of Naples, worthy of being compared with it. And while, in some points of the comparison, the superior beauty of the latter must stand confessed by all, there are others in which the Boston view as indubitably surpasses them. The almost innumerable green and fertile islands, sown broad-cast over the surface of the bay, constitute a feature in the prospect, to which neither of the views referred to offers any parallel. And, although the prospect afforded by the semi-circular sweep of hills, on which the city of Marble Palaces sits like a queen,* must enchant every beholder, yet it lacks breadth; it is far more circumscribed in extent. The number of islands reminded me of the Cyclades, though it must be confessed that, in their appearance, nothing could well be more dissimilar than those of the Egean Sea and Massachusetts Bay. I know not how many we passed, all varying in form and dimensions, but among them were two, Castle Island and George's Islands, on which extensive fortifications are now in

* Napoleon, in walking through the streets of Genoa, enraptured with the magnificence and splendor he beheld, is said to have exclaimed, "The sovereignty of SUCH A CITY is worth the risks of war."

progress of construction by the United States. When the works on the latter are completed, they will not be surpassed, either in extent or beauty, by any in the country; and they will, *bona fide*, command the entrance of the harbor, which is more a great deal than can be said of the famed Rock of Gibraltar with respect to the entrance of the Mediterranean. This is a sort of ocean Thermopylæ, where a small band of Boston Yankees would as triumphantly beat back the navy of Great Britain, as did the "Immortal Three Hundred" the myriads of Xerxes. Half past ten brought us plump alongside the wharf at Hingham, a little town sixteen miles from Boston, in which there is nothing as far as I know, worthy of note, but the splendid and well-kept Old Colony Hotel, the refined social pleasures it affords, the noble view enjoyed from the observatory on its roof, and the cool sea breezes that almost enable you to put summer at defiance. The Old Colony presented a gay and happy appearance. The broad piazza which surrounds three sides of the house was thronged with smiling groups, in which a due intermixture of the gentler sex was not wanting, some sitting, some standing, some walking, but all enjoying at once the pleasures of cultivated intercourse and the pure breezes as they came fresh from the ocean.

A carriage provided by my friend H. was in waiting on my arrival, and a very few minutes found us in our places and under way, behind a fine pair of

Canadian ponies. Our party consisted, besides your humble servant, of my hospitable host and his estimable lady, together with a thriving crop of young shoots, well-trained and of high promise. Our destination was the celebrated Nantasket beach, three and a half miles distant. About a mile from our Hotel we passed an object of great interest. It could not be called "a brave old oak," but it was certainly a brave old elm, having been transplanted in 1729, and having now attained a size and beauty that throw all rivals into the shade. It is perfectly symmetrical, its foliage forming a full half orb seventy-five feet in diameter. About ten feet from the ground, it branches off into nine principal trunks, which give out innumerable boughs, that form a shade impenetrable by the rays of even a mid-day sun.

The country through which we rode is stern and rocky to a degree; but it is full of wild, romantic views; and we had constantly before us, with occasional glimpses of the sea, a far-spreading prospect of the fertile hills and valleys that stretch away inland to the southward of Boston. And when at length we came upon a full view of the extensive beach and the ocean beyond, what pen shall describe the scene we beheld, what language give utterance to the emotions it inspired? The sublimity of the ocean is such, that the grandeur of all other objects becomes tame in the comparison. POWER, VASTNESS, IMMUTABILITY,—where else do these qualities appear

as they do in the ocean ? It is a faint emblem (ah how faint!) of that shoreless and unfathomed ocean, upon which we are destined soon to embark,—the Ocean of Eternity ! May no shipwreck betide us upon that fearful flood !

The Nantasket beach is the most beautiful I ever saw. It is eight miles in length, and several hundred feet wide at low water, and sweeps round in a majestic curve, which, if it were continued so as to complete the circle, would of itself embrace a small sea. There was a gentle breeze upon the water, and the sluggish waves rolled inward with a languid movement, and broke, with a low murmur of music in long lines of foam against the opposing sands. The surface of the sea was, in every direction, thickly dotted with sails, the air was of a delicious temperature, and altogether it was a scene to detain one for hours, had not the appearance and breathing of our horses betokened that mercy to the brute creation required that we should turn their heads.

We returned, at one o'clock, to an excellent dinner, which was served to more than a hundred guests. I sat next to a Philadelphia gentleman, who whispered in my ear that he was more than ever content with the beauty of our Philadelphia lasses. I must confess to a coincidence of opinion. I have praised Boston enough in all conscience, though not more than I think it deserves ; but the Boston girls, whatever preëminence they may boast in literary taste

and cultivation, in all that appertains to personal beauty, can hold no comparison with the lovely lasses of our Quaker city. This however, is by the way, and that I might pay a merited compliment to the most beautiful and fascinating of women.*

After dinner we took a drive to the quiet and pleasant village of Cohasset, and thence to a farm house on the sea shore, where some of Mr. H.'s friends are rusticating for a few weeks. Here I had an opportunity of seeing a specimen of the numerous salt-works with which this coast abounds, and of the method of making salt. The water is pumped up into broad shallow wooden vats, and is changed from

* I leave the above paragraph in the main as originally written and printed, but I crave the liberty of a brief explanation. I have given in these letters my impressions as they occurred and when they occurred. A wider observation and a more extended intercourse in the social circle enable me to say, which I do with equal sincerity and pleasure, that he must be indeed fastidious who would not be much more than *satisfied* with the charms, both personal and spiritual, of the gentler sex in this city. But sensible ladies, such as I have found in all whom I have met with here, will scarcely take offence, because each and every of the qualities which constitute the entire of female attractions is not attributed to them in the highest perfection. The Boston Post thinks that the "Correspondent of the United States Gazette" has several "Philadelphia daughters," whom he wishes to marry off; and also that he is too OLD to distinguish a pretty woman from an ugly one! Whatever of Yankee acuteness that editor may possess, he is sadly deficient in the Yankee attribute of shrewd "guessing." P. P.

vat to vat five times, before it reaches that in which the saline matter in it is crystalized. The vats are provided with movable roofs, which can be easily put on in case of rain, and at night. The water is reduced in bulk thirty-eight times, before the salt it contains assumes the crystalized form. We saw some that had been made in eight days from the time the water had been taken from the ocean. Generally, however, a much longer time is required. We went out in a little boat and fished for perch about an hour. How they did bite! and how we did pull them up! We reached the Old Colony a little after nine, with the spoils we had won from the ocean, and were soon feasting, with a vigorous appetite, upon what we *knew to be fresh fish.*

LETTER X.

EXCURSION TO LOWELL—UNTOWARD ACCIDENT—STATISTICS OF THE LOWELL MANUFACTURES—RAPID GROWTH OF THE TOWN—ADMIRABLE PROVISION AGAINST THE DANGERS OF FIRE—AWKWARD EFFECTS OF A VERY DISAGREEABLE FORGETFULNESS—KINDNESS OF MY LANDLORD—THE COUNTRY BETWEEN BOSTON AND LOWELL—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE VILLAGES OF ITALY AND NEW ENGLAND.

Boston, August, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I am again in my quiet, comfortable chamber, after a pilgrimage to the Manchester of America. But, unfortunately, I can tell you very little about it from actual observation, as an untoward accident—a sprain in my left foot—deprived me, soon after reaching Lowell, of all power of locomotion. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence had kindly furnished me with letters to all the principal establishments, but I was able to avail myself of his politeness in only two instances, viz. in visiting the Carpet Mills and the Machine Shop. Carpet-weaving is a handsome operation. The number of looms

employed in this business is seventy, and about five hundred yards of carpeting are produced daily. Eight yards of superfine carpet, or one rug, is considered a fair average day's work for one man.

I will now give you some statistics of the manufacturing operations at Lowell, which will be interesting to a portion, perhaps the larger portion, of your readers. My information is derived from a printed page of letter paper, headed "Statistics of Lowell Manufactures, January 1, 1838, compiled from authentic sources,"—and may, therefore, I suppose, be relied upon.

There are ten principal establishments, with an aggregate capital of $8,250,000. These employ in their operations twenty-eight mills, exclusive of printeries, bleacheries, smithies, &c. The whole number of looms is 4,861, and of spindles, 154,404. Of females employed, there are 6,295; males, 2,047. The annual product of all the mills in yards is 51,147,200. The annual consumption of cotton is 16,161,600 lbs., or 44,769 bales; of wool 600,000 lbs. The kinds of goods manufactured are calicoes, sheetings, shirtings, drillings, carpetings, rugs, negro cloth, broadcloths, cassimeres, and machinery of various sorts. The consumption of anthracite coal per annum is, 11,009 tons; of charcoal, 500,000 bushels; of wood, 4,810 cords; of oil (sperm and olive), 63,489 gallons; of starch, 510,000 lbs.; and of flour for starch, 3,800 bbls. The average wages of females

per week, clear of board, is $1 75; of males, clear of board, 80 cents per day. Persons employed by the companies, are paid at the close of each month; the average amount of wages, per month, is $106,000. A not inconsiderable portion of the earnings is deposited in the Savings Bank. "As regards the health of persons employed," says the paper from which the foregoing facts are gleaned, "great numbers have been interrogated, and the result shows, that six of the females out of every ten enjoy better health than before being employed in the mills; of males, one half derive the same advantage. As regards their moral condition and character, they are not inferior to any portion of the community." There is an important omission in this statement. To enable us to form an intelligent opinion of the healthfulness of the occupation, we should be informed whether or not the health of any of those employed is injured.

Lowell is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of this most extraordinary country. It is just sixteen years since the first factory was erected there, and since, of course, it was merely an obscure village, in nothing distinguished from the common herd, except in its latent capabilities. Now it counts its 20,000 inhabitants, and presents to the admiration of the thousands who annually visit it, its thirty vast piles of buildings, in which the sound of the anvil, the loom, and the spindle, never ceases through the

live-long day. And this is but a specimen, though undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary, of the manner in which towns spring up and reach their maturity, as it were, in a night, where the principle practically prevails of letting men alone. How prophetically did the Bishop of Cloyne (was it not he ?) sing more than a hundred years ago,

"Time's noblest empire is the last."

I call upon you, my dear friend, for your sympathies on account of the misfortune which deprived me, though within the precincts of this marvel of the age, of the ability to contemplate the proofs, nay, the very substance, of the mighty march of improvement to which I have referred. One thing, however, I did see,—a precaution in case of sudden fire,—which cannot be too much commended, nor too generally imitated. Every pile of buildings is provided with several ladders outside, which descend from the top of the roof to the ground, in such a manner that persons in any of the stories can get on them through the windows. This admirable arrangement would greatly multiply the chances of escape in the event of fire.

The sprain in my foot was not the only mishap I encountered yesterday. In changing my pantaloons, I omitted to change my purse, and, on my first occasion of need, I had the mortification to find myself literally without a penny. Imagine yourself indebted

to a black barber in the sum of six and a quarter cents, in a strange place, and the discovery bursting upon you, as you thrust your hands into both pockets, that you have nothing wherewith to pay! To throw yourself on the clemency of *such* a creditor, with apologies, and explanations, and promises! The very thought is horrible. I could scarcely wish an enemy any thing worse than to be in just such a predicament. However, my kind host, of the Merrimack Hotel, Mr. Samuel Coburn (on the security of my face, I suppose, for he had no other), offered to loan me whatever money I needed. This gentleman is entitled to my public thanks for the obliging attentions, for which I stand indebted to him. And here permit me to remark, in passing, that my experience of mankind has been such as to lead me to look rather on what is called the "bright side of human nature," at least so far as the courtesies of life are concerned. Some roguery undoubtedly I have shaken hands with, but then for every encounter of that description, I have met with fifty, in which I have experienced some kindness to be thankful for, or seen some generous quality to admire.

Lowell is twenty-five miles from Boston. The country through which you pass the first half of that distance is rich in every thing that can interest and gratify the traveller. It is in a high state of cultivation; it is watered by two beautifully winding streams, the Mystic and Concord Rivers; it is adorned

with many elegant mansions, surrounded with picturesque grounds; it has a due intermixture of hill and valley, woodland and cultivated field; and it is enlivened by numerous villages, embosomed in luxuriant foliage, and full of that sweet, quiet, home beauty, which tells at once of virtue and of thrift. I could not, in the course of my morning *flight* (for we went by steam), help contrasting the country towns of stern, puritan New England, with the villages of the land of statues and of song,—bright, classic Italy. The latter show picturesquely in the distance, and appear well in painted landscapes; but a near approach to the reality breaks the charm, and filth, squalor, and beggary then become the chief ingredients of the view. But here, thanks to a kind Providence and a constitutional government, the promise and the reality are in beautiful harmony. While our villages are not less attractive in the distant view than those of Italy, no sudden and painful revulsion of feeling awaits you on a nearer inspection. Verily "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places," and we have "a goodly heritage." Let us take care that "our candlestick be not removed out of its place"—that "our bow abide in strength."

LETTER XI.

A FISHING BOUT—VENERABLE AGE OF TWO OF OUR PARTY—-NAPOLEON—-SAIL TO HOSPITAL ISLAND—-REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES—QUARANTINE BOAT—MILITARY WORKS ON GEORGE'S ISLAND—BOSTON IMPREGNABLE—VIEW OF THE OCEAN—A FUNNY STORY TELLER—HIS DESCRIPTION OF WESTERN LIFE—WANT OF SUCCESS IN FISHING—DINNER—CHOWDERS—A STROLL OVER THE ISLAND—DR. SMITH—AN EVENING AT HINGHAM.

Boston, August 3, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—A fishing party, gotten up, I believe, chiefly through my friend, Mr. Homer, which had been several days in contemplation, "came off" yesterday in fine style. Our party consisted of eleven gentlemen altogether—nine Bostonians, and one Philadelphian besides myself. I could not help wishing that you had been "there to see." If you are fond of good company, good stories, good fellowship, good sailing, good chowders, good fun, and good wine, it would have been just the place for you. Two venerable octogenarians were of the party, who seemed to have lost little of the vivacity

of youth, and to retain not an inconsiderable portion of its vigor. More than four fifths of a century have been joined to the years before the flood, since first they drew the breath of life. What revolutions has not this globe beheld during that period! There have been "wars and rumors of wars"—"blood and fire, and vapor of smoke." Events, terrible in themselves and pregnant with results not yet fully developed, which no mortal sagacity can penetrate,—events, to which ancient story, with all that it contains of marvellous and incredible, affords no parallels,—have had their birth within that brief span. One of the gentlemen to whom I refer, had reached mature years before Napoleon was born, and both have seen that Corsican adventurer climb from pinnacle to pinnacle, till he sat upon a throne before which Europe trembled, and wielded a power unknown in history since the reign of the Cæsars. They have seen him hurled from that throne, where he trod upon the necks of subjugated empires and received scarcely less than divine honors, and chained to a rock in the midst of the ocean—the fitting end of tyrants and murderers such as he. They have seen, also, the origin and progress, would that I could add the *completion*, of the experiment which is to decide, at least for many generations, the greatest problem known in political science, viz., whether men are capable of self-government. Pardon this brief allusion to recent occurrences, which was

drawn forth by the age of some of our company. I assure you that I did not take up my pen to write the history of the last century, but for a far less ambitious purpose, to the execution of which I will now proceed.

We left Boston at 9 A. M., in the Hingham steamer, and were landed in little more than half an hour on Hospital Island, distant seven miles from the city. The time had seemed to me scarcely more than ten minutes, for I had been highly entertained and instructed by Major Benjamin Russell (who was one of us), the Nestor of editors in Boston, who gave me a full account of the throwing overboard of the tea, *quorum pars fuit*, as far at least as he could be made a participant by being in a house adjoining to the wharf, and hearing the noise, but without seeing any thing, or knowing what had happened till the next day. Boston harbor, the day following that memorable exploit, presented a novel and anomalous appearance, in the innumerable little islands of tea, which appeared floating in every direction upon its surface. The tea, which had collected in the shoes of those who had adventured on board the vessel, was put into a small vial and hermetically sealed, and is now in the possession of a gentleman of this city, who is a descendant of one of that patriot band.

After our party had indulged for an hour in the manly and invigorating sport which can be enjoyed in an excellent bowling alley, we embarked again on

board the quarantine boat, a little schooner or yacht belonging to the city council, of which the Boston boys are justly proud. She is built upon a beautiful model, draws from six to eight feet of water, sails, under a smart breeze, fourteen knots per hour, and will lie within five points of the wind. She is commanded by Mr. Tewksbury, who keeps every part of her as neat as a new-coined eagle, and her little cabin like a lady's boudoir. Most wives, I am sure, would be satisfied with the attentions which this little craft receives from her captain. We passed close under George's Island, mentioned in a former letter as being the key to the harbor, and sailed nearly round it, so as to have a view of the fortifications now erecting there. The island is surrounded by a granite sea-wall, of the most massive masonry, worthy indeed of the Cyclopean age, when men built for all coming time. On this solid and apparently everlasting foundation, is slowly rising a cincture of walls and battlements not unworthy of the basis on which they rest, and which, I understand, it is intended so well to supply with ordnance, that more than three hundred guns can be brought to bear upon any given point. When these works are completed, I see not but Boston will be impregnable. It will be impossible for an enemy to approach by sea, and her bridges will afford an easy and sure means of defence on every side accessible by land. Long, long may the trial of her military strength be in mercy averted!

We had a fine breeze, and our little "Gem of the Ocean" cut her way in gallant style athwart the billowy surface. We passed island after island, till the "Boston Light" was far astern, and the blue Atlantic stretched away, broad, boundless and free, far, far beyond the utmost reach of human vision. The sea always has upon me an effect similar to that which it is said to have produced upon the remains of Xenophon's Ten Thousand Greeks, when first it burst upon their view, after their long and wearisome march through hostile countries and over inhospitable sands. How grand, yet beautiful; how wild, yet graceful; how terrible, yet attractive, is the ocean! When lashed by fierce winds, who can portray the terrors of the scene it presents? When the winds are still, and its angry chafings subside, its calm unruffled surface becomes the very image of serenity and peace. In its vastness and immutability, it is an emblem of eternity; is it not also, in some of its aspects, an emblem of man? Do not its terrific swellings and its destructive energies, when the hurricane is upon it, fitly shadow forth the human heart when swept by the winds of passion? And is not the repose in which it sometimes sleeps, an emblem of that calm and quiet of the soul, which the possession of innocence and the dominion of reason ensure?

But—"avast there!" as a mariner would say. Some "*genius loci*" must have possessed my imagination, and laid its spell upon my pen. I took it up

—I mean my pen—to give you an unvarnished description of a very matter-of-fact affair,—a "fishing bout," and I find myself, in spite of all resolves to the contrary, pouring forth sentimentalities that would not disgrace a novel. But though I do *sentimentalize* a little, and on such a theme can scarcely help it, we were treated, in the course of our morning's sail, to something of a more substantial character, something to nourish our grosser man, in the shape of a cold collation of ham, beef and tongue, of a delicacy to tempt a sick man's appetite, with sherry of the very best quality, and lemonade, which a due intermixture of the sweet and the sour had made exactly of the right flavor. We put no dishonor upon the viands or the accompaniments, but did ample justice to the excellence of both. Anecdote, humor, and kindly feeling, were the order of the day.

Where every one contributed so much, and contributed it so well to the general enjoyment, it would seem invidious to single out any one; and yet I must say, that there was one gentleman of our party—whose name I withhold because I will not violate the courtesies of life by giving it—who surpasses, at a story, all men whom it has ever been my fortune to meet with. He kept our sides shaking with laughter no small portion of the time. He had just returned from a tour in the Western country, and afforded us infinite amusement by his graphic descriptions of western life and manners. He described especially,

in a style and with an effect truly dramatic, a recent barbacue he had attended near St. Louis. Among the other interesting ceremonies of the occasion, was that of political speech-making. There were fourteen principal orators, seven Whigs, and seven Van Buren men, who addressed the multitude, responding to each other alternately, as the shepherds in days of yore, when vying with each other in the display of their musical powers, to win the love of some fair shepherdess. After the big fish came the small fry; to the great heats succeeded the scrub races. In other words, after the chief orators had finished, the lesser politicians mounted the stump, and had their say. After several had spoken, our friend was loudly called for. Thinking it a good chance to immortalize himself, he ascended the magic "stump," and began: "Gentlemen, there is one subject on which none of the speakers have as yet touched, viz. *abolition*." No sooner had he pronounced the word abolition, than one gentleman, who had already addressed the assembly, caught him by the arm, and pulling him down, mounted the vacant stand a second time himself. "Yes, fellow-citizens," he cried, "I forgot to speak to you about abolition; I have something to say to you on that subject." And, with the most admirable nonchalance, he snatched away both the speech and the immortality of our friend at once.

I learned also from this gentleman, what was, to me, a new trait of western character, though perhaps

it will not be so to you, i. e. that it is not an unusual thing in the back woods for two opposing candidates, in canvassing for an election, to ride round the country in the same gig, to save expense.

We anchored off one of the rocky islands that abound in this bay, and commenced our fishing operations; but owing, as the *connoisseurs* said, to the unfavorable time of the tide, we were not remarkably fortunate. Some *spolia* we certainly won from Neptune's realm, but gathering them rather too slowly for our eager desire, we weighed anchor, made sail, and stood in for port. Here we found an abundant and most excellent dinner awaiting our arrival; and I was duly initiated into the mysteries and merits of "a chowder." We had "clam chowder," and "fish chowder;" and though there was no difficulty in pronouncing both capital, to say which was best would have been as difficult as the adjudication in the famous Beauty case, in the courts above, and would, like that, I fear, have required a bribe to turn the scale. This favorite dish of the Yankees, I find, requires no little skill in the making; and our worthy host informed me, that this was a part of the dinner which he never entrusted to his cook, but always superintended it himself. We had upon the table nearly a dozen different kinds of fish, all fresh from their native element, and all cooked in different ways. The variety of fish in these waters is very great, the quantity never failing, and the excellence

above all praise. They are cheap too, "dog cheap." For example: with us, as you know, lobster is twelve and a half cents per pound, shell and all; here you can get a tolerably good-sized lobster, entire, for the same money. A slight difference that, is it not?

After dinner, I took a stroll over the island, which is so small that it may be compassed in a very few minutes. It is surrounded, except where it has a wall of native rock, by an artificial sea-wall, built of huge blocks of unhammered granite, massive, solid and enduring. On its highest point is a signal-house, from an elevated platform of which you have a most extensive and glorious prospect, embracing every variety of land and water. Decidedly one of the most interesting points in this view, is the famous town of Hull, numbering seven voters, and from which, it is proverbial in Massachusetts, you must have the returns before you can know how the state election has gone. This, however, by the way. The soil of this island is good; its rocks are covered with numerous inscriptions in various languages and of divers significants; it numbers three houses besides the quarantine hospital, a handsome edifice, from which it receives its name. The quarantine physician is Dr. Smith, editor of a medical journal in Boston; a gentleman with whom I passed an agreeable half hour. I found him deep in a work on the medical statistics of the United States.

In the evening, I accompanied Mr. H. and my

Philadelphia friend to the Old Colony House at Hingham. There was an excellent band from Boston there, and we had the poetry of music, the poetry of motion, and the poetry of social happiness, all in high perfection; and afterwards the poetry of sound sleep in the cool air, for which the proprietor of the Old Colony seems to have made a perpetual contract.

LETTER XII.

CAMBRIDGE—RURAL CHARMS—CHURCHES—DR. HOLMES'S POEMS—DR. PALFREY—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS—LIBRARY—CABINET OF MINERALS—APPARATUS—BOTANIC GARDEN—REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES—A CAMBRIDGE BARBER.

Boston, August 7, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have to-day paid my respects to Harvard University, which, all the world knows, at least all the American world, is the chief boast of the village of Cambridge. Cambridge itself is a delightful place. Though nature has been less lavish of her charms here than perhaps with respect

to any other spot in the vicinity of Boston, yet the hand of Art, guided by taste, has well supplied her deficiencies. The surface on which Cambridge stands is perfectly level, and therefore does not afford so many sites, picturesque in themselves, as various other places in the neighboring country ; yet there are many residences there, in which the neatness and elegance of the mansions vie with the numerous and exquisite rural charms which surround them. The street on which most of the professors live, especially, abounds with retreats, which one would almost expect the Muses to visit without being wooed ; so sweet, so quiet, so pure, so attractive, is the beauty which breathes from them. The "shades of Academus" are here no fiction. The "Academic Grove," in the midst of which the University buildings stand, is worthy of the most ancient and celebrated seat of learning in the United States. One portion of it, more than an acre I should suppose, consists of a vigorous growth of young trees, so thickly planted, that when they reach their full maturity, they will form a continuous shade, impervious to the sun. Opposite the college green, are two frame churches, one of them erected within a few years, the other before the American revolution ; the former, Unitarian; the latter, Episcopalian. It is difficult to say which of these structures is the most beautiful. Both satisfy the eye, though the style of architecture in each is entirely dissimilar

from that of the other. Between them is the old burying ground (something of a contrast to Mount Auburn), called in the quaint but expressive language of the times, "God's acre." These interesting objects are thus beautifully alluded to, in a little volume of poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a book breathing the true poetic inspiration, which now lies before me.*

"Our ancient church! its lowly tower
Beneath the loftier spire
Is shadowed, when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glitt'ring vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between;
And both roll out, so full and near,
Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves.

* This book evinces poetic talent of a very high order; talent capable of raising the possessor of it to a rank with the best of modern bards. Yet all the pieces the volume contains were written at moments snatched from the occupations of a very laborious profession, viz., the practice of medicine. The conduct of Dr. Holmes offers an example to those of our youth, who are smitten with the love of fame and the ambition

I had the honor to be the bearer of a letter from Gov. Everett, to the Rev. Dr. Palfrey, one of the

of figuring in the world of letters. With genius such as that displayed by the poems referred to in the text, and a decided taste for poetical and literary pursuits, he has yet had the good sense to devote himself to a profession, useful indeed and honorable in the highest degree, but proverbially laborious, and affording comparatively few "literary opportunities."

Fortunately, we are not without some similar examples in Philadelphia. Dr. J. K. Mitchell, amid the toils of a very extensive practice, has found much time to devote to general literature, and especially to poetry. Some of his poetical effusions have appeared in the magazines and newspapers, and have gained him much applause. A still greater number are yet in his portfolio. I trust that they will not be permitted to slumber there for ever in "inglorious ease and obscurity;" but that a portion of them will, ere long, come forth to the light, in a style and dress worthy of themselves.

I am sure that I shall gratify my readers, while I justify my own praise of Dr. Holmes's volume, by presenting them with the following Ode to Old Ironsides. It is as fine a specimen of lyric poetry as has ever appeared in this country, and it would not disgrace fiery old Pindar himself. It was composed, as may be gathered from the ode itself, when it was in contemplation to tear in pieces and destroy that venerable old frigate, the "Constitution." What effect this piece may have had in preventing that catastrophe I know not. If there is any taste in the Cabinet, any susceptibility to the influences of lofty verse, it must have had a magic power there.

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;

Professors in the Divinity School. This gentleman is not unknown to fame, nor unworthy of the fame he has acquired. He is the present editor of the North American Review, a work, whose character is a part of the literary glory of the country. This Journal was the first American periodical that had the courage to beard the lion of British criticism and British egotism, in his own den. The masterly paper on Faux's Travels in America, as graceful as the scimitar of Saladin, but as powerful and effective

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

as the battle-axe of Richard, fell like a thunder-bolt on John Bull. The tone of the London Quarterly towards this country, was sensibly changed after the number containing that article had reached the eye and the mind of William Gifford; and never, since, has it indulged in the savage spirit, which had, before, dictated all its papers on America. The North American had well-nigh expired a few years ago, under the editorial management of A. H. Everett, Esq., whose mind appears to possess little of that etherial temperament, which imparts such a charm to all the productions of his brother's genius. Dr. Palfrey has raised it from its "low estate" to a character as high, an influence as great, a position as commanding, as belonged to it in its palmy days. The greatest sin of this Review is that it is too exclusively *North* American. I say not this because it has overlooked certain little matters of mine, for even my own partiality does not claim for these things sufficient worth to entitle them to such a distinction. But men *have been* overlooked whose merits demanded some notice in a work claiming to be NATIONAL in its spirit and purpose.*

* Since the above sentences were penned, the following admirable—I had almost written incomparable—article on the North American Review has appeared in the National Intelligencer. The vigorous pen and sound judgment of the senior editor of that Journal—Joseph Gales, Esq.—are distinctly traceable in this able and well-merited eulogy. Mr. Gales is,

I found in Dr. Palfrey, not only an intelligent and instructive, but also a most gentlemanly and agreea-

unquestionably, one of the ablest writers of this or any other country, and his brethren of the press will allow that he is one of the most courteous and dignified of editors. I cannot resist the temptation to add to the value of my little volume by quoting entire the Intelligencer's remarks; and I yield the more readily to the temptation, inasmuch as I shall thereby probably convey valuable information to some minds, and be doing good service to the cause of letters.

Here is the article :—

"The appearance of the one hundredth number of this veteran literary journal has seemed to us a proper occasion to express our opinion of its value at some length. We do this under a deep impression that it has rendered good service to the country, and that it deserves, if it does not need, the favorable attestation of the friends of American Literature.

"This journal was established in 1815, by the late William Tudor, Esq., Charge, d'Affaires of the United States at more than one of our sister Republics at the South. Mr. Tudor was an accomplished scholar, an elegant writer, a gentleman and a patriot. He stamped his character upon the journal, and the impression has never been effaced. In the hands of numerous successive editors, it has uniformly been devoted to useful science, to polite literature, and to the cause and interests of the country, particularly to the uncompromising defence of America against the attacks of foreign tourists and critics. It has abstained, almost entirely, from those subjects of partisan warfare which divide opinion and enkindle bad passion at home, and its tone and spirit have uniformly been gentlemanly.

"Our present purpose does not require of us to pursue the enumeration of all those who have successively been entrusted with its management. It is sufficient to say that it has been

ble guide, and three or four hours passed before I knew it, in wandering with him over the University

conducted by them all substantially on the same principles. Among the contributors to its pages have been a very large proportion of those who, during the last quarter of a century, have been regarded as the most distinguished of the men of science and letters in the United States. There is, accordingly, scarcely any topic of interest in science and literature which will not, in some one of the volumes, be found treated with ability and interest.

"Although attempts had been made, before the appearance of the North American Review, to establish a quarterly literary journal in the country, these attempts did not meet with permanent success. The same may be said of more than one similar attempt made since the establishment of this Review. It will not, we are sure, be deemed invidious to claim some respect for the journal which was the first successfully to introduce into this country a form of contemporary criticism which had so eminently approved itself to the taste and judgment of the Father-land. The editor of the Edinburgh Review—the founder of this department of modern literature—near twenty years ago expressed the satisfaction with which he regarded the appearance of this transatlantic contemporary. Nor does it indicate a feeble principle of growth and vitality, that, while journals subsequently established in the United States by publishers of the greatest resources, and editors of the highest reputation, have been successively discontinued, the hundredth number should have been attained by the North American Review, with unimpaired reputation, and we trust, with unimpaired prosperity.

"During the latter part of its career, the North American Review has had formidable difficulties to contend with, in common with all the other periodical publications of the coun-

grounds and through the University buildings. These buildings are, many of them, very old, one or two

try—we ought rather to say, in common with all other enterprises and undertakings. The pecuniary embarrassments of the time have brought home the necessity of retrenchment to that entire class of the community which furnishes readers of our literary journals. Where duty requires a reduction of expenditure, it is very apt to fall first, we are sorry to say, on items of expense of this description. Matters of external display and ostentation are too often left untouched, while the private gratifications of the domestic circle are curtailed. It would be a more profitable economy to spare the costly luxuries which fashion demands of her votaries—to refuse to pay the taxes which vanity levies (the heaviest taxes which men pay in free countries)—and continue the customary appropriations, and they are not heavy, which are required to supply the fireside with its usual stock of contemporary literature. If we wish to have good and instructive journals, those who conduct them must have some assurance that they are safe in investing their capital, and giving a direction to their other pursuits; and this cannot be done without reasonable calculation on the permanent support of the intelligent portion of the community, even in hard times.

"The very cheap republication of the foreign quarterly reviews has injured all our native periodicals. It argues no small merit on the part of the latter, that they have been able to support this powerful competition. Whatever may be said of the advantage of these republications (and we are not disposed to undervalue it), we are sure the most enlightened friends of American literature must be gratified at seeing the North American Review, and its vigorous and hopeful sister which has recently sprung into being in New York, still retaining the accustomed neatness and elegance of typography, although at twice the expense of publication of the popular

at least, over a hundred years, and they present a venerable, time-honored appearance. They are all

reprints alluded to. It will also be borne in mind, by subscribers to our domestic journals, that, while the publishers of the foreign reviews receive their material, or, to speak technically, their copy, free of cost, the American editor remunerates his contributors handsomely. It is also reasonable and just that the editor himself should be rewarded for the time, labor, experience and talent necessary to conduct a periodical work; although we greatly fear that, upon the average of our best periodicals, this has been the case but to a very inadequate degree. When these three points are taken into consideration, viz., the superior typography, the *honorarium* to contributors, and the compensation to the editor, it will not be surprising that our native journals cannot be afforded at as cheap a rate as the reprints of the foreign periodicals.

"But let them not, on that account, be deprived of their just share of patronage. When the circumstances, alluded to, are considered, they are as cheap as their foreign competitors. As for substantial merit, we have the highest European authority (if that be wanted)—we mean Miss Edgeworth—for the opinion, that the North American Review is, in all the substantial merits, in sound learning, in good taste, in variety of interesting and instructive matter, equal to any of the British Reviews. In adaptation to the wants of this country, it is, of course, beyond comparison. To what foreign Review can we look for any of those articles, of which one or more is found in every number of the North American Review, on topics of interest to the whole, or some part of the United States; such as discussions of the great principles of constitutional law; historical, geographical, and statistical articles on separate States, like that on the State of Ohio in the number before us, which, as has been justly said, is not so much an article on the history of Ohio, as a compendious history of that

of brick but two, and scattered over the grounds without any regard to symmetry. The two excepted

State; biographical notices of the great men of the country, such as Judge Story's of Chief Justice Marshall; or full and appropriate notices of American works, like the review of Mr. Prescott's History, in the January number of the North American Review, by Mr. Gardiner? With a few exceptions, the British periodical press is silent as to American writers. A few of our ablest, as Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper, and Dr. Channing, have, as it were, compelled justice to be done them; but it is withheld from the mass of their literary countrymen.

"Mr. Justice Story's Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, and Chancellor Kent's on American Law, both works which do honor to the country that produced them—works of extreme interest for every philosophical English reader—are hitherto unnoticed in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, though suitably commended, we believe, in some of the professional journals. We have seen no notice in either of the great British Reviews of any of Mr. Sparks's historical works. If it be said that the critics have waited for the edition of Washington to be completed, this excuse will not apply to the Diplomatic History of the American Revolution, a work of vast general interest. No notice, that we are aware of, has been taken in either the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review of Bancroft's History of the United States, of Dwight's Theology, of Buckminster's Sermons, of the Speeches of Webster, Clay, or Sergeant, or of Jefferson's Works. There has been no article in either of those journals, we believe, on Mr. Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Farrar, or any other American female writer, except Lucretia Davison. No article, that we recollect, has appeared in either the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, upon the Federalist, Marshall's Washington, of both of which works recent editions have appeared, the American State Papers, upon any book of American Law

edifices are of granite. One of them is a fine long pile of an imposing exterior, but it contains nothing

Reports, either of the Federal or State Courts, or any elementary treatise on law written in this country. There has never been, in either of those Reviews, nor in any British journal that we have seen, a *regular discussion* of the American question, in any aspect. There has been no lack of notices of the tourists, generally (not always) like the tourists noticed, superficial, trashy, too often splenetic, sometimes malignant; but never one elaborate analysis of the constitutions of the American Union or its component States; never one attempt at a philosophical inquiry, sound or unsound, into the principles of the American Democracy. Now, of every one of the above named writers, there have been seasonable, elaborate, and generally able notices in the North American Review. Of every one of the subjects enumerated, there have been, in the same journal, in some one or other of its volumes, carefully written articles, frequently from the ablest pens in the country. We submit that this is a difference of no little magnitude, materially affecting the relative claims of the domestic and the foreign journals on the attention of American readers.

"We are sorry to say the *exteromania* (if we may coin a word for a pretty prevalent thing) is, with respect to our literature, rather a stronger principle than might be wished. The foreign journals are consulted and quoted for that which is sometimes earlier (not to say better) done in our own. M. de Tocqueville's great work on America was promptly reviewed and analyzed in the North American Review, and we believe also in the American Quarterly. After about a year's delay, a notice of it appeared in one of the British reviews. That British article was reprinted in a pamphlet in New York, and distributed round the country by a meritorious publisher in that city, who proposed to reprint M. de Tocque-

within, worthy of its goodly outside, if you except the University Chapel, a plain but pleasant looking

ville's work; and who took this mode of collecting the opinions of those to whom he sent the pamphlet. We do not remember that he made any allusion to the notices of the work, in either of the leading American reviews. About a year ago, the Royal Danish Society of Antiquarians published their long promised work on the discovery of the American continent by the Northmen, in the eleventh century. In sixty days after the first copies appeared in this country of this very important and curious work, it was made the subject of an elaborate notice in the North American Review, and, in a few months afterwards, of a similar notice in the New York Review. It was also in the mean time, if we recollect aright, reviewed in two articles in "the Democratic Review," published in this city. A few weeks ago we took up a Southern newspaper, in which we saw a very flattering notice of the reprinted Foreign Quarterly Review; and an article on this work of the Danish Antiquaries was particularly commended. From the terms of the commendation, we inferred that this topic was wholly new to our respected brother, and that he derived from the Foreign Quarterly Review the first knowledge of a book and a subject that had, within six months, been discussed in three American journals.

"If our own journals were read with as much readiness as the English, they would be found often to furnish the earliest information on many important topics besides those peculiarly relating to the United States. The various subjects connected with the new Republics at the South were much more fully treated in the North American Review, at the time that their interest was fresh, than in the British journals. We recollect a notice of the Baron Niebuhr's Roman History in the London Quarterly Review, written evidently without a suspicion that the historian had made any discoveries or pro-

apartment. All the other rooms are sightless wooden boxes, devoted to the purposes of eating, recitation,

pounded any theories peculiar to himself. Scarce a word was said of the peculiar method of the author, or of his Views upon the Origin of the Roman State, and upon the Agrarian Laws. All these topics had been treated a long time before in the review of the same work in the North American.

"The North American Review, as we have observed, was established and has been conducted almost uniformly on the principle of abstaining from discussions of the political and theological questions of the day. Some departure from this principle, as far as concerns political questions, took place a few years ago, but, for the last two or three years, the journal, in this respect, was replaced upon its former basis. This principle of course involves some sacrifice of piquancy, and gives the North American Review, in comparison with the leading English journals, an air of tameness. Those journals are fiercely partisan in their character, and not unfrequently indulge in all the personalities of the daily press. There is a class of readers—a larger class, perhaps, than could be wished—whose palate has become vitiated by this strongly seasoned food. Still, however, we are decidedly of opinion that the neutral course is more in harmony with the character of a literary and scientific journal, and more friendly to the exercise of impartial criticism. It is scarcely possible that men of letters should have fair play at the hands of the editors of journals who avowedly make their pages the channels of party detraction. The whole tone and character of the criticism of the Edinburgh Review toward some of the best minds in Great Britain, was for a quarter of a century poisoned by political prejudice. Wordsworth and Southey were, so to say, consecrated to everlasting ridicule; and one generation of young men grew up in England and America under the impression that there was a certain lake-school of

and lectures. It has been facetiously called the "$80,000 spectre." The other granite building

poetry, the quintessence of all that is tasteless, insipid, and drivelling, of which Wordsworth and Southey were the heads. Even Sir Walter Scott did not escape the effects of the same prejudice. The review of "Marmion," in the Edinburgh, was any thing but friendly or just. The commendations and the censures of the London Quarterly Review have been still more governed by political prejudice. We are decidedly of opinion that whatever is gained by the smartness and piquancy of political discussion in a literary journal, is more than lost in the much higher qualities of equity and fairness.

"The North American Review, at the present day, is conducted with as much ability as at any former period. Its respected editor, Dr. Palfrey, of Cambridge, is one of the most accomplished scholars of New England, and devotes himself with untiring zeal and energy to his duties as the conductor of the Review. He receives the assistance of the same circle of contributors whose articles have been received with public favor in the former volumes of the Review, and at the same time enlists the services of younger aspirants to literary distinction, who are constantly coming forward in various parts of the country. We consider it a duty of the friends of American literature to patronize this journal. Its merits are solid; it is conducted on sound principles. It has reflected credit on our national literature. The tribute of just commendation bestowed upon it implies no disparagement of any other publication, certainly not of the only other quarterly journal with whose merits we are acquainted—the New York Review—undoubtedly a journal of high character and promise. Our wish only is, by recalling with some distinctness, and in some detail, on occasion of the appearance of its hundredth number, the substantial claims to support of the veteran Review, to satisfy the judicious portion of the public of its title to continued and increasing support."

is not yet completed. When it is it will be a noble structure, both exteriorly and interiorly. It is designed for the reception of the library and will be worthy of its tenant, though certainly none too good for it. The venerable tomes in which the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, the peaceful conquests of mind, are enshrined, will there have "ample space and verge enough." And what is of much more importance, they will be safe from that devouring element which has once at least consumed the garnered learning of the world; an event which, whatever partial destructions may happen, thanks to the progress of invention, can never again occur. You will conclude from this flourish, that the building destined for the Library will be fire-proof; an inference which will prove you to be, *quoad hoc*, a good logician. When the precious deposit shall have been removed to its new home, we may also conclude that the slumbers of certain lovers of books at Cambridge will be more sound, than, as we learn from Miss Martineau, they now are of a windy winter's night.

The Library at Harvard, as all the world knows, at least all the American world, is the largest in the United States. It embraces—inclusive of the Law and Divinity Schools—forty-five thousand volumes, and receives an annual accession of about five hundred volumes. It boasts several interesting and curious manuscripts. Among these is a small volume,

containing portions of the New Testament, of the eighth century. It is in the Greek language, an acquaintance which I scarcely recognised in the rude dress of those times. There is another Greek manuscript, made about a century ago, in which every character is so perfect, that the closest inspection cannot detect the pen. The library is also enriched with a copy of that splendid work, in twenty-odd volumes, on the Egyptian Antiquities, made under the auspices of Napoleon. That ruthless conqueror has been called "the friend and patron of science;" and it has been sought to cover his other sins, or at least to hide their monstrous deformity, with this magic mantle. But there is a gaping rent in the covering. That Napoleon was the *patron* of science, who is fool-hardy enough to deny? But I much misdoubt me whether the invasion of Egypt, and the scientific survey of Egypt, were not prompted by one identical sentiment. All his actions originated in self, centered in self, hinged on self, and terminated in the same august entity. His "glorious battles" and "brilliant victories"—more properly denominated foul wholesale butcheries—were, that he might write those potent words, "NAPOLEON, THE EMPEROR, WILLS IT." When will the peaceful virtues of philanthropy be as much admired and praised among men, as the so-called, but miscalled "military virtues?" When shall our children be taught to think it more glorious to comfort widows and orphans

than to make them, to save men than to kill them, to cover the earth with knowledge than to deluge it in blood?

The books in this library are not arranged according to subjects, but each alcove bears the name of a principal donor, and contains his gift. The inconvenience of this classification, or rather of this want of classification, is in some measure obviated by an excellent *catalogue raisonnée*. When the library is removed to the new building, it is probable that the present arrangement will be changed for one more convenient and philosophical.

The old chair in which the degrees are conferred, which has its "local habitation" in the library room, is a genuine curiosity. It is the most singular, grotesque, *outré* piece of workmanship that has ever fallen beneath my observation. I cannot describe it, and will not make the attempt. To be appreciated it must be seen.

The collection of minerals struck me as being very extensive—much more so even than that at Yale College. The philosophical and astronomical apparatus is large and valuable.

Having completed a hasty survey of what is contained in the College enclosure, Dr. Palfrey accompanied me to the Botanical Garden, distant half a mile or more. It covers several acres, and has about six thousand species of plants. Though not rich in rare flowers, the garden is so tastefully laid out and so

neatly kept, that the effect is decidedly agreeable. Its beauties would repay a much longer walk than is necessary to reach it.

I was surprised to hear what the compensation of the instructers of this University is. The President gets only two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and a house ; while the professors receive only fifteen hundred dollars, without a house! You are both a liberal and a liberal-minded man, and will agree with me that these salaries are small, to the degree not only of unreasonableness but of injustice.*

* It has long been the subject of complaint against Harvard University, I know not with what justice or injustice, that it has not kept pace with the advancing spirit of the age. The following highly interesting article, from the Boston Courier, will show, that, if she has indeed been asleep, her slumbers are at length broken. The modifications proposed recognise, or rather, are based upon, principles hitherto practically unknown in our literary institutions. To make a show of these principles on paper is easy ; to carry them out, *efficiently and fully*, in practice, will be a work of immense labor and difficulty. It remains to be seen whether this will be achieved. If so,—with the confession that I have not reflected much upon the subject,—I am decidedly inclined to the opinion, that the new arrangements will be substantial improvements. At all events, the experiment cannot fail to infuse a new life into the Institution ; and this of itself will be a great gain.

The arrangements, above alluded to, are fully and clearly set forth in the following paper :

" Harvard University. Tuesday last being the close of the third college term, notice was given of a new system of regulations, which have been adopted by the Corporation, and

Cambridge is replete with revolutionary associations of the highest interest. But it is no part of my

sanctioned by the Board of Overseers. The changes in the regulations relate, 1st, to an option to be given to the students in regard to a portion of the course of studies which shall be pursued by each; 2d, to the mode of instruction in the Latin and Greek departments; 3d, to the examinations and certificates of scholarship; and 4th, to the number and duration of terms and vacations, and the time of commencement.

"The most important change is one, by which any student, after having completed the course of mathematical studies assigned to the Freshman year, including geometry, algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, navigation, surveying, &c., may then, on the written request of his parent or guardian, discontinue the course of studies in mathematics, and make choice of one or more of four or five specified courses of study as substitutes therefor, during the rest of his college life. Those who do not elect, at this stage, to discontinue mathematical studies, will have the choice between three courses, 1st, practical mathematics, such as mensuration, civil engineering, nautical astronomy, &c.; 2d, conic sections, fluxions, &c., designed to qualify instructers in high schools or academies; or, 3d, a more complete course for those who wish to become accomplished mathematicians. The two first of these courses will be completed at the end of the Sophomore year; the third will continue to the close of the college life.

"The option thus given to each individual student to select, in a considerable degree, the course of study to be pursued by him, according to his taste, capacity, or intended profession—especially in the mathematical branches, in which the time devoted to them by a large portion of students, according to the old system, was entirely lost—must be regarded as an important improvement. The studies substituted are natural history, civil history, chemistry, geography, and additional

intention to play the historian in these letters, and I shall therefore simply say, that I saw, not without

studies in Greek and Latin. The number of lectures or recitations in the substituted branches, during the Sophomore year, is to be at least equal to those prescribed in the mathematical branch. Those students who choose to continue the study of mathematics, will be permitted to pursue any one of the additional studies as a voluntary exercise. No student will be permitted to take more than one such voluntary study without a special vote of the Faculty.

"The next change relates to the mode of instruction in Greek and Latin, during the Sophomore and Junior years. Less time is to be occupied in examining the student as to his knowledge of the lesson, and more in lectures, or oral instruction by the professor. An extended course is also to be given, to continue through the Senior year, designed for those who wish to become accomplished classical scholars, or to qualify themselves thoroughly to instruct in classical schools and colleges.

"Every student who has passed a satisfactory examination in all the text books of any department, and performed all the exercises to the satisfaction of the instructers, will, on taking his degree, be entitled to receive a certificate thereof, in addition to the usual diploma, signed by the president, and professors of the respective departments. They will also receive such certificates of having pursued, satisfactorily, courses of study beyond the usual collegiate course.

"A material change is made in the arrangement of the terms and vacations. Commencement will be, after the present year, on the fourth Wednesday in August, instead of the last Wednesday. The first term will begin on Friday next succeeding commencement, and continue twenty weeks. The first vacation will then begin, and continue six weeks. The second term will then begin, and continue twenty weeks, after

emotion, the venerable elm beneath which Washington first took command of the American forces, the

which will come the second vacation, and continue until the Friday after commencement. In other words, there will be two terms yearly, instead of three as heretofore, each of twenty weeks duration; and two vacations of six weeks each, and in some years the second vacation will be seven weeks. The first vacation will begin from January tenth to the sixtenth, and the second from July thirteenth to nineteenth."

"The preceding statement (copied from the Daily Advertiser), of an attempt at improvement in the course of instruction at Cambridge, seems to meet with the general approbation of the public, so far as the notices of editors in various parts of the State may be received as indications of public opinion. We hope and trust the reasonable expectation which it encourages will not be disappointed. It is certainly time that the government of the institution should consider whether the increasing disposition for improvements in common schools—the universal demand for education in higher departments of literature and science—and the prevalent spirit of the age, which is somewhat impatient in the acquisition of knowledge,—do not require of them a corresponding regard to the interests, which are committed to their guardianship and administration. It is a melancholy truth, that Harvard University, the oldest literary institution in the country, richly and magnificently endowed, with property enough to revolutionize a nation—with a splendid library, and with an almost interminable list of professorships, is, *comparatively*, the most unpopular college in the United States. We say *comparatively*, because there are a few colleges which are so only in name, without funds, libraries, or instructers (we say nothing of *professors*), and which have but little claim to public favor; but we do not hesitate to affirm, that there is not a university or college in the country, having a tithe of the advantages of

house which he made his head-quarters while at Cambridge, and some remains of the redoubts be-

Harvard, that does not stand higher in the public estimation. WHAT IS THE REASON?

"It is much easier to ask than to answer this question, and perhaps no satisfactory reply can be given. We are of the opinion, however, that the evil is not beyond the reach of remedy. It is indeed contended by some, that the want of popularity is not an evil, and that a larger number of students would not be desirable. Such an opinion finds no response with us.

"The senseless clamor that has been raised and propagated throughout the community with indefatigable industry, to excite a popular belief that Unitarian sentiments in theology are imposed on the undergraduates at Harvard, has had its intended effect in diminishing the number of students; but, we believe that the falsehood of the charge is too apparent, *now*, to admit of its meeting with very numerous believers.

"The *expense* of an education at Harvard is a topic of serious complaint; and we have no doubt that by it hundreds of young men are kept from the college, who would gladly avail themselves of its advantages, if they could be obtained at a *reasonable price*. We are aware that the *expenses of living* are a little higher at Cambridge than they are in the country villages where some of the respectable New England colleges are situated; but this ought to be more than counterbalanced in favor of Harvard College by a reduction in the *price* of tuition. The average price of tuition to the undergraduates is SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS *a year*! Harvard University, receiving as it does an immense income from the liberal donations of individuals, and from the munificence of the Commonwealth, should educate the young men of Massachusetts without money and without price; or, if a tuition fee be required, it should be merely nominal, and *twenty-five dollars a year*

hind which the patriots of those times entrenched themselves, the more successfully to stay the torrent of invasion that beat upon our shores.

Cambridge boasts a barber, who carries the stiffest sail of any craft of the kind I ever saw. Having occasion for his services, I "dropped in," and was very civilly treated till I came to the point of wishing to have my clothes brushed. Then, throwing back my coat-collar, I said, "Will you be good enough to brush me a little?" "No, sir," was his reply; "I don't do that thing—brushing takes as much time as shaving, and I can't afford it. *There*," pointing to an adjoining apartment, "there is a room where gentlemen can brush themselves." I was pleased with the honest Dutchman's bluff independence, and his rigid notions of economy, and very willingly took off my coat and brushed it myself, for the pleasure of contemplating so rare a specimen of humanity.

should be the maximum. We have heard several reasons assigned for this extraordinary price of tuition, not one of which ever appeared satisfactory. That it is exorbitant and unnecessary, is an article of religious faith, which fire cannot melt out of us. Were the tuition reduced to an average corresponding to the means of the middling class of the people—the traders, the farmers, and the mechanics—we should soon see the annual graduating class amount to upwards of a hundred in number, instead of the forty or fifty,—a number quite insignificant, and entirely disproportioned to the capacity and means of the institution,—which now receive its honors."

LETTER XIII.

A VISIT TO CHARLESTOWN—IRREGULARITY OF BOSTON—REMARKABLE FACT RESPECTING THE BOSTON MECHANICS—IS A KEY TO THE BOSTON CHARACTER—BRIDGES—CHARLESTOWN—THE NAVY YARD—ROPE WALK—DRY DOCK—SHIPS ON THE STOCKS—OFFICERS' QUARTERS AND OTHER BUILDINGS IN THE YARD—ASCENT OF BUNKER HILL—DOGGEREL DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE—THE MONUMENT—VIEW FROM THE TOP—DISGRACEFUL TAX LEVIED ON VISITERS.

Boston, August 9, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have passed a delightful morning, with Major Russell for my *Cicerone*, in visiting the Navy Yard and Bunker Hill. We went over to Charlestown in an omnibus, passing through a considerable part of Boston. The irregularity of this city is amazing. It is a common saying that Boston was laid out by the cows, and I more than half believe it. The labyrinth of Crete, I am sure, never equaled it, nor the endless windings in the Pyramids. Mind, however, I do not say that this irregularity is disagreeable. On the contrary, the

effect is rather pleasant than otherwise. To the citizens, I suppose, it is no hindrance in passing from one point to another; while to a stranger a walk or a drive through Boston is a perpetual surprise. Some unlooked-for beauty or oddity meets him at every turn, and every step, almost, is a turn. The Marquis of Chatelot was here some sixty years ago. A gentleman said to him, "Marquis, you find a crooked city in Boston." "Ah, ver good, ver good," was his reply, "it show de *liberté*."

The part of Boston towards Charlestown was formerly the court end of the town. It has experienced the usual mutations of human things. It is now occupied chiefly by mechanics, who live, not indeed in palaces, but in good, substantial, comfortable dwellings, owned by themselves. I learned from Major R. the remarkable fact that, of the Boston mechanics, there is scarcely one in twenty who does not own the house he lives in! What a key does this afford to the character of the citizens! What a clear light does it cast upon the origin, or at least upon one of the original sources, of that sturdy independence, that love of order, that strong local attachment amounting almost to prejudice, and that high respect for the rights of property and the claims of law, which belong preëminently to Boston!

We crossed the Charles River by the Warren bridge, which is now free, leaving on our right the Charles River bridge, the oldest work of the kind in Boston,

which was opened with great state, on the 17th of June, 1786, just ten years after the battle of Bunker Hill. There are no less than seven or eight of these convenient structures, connecting Boston on all sides with the surrounding country. These bridges are not remarkable for their beauty, but they are worthy of attention as forming one of the many interesting characteristics of this interesting city.

One of these works, the Western Avenue or Mill Dam, as it is indifferently called, should be excepted from the above remark. In solidity, strength and durability, this noble structure has few equals in any part of the world. It is fully and well described by Bowen, in his Picture of Boston. The following paragraph is taken from that book:

"This splendid work was projected by Mr. Uriah Cotting, who with others associated, received an act of incorporation, June 14, 1814, under the title of 'The Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation;' the stock of which is divided into three thousand five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each. It was commenced in 1818, under Mr. Cotting's direction, but he did not live to witness its completion. His place was supplied by Col. Loammi Baldwin, and the road was opened for passengers, July 2, 1821. There was a splendid ceremony on the occasion; a cavalcade of citizens at an early hour entered the city over the dam, and was welcomed on this side by the inhabitants who waited to receive them. This

Avenue or Mill Dam leads from Beacon Street in Boston, to Sewall's Point in Brookline, and is composed of solid materials water-tight, with a graveled surface, raised three or four feet above high water mark. It is one mile and a half in length, and a part of the way one hundred feet in width. This dam cuts off and encloses about six hundred and one acres of the southerly part of the Back or Charles River Bay, over which the tide before regularly flowed. The water that is now admitted is rendered subservient and manageable. Very extensive mill privileges are gained by the aid of a cross dam, running from the principal one to a point of land in Roxbury, which divides the reservoir or full basin on the west, from the empty or running basin on the east. There are five pair of flood-gates in the long dam, grooved in massy piers of hewn stone; each pair moves from their opposite pivots towards the centre of the aperture on a horizontal platform of stone, until they close in an obtuse angle on a projected line cut on the platform, from the pivots in the piers to the centre of the space, with their angular points towards the open or uninclosed part of the bay, to shut against the flow of tide and prevent the passage of water into the empty basin. In this manner all the water is kept out from this basin, except what is necessary to pass from the full basin, through the cross dam, to keep the mill works in operation. The reservoir is kept full by means of similar flood-

gates, opening into the full basin (when the rising of the tide gets ascendency over the water in the reservoir) and fills at every flow, and closes again on the receding of the tide. In this way, at every high tide, the reservoir is filled, and a continual supply of water, to pass through sluice-ways in the cross dam, sufficient to keep in motion, at all times, at least one hundred mills and factories. At low water the flood-gates of the receiving basin open and discharge the water received from the reservoir.

"From this Avenue there are excellent roads leading to Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton and Watertown, which are very extensively traveled. Besides the income from the mill privileges, the corporation receives a toll, which is granted by the act of incorporation to be perpetual."

Charlestown contains from eight to nine thousand inhabitants. It has many beautiful residences, but the general air of the place did not strike me as being very attractive. It is a place of some manufacturing importance. Leather, especially morocco, is the chief of its manufactures.

The Navy Yard here is as fine as any in the United States; and the stranger who leaves Boston without seeing it, will miss one of the greatest attractions of the place. It contains at least one object of interest that belongs to no other similar establishment in the country; I mean the Rope-walk. It is the only article of the kind in Uncle Sam's pos-

session, and has been in operation but five months. It is a granite edifice, thirteen hundred feet long, three stories high at one end, and slated so as to be completely fire-proof. The various operations performed upon the hemp are hatcheling, spinning, tarring the strands, and twisting them into ropes. The machinery by which these operations are performed, is moved by two steam engines, and is of the most perfect and beautiful kind; and the operations themselves are highly interesting. The hemp first undergoes three hatchelings. It is then passed through the spinning machines, of which there are at present forty, and an equal number is to be added. One hand can tend ten of these machines at the same time. After this comes a most curious and interesting process. It is tarring the yarns. They are passed, more than one hundred and fifty at a time, through a long trough filled with tar, heated to two hundred and ten degrees. In emerging from this trough, they are drawn through a little contrivance, where they are subjected to a pressure so great that, if you afterwards press them between your fingers, scarcely enough tar adheres to produce any sensible stickiness. Finally, they go into the walk, and are twisted into ropes of every conceivable size. What strikes one most agreeably here, and excites the highest admiration, is the perfect finish of both the machinery and its products. About three hundred thousand tons of hemp will be worked up here the

present season. The whole Navy may be supplied from this establishment, and with an article greatly superior to any hitherto in the market.

The Dry Dock in this Yard is a splendid work. I will frankly confess to you that, before I saw it, I had little conception of what a Dry Dock is. I have not space for a description, and if I had, no description can give an adequate idea of the work. It is constructed of huge blocks of Quincy granite, and answers better than any thing else I have seen to my ideas of the solidity, massiveness, and durability of the ancient Egyptian masonry. It is three hundred and forty-one feet in length, eighty in breadth, and thirty in depth; and is capable of admitting the largest ship in our Navy.

There are three vessels now on the stocks in this yard; two line of battle ships, the Virginia and the Vermont, and one frigate, the Cumberland. The officers' quarters are delightful places. Besides the three ship-houses and the Rope-walk, the yard has several massive granite buildings for storage, for the manufacture of machinery, &c. &c. We were much indebted to the politeness of Captain Hixon, who conducted us through the Yard, and shewed us every thing of interest it contains.

Having finished our observations here, we wended our way up Bunker Hill, which is one of the few places in America that have as high an historical interest as almost any spot in the Old World. I

considered myself fortunate in having so excellent a guide as Major Russell, who, he says, was on the spot the day when the battle occurred, and saw the whole of it, though, as he was but a mere stripling, he took no active part in it. Being, however, a "looker-on in Venice," he is familiar with every locality and with all the incidents of the day. He gave me a minute and graphic account of the battle, specifying all the leading events, and pointing out the place where each one happened. Among other things, he repeated a doggerel description of the battle, written by a common British soldier, who afterwards deserted to the Americans, and used to sing it in the American camp. It has no poetical merit, but as the Major declares it to be perfectly accurate in its facts, and as it has never yet appeared in print, I venture to transcribe it.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, BY A BRITISH SOLDIER.

The seventeenth, at break of day,
The Yankees did surprise us
With the strong works they had thrown up,
To burn the town and drive us.

But soon we had an order come,
An order to defeat them;
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each soldier hoped to beat them.

At noon we marched to the Long Wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting;
With expedition we embarked,
Our ships kept cannonading.

And soon our boats all filled were
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had,
T' oppose who dare control us.

And when our boats all filled were,
We rowed in line of battle;
With grenadiers and infantry,
While grape-shot loud did rattle.

And when we landed on the shore,
We formed in line together;
The Yankee boys then manned their works,
And swore we should n't come thither.

Brave general Howe, on our right wing,
Cried, "Boys, fight on like thunder;
You soon shall see these rebels flee,
With great amaze and wonder."

But such stout Whigs I never saw;
To hang them all I'd rather,
Than mow their hay with musket balls
And buckshot mixed together.*

As for their king, that John Hancock,
And Adams, if they 're taken,
Their heads for signs we 'll raise aloft
Upon their hill called Beacon.

* In allusion to the hay used in the breastworks.

But our conductor, he got broke,
For his misconduct, sure, sir;
The shot he sent for twelve pound guns,
Were made for twenty-fours, sir.*

In ascending the hill, we passed over that part of it, where the waves of war rolled highest,—where the fight was thick and fierce and bloody. How many brave men on both sides bit the dust on that memorable day! What a rush of emotions, what a throng of thoughts, does one experience in treading for the first time upon such a spot! How striking the contrast between the stillness and repose of the present hour and the wild shouts, the roaring thunder, the horrid tumult, and the ghastly death, which marked that hot encounter!

The monument erected on Bunker Hill, to commemorate the victory achieved there, is a granite obelisk, thirty feet square at the base, and it will be fifteen feet square at the top when completed. It is intended to raise it to the height of two hundred and twenty feet.† The wall is six feet thick. The ascent is by winding steps within. Eighty-two steps bring you to the top of the structure as it now stands. The work is brought to a stand-still for the want of funds. What national monument in our

* This mistake, the Major says, was actually made by the conductor of artillery of the 4th regiment.

† Bowen.

country does not have a chapter of this kind to record in its history? We ascended to the summit, and sought the prospect thence to be obtained. It is extensive, rich, and varied. What view from any elevated point in or near Boston is not? To describe them all would be to repeat more than would be in good taste, besides imposing too heavy a tax upon your columns. Among the interesting points of this view, are the Charlestown Prison and the Maclean Lunatic Asylum, both admirable establishments, but we lacked the time to visit them.

The Bunker Hill monument is of a severe beauty, but perfectly chaste and classical. When finished and crowned with its colossal American eagle, it will be one of the noblest monuments in the world. The demands of taste and of patriotism will be fully answered, and nothing but a convulsion of Nature will ever overthrow it.

There is one practice connected with this monument, against which, wherever it exists, I will cry out with all the power of my lungs, and all the indignation of wounded patriotism. It is the imposition of a tax of twelve and a half cents on every visiter who has the curiosity to ascend to the top. The sum is nothing, the principle much. NATIONAL MONUMENTS OUGHT TO BE FREE TO THE NATION. This obelisk is erected to commemorate one of the triumphs which crowned our ever-glorious struggle for national liberty, and yet a species of bondage

is imposed upon every pilgrim who comes to offer, at this shrine, his oblation of patriotic gratitude for the brave deeds and generous self-denials of his forefathers. If need were, and propriety would allow it, I could name Bostonians of high character, who agree with me in this, and who, animated by the spirit which resisted the tax on tea, have never put foot upon the first step in the ascent of Bunker Hill Monument. It may be said that this tax is necessary in order to obtain funds to pay the salary of a keeper and defray other needful expenses. Be it so. Then let the whole concern be abandoned. I know not how others may feel ; I may be very extravagant ; but for my part, I would rather see the monument shut up, or thrown open without any care, or even leveled with the soil, than to be a witness of the perpetuation of a practice which I cannot but regard as a dishonor to the cause of liberty and the memory of its defenders.

LETTER XIV.

SOUTH BOSTON—MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE—MORAL INTEREST OF SOUTH BOSTON—POWER OF MORAL BEAUTY—HOUSE OF REFORMATION—OF INDUSTRY—OF CORRECTION.

Boston, August 10, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—South Boston is the "Dorchester Heights" of the olden time, celebrated in American story. It is now a part of the city proper, but has more the appearance of one of the suburbs. You reach the peninsula on which it stands by means of the Boston South Bridge. There is little in its air or aspect of an inviting character, till you approach the southern extremity. Here there is one object which would be called in show-bills an "unrivaled attraction," to all the lovers of pure air, spacious apartments, elegant society, and good eating. It is the Mount Washington House, a hotel of the first class with respect to the amplitude of its dimensions, and much praised for the goodness of its accommodations by all who have made trial of it. It has a handsome flower garden, in the midst of which there is a tasty little summer house, surrounded

by a colonnade of the Doric order, which must be a great favorite with the children, as likewise with those persons who bear to each other the interesting relation of lovers. The observatory which crowns this edifice affords the best view of the Bay, I have yet enjoyed.

But the Mount Washington House is not the only beauty in this part of the peninsula. There are also several private residences, where taste has employed the treasures of opulence, and spread the magic of her handiwork over the scenes in which they are embosomed. Nevertheless, the highest interest which attaches to this or any other part of South Boston, is of a moral rather than of a physical character. And what mere outward charm can compare with the attraction which often exists in moral relations and their results. There is the beauty of Nature and of Art, and there is the beauty of Virtue and Wisdom, and the latter bears the same relation to the former, that the heavens above us do to the earth on which we tread. What draws so many pilgrims to Egypt? Is it the Nile? Is it any attributes of her external scenery? Is it even the splendid remains of ancient art which abound there? No! It is the memory of Moses and the people whom he led out of bondage; it is the memory of Sesostris and his successors; it is the knowledge of the fact that Egypt was the cradle of ancient civilization, the focus of intellectual and moral illu-

mination for the whole known world. What causes the heart to throb, and sends the vital flood more rapidly through its channels, on a near approach to Palestine? It is the remembrance that the soil of that country was once marked by the foot-prints of the Son of God; that it was the scene of his labors and his sufferings; that there the work of man's redemption was achieved; with ten thousand other moral associations scattered along the track of many centuries. What invests Greece with a charm that finds a response in every heart, and leads captive every imagination? Is it her lofty mountains, her deep romantic valleys, her matchless skies and delicious climate? No, verily; it is the achievements of patriotism, it is the victories of mind! The spirit that haunts the soil of Greece sprung not from the soil itself. As Apollo came forth of the brain of Minerva, so this is the offspring of the embodied intellect of that bright land. What can more illustriously demonstrate the superiority of mind to matter, than the simple fact that a mere memory which has mind for its basis, is of tenfold greater power over the heart and the fancy than all the beauties of nature and all the works of art?

There are four highly interesting establishments near the extreme end of South Boston, viz. the Houses of Reformation, Industry and Correction. and Mr. Wells's School of Moral Discipline. The first three, I visited this afternoon; the latter, in some

points of its organization more interesting than either of the others, I do not intend to leave Boston without seeing. The House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders corresponds, in its design and general arrangements, with the Houses of Refuge in New York and Philadelphia. It numbers at the present time among its inmates ninety-five boys and twenty-five girls, put there for various offences, but principally for pilfering. Four hours a day are devoted to study, about two to play, and the rest of the time to sleep, meals, and labor. The girls are employed altogether in sewing and knitting. The occupations of the boys are making brass nails (except the casting), picking wool, knitting and gardening. Their work is performed in silence. Many of them, though so young, are hard-looking characters, but the number is still greater of those who do not bear the marks of deeply-seated vice in their countenance. The superintendent informed me that more than one half of those who are received there become thoroughly reformed, and behave themselves unexceptionably with the masters to whom they are afterwards apprenticed. The impression left upon my mind, from my cursory inspection of this establishment, is decidedly favorable. The discipline seems mild but efficient, the food wholesome and abundant, the apartments well ventilated, clean and sweet: in short, the bodies and the minds of the inmates, appear to be constantly and well cared for. Some modifications

might perhaps be suggested, but the advantage of them might be questioned by those who have better means of forming an opinion; and I therefore forbear.

The House of Industry is designed for the reception of paupers. Its present number of inmates is about six hundred. It has a farm of forty acres connected with it, which affords the establishment all that it needs in the vegetable way, and leaves a surplus to be disposed of in market. It appeared to me to be under very good management, though many of its inmates are crowded very closely together, a feature, I suppose, not easily separable from such establishments. There are nearly two hundred children here, either orphans or those whose parents take no proper care of them. Here they are well fed and clothed, and the wants of their moral and intellectual nature provided for in two interesting schools.

The House of Correction is a Municipal Prison. It is to Boston what the Charlestown Prison is to Massachusetts. It has three hundred and thirty-three prisoners, one hundred and fifty of whom are females. The Auburn system is the one here adopted. The females all work in one room under a single superintendent, and their sole occupation is making clothing for the Southern market. The principal employment of the men is hammering granite. This business is found to be not only the one most easily learned, but the most profitable of any that can be

pursued by them. The arrangements in this Institution, afford one of the finest illustrations of moral power, that you or any one else, ever saw. Here are three hundred and thirty-three turbulent and vicious spirits, not merely held in check, but so completely controlled that offences of any kind are very rare among them, and this is done by some half dozen persons, while it is well known to the prisoners that there is not a single weapon of defence in the whole establishment. Corporeal punishments are here entirely excluded. This establishment pays its expenses and has a small surplus. The House of Reformation falls short about three or four thousand dollars; the House of Industry considerably more. These are all three within a single enclosure, and a large Lunatic Asylum is in course of construction in the same place.

LETTER XV.

EXCURSION TO NAHANT—NARROW PASSAGE—EFFECT OF INTEMPERANCE—NAHANT A UNIQUE PLACE—IN WHAT RESPECTS—PASTURAGE—CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION—SINGULAR ARCHITECTURE—WANT OF TREES—ROCK SCENERY—CURIOSITIES—SEA-SERPENT—MR. HOLMAN AND HIS HOUSE—SPLENDID VIEW—VARIOUS KINDS OF FISHING—OUR PARTY.

Boston, August 11, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—A party, consisting of more than half a dozen gentlemen, of whom I had the pleasure to be one, went a frolicing at Nahant to-day; and, tired though I am, I cannot sleep without sharing with you the pleasure I have enjoyed. We left Boston in fine spirits and with high anticipations, at 9 A. M., on board the Nahant steamer. Our course carried us through that remarkably narrow passage off Point Shirley, where, although it seems as if a single leap would enable you to reach the shore on either side, the water is yet fourteen feet deep at low tide. The peculiar character of this passage is more forcibly than elegantly expressed by its name, "The Gut." The more than brute-like folly,—the perfect

insanity,—produced by intemperance, was terribly exemplified here a few years ago. A gentleman, in whom reason had been thus overcome, declared that he could and would cross this passage with a horse and chaise. In execution of that mad resolve, he plunged into the swelling flood, and he landed beyond the river of death! Soberness returned to him, but not the hours he had spent in revelry.

After a pleasant sail of an hour and a quarter and much pleasant talk, we disembarked on the soil—no—upon the rocks of Nahant. I never saw any other place in reference to which the epithet *unique* was as applicable as it is to this. It is unique in its architecture; it is unique in its rocks; it is unique in the honor put upon it by the sea-serpent; and if it is not unique, it is at least unsurpassed, in the excellence of its fishing grounds, and in the urbanity of its *maitre d'hotel.* These positions I shall endeavor to verify in due form and order. I will first, however, tell you, or rather your readers, what Nahant is. It is a peninsula, embracing, rocks and all, about four hundred acres. A portion of this, is occupied by the town; but a much larger portion lies in a common which is devoted to the pasturing of cows. Many of the cows of Lynn find here their "daily bread." Every cow, for whom her quota of money has been paid, is entitled to three acres, including her share of the rocks; and I assure you it is no sinecure for the poor dumb beasts to get their living

in this way. But now to the confirmation of what I said a little above.

The population of Nahant may be said to be, like the Bedouin Arabs, periodically migratory. The peninsula numbers some three or four dozen houses, owned, almost without an exception, by gentlemen of fortune in Boston, who pass from two to three months of the year in them. They exhibit in their structure great variety and much good taste. There is one particular, however, in which they all agree, viz. in being each entirely surrounded by a piazza, supported by pillars, consisting of the trunks of the most jagged young trees that could be obtained, from which all the boughs have been lopped in such a way as to leave about half a foot of each branch projecting from the main body of the tree, by way of ornament. They are then stripped of their bark, and painted of a reddish brown color. This, you will allow, is a novel order of architecture, and, as I have heard no name for it, I venture to suggest that it be called the *modern barbaric*. Its appearance is truly grotesque, but not in the least disagreeable. The great want in the scenery of Nahant is trees and shrubbery. Of these there are scarcely any; and such is the severity of the climate, that, though they flourish well the first summer, the first winter almost always proves fatal to them. This is another feature which gives Nahant an aspect altogether dif-

ferent from any other place in the neighborhood of Boston.

The rock scenery of this place is extremely interesting. It is difficult to convey a clear idea of it in a description. The coast is entirely of rock, exceedingly bold and irregular, and worn by the ceaseless action of the ocean into all imaginable shapes. It is indented with numerous little coves, which seem to be the slow product of the eternal chafings of the restless flood. The aspect of the rocky coast, in which this peninsula terminates, is wild, desolate and sublime. Nature, laying aside the graceful drapery in which she for the most part delights, here clothes herself in a solemn grandeur. She is no longer in sympathy with man in his ordinary moods, but to the heart scathed, and reft, and desolate, she offers congenial scenes. It is said that nothing can surpass in sublimity the spectacle which this coast presents in a violent gale. The waves, maddened by the raging winds, roll in in rapid succession, and, dashing furiously against the rocks, are thrown back upon their native home with echoing thunder, and with a rebound that creates a broad sheet of the whitest foam, the spray of which falls in showers over a considerable part of the promontory. "On the southern side, there is a curious grotto or cavern, called the Swallow House, the entrance to which is about ten feet wide, five feet high and seventy feet long, increasing after a few steps, to fourteen feet in breadth

and eighteen or twenty feet in height. Great numbers of swallows inhabit this cave and hatch their young here. On the north shore is a chasm, thirty feet in depth, called the Spouting Horn, into which at about half tide, the water rushes with tremendous violence,"* and with a thundering reverberation. Of these curiosities I was enabled to see no more than the entrance, it being high tide at the time of my visit.

I am rather ashamed of having been at Nahant without seeing the Sea-Serpent ; but the edge of my mortification is taken off, and a drop of consolation added, by the fact that I have seen the place where he usually exhibits himself. Nahant is, indeed, highly honored in being the place selected by this Sea Monster for the display of his huge proportions. It may almost be said to be in itself " glory enough." Added to the other glories of the place, it is surely " enough."

Nahant is much resorted to by the fashionable classes during the heats of summer. It is worthy of all the honor of this kind which it receives, and tenfold more. Its natural advantages of wild scenery, splendid views, a noble beach, excellent angling, and air ever cool and pure, are all strong attractions in themselves, and new power is added to them by the charms of cultivated society and the unremitted

* Bowen.

attentions of one of the most gentlemanly, obliging, and experienced of landlords. Mr. Holman keeps a large and commodious establishment; and he keeps it, I believe, to the satisfaction of all who become his guests. There is a fine bowling alley, and the highest point on the peninsula is crowned with a graceful little edifice, in imitation of a Grecian Temple, in which are two elegant billiard rooms. Drives upon the neighboring beach are much in vogue here, and highly enjoyed. And if one wishes to expand his views and his thoughts and his sympathies, it is only to ascend to the observatory, and these effects cannot fail to follow. He will there find himself surrounded by a panorama, scarcely surpassed in beauty or extent. In one direction is the deep broad ocean, its fearful sublimity relieved by the gay ships that ride so gracefully upon its bosom. On another side, a long line of coast presents itself to the eye, diversified with a great variety of scenery, some points of which are the village of Lynn, Swamscut, Phillips's Beach, Marblehead, and Cape Ann, so distant as to be scarcely visible. In a third direction, you have the unrivaled Bay, with its beautiful islands, its graceful occupants engaged in their mazy dance, its winding and deeply indented coast, gay with villages, orchards, forests, and cultivated fields, and diversified with hill and dale, lawn and woodland, the whole view terminating in the domes and spires and massy magnificence of Boston.

If you are fond of fishing, you can enjoy that sport here in all its varieties, and in high perfection. The angling ground at Nahant would have made the pleasure-loving heart of honest old Isaac Walton leap within him. If you like perch, you have only to shoulder your fishing rod, and descend to where the rocks meet the water, and you will have no "glorious nibbles," but real, *bona fide*, rank bites, and the labor of baiting and the pleasure of success will alternate rapidly with each other. If your taste lies in the mackerel line, just embark in a fishing smack, and "thrust a little out from the land," and if your boat does not "begin to sink," it will be because your prudence prevails over your love of sport, and prompts you to desist before you incur such a danger. If again your mouth is watering for cod and haddock, or if you are a green-horn and feel some curiosity, you have only to remove to a station still farther out, and the same success is almost sure to crown your wishes.

Such are the features, such the attractions, such the amusements, such the spirit of Nahant. To all who have not been there, I would say, "Go and see." All who have, will find, in their own memory, sufficient inducement to repeat their visit.

I have devoted so much space to a description of Nahant, that I have little left for an account of our day's pleasures. We tasted almost all to which I have alluded, but drank most deeply of that afforded

by the ocean. I cannot, however, close my letter, without expressing my acknowledgments, as well as, I doubt not, those of every one of the party, to Mr. Prince, whose beautiful little yacht bore us so gallantly over the waters, and whose gentlemanly attentions added so much to our enjoyment.

LETTER XVI.

MR. GANNET'S FIRST SERMON AFTER HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE—ITS GREAT ABILITY—SOME POINTS IN WHICH I DIFFER FROM MR. G.—MR. GANNET'S OPINION OF HUMAN NATURE EXAMINED—EXAMINATION OF HIS OPINIONS ON THE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS OF EUROPE—HIS OPINION OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION—OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Boston, August 12, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I went this morning to Dr. Channing's (Federal street) church, to hear the Rev. Mr. Gannet, the Doctor's colleague, preach his first sermon, after his return from a two years' absence in Europe. I hesitated, for several reasons, whether or not to make this occasion the subject of a letter;

not, however, because I thought there would be any indelicacy in doing so, for, as the occasion was a public one, I know of no law either of morality or good breeding, which forbids to consider and use it as public property.

You will allow that the occasion was one encompassed with difficulty, and that to have avoided a failure would be no small praise. Mr. Gannet's effort went far beyond that point; it was completely successful. His sermon was a development of the results of his observations, rather than a statement of the observations themselves; an enumeration more of the general convictions which these had left in his mind, than of the particular facts on which his convictions were founded. It contained, according to my notions of propriety, not one serious offence against good taste, and it was marked throughout by uncommon ability. It was fraught with the evidence that the reverend traveller, while abroad, had kept his eyes open, his mind awake, and his powers of induction always in full play. Elegant thoughts and graceful expressions were thickly scattered through the whole of it, and there were not wanting passages of lofty eloquence and deep pathos. Many, very many of its sentiments and opinions met a full response in my bosom, but there were also not a few in which I found it impossible to sympathise.

That the preacher should return, more than ever wedded to the Unitarian faith, was perhaps to be ex-

pected ; that he should say so, was, under the circumstances, in perfectly good taste ; nay, it was required of him. I should be the last man to criticise such an expression of sentiment, or to complain of it. But there were other points in the discourse, of which I can praise nothing but the elegance and power with which they were set forth.

Among other things, Mr. Gannet declared, that he had returned to his own country with a decidedly better opinion of mankind than he left it. He had met with kindness and courtesy on every hand, and he believed that there was more of goodness than of badness in the human heart. This is undoubtedly true, so far as the courtesies of life are concerned ; but he is but a superficial observer and thinker, who seeks the elements of moral character, either solely or mainly, in the developments of social intercourse. The human heart is a deep sea, and actions of the class referred to are but the light wood which floats upon its surface. The foundations of character are at the bottom, and these must be scrutinized by all who would arrive at just views of human nature. It cannot be denied, except under the influence of some delusion, or through the most unwarrantable hardihood, that the pencil of inspiration has drawn the character of the race, in colors dark and gloomy. And what, upon this point, is the testimony of experience, what the voice of personal consciousness? To what purport are the bloody wars which have

disgraced every age of the world and every nation on the globe, and the shrieks of agonized affection, which has by them been bereft of every treasured endearment? What mean the more than savage barbarities of the fiendlike Antiochus, the abominable Herod, the grasping Alexander, the brutal Nero, the blood-thirsty Sylla, the ferocious Attila, and a long catalogue of brother monsters? What say the ostracism of Aristides, the exile of Demosthenes, the assassination of Cicero, the murder of ten thousand patriots, and the blood of the "noble army of martyrs?" What report of human virtue was borne upward to the ears of the Universal Judge, by the mighty groan which ascended from the territories of all France, on that night of tenfold horrors, known in history as the eve of St. Bartholomew's day? What by that wild shout, "Away with him! crucify him!" which rose from the millions that were gathered in Jerusalem on that ever-memorable passover, when the Son of God, the only Being that ever lived on this globe in whom virtue dwelt without alloy, was crucified, to glut the malignant rage of men who laid claim to all of sanctity and worth that blessed the earth? To the same effect are the grinding oppression of the poor, the relentless severity practised towards the widow and the orphan, the ingratitude, treachery, dishonesty, lust, revenge, and pride, which are lamentably, yet notoriously, so rife among men. What does the official intercourse of nations testify,

in this regard? When was ever RIGHT the rule in diplomacy, except so far as it was dictated by INTEREST? We have a case in point, now *sub lite.* The question of right in regard to our Northeastern boundary, is as plain as any sum in the Rule of Three; and any citizen who, in his private affairs, should act upon the principles which have governed Great Britain, would be exiled from the society of honest men. Yet who thinks the dignity of England compromitted by her course? MORAL DUTY is a term unknown in the diplomatic vocabulary, and the ambassador who should hint at any thing of the kind, would be answered only by a stare, or a laugh, or both together.

I shall perhaps be confronted here with an argument drawn from the numerous public charities which adorn the Christian world, and the vast sums which private beneficence expends for the relief and the amendment of humanity. All this, and much more, I freely admit; nay, rejoice and exult in it. But what, my dear sir, is the origin of this? Is it a fruit yielded by a plant that grows natural in the heart? or is it gathered from an exotic, transplanted from a better soil? If you ask for my opinion, as to the origin of so fair and sweet a fruit, I shall point you to the Bible rather than to the innate goodness of man; and I will challenge you, or any other man, to point me to the country, not blessed by Christianity, where such charities exist?

It affords me not the least pleasure to derogate from the worth, the dignity, or the virtue of human nature. It is my nature as much as any body's else. For this reason, if for no other, I would not disparage it. Neither would I willingly incur the odium of a bigot or a cynic. I desire, earnestly, the reputation of a liberal-minded man. I hope I enjoy it, and shall not forfeit it. But justice is before generosity, and truth is more beautiful than liberality. Correct views of human nature are what we need, and what, in our investigations, we should aim at reaching. But to obtain these, demands a broader survey and deeper scrutiny of man, than the mere civilities of social intercourse afford the means of instituting. Our range of vision must be as broad as the globe, it must travel back along the track of time, as far as the lights of history will conduct us, and it must embrace every class of human actions; and our scrutiny must penetrate to the deep recesses of the heart, where the springs of motive lie hid, and where the real character of our conduct is determined. To stop short of this, is to drink at the rills of truth rather than to quaff its waters at the fountain-head. It is to court error, where error may prove fatal. It is to "heal the hurt" of the people slightly; and however it may show an amiable temper, it does not betoken a sound method of philosophising.

Mr. Gannet was scarcely less liberal in his views

of the various governments of Europe, than in his notions respecting the goodness of human nature. Undoubtedly one of the greatest advantages of foreign travel is in its tendency to obliterate from the mind national prejudices. The intelligent traveller often meets with excellences where he had expected blemishes; he finds cause of admiration where he had looked for grounds of censure; he learns that eminent worth and virtue can and do flourish, under proper culture, in the sterile and exhausted deserts of tyranny, as well as in the more generous soil of public and individual freedom. Mr. G. said—and every man of sense and observation will concur in the remark—that the civil and social institutions of Europe offer much for the stranger to admire, respect, and love, and that no folly can be greater than that of sitting in judgment on a political system, of whose organic structure and practical workings we are in great measure ignorant, no prejudice narrower than that of supposing that our own country is the limit of all that is wise in policy, noble in patriotism, and generous in virtue. But even charity, god-like charity, has its limits; and to surrender the judgment upon the altar of a false expansion of views and sentiments, is a mark rather of weakness than of true liberality. Mr. Gannet not only declared that he had found much good in Nazareth—a remark the truth of which no right-minded man, and especially no traveled man will question—but, in the

warmth of his praises, he scarcely stopped short of becoming the advocate of the tottering institutions of the Old World, the apologist of their ancient abuses, and the eulogist of the happy condition, or at least of the happiness incident to the condition, of the lower orders of people under the European governments. My desire is to do no injustice, but this is the impression which his discourse left upon my mind. I have seen something of Europe myself, and, although my opportunities of observing were by no means equal to those of Mr. G., yet such as they were, I endeavored to turn them to the best account I was capable of doing ; and such processes of investigation and reflection as my occasions and abilities enabled me to institute, conducted me, in several particulars, to conclusions differing essentially from his. It struck me, and with deference I would suggest, that, while Mr. Gannet was evidently very busy both in seeing and philosophizing, his observations were too much confined to the surfaces of things, and his inferences based upon partial inductions. For example : he spoke of the happiness of the common people of southern Europe, and, if I do not greatly misremember, considered it little, if any, inferior to that of the same condition of people in the United States. Such an opinion I should expect from a superficial observer, who draws his inferences from the more obvious manifestations of national character, and bottoms them upon a single phasis of

human nature; but I confess that it surprised me as coming from a man of the grasp and vigor of mind which clearly belong to Mr. Gannet. But wherefore this surprise? Because it is an opinion which involves an entire overlooking of the true elements of happiness. Frolic, fun, laughter, mirth, gaiety, humor, all these appear, and often to the degree of great excess, in the manners and character of the lower orders of the European population. But as to those pleasures which belong to our moral and intellectual nature, those enjoyments which are drawn from the wells of knowledge, that high, spiritual happiness which our soul craves and thirsts for with intense desire,—the lives of these people are well nigh a blank. This position could be easily fortified by facts, but this is not the place, nor is it needful to adduce them.

A few facts, however, I will take the liberty of mentioning, which are not without a bearing upon the point in hand. A gentleman whom I am proud to call my friend,—a man of transcendant genius and deep erudition, honored during the reign of the Constitution in Spain with the rank of Surgeon-General of the Spanish armies, but now degraded to be the medical head of an obscure garrison in one of the Mediterranean islands,—this gentleman some years ago wrote a little work, the sole design of which was to ameliorate the condition of the sick and wounded in the military service, and from which every thing

had been carefully excluded which Argus-eyed ingenuity could torture into political heresy. This work, devoted thus exclusively to the interests of humanity, was sent to Madrid, and placed within the clutches of the censors of the press. The author heard of its being received by them, but from the moment their fierce grasp was upon it to the day when he related this history to me, he had neither seen nor heard aught else concerning it, and he had then given up all expectation of being *ever* so highly favored. There is an ancient family of the nobility in Naples, formerly rich but now in reduced circumstances. They have in their possession much statuary of rare merit, and, among other exquisite productions of the chisel, a Dead Christ, of inimitable beauty. Canova was so charmed with this statue that he offered the nobleman in exchange for it the weight in silver of the entire mass, couch and all. The latter was desirous of selling it, preferring "bread" to a "stone," however beautiful; but the king was proud of having such an ornament in his capital, and the royal VETO put an end to the negociation. Many and many a time, in walking the streets of a Spanish city, and conversing with some secret lover of liberty and liberal institutions, have I been checked, as we approached the post of a sentinel, by the gentle "hush! hush!" of my companion, with probably the added remark, "There is a *guardia;* you must remember, my friend, that walls have ears here."

After my return from abroad, through the kind urgency of friends united with my own vanity, my travels were given to the world. They contained an account of a *Conversazione* at a Neapolitan gentleman's, in which I had committed the indiscretion of alluding to the liberal tone of our host's political sentiments. A mutual friend afterwards met with a copy of my work in Tunis, and immediately wrote to ——, stating the fact, and suggesting the expediency of taking measures to prevent any unpleasant consequences personal to himself.

Such is the happiness of the lower and the higher orders of southern European society! Those who are willing to sink their rational in their animal nature; those who are fain to receive their opinions by authority, and to have fetters of iron put upon thought and speech; those, even, who are content to limit their pleasures to pictures and statues, can get along tolerably well: but as for those who desire to rise to the full dignity of their nature and the free enjoyment of their inalienable rights, their life is passed in secret sighs and unavailing wishes, and the labors of Sisyphus, endless and useless, seem not an unapt emblem of the struggles with which their bosoms are familiar. "But they are accustomed to abuses and feel not their pressure!" So are the blind accustomed to their blindness, the deaf to their want of hearing, and the illiterate to their ignorance! They feel not the want of what they never pos-

sessed. But let the pleasures of sight, of hearing, and of knowledge, once be *theirs*, and not the wealth of Crœsus, no, nor of the world, would tempt them to the exchange.

Mr. Gannet had given special heed to the practical workings of the Roman catholic religion, in the countries where it is predominant, and the impression left upon his mind was favorable rather than otherwise. He saw not but there was about as much virtue and piety there as in protestant countries; and thought the restraints of the system upon men's passions nearly or quite as effectual as those of protestantism. Nay, more: between the Roman catholic faith and the protestant faith as it appears beyond the pale of unitarianism, he would not hesitate a moment to choose. His preference would be given to the former. You, my dear sir, are a Roman catholic christian, and will be pleased to hear what I have stated; but you are also the friend of free discussion, and will not object to my "showing my opinion." And first of all, let me do justice to your persuasion. I have known, and am happy to count among my friends, both in this country and in foreign countries, both among the clergy and laity, as good people and as pious people of the catholic denomination, as in any other christian sect. I am not one of those protestants who wage an indiscriminate and fierce war against the whole body of Roman catholic christians. "I have not so learned Christ."

Not thus have I studied the virtues of forbearance and charity. Neither can I shut my eyes to what, in the catholic system of faith and worship, appear to me errors of grave import; errors, not confined in their influence to the head, but affecting more or less the heart and the conduct. I have been fortified in this opinion by my personal observations, especially in foreign countries. I have thought, in short, that there was some foundation for your own catholic proverb, "*Piu vicino al Papa, piu cattivo Christiano.*" But I feel the delicacy of my position, and will pursue the theme no farther. You and I will continue to be as good friends as if we sat in the same pew, and shall both equally, I hope, reach that world where a new kind of contest will spring up. The rivalry there will not be who shall have least of error mixed up with his belief, but who shall drink most deeply at the pure fountain of Truth, and mount most rapidly towards the Infinite and Eternal Source of Light and Knowledge.

But I hasten to the most extraordinary part of Mr. Gannet's sermon; a part which I cannot but think his own better judgment and better feelings will soon repudiate. He declared, in round terms, and I think without qualification, THAT HE HAD NO RESPECT FOR THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF ENGLAND! I might here end my letter, and I think that nine out of ten of his own denomination, and more than one half of his own congregation, would agree with me that

such a remark involves a breach of charity, and is an unwarrantable and unmerited attack upon a christian society in a foreign land. "No RESPECT for the Church of England!" And did I hear it from a scholar, smitten with the charms of letters; from a man, devoted to the interests of humanity; from a christian minister, laboring for the salvation of souls? Shades of Herbert, of Cudworth, of Stillingfleet, of Taylor, of Chillingsworth, of Horseley, of Doddridge, of Scott, of Heber, of Wilberforce, and of Blomfield, rise up to my aid! If all the members of the Church of England, lay and clerical, through whose labors the interests of religion, learning and humanity, have been promoted, were to rise bodily from their graves, Boston would not hold one tenth part of them. Is there nothing in this to shield the British Church from contempt? Are the English Universities entitled to no respect? They are the offspring of the Church. Are the numerous Grammar Schools scattered over the English territory entitled to no respect? They, also, are, for the most part, the daughters of the Church. Are the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society entitled to no respect? Their very breath and being are bound up in the Church. Are the numerous and splendid charities, the almshouses, hospitals, prisons, and various asylums, which adorn the metropolis and cities of Great Britain, pouring gladness into many a sorrowful heart,

relieving the pain of many an aching body, and supplying the wants of many a destitute sufferer,—are these noble benefactions worthy of no respect? My word for it, Mr. Gannet's heart will answer this question right. Yet these institutions are, many of them, nay, most of them, endowed and supported by the Church as by law established. I am no admirer of the union of Church and State; I am no apologist for the many and flagrant abuses of the English Church; I am not even a member of the American Episcopal Church; but I am a lover of truth; and cannot but respect, and even venerate a Church, that has done so much to enlighten and bless mankind, as the Establishment of Great Britain.

But Mr. Gannet not only expressed his utter want of respect for the English Church; he declared also that he had heard preaching, on various occasions, both in England and Scotland, which almost made him sigh for the instructions of heathenism. I have let the last sentence stand in common letters, and put a simple period at the end of it, because if I had caused it to be printed in the largest capitals, and all the rest of the page to be filled with marks of wonder, I should not have expressed half the astonishment with which I listened to the annunciation. Mr. Gannet could not have weighed the force of those words; he could scarcely have thought of the sentiment they convey. He surely need not be told that under the most corrupted Christianity and its

feeblest ministry, there are no idol temples, no human sacrifices, no religious suicides, no exposure of infants to be devoured by sea-monsters or wild beasts, no condemnation of the whole female sex to slavery and toil, no horrid mysteries, nor foul and bloody orgies that require to be sheltered from the light of day.*

* The following heart-rending paragraph, headed "Dreadful Superstition," which has fallen under my eye since this letter was written, affords a strong and luminous commentary on two or three points maintained by Mr. Gannet in his sermon :—

"The Rev. Richard Knill, the zealous agent of the London Missionary Society, at a meeting at Leeds, gave a thrilling and dreadful account of a superstition which has lately been discovered to prevail in a part of the Madras presidency, India, where the farmers are in the habit of fattening and killing boys, and cutting their flesh from their bones whilst they are yet alive, and sending a piece of their flesh to each of their fields or plantations, that the blood may be squeezed out of it on the soil before the child dies; this being done with the view of making the soil more fertile! Twenty-five boys, amongst the finest that could be found, were discovered by the British soldiery in one place, under the care of the priests, fattening for slaughter; and in another place, fifteen were found! They were, of course, rescued, and put under the care of the Collector, and it was believed the missionaries would take charge of the poor infants and bring them up in the Christian religion."

LETTER XVII.

WINSHIP'S NURSERIES—THEIR EXTENT—THEIR RICHES—THEIR BEAUTY—"THE CLOSET"—NUMEROUS ROADS ABOUT BOSTON—APPROACH TO MR. CUSHING'S RESIDENCE—HIS GARDEN—ITS FENCE—THE GREEN-HOUSE—THE GROUNDS—HOSPITALITY OF THE PROPRIETOR—MR. DOWSE'S COLLECTIONS OF BOOKS AND PAINTINGS.

Boston, August 13, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have seen rare sights to-day. Had you been with me, you would have enjoyed them much more in the reality, than you can in any description of mine. Still, through the wonderful organization which the Creator has given to our intellectual and social nature, and the wonderful achievements of science and civilization, I can convey to you a portion of the pleasure I experienced at a distance of many hundred miles from the place where you are. The beauties to which I refer are comprehended in Winship's Nurseries, the seat of I. P. Cushing, Esq., and the rare and choice collections of books and paintings in the possession of Mr. Thomas Dowse, of Cambridgeport. The first two are some-

times compared with each other, and you will be asked which you like best, which you think most beautiful. Such comparisons surprise me. I should as soon think of comparing the beauty of a peach with the beauty of a poem. And this, in fact, is about the difference between them. The one is a nursery for the rearing of flowers, shrubs, and fruit trees, as matter of profit; the other is the domain of a gentleman of fortune and of taste, to which there is probably nothing comparable in the United States. Both are almost perfect in their way; but they are as different as two things could well be, which combine so many of the same general elements.

Winship's Nurseries are in Brighton. They cover twenty-five acres, which, I think, are a little more economically used, and a little more closely crowded with treasures, than any other twenty-five acres on the globe. Most of the plants usually cultivated in gardens and greenhouses, and *all* the shrubs and ornamental and fruit trees known in this part of the country, are here fully represented. They have little of the effect—it is not designed to give them the effect—of landscape-gardening. They are necessarily too crowded for this. Yet in the arrangement of them there is no lack of taste or beauty. There are several rustic settees, made of the limbs of young trees, of the wildest shapes and contour that could be selected, which have a very agreeable effect as you come suddenly upon them.

One of them has a bower over it, which (while it adds to its beauty), shielding you from the sun, makes it a pleasant lounge. It will be still more pleasant when the shade of the bower is deeper. Not the least agreeable part of this establishment are the two brothers—the Messrs. Winship—to whom it belongs. They are gentlemanly in their manners, and very obliging in their attentions. The friend from whom I carried an introduction, had warned them against showing me the closet, lest, as he said, it should frighten me. The warning was, however, unheeded by my hospitable entertainers, and I was conducted into the *sanctum*. This is as well filled in its way as the garden, and though to attack the whole at once would be a rather formidable task, a light skirmish is no such great matter.

From Winship's I directed my course to Mr. Cushing's residence, in Watertown, which I reached after traveling twice the necessary distance, misled by the multitude of roads in this neighborhood, and their endless intersections. But whatever errors I had fallen into by the way, there was none, and could be none, on driving up to the gate. The aspect of the grounds, as you approach them, has the true air of an English nobleman's country seat. After passing the gate, you are rolled over a broad avenue, perfectly clean and level, and shaded on each side by lofty trees, for about an eighth of a mile, to the mansion. Here I alighted and rang the

bell. I was informed by a Chinese servant that Mr. C. had gone out, but would soon be back. I took the opportunity, meanwhile, of looking into the garden and greenhouse, and of taking a stroll through the grounds. The former is very beautifully laid out, and ornamented with a fountain in the centre (not now in play), and surrounded by a porcelain fence, of singular elegance. Beyond this, on one side, is the greenhouse and, on two others, brick walls for the training of fruit trees. The greenhouse is a very long building, with a semi-circular apartment in the centre. It is perfect and perfectly beautiful. The pavements are of white marble, the windows of plate-glass, and every thing else in a style to correspond. The show of grapes is superb, and embraces a very large variety. The fig here appears almost in its native glory, and the pine apple in greater glory than I ever before saw it. There are also many rich and rare flowering plants, but this is not the gay season for a greenhouse.

But the grounds—who shall describe them? They are greatly diversified in surface and in beauty. Slopes, swells, velvet lawns, majestic groves, winding paths, and charming vistas, are a part only of their attractions. By the time I had gone over what I have most imperfectly sketched, Mr. C. had returned. Having sent up my letter of introduction, I was invited into the house, and most hospitably entertained. Among other attentions, grapes were sent

for from the greenhouse, and I had the opportunity of seeing, or more properly, of *tasting*, how well the flavor of this delicious southern fruit, may be preserved amid the inclemencies, or rather from the inclemencies, of this rugged climate.

You see how near I am to the end of my sheet, and I shall not extend this letter to a second. I must therefore despatch the very valuable and curious collections of Mr. Dowse, of Cambridgeport, without attempting to do any thing like justice to them. His library contains from three thousand to four thousand volumes, more than half of them English editions of English books. It forms a complete body of standard English literature, but is especially rich in the works of the elder dramatists and poets, and in the ballads and poetry of Scotland. I have no space to mention particular works, but I was much interested in seeing a copy of the first edition of Paradise Lost, printed in 1688, with only the author's initials in the title-page. All, or nearly all, the books in this library are splendidly bound in calf, with gilt edges and backs.

The collections of paintings is quite extensive, and very choice in the works which it embraces. It fills two pretty good sized rooms. It consists almost exclusively of copies in water-colors of some of the most admired paintings of various of the great masters. I made notes on several which I thought most beautiful, and which I had intended to notice

particularly. But I must omit them all. If you wish to hear more about them, ask me when I come to Philadelphia.

LETTER XVIII.

VISIT TO THE NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND —DR. HOWE—THE PUPILS ENGAGED IN THEIR VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS—FONDNESS OF THE BLIND FOR STUDY—ACCOUNTED FOR—THOROUGHNESS OF THE INSTRUCTION IN THIS INSTITUTION—MUSIC—INTELLECTUAL STUDIES—LIBRARY—A "GREAT GLOBE"—DR. HOWE'S ATLAS—MECHANICAL EMPLOYMENTS—ARTICLES MANUFACTURED—PHYSICAL EDUCATION—STATISTICS OF THE BLIND—INTERESTING GIRL WHO HAS BUT ONE OF THE SENSES—MODE OF TEACHING HER—HER BIOGRAPHY—MR. WELLS'S SCHOOL FOR MORAL DISCIPLINE—DR. HOWE'S ACCOUNT OF EUROPEAN SCHOOLS FOR THE BLIND—HIS ADVICE TO THOSE WHO HAVE BLIND CHILDREN.

Boston, August 14, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—Yesterday my observations were confined principally to the world of matter; to-day they have taken a different direction, viz., to

the far higher, nobler, and more interesting department of nature, comprehended in our intellectual and moral constitution. I shall probably write you a very long letter—I know not—but if so, I am sure it will be interesting to *you;* I hope it will be so to most of your readers.

I went this morning to visit the NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, of which Dr. S. G. Howe is the director, and principal teacher. The Hon. Mr. Fletcher had kindly favored me with a note of introduction to this gentleman. It had not occurred to me, that he was the same Dr. Howe, who is the author of the History of the Greek Revolution, and with whom, therefore, I considered myself already, in one sense, doubly acquainted, viz., first, through his well-written, valuable, and highly interesting history, and, secondly, from having traveled in his track in Greece. This last you may think a singular mode of forming an acquaintance with a person. In reference to most men it would be; not so with respect to Dr. Howe. His name was continually repeated in my ears, not merely with respect, but with gratitude and affection; and on more occasions than one, have I been kindly received and hospitably entertained, because I was a countryman of his. Few things would afford me greater pleasure than the opportunity I now enjoy of making my public acknowledgments to him for the favor thus unconsciously bestowed; which I do with the greater good

will, inasmuch as I may thereby add something to the evidence he already has, that his services in Greece were properly appreciated, and gratefully remembered by the people of that country—the reward, of all others, most gratifying to a generous nature. This unexpected *renewal* of my quasi acquaintance with Dr. H., which, fortunately, in the present instance, has been *personal*, has but deepened the impression received from my former, but somewhat different, acquaintance with him. The Institution for the Blind may consider itself fortunate in its present superintendent. He appears to me to possess a vigorous understanding, and a heart overflowing with sympathy; and to be prompted and sustained in his labors by an enthusiasm, ardent but enlightened, tempered by reflection, and under the guidance of sober judgment. The blind are probably more indebted to him for the means of education than to any other man, except perhaps the Abbé Hauy, the original inventor of the method for teaching this class of persons.

Total blindness is undoubtedly one of the severest afflictions with which a human being can be visited. It was not without a sensation of pain, and emotions deeply melancholy, that I found myself in the midst of these unfortunate, and, as many suppose, unhappy beings. But as I mingled more among them, and saw them at their various occupations of singing, writing, lesson-learning, recitation, and manual labor,

and observed their eager interest, their lively manners, their air of perfect contentment and happiness, their mechanical dexterity, and above all, the indubitable proofs of their sound and rapid progress in mechanical, moral and intellectual science, these feelings gradually gave way to a sentiment of unmixed admiration, gratitude, and pleasure. How delightful to think, how much more delightful to see, that human ingenuity, prompted by human benevolence, and aided by the liberal philanthropy of the humane, has pierced the everlasting night in which the blind of all past ages have been enveloped, and, though it cannot unseal the physical orb of vision, has poured illumination into their understanding and gladness into their heart, and converted every object around them, and all the powers and sympathies of their natures, into so many sources of knowledge and enjoyment.

Since I returned to my lodgings, I have looked through most of the annual reports of the institution, and in the desultory account which I propose to give, I shall avail myself of the information derived from these documents, from the conversation of Dr. Howe and the other teachers, and from my own observations, and use it indiscriminately, borrowing to some extent the language as well as the knowledge of others, but without the formality of special reference or quotation.

The institution counts, at the present time, sixty-three pupils, about equally divided between the male and female sex. The number of teachers, I think, is six. The pupils devote four hours a day to music, four hours to intellectual pursuits, four hours to labor, about four hours to meals and amusements, and the remaining eight to sleep. There is found to be a general indisposition to physical exertion in the blind, especially to out-door amusements, but an intense fondness for study and the acquisition of knowledge. Dr. H. assured me, that he found much greater difficulty in keeping them from studying too much, than in inciting them to the requisite diligence! a rather novel experience this, I imagine, in the education of the young! But a very philosophical, and therefore a sufficient reason for this exists in their circumstances. Cut off, as they are, by an inscrutable Providence, from most of those influences which distract the attention and induce negligence and idleness in seeing children, they are, in a measure, forced to seek that amusement in the cultivation of their minds, which others find in athletic games and in roaming abroad amid the agreeable scenes and excitements of external nature. Blindness, it is found, does not affect the intellect in any other way than by depriving it of those external stimuli, and those artificial aids, which cause the development and activity of its various organs, in the generality of mankind. If the same exciting causes can be ap-

plied to the mind through the medium of the other senses, and if the artificial aids used in common education can be supplied to the blind by other artificial means, the effect upon the intellect will be the same. Some of the perceptive faculties, it is true, can never be developed, for the stimulus of light, the variety of shades, the countless combinations of colors, and all the ideas consequent to them, must ever be wanting. But, on the other hand, there is compensation, in the superior activity and nicety of the senses of touch and hearing; there is compensation in the habit, and consequent power of directing and concentrating the action of the mental faculties; and there is compensation in the increased activity and tenacity of memory.

One impression was made very distinctly upon my mind, during my too hasty inspection of this institution; viz., that the school is not merely, nor mainly, nor at all, a *shew school*. Fruits, and those fair and excellent, it can undoubtedly show in abundance; but they are all the useful results of wisely-directed application. Nothing seems to be done or taught to enable the pupils to become the "nine days wonder" of the multitude. Their education is strictly RATIONAL, being shaped and conducted with a main view to their becoming useful citizens, by acquiring virtuous principles and habits, and by gaining the ability to maintain themselves in after life. Some, perhaps, will say, "Why, then, is so

much time devoted to music?" This fact proves, instead of disproving, my assertion. Music is one of the few things in which the blind can compete, on equal ground, with those persons who enjoy the blessing of sight. It would seem, therefore, to be a simple dictate of political economy, to encourage a taste for music in the blind, and to afford them every possible facility for the cultivation of such musical talent as they may possess. Such is the principle, and such the practice, of this institution; and I had some opportunity of witnessing the success with which this delightful, humanizing, elevating, and almost moral science has been here pursued. I spent about half an hour, with equal delight and admiration, in listening to the performances of the pupils in vocal music. And, though he needs no such commendation, I cannot forbear a compliment to their instructer, Professor Keller, whose skill, both in teaching and managing, seems only equaled by his industry, and the hearty good will with which his interesting labors are performed. The institution is supplied with an organ and thirteen pianos, which appear never to be still. Several of the pupils have become good organists, and more can play skilfully on the piano. As the occupation of organist or teacher of the piano is considered one of the most advantageous and desirable for a blind person, no pains or reasonable expense has been spared in qualifying them for it.

The course of study here, in the intellectual branches, is as comprehensive as in our best schools, and the proficiency of the pupils in them all is, on an average, greater than that of seeing children. I went round into all the different rooms, and saw abundant evidence to convince me of both the extent and thoroughness of their attainments. They pursue not only the more common branches of an intellectual education, but natural and moral philosophy, logic, history, algebra, astronomy, &c. And, through the ingenuity and indefatigable industry of Dr. Howe, they enjoy facilities for these pursuits beyond what is generally supposed. The following works have issued from the press in this institution. I annex the prices, as matter of curiosity. New Testament, complete, twelve dollars: the Book of Psalms, two dollars: Outlines of Ancient and Modern History, three volumes, ten dollars: Howe's Geography, three dollars: Blind Child's First Book, one dollar: Blind Child's Second Book, one dollar: Dairyman's Daughter, one dollar: Howe's Atlas of the United States, two dollars: Howe's General Atlas, three dollars: the Harvey Boys, one dollar: Spelling Book, one dollar: English Grammar, one dollar: Pilgrim's Progress, two dollars: Baxter's Call, one dollar and fifty cents: Sixpenny Glass of Wine, fifty cents: Life of Melancthon, one dollar: Book of Sacred Hymns, one dollar: Book of Diagrams illustrative of Natural Philosophy, one dollar: English Reader,

two dollars. This, you will allow, is by no means a contemptible library. Short as the catalogue is, how inestimable in value are the works embraced in it, to one whose communion with other minds, through books finds its limit there! But the pupils are not confined, in their learning, to books. Oral instruction is much employed, as it ought to be in all schools. All the instruction is thus given which they receive in mental and moral philosophy, logic, &c. They have also various artificial aids besides books, especially a huge globe, which seems no mean rival of the "great globe itself." This is really a very great curiosity, and one of the most beautiful and perfect pieces of workmanship I ever saw. It is thirteen feet in circumference, and composed of seven hundred pieces of wood, seasoned to the very last degree, and put together in such a manner that one end of each piece forms a portion of the surface of the globe, while the other extends to the centre, or as nearly so as its position will allow. The joinings are so compact that it was impossible to detect them, before the globe was painted; and I question whether a microscope would enable you to do it now. The component pieces are so arranged, that the only effect of contraction is to flatten the poles, and, of course, to make the whole orb more and more compact. You will wonder, as I did, how, after the pieces were all in their places, the exact curvature required and the necessary smoothness

were given to the exterior surface of the globe. The whole mass was put into a lathe, and turned, till it received the proper contour. It was then painted. But the end was not yet. The various countries of the earth were now to be placed upon it. This was done by a composition of emory and glue, firmly embedded into the wood, and sufficiently raised to be easily sensible to the touch. The boundaries of countries, the rivers, towns, &c. are perfectly distinct. The wooden horizon is supplied with the usual signs of the zodiac, figures, &c.; and by means of movable meridian lines the common astronomical problems may be solved. This globe was made under the immediate direction of Dr. Howe, and cost about four hundred dollars. It is undoubtedly the most perfect article of the kind in the world; and no one who visits Boston should leave the place without seeing it, that is, if his curiosity leads him to extend his observations beyond cotton goods, fish barrels, and granite rocks.

Dr. Howe has also invented the plan of an atlas, which is used with entire success, and is believed to be the first attempt to give to the blind maps in the form of a book. All those imported from Europe are on boards, and made by an expensive and tedious process, by hand. A map of the small state of Massachusetts, for example, executed in the European manner, would be on a heavy board, would show but very few places, and would cost five dollars;

moreover, it could not be understood by a blind person without the aid of a seeing person: but, executed on the plan of Dr. H., it shows many more places, costs less than six pence, and is perfectly legible to a blind person, unassisted by a seeing one. Heretofore the method of teaching geography to the blind had been by oral lectures, and by a seeing person naming the countries and places, which the pupil felt upon the map. But now, a class can take their geographies, as I saw a whole room full doing, study a lesson and then recite, precisely as seeing children; while, by the aid of the new atlas, which has the names of places stamped upon it, and statistical tables in the margin, they get an idea of the outline and shape of the countries, the courses of rivers, the relative position of towns, &c. &c. The blind actually make more rapid progress in learning geography, than seeing children, and acquire more distinct notions of the relations of place. This may seem strange, but the reason, I imagine, is, not that there is any positive advantage* in their *mode* of learning, nor yet because of any superiority in mental power, but because there is less in their circumstances to interrupt and sunder the tie that binds their associations together.

The pupils in this institution, as already mentioned, devote four hours a day to some handicraft

* There is, unquestionably, a *disadvantage*.

employment. I was greatly interested in seeing both the processes and the results of their manual labor. Here, however, their inferiority to seeing persons becomes at once apparent; not, indeed, in the clumsy execution of what they do make—for no better mats, rugs, mattresses, cushions, fancy baskets, and braided work, can any where be found—but in the limited range and simple kinds of trades which they learn. Those which I have named, with sewing and knitting, and a very little carpet weaving and brush making, constitute their whole variety of mechanical operations. Of these articles they produce considerable quantities in the course of a year. The Report for 1838 states that there had been manufactured, during the preceding year, one hundred mattresses, eighty cushions, sixty feet of rugs, fifteen hundred feet of mats, and two hundred and twenty-five fancy baskets.

The health of the pupils is said to be, in the main, excellent; notwithstanding the greater liability of the blind than of seeing persons to disease and early death, arising, as is said, partly from the fact that blindness is often the effect of some general cause which occasions constitutional infirmity; partly, because in early life, they do not take exercise enough to develope the force of the system; and partly, from habits of indolence, physical and mental, acquired in later life. Great attention, however, is paid to their physical health in the institution. They

are required to be perfectly clean; they have the use of the warm bath; their body and bed linen is frequently changed; the sleeping rooms and school rooms are well ventilated; their diet is simple, but healthy and abundant; their hours of eating, study, exercise, and sleep, are regular, and the same both winter and summer; in short, every thing is done to promote physical habits conducive to health and happiness.

Such are a few of the many interesting facts connected with the establishment and progress of the New England Institution for the Blind. They are such as may well cheer the hearts of both its benefactors and its beneficiaries. The labors of those who are engaged in this cause, are worthy to be ranked with those earlier efforts which were directed to the amelioration of the condition of the Deaf and Dumb. Noble fruits of most noble charities! Science never shone with a purer though mayhap a more brilliant glory, Philanthropy never sought out worthier objects for her benefactions, Religion never rejoiced over more consolatory triumphs, than when these three twin sisters combined their energies to unstop the ears of the deaf, and to open the eyes of the blind, that the voice of mercy and the light of truth might visit these isolated beings, and pour along their dreary pathway their full tide of blessing.*

* The following paragraphs, extracted from an "*Address of the Trustees of the New England Institution for the Blind to the*

But far the most curious, and in some respects the most interesting, part of my observations is yet

Public," will be read with interest by all who are not already familiar with the facts set forth.

"Blindness has been in all ages one of those instruments by which a mysterious Providence has chosen to afflict man; or rather it has not seen fit to extend the blessing of sight to every member of the human family. In every country there exists a large number of human beings, who are prevented by want of sight, from engaging with advantage in the pursuits of life, and who are thrown upon the charity of their more favored fellows. And it will be found, that the proportion is at all times about the same, in the same countries: for not only is the proportion of those who shall be born blind, decreed in the statutes of the Governor of the world, but the number of those becoming so, by what we call accident, is regulated by laws as infallible and invariable; and it is as little probable that by any accident, all mankind should lose their eyes, as that by any precaution all should preserve them. Blindness then is one of the evils entailed upon man, and it becomes him to grapple with it, and try to diminish its pernicious effects.

"The blind may be divided into two classes, those born blind, and those becoming blind by disease or accident: the latter class being infinitely the most numerous.

"The frequency of blindness varies in different climates, and upon different soils; it is most frequent in that part of the temperate zone bordering upon the torrid: and decreases as we approach the poles. It has been ascertained by accurate censuses taken in different countries of Europe, that the number is fearfully great, and that although they are screened from the public eye, they exist in almost every town and village. In Middle Europe, there is one blind person to every eight hundred inhabitants. In some Austrian provinces, it

behind. There is a little girl in this institution, now about nine years old, who can neither see, hear nor smell; and her sense of taste is so torpid that,

has been accurately ascertained, that there is one to every eight hundred and forty-five inhabitants; in Zurich, one to seven hundred and forty-seven. Farther north, between the fiftieth and seventieth degree of longitude, they exist in smaller proportions: in Denmark are found one to every one thousand. In Prussia, there are one to every nine hundred. Egypt is the country most afflicted with this evil, and it may be safely calculated that there are there about one blind to every three hundred seeing persons.

"In our own country, no means have been taken to ascertain with exactitude the number of blind; the returns made by some censuses, have been ascertained to be very erroneous; nor is there any reason to suppose that the laws which act on nations under the same latitude in Europe, should be null here: indeed, the Trustees have ascertained that in some small towns, not exceeding two thousand inhabitants, and where the census gave but one or two blind, there really exist four, five, and six. These unfortunate beings, sit and wile their long night of life away, within doors, unseen and unknown by the world: and society would be startled, were it told that there exist in its bosom so many of its children who never see the light of heaven: it would hardly credit the assertion that there are more than *eight thousand blind persons in these United States;* yet, such is undoubtedly the case.

"The public must be ignorant of this fact; to suppose it is not so, and yet that it had done nothing for so large a class of the afflicted, would be an impeachment of its charity, and its justice; and the Trustees appeal to it in the full confidence that the ready answer will be, 'what can be done for them?'"

for all purposes of utility, she may be said to possess none. Here, then, is a subject for the philosophers, as well as the philanthropists; a human being with but one inlet of knowledge, and that the third, in value and importance, of all which God has given to man! You will see at once what a curious subject of inquiry and observation it must be, to ascertain by what modes such a being seeks to put itself in communion with other minds, and to hold intercourse with the external world. I shall substitute for any observations of my own, the account of this child contained in the last annual report of the institution. It cannot be necessary for me to bespeak attention to it; it will secure, nay, extort attention from every one.

"Among the pupils who have entered during the last year, is one whose situation makes her an object of peculiar interest and lively sympathy; Laura Bridgman, a very pretty, intelligent, and sprightly girl, of eight years, is entirely blind, deaf, dumb, and almost entirely deprived of smell,* and has been so since her infancy. Here is a human soul shut up in a dark and silent cell; all the avenues to it are closed, except that of touch, and it would seem that it must be but a blank; nevertheless it is active and

* For all purposes of use she is without smell, and takes no notice of the odor of a rose, or the smell of cologne water, when held quite near her, though acrid and pungent odors seem to affect the olfactory nerve.

struggling continually not only to put itself in communication with things without, but to manifest what is going on within itself. The child is constantly active ; she runs about the house, and up and down stairs ; she frolics with the other children, or plays with her toys ; she dresses and undresses herself with great quickness and precision, and behaves with propriety at the table and every where ; she knows every inmate of the house by the touch, and is very affectionate to them. She can sew, and knit, and braid, and is quite as active and expert as any of the rest of the children. But all this, interesting as it is, is nothing compared to the mental phenomena, which she presents ; she has a quick sense of propriety ; a sense of property ; a love of approbation ; a desire to appear neatly and smoothly dressed, and to make others notice that she is so ; a strong tendency to imitation, insomuch that she will sit and hold a book steadily before her face in imitation of persons reading. It is difficult to say whether she has any sense of right and wrong disconnected with the feeling that such an action will be reproved, and such an one approved by those about her, but certain it is, she will retain nothing belonging to another ; she will not eat an apple or piece of cake which she may find, unless signs are made that she may do so. She has an evident pleasure in playfully teasing or puzzling others. The different states of her mind are clearly marked upon her countenance, which

varies with hope and fear, pleasure and pain, self-approbation and regret; and which, when she is trying to study out any thing, assumes an expression of intense attention and thought.

"It was considered doubtful, when she came, whether it would be possible to teach her any regular system of signs by which she could express her thoughts or understand those of others; it was deemed highly desirable, however, to make the experiment, and thus far it has been successful. Common articles, such as a knife, a spoon, a book, &c. were first taken, and labeled with their names in raised letters; she was made to feel carefully of the article with the name pasted upon it; then the name was given her on another piece of paper, and she quickly learned to associate it with the thing. Then the name of the thing being given on a separate label, she was required to select the thing from a number of other articles, or to find the article; for instance, the word key was given her, on a bit of paper in raised letters; she would at once feel for a key on the table, and, not finding it, would rise and grope her way to the door, and place the paper upon the key with an expression of peculiar gratification. Thus far no attention was paid to the component letters of the word; the next step was to ascertain the correctness of her notion, by giving her metal types with the separate letters on their ends; these she soon learned to arrange and to spell the word;

for instance, the teacher would touch the child's ear, or put her hand on a book, then to the letters, and she would instantly begin to select the types and to set them in order in a little frame used for the purpose, and when she had spelt the word correctly, she would show her satisfaction and assure her teacher that she understood, by taking all the letters of the word and putting them to her ear, or on the book.

"She then learned the arrangement of the letters in the alphabet, and is now occupied in increasing her vocabulary of words. Having learned the alphabet and the arrangement of letters into words, which she associated with things, she was next taught the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly she goes on with her labors. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers; the child grasps her hand, and feels of her fingers, as the different letters are formed—she turns her head a little one side, like a person listening closely—her lips are apart—she seems scarcely to breathe—and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her little fingers and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next takes her types and arranges her letters, and last, to make sure that she

is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.

"The process of teaching her is of course slow and tedious; the different steps to it must be suggested by her successive attainments, for there are no precedents to go by;* but thus far the results have been most gratifying. She has not yet been long enough under instruction (four months only) to have got beyond the names of substances; the more difficult task of giving her a knowledge of names, expressive of qualities, feelings, &c. remains yet to be accomplished. No sure prognostic can be made, but much is to be hoped from the intelligence of the child, and the eager delight with which she lends all her attention, and the strong effort she evidently makes to gain new ideas; not from fear of punishment, or hope of reward, but from the pleasure which the exercise of the faculties confers upon her.

* Julia Brace, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, in the Institution for the Deaf Mutes, at Hartford, did not succeed in attaining a knowledge of the written signs significative of objects. Julia possessed her senses until the age of four years, and she is aided by a sense of smell, sharpened by practice, to the acuteness of the vulture, while Laura has it so imperfectly as that she may be said to be without smell. James Mitchell, whose case is noticed by Dugald Stewart and other philosophers, did not learn any system of arbitrary signs, nor is there any case on record of a person deprived of sight and hearing succeeding in doing so.

No pains or expense will be spared in efforts to develop the moral and intellectual nature of this interesting child, and no opportunity lost, of gathering for science whatever mental phenomena her singular case may furnish.

"The biography of a child may furnish much to 'point a moral,' though it may not serve to 'adorn a tale;' and there is in the simple story of the past sufferings and present dreary isolation of Laura Bridgman much to interest and instruct.

"She was born of intelligent and respectable parents, in Hanover, N. H. When a mere infant, she was subject to very painful and dangerous 'fits,' the nature of which do not seem to have been well understood. Until twenty months old, though a pretty and interesting child, she was weak and fragile—a breath would have blown out the flame; but at that age she began to rally; her health seemed firmly established; her mental faculties rapidly developed themselves, and when she attained her second year, she was more intelligent and sprightly than common children; she could already prattle some words, and had mastered the difference between A and B. But in a month after her sky was again overcast; she sickened and came near unto death; the disease, however, seemed to be baffled within, and to have fastened upon the external organs of sense, and in five weeks it was perceived that her sight and hearing were for ever destroyed.

During seven weeks of pain and fever she tasted not a morsel of food; for five months was she obliged to be kept in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. She was now four years old, and as her health and strength began to be established, she learned to go about the house and manifested a desire to be employed; not by her looks, for she was blind—not by words, for she was dumb. She could, it is true, for a time pronounce the few words she had before learned; but not hearing *the sound of her own voice*, she soon lost the command of her articulation—the sound answered not to the thought—the will lost command of the tongue—and the last articulate word she was ever heard to utter was, 'book!' But she was not only deaf, and dumb, and blind, her isolation was still more complete—the sense of smell was so blunted as to be entirely useless, and only affected by pungent odors; of course, half the pleasure of taste was gone, and she manifested indifference about the flavor of food.

"It would seem that in this total darkness—this dreary stillness—this isolation from all communication with kindred spirits, the immaterial mind must have remained in infantile imbecility, while the body grew in stature and strength, or have attained a perception of its loneliness, only to pine and die at the discovery. But not so; every day she became

more active and more cheerful ; and she is now (as far as the closest scrutiny can ascertain the state of her mind) not only unrepining, but contented and happy. The sense of touch alone remains, and the sight of this unfortunate girl fills one with admiration, not only of the perfectibility of the senses, but of the wonderful power of the mind to adapt its operations to any circumstances of its bodily tenement—to put itself in relation with external things, and to obtain its own stimuli and manifest its own emotions through the most imperfect media.

"There is the strongest evidence of a thirst for knowledge—of an internal, intellectual want which can be gratified only by a new idea. Her greatest pleasure is to learn a new stitch,—a new way of knitting or braiding—a new word—or to discover the application and use of any thing ; and her eagerness to learn is only equaled by the quickness of perception which she manifests.

"There is strong hope that if her life be spared, the patient and persevering efforts of the humane, aided by the ingenuity and councils of the wise, will succeed in throwing much light into her dreary prison, and be rewarded not only by the satisfaction of imparting happiness, but by new views of the operations of mind."

In the afternoon I visited Mr. Wells's "school for moral discipline," which is upon the extreme point of South Boston. My letter has already reached

such an extraordinary length that I must omit what I had intended to say on this exceedingly interesting establishment. Mr. Wells is, beyond a doubt, an extraordinary man, and his system has produced very uncommon results. There are points upon which I doubt. But I have neither space nor time to extend my remarks, and if both were abundant, I am not so unconscionable as to desire to crowd half the advertisements out of your paper.

The above is my letter on the NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, as originally written and published in the United States Gazette. Believing that Dr. Howe's Report on the Schools for the Blind in Europe contains information that will be new to many and interesting to all, I shall take the liberty of transferring copious extracts from it to the pages of my book. If, however, there be any to whom such matter is dull, they can pass on to the next letter, where they will find such entertainment as my poor abilities can afford.

"The European institutions for the education of the blind may be divided into two classes; those established and supported by the governments, and those which owe their foundation and support to the charitable efforts of individuals; the latter are are by far more useful than the former.

"There can be no more delightful spectacle than is presented by these establishments, where you may see a hundred young blind persons, changed from listless, inactive, helpless beings—into intelligent, active, and happy ones; they run about, and pursue their different kinds of work with eager industry and surprising success: when engaged in intellectual pursuits, the awakened mind is painted in their intelligent countenances; and when the whole unite in sacred music, there is a display of deep-felt interest, of fervid zeal and animating enthusiasm, which I have never seen equaled.

"The proposed end of these different institutions is to give to the blind the means of supporting themselves; and this is effected with different degrees of success.

"I visited all the principal institutions for the education of the blind in Europe, and found in all much to admire and to copy, but much also to avoid.

"Those institutions, which are founded and supported by the government, labor under many disadvantages necessarily attendant upon such a connexion; and it may be said, without injustice to the persons employed, that they are obliged to follow such a system, and make such exhibitions as will redound rather to the glory of the state than the good of the pupils. Hence so much of useless parade and show—hence so much time and patience spent upon learning to perform surprising but useless things.

Those, on the other hand, which are kept up by individual effort and public benevolence, fall into the error of considering their pupils too much as objects of charity, and of petting and caressing them too much.

"The institution for the education of the blind at Paris, as it is the oldest, and as there is about it more of show and parade than any other in Europe, has also the reputation of being the best; but if one judges the tree by its fruit, and not by its flowers and foliage, this will not be his conclusion.

"Its founder, and the great benefactor of the blind, the Abbé Hauy, invented and put into practice many contrivances for the education of the blind, and otherwise rendered the institution excellent for the age and the time it had existed; but as he left it, so it has since remained. It receives, supports, and educates about a hundred blind youth; and there being no other in France, it follows that there are only one in three hundred of their blind who receive an education. The great fault in the Parisian institution is, the diversity of employment to which the pupils are put; and the effort made to enable them to perform surprising but useless tricks. The same degree of intellectual education is given to all, without reference to their destination in life; and a poor boy, who is to get his livelihood by weaving or whip-making, is as well instructed in mathematics and polite literature, as he who is to pursue a literary career.

Now there is no reason why a shoe-maker or a basket-maker should not be well educated, provided he can learn his profession thoroughly, and find the necessary leisure for study. But if this would be difficult for a seeing person, how much more is it so for a blind one, who, to attain to any degree of excellence in a trade, must apply himself most intensely and most patiently. The necessity of this is made apparent by the situation of those youths, who come out from the institution at the end of the seven years passed there; they have devoted five hours per day to mechanical employment, but to so many different ones, that they know but little of any. Weaving, whip-making, mat and net-making, spinning, &c. &c. have so effectually divided their attention, that at the end of the year devoted to learning the one, they have almost entirely forgotten that which they acquired the year before.

"It has, however, with all its faults, been productive of great good, and has sent out many pupils who are not only well educated and happy men, but most useful members of society: among others may be cited Mr. Paingeon, the celebrated professor of mathematics at the University of Angiers. This interesting young blind man came forward as a candidate in the public controversy for the prizes in mathematics at Paris; and after carrying them all off, was named to the professorial chair at Angiers.

"There are in Germany five institutions for the

education of the blind, which are carried to different degrees of perfection ; some are under the direction indeed of men of science, but who are cramped in their exertions by various causes ; others, however, are less fortunate.

" The one at Dresden, for instance, is under the management of a most excellent lady, but whose only merit is extreme kindness to her interesting charges ; the intellectual education of the pupils is almost entirely disregarded, and they are not taught to read or write ; nor am I aware that if she had the disposition she would have the power of giving them a better intellectual education.

" The institution of Berlin, under the direction of the excellent professor Zeune, is better managed ; but that gentleman cannot carry his views into operation. For instance, he is obliged to employ seeing teachers, because a commissioner wills it, where blind persons, in his own opinion, might perform the duty infinitely better. How often is it the case, that in institutions of various kinds, the practical knowledge and experience of those immediately engaged, are overruled by those who look into the subject but once or twice a year, and insist upon directing the whole.

" It may be safely said, that none are so well fitted for teaching the blind, as the blind themselves ; nay, more, the blind can become most excellent teachers of seeing persons. I have known a blind person

manage a class of twelve seeing boys to perfection; and, what was astonishing, he had sufficient moral influence over them to keep them in the greatest order, and prevent them from playing those tricks which boys will do when their master does not see them.

"In the Berlin institution, as always must be the case in well regulated ones, great attention is paid to instructing the blind in music. Who does not know that the blind generally evince greater capacity and inclination for music than seeing persons; and who can doubt, that the blind man, who has acquired his knowledge of music scientifically, may teach it scientifically also, and thus fill a useful sphere in society.

"The institution owes its existence indirectly to the illustrious Hauy, who passed through that place on his way to St. Petersburg, whither he was summoned by the autocrat to establish an institution for the education of the blind. This latter, however, though founded and encouraged by an emperor, has fallen into decay, while the Berlin establishment is continued almost solely by the philanthropic labors and hearty zeal of a few simple citizens.

"In the Berlin institution, though the pupils are taught to read and write, they have very few printed books, and the information is given orally. This arises however from the expense of books, and not from any doubt of their utility; in fact, professor Zeune exerts himself to the utmost to increase his

library for the blind. He prints with types filled with pin points. The pupils are taught also geography, history, languages, and the mathematical as well as lighter sciences. The time is partly occupied in learning different trades; and, on the whole, the pupils are as well, if not better qualified to make their way in the world as those from the Paris institution. There are four similar institutions in Germany, the best of which seems that of Vienna; there is also an excellent one in Zurich, which I did not visit.

"The institution for indigent blind in London, is an excellent and most charitable establishment, and productive of great good. It is indeed a most delightful sight to see so many blind youth assembled in the workshops, all neatly clad, and with smiling faces, busily employed at their different trades, and all earning a large part of their livelihood by their own labor. Instead of the solitary, helpless being, which we so often see, the blind here presents us the spectacle of an active, industrious and happy youth, who, finding constant occupation in the exercise of his physical powers, and being buoyed by the hope of rendering himself independent of charity, has no time and no inclination for repining at his lot, or for drawing unpleasant comparisons between himself and those about him.

"The institution in London is intended merely for indigent blind, and their intellectual education is not

at all attended to; nor do they occupy themselves about any thing but their trades, with the exception of a little music. There seems to be a doubt in the mind of the person who directs the institution, of the utility of teaching the youths to read themselves, by means of raised letters; which is singular enough to one accustomed to see the immense usefulness and pleasure afforded to the blind by the use of these books.

"The doubt is apt to be raised, however, only by good men who question the utility of knowledge in any person, beyond the strict demands of his calling. It is said, that they can always have the assistance of a seeing person to read to them; but, besides that the blind cannot always have such a person at their elbow, there is infinitely more pleasure and advantage to be derived from feeling out the letters themselves. They can stop, and go back, or read over a passage a dozen times, reflect upon it as long as they choose, and refer to it on any occasion.

"In mathematical studies particularly, where only a few brief problems and rules are given, books printed with raised letters for the use of the blind, are almost indispensably necessary. The advantage, nay, the necessity, of printing the Gospel in raised letters for the use of the blind, will be apparent to every thinking Christian. Here is a large number of our fellow-creatures within our reach, who might be supplied with the New Testament, at small expense

compared with that laid out in sending it among distant heathen.

"It may be said, indeed, that the blind can hear the Bible read by their friends, while the heathen cannot; but on the other hand, let one consider what a precious treasure a copy of the Testament in raised letters would be to a blind man. He would pore over it, read and re-read it, until every word became familiar; and how much greater probability there would be of its producing a good effect, than in the hands of those who have a thousand other things to occupy their thoughts. Then, too, let one consider the all-important nature of the study, and how jealous one should be of trusting to aught but the cool decision of his own reason.

"In fine, let any pious Christian put the case to himself, and say, whether he could be content with having the scriptures read by another; whether he would abstain from feasting his eyes on God's sacred pages, or refrain from shutting himself up in his closet with his Maker and his revealed Word. What his eyes are to him, the fingers are to the man deprived of sight; and to the one equally as to the other, is solitary reading and reflection a useful and healthful exercise.

"Nor to the blind alone would the scriptures, printed in raised letters, be a precious treasure; there are many people who, from weakness or temporary derangement of the organs of sight, would be

happy to spare their eyes, and read with their fingers. The acquisition of this faculty is not at all difficult; any person may, in three or four days, enable himself to feel out very easily the raised letters, and read pretty fast.

"The institution at Edinburgh is, on the whole, the best I saw in Europe; it comes nearer than any other to the attainment of the great object of blind schools, namely, enabling the pupils to support themselves by their own efforts in after life. The establishment is not so showy as that at Paris, nor has it the same means which the latter possesses, and which receives an allowance of sixty thousand francs (or twelve thousand dollars) per annum, from government; nor has it printed books for their use; still they receive most excellent education, and learn some most useful trades. The mattress and mat-making business are carried on by the pupils with great skill and success, and many are enabled to earn per diem nearly enough for their subsistence. They are mostly day scholars, and receive a sum of money in proportion to the work they do.

"The mats and mattresses which come out of the institution, and which are entirely the work of the blind, are certainly better made than any others in the city, and command a higher price in the market. The pupils are occupied also with making baskets, which is a clean and pleasant employment, but not altogether so profitable as the others. They display

great ingenuity, and finish very fine and difficult pieces of basket-work; but it is a branch in which they have less chance of successful competition with seeing persons. Indeed, one great fault in the systems generally followed in Europe, is the attempt to counterbalance the natural infirmity of the pupil by his ingenuity, his patience, and the excessive nicety of his remaining senses, and to enable him to compete with seeing persons, in spite of the advantage they have over him. Now this ought not to be the leading principle; on the contrary, taking it for granted that the seeing person ever must have an immense advantage over the blind, in all handicraft works whatsoever, we should seek out for him such employment as least requires the use of the eyes.

"There are some occupations, such as knitting, weaving, &c., which a blind person may perform nearly as well as a seeing one, but in the present age, the introduction of machinery has superseded in a great measure this kind of labor. In mat-making, the blind man can nearly compete with the seeing one, and therefore should it be taught him, as a means of making himself useful and necessary to others; for after all the efforts of charitable men, this unfortunate class will ever be in a precarious situation, until they can become so useful as to command attention: men are charitable by fits and starts only, but self-interest never sleeps; if the blind can appeal to this, they are sure of being heard.

"Many of the pupils in the Edinburgh institution are, as I observed, day scholars; that is, they reside with their friends, and come in to work and study every day, and an allowance is made to them proportionate to the work they do, if this is adequate to their support.

"I would observe, that sufficient attention is not paid to the personal demeanor of the blind, either by their parents, or in the public institutions; they contract disagreeable habits, either in posture or in movement; they swing their hands, or work their heads, or reel their bodies, and seem in this way to occupy those moments of void, which seeing persons pass in listlessly gazing about them. They are apt also to be exceedingly awkward and embarrassed in company, and often very bashful while very vain; all this can be corrected by pursuing the same means as used with seeing children, and by accustoming them to society.

"Blind persons can become as well qualified as seeing persons for many employments which are generally thought beyond their powers; they can teach languages, history, geography, mathematics, and many other sciences, perfectly well. I know not why they should not make the first rate councillors, and think it possible that they might fill the pulpit both ably and usefully.

"I have the pleasure of calling my friend, Monsieur Rodenbach, member of the Belgian Congress:

a man who possesses great influence, and who often makes that house ring with original and *näive* speeches; he is an agreeable orator, and an active business man, and a graceful member of society, and yet has been stone-blind from his childhood.

"But to return to our notice of the different institutions: that at Edinburgh is certainly superior to any in England, and on the whole is so to that of Paris, and were it now in place, I might detail to you many curious and interesting processes for facilitating the education of the blind; the general principle, however, is to combine intellectual and physical education in such a way, as to qualify the blind for the performance of a useful part in the world; and of so storing the mind with knowledge, that they may have a fund within themselves from which to draw in after life.

"The school at Glasgow is a more recent one, and is not yet equal to the one in Edinburgh, in the advantages of intellectual education which it offers.

"The Liverpool school is remarkable for the very great degree of attention which is paid to the cultivation of the musical talents of the blind, and for their astonishing success in it. An idea may be had of their proficiency, from the fact, that the product of their concerts is about three thousand five hundred dollars annually."

The following graphic description of the amuse-

ments of the blind boys in the Paris institution, is from the same Report :—

"I have often observed with a delighted eye the movement of the blind boys in Paris, as they leave the institution to go to play; each grasps a cord held by a seeing boy, and follows him rapidly and unhesitatingly through narrow streets, until they enter the immense 'Garden of Plants,' when quitting the string they run away among the trees, and frolic and play together with all the zest and enjoyment of seeing children. They know every tree and shrub, they career it up one alley and down another, they chase, catch, overthrow and knock each other about, exactly like seeing boys; and to judge by their laughing faces, their wild and unrestrained gestures, and their loud and hearty shouts, they partake equally the delightful excitement of boyish play."

To persons who may have blind children or relations, the following extracts, if my volume ever falls into the hands of such, will convey seasonable hints :—

"There is a great error prevalent among those who have friends or relations deprived of their sight; and who imagine that too much kindness, or too much attention cannot be lavished upon them. This is entirely a mistake, and it is quite certain that the greatest obstacle to the education of the blind children who are received into the European institutions, is, that their previous treatment has been such

as to prevent the development of their remaining senses.

"Parents absolutely smother the faculties of a blind child in kindnesses; 'the poor dear thing' is blind, say they, 'it cannot feed itself; it is blind,' 'and cannot dress itself;' and if it ventures across the floor alone, the anxious mother runs and silently removes every obstacle, instead of teaching it a lesson by letting it run against them; and by-and-by, when she is not near the child, it may severely hurt itself by falling over something of which it never dreamed.

"Then the blind are continually addressed in a strain of pity,—they are reminded every moment of their misfortune, and taught to believe themselves inferior to their fellows, and burdens upon society.

"Now nothing can be more injurious than such treatment of blind children, and 'it is all-important to disseminate' in the community useful knowledge on the subject of infantile and early education; the mother is the most influential teacher in the world; and if few have correct ideas of their influence, and their duties as teachers of their seeing children, we may say that almost none understand how to act their parts in relation to a blind infant. The compassion of the woman, the affection of the mother, doubly claimed by the misfortune of her infant, grows into fond doting; and as the anxious bird in its eagerness to warm its shivering nestling, may

stifle it beneath its feathers, so the mother of the blind child renders it doubly helpless by an excess of solicitude about it; by preventing it from supplying its own wants, or putting forth any of its own energies.

"It should be strongly impressed upon the mother of the blind child, that she ought to do nothing for it, which it can by any possible pains do for itself; she should allow it to roam about where it will; there is no fear of her suffering it to come to any serious harm; there is no danger that the tendrils of maternal affection should fail to twine about the frail plant, but there is danger that they may encircle it so closely, as to stint for ever its growth.

"It would be useless to quote the immense attainments of many blind persons, who have had the advantages of a proper education, or have been endowed with great talents, for such examples would rather tend to discourage many blind than induce them to strive at imitation; but I may notice what I have repeatedly seen; the extraordinary difference between blind youth possessing the same natural advantages but differently treated by their parents. I have known young men who could not walk out without a guide, nor occupy themselves in any handicraft work, and who could not even dress or feed themselves; they were moping, helpless dependents, sitting bowed under the weight of an infirmity, and the consciousness of their inferiority, which was re-

called at every movement by the officiousness of their friends; they were alike useless to themselves, and burdensome to those about them.

"I have known others too without greater natural advantages, who required little more personal attendance than seeing persons, who never were assisted in shaving, or dressing, or feeding themselves, or going about in the neighboring houses; who could go all over a city; nay, who could ride on horseback in the country, and mingle with grace and spirit in the waltz, and the other amusements of society. These young men prided themselves in dispensing with the services of those about them as much as possible, and would take quite in high dudgeon any speech of condolence, or any allusions to their *infirmity*.

"In fact, a blind youth should not be reminded of his infirmity, nor taught to consider himself as inferior to his fellows; it is not only useless but discouraging, and his abilities ought to be directed to the development of those of his senses which remain to him. He ought to be made to attend to all his own personal wants and comforts, he ought to be left to puzzle and grope out as many things as possible, and to be left rather in perplexity for an hour, than receive assistance in the accomplishment of any thing which it is morally possible for him to do. And let me say, that they can accomplish many things which, to an unattentive observer, would seem

impossible; it would be hard, for instance, to convince many people that a blind man can, by the sound of his voice, ascertain whether a table or a sofa had been removed from a room which he had much frequented; that he can tell pretty correctly the age and size of a person from hearing him speak; or that he will correctly judge the character of another from the intonation of his voice in a conversation; that he can attain as much excellence in mathematical, geographical, astronomical and other sciences as many seeing persons, and that he can become as good a teacher of music, language, mathematics, and other sciences, yet all this, and more, can he do."

LETTER XIX.

MR. CATLIN AND HIS INDIAN GALLERY.

Boston, August 16, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have, during the last two evenings, sped me far, far away from the refined attractions and enjoyments of Boston; and the wild prairies, the wild men, the wild sports, and the wild

horrors of the West, have been the scenes of my adventures and pleasures. I have mingled in the war-dance and the ball play; I have sat with the Indian by his fireside, and shared in the exhilarations of the buffalo hunt; I have seen him gird himself for battle, have beheld him smoking the calumet of peace around his council fires, and been witness of the deep and deadly and unquenchable revenge with which he pursues the man by whom he has been injured. I have been admitted to the solemn and stately formalities of the dog-feast, and the gayer scenes and more convivial intercourse of other national festivities; I have heard the manly tones of the red man's voice, and seen his kindling eye as he recounted the story of his wrongs, and told how his wives, his children, his very dogs and horses, feared the sight of the white man; I have beheld the nonsense his "medicine man" practises in the chamber of death, and been admitted to the foul and terrible abominations of his religious "mysteries;" in short, I have seen him in all the phases in which he appears, under the various forms of his national customs and manners, both public and private, at home and abroad, in war and in peace. This long story about my visions, considering that I date from the very heart of civilization, would doubtless convict me, in your mind, of rank insanity, if you did not know that there is such a person as CATLIN in the world. Fortunately, however, for my reputation,

fortunately for the poor savages, fortunately for the cause of truth and knowledge, *there is such a man;* and he carries with him, wherever he goes, the Indian country and the Indian race.

Mr. Catlin, who is destined to be as famous in the world as Capt. Cooke, or Mungo Park, or John Ledyard, is now here with his "Indian Gallery." It is truly a rare and precious collection. It embraces about five hundred paintings, three hundred and thirty of which are portraits, and the rest views of their villages, buffalo-hunts, dances, feasts, games, landscapes, and religious ceremonies. His portraits and other paintings were made among thirty-eight different tribes, and all of them from real life. He spared neither pains nor expense in collecting his specimens of Indian costumes, and other articles of their manufacture. He spent seven years among them; the principal part of the time among the tribes most remote from civilized man. He refused no labor, he shrank from no danger, he stinted no expenditure, that he might be able to present to his countrymen a true and graphic picture of Indian life, and a faithful representation of Indian dexterity and taste. Danger there was none for him, and fear was a sound without a sense. Many of his buffaloes were painted from underneath a white wolf's skin, which he wore as a disguise to deceive these his enemies. White wolves feed fearlessly among the buffaloes, protected by the contempt felt towards

them by the latter animals; and hence the use sometimes made of their skins. Mr. Catlin seems to be an enthusiastic admirer, or at least, a zealous apologist of the Indian race, as it exists in its native elements, and on its own joyous prairies, far aloof from the influences of civilization, which, alas, but too often seem, for the red men, to be freighted with canker and death. It is natural that one so ardent and generous, and who has received so much kindness from the Indians, should think well of them; but, without presuming to set up my opinion against his, I could not help questioning in my own mind, whether much of the credit ascribed to them did not really belong to himself. He is evidently a man of uncommon tact, besides that the art he practised among them is, in itself, a tower of strength.

But to whatever causes are to be attributed the preservation of his life, and his great success in the objects of his travels, it cannot be denied that he has gathered together a collection of Indian curiosities, and made a series of Indian portraits and illustrations of Indian manners and scenery, of which not only he, but his countrymen also, may well be proud. There is but one article,—the "medicine-bag,"—in all that he has represented in his pictures, of which he has not a specimen of native manufacture. Frequently, as soon as he had painted a chief, or any one else, he purchased the dress in which the latter had set for his likeness. His collection is rich

in costumes, war implements, pipes, and, in fact, I believe, every thing else appertaining to the Indians. Many of the dresses are of exquisite workmanship, and display a truly classical and pure taste. The paintings are full of spirit, and, though not faultless as works of art, they are said, by those who know, to be, the portraits, admirable likenesses of the persons for whom they are intended, and the other pictures equally faithful copies of the scenes they are intended to portray. I have heard the probability suggested, of this invaluable and strictly AMERICAN GALLERY being disposed of in Europe. I trust there is no foundation for this report. I know not how others may feel, or what they may think, but to me it seems that such an occurrence would be nothing short of a national loss and disgrace.

Mr. Catlin has prepared his work, detailing what he has seen, and heard, and felt, and done, during his seven years' exile, and it is now ready for the press. Whatever others may do, all who have heard his lectures will expect the appearance of his volumes with impatience. His work can scarcely fail to be the most original in its facts, the most curious in its adventures, the most deeply interesting in its narrative, of any that has ever emanated from the cis-Atlantic press. If to these advantages are superadded the charms of an agreeable style, and the power of graphic description, the book will soon distance every competitor in its hold upon the popular mind.

LETTER XX.

EXCURSION THROUGH CHELSEA TO CHELSEA BEACH AND LYNN—-CHELSEA VILLAGE—THE BEACH—-DELIGHTFUL RIDING—NATURAL SCENERY BETWEEN CHELSEA AND LYNN—LYNN A CITY OF SHOEMAKERS—APPEARANCE OF THE PLACE—THE MINERAL SPRING HOTEL AND THE MINERAL SPRING—BOSTON HORSES.

Boston, August 17, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—This afternoon, accompanied by ———, I took a drive through Chelsea, to the famous Chelsea beach, and thence to Lynn, the paradise of shoemakers, and to the mineral spring beyond it. Chelsea is a very pleasant village. It is at the mouth of the Mystic River, and has that stream on one side and Boston Bay on the other. The village stands upon several eminences, which afford many picturesque building spots, and command extensive prospects. The site of this village was a farm no longer ago than 1830.* It has now upwards of two hundred and fifty dwelling houses, two churches, an academy, &c. &c. ; a respectably rapid growth certainly. The United States Marine

* Bowen.

Hospital and the United States Navy Hospital are here, but we could not stop to visit them.

The beach is about two miles beyond Chelsea village, and thither, without halting at all at the latter place, we hastened our steps. The ocean view from this place is very grand. The beach itself is not to be compared with the Nantasket Beach, either in extent or the beauty of its outline. It is only about a mile and a half in length, but it affords charming riding. I know of nothing more delightful, in the same way, than a drive over these broad embankments of sand, hardened into perfect solidity by the ceaseless and eternal rolling of the ocean-waves. They have a power of resistance almost equal to that of planks, and yet you are rolled over them as noiselessly as if the wheels of your carriage moved on down. And in the hottest days, when the streets of the city are like a furnace, the breath of the ocean comes gently upon you, with a coolness which almost makes you forget that there is such a thing as excessive heat. The Chelsea beach not only possesses all the advantages and attractions above enumerated, but a certain historical interest attaches to it in that it was the favorite ride of Fanny Kemble!

Having enjoyed all the pleasure which a drive the whole length of this beach and back again could yield, we resought the Salem turnpike, and turned our horse's head towards Lynn. Our course now lay through a vast, level, and almost unbroken sea of

meadow-land, still fragrant with the smell of new-made hay, and presenting the peaceful but animated and joyous scenes which belong so peculiarly to the ingathering of the year. The monotony of this immense plain was broken and relieved by numerous winding streams, and by here and there a solitary clump of trees, with its cloud of foliage. On our right, at the distance of several miles, we had continually glimpses of the ocean, with its many isles and its cheerful canvass; while, on our left, at about an equal distance, the eye rested upon a wall of wild and rocky hills, covered to their summits with forest trees, and dotted occasionally along the line of their base with a white farm house, and sometimes a more ambitious tenement.

You may readily enough suppose, that passing through such scenes, and that at no lagging pace, we found ourselves at the entrance of Lynn before we were well aware of it.

This is one of the oldest towns in New England, and carries the thoughts back to Indian wars and Puritanical austerity,—to all the horrors and hardships and virtues and witchcraft of those by-gone years. Its settlement was commenced three years after the first cottage was built by a white man in Shawmut,* viz. in 1629. What cruel sufferings, what curious scenes, what wild adventures, what fierce encounters, what fears and watchings and soli-

* The Indian name for Boston.

citudes, has not this spot beheld! But those days are gone, and the scenes which were born of them exist only upon the historic page, or in the imagination of some dreaming traveller. Lynn has become a city of shoemakers! The awl and the lapstone and the waxed threads have long since triumphed over the tomahawk and the scalping knife. Lynn counts a population of ten thousand souls, who produce more than two millions five hundred thousand ladies shoes every year,* besides all the boots and shoes they make for our rougher sex. Just think how many punches of the awl must be made, how many times the twin bristles must be passed through the diminutive hole, how oft the arms must be violently thrown out, before that vast achievement can be completed! It is a sublime idea!

The village of Lynn offers few objects to engage a stranger's attention, and fewer beauties to command his admiration. It is built principally on one long street, of ample wideness, so wide, indeed, that there is quite a green between the beaten carriageways on either side. There are a few handsome residences, and one or two seats that may be pronounced elegant; but the houses generally, though they betoken independence, have an unattractive air, and many of the little yards and gardens around them, a somewhat neglected aspect. The churches are for the most part sightless objects. Their ex-

* Bowen.

terior appearance would repel rather than invite. It is to be hoped, therefore, that there is more attraction within than repulsion without. But the giant rocks, and the rocky hills that surround the village, will attract and repay attention ; and the views enjoyed from their summits will more than reward the labor of ascending.

Our pleasures did not end at Lynn. We drove two or three miles beyond to the Mineral Spring Hotel, which stands upon the border of a secluded and beautifully transparent lake, encircled by an irregular and wooded shore. There is a mineral spring here, but its virtues, I imagine, are not great. I should prefer its waters greatly as a common beverage to the water of New York. You may form some idea of the crowds by whom this hotel is thronged, when I tell you that we descended from our chaise, and wandered through several rooms without encountering a living being, except a lady and gentleman at dinner, till we stumbled upon the bar-room, where a yankee *lassie*, who ought to have been minding the bar or knitting stockings, was so deep in a romance—probably where the hero was declaring himself—that we walked half way across the room without disturbing her employment.

I cannot close my letter without a compliment to the Boston horses. This noble animal seems here to understand what he was made for, and to be truly anxious to fulfil honorably the end of his existence.

He is full of mettle, yet true as the needle to the pole. He learns to outstrip the wind, and every man becomes a Jehu. We traveled this afternoon nearly thirty miles, and our "grey mare," taking her own gate, averaged, I think, full ten miles per hour while on the road.

LETTER XXI.

THE IMMEDIATE ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.

Boston, August 18, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have taken several drives in the immediate environs of Boston, but said nothing about them at the time, holding them in reserve as the materials of a letter by themselves. It would be easy to fill many sheets in detailing the countless and varied beauties of these charming environs; but there are two slight objections to this,—the first is, that I fear you are getting tired of me, and the second that I begin to feel some anxiety myself to reach the end of my labors, that I may again behold our own delightful rectangular city. And I here an-

nounce to you that you may be looking out in a day or two for my last communication—not, I hope, the last I shall ever have the pleasure of writing to you —but the last in this series.

One of the first subjects of praise in the environs of Boston would be, with every stranger, the goodness of the roads; one of the first subjects of wonder, the number and frequent intersections of these thoroughfares. They are perfectly smooth and hard, and this affords a probable solution of the extraordinary and almost universal fleetness of the horses, referred to in my letter of yesterday. Another peculiarity which strikes a stranger in riding in any direction about Boston is the numerous gigs or chaises which he never fails to meet with. The nature of the roads must be held accountable for this fact also, for this is a kind of vehicle not safe in rough places.

But the rural scenery of the country about Boston constitutes its greatest embellishment and charm. In this it is unsurpassed, nay, unequaled, by any other portion of the United States where I have been. How often, in driving past the splendid mansions and ample and well-ornamented grounds, to which the richer citizens of Boston retire during the summer months, has that passage of scripture in reference to a certain class in Tyre been brought to my mind, "HER MERCHANTS ARE PRINCES."

Nature has denied a fertile soil to this region, but

wealth, industry and perseverance have completely triumphed over her parsimony in this regard. A belt of country several miles in breadth, immediately contiguous to the city, offers to your contemplation a fertility and luxuriance almost Italian in its richness and beauty; and it is only by penetrating farther inland, that you are enabled to form an idea of the enormous sums of money and the mighty toil which must have been expended in bringing the former to its present high state of perfection. I love to extract a moral from every aspect of nature and every production of art; and one truly gratifying and instructive may be gathered from the scenes I am now attempting feebly to portray. What a flood of light do they pour upon the more admirable qualities of the New England character!—its unflinching courage, its hardy industry, its indomitable perseverance, its propensity to grapple fearlessly with difficulty, and its contempt of toil and danger. Thoughts like these, I will confess, gave me greater pleasure and afforded higher instruction, as I passed repeatedly over this neighborhood, than all the beauties and charms of inanimate nature, rich as they are, and highly as I relished them. It is in scenes like these and the reflections to which they give rise, that we learn the true dignity of human nature, the real power of the human mind; and behold, if any where, the germ and pledge of the ultimate perfectibility of our race.

If nature has refused inherent richness to the soil of the country encircling this city, she has made amends in the agreeable and almost endlessly varied outlines into which she has moulded its surface. The numerous hills which swell out in every variety of contour against the sky, some of them wild and bare and rocky, some covered with deep forests, some cultivated to their summits, are among the pleasantest features of the landscape. They afford innumerable beautiful and commanding sites for country seats, many of which have been selected for that purpose, and the edifices which wealth has reared and taste adorned diversify and enliven the scene. Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton, and Watertown, are villages in the immediate vicinity of Boston, all adorned with many beautiful residences, and some of them not without historic interest. Of all these Brighton pleased me most. Some of the seats in its neighborhood breathed an air, I had almost said, more like enchantment, than any thing belonging to this matter-of-fact world. The population, manufactures, resources, wealth, curiosities, &c. &c. of these places, interesting though they might prove to many readers, I must leave to the guide-books, and bid you for the present farewell.

LETTER XXII.

ARCHITECTURE OF BOSTON—COSTLY PRIVATE BUILDINGS—WHARVES AND WAREHOUSES—FOUNDATIONS—THE "PLACES"—FRONT YARDS—SUMMER STREET—THE SHOPS—-ICE-CREAMS—-THE COMMON—-THE JINGKO TREE—A BEAUTIFUL SEPULCHRAL MOTTO—FANEUIL HALL MARKET—FANEUIL HALL—-CHICKERING AND MACKAY'S PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY.

Boston, August 20, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—If, as it often happens, "discretion is the better part of valor," it is equally true that silence is sometimes the truest wisdom. A case of that kind I fear has now arisen. I was about to say something concerning the architecture of Boston, preparatory to which I have carefully read over the article on architecture, published a few years ago in the North American Review. If you swear by that article, you have already certain heresies of taste to lay to my account. I am inclined to think, however, that an authority which praises the Capitol at Washington, in almost unqualified terms, is not to be relied upon as infallible. The great ambition of the Washington architect was,

I have understood, to produce something *new;* and neither envy nor malice can deny that he has triumphantly succeeded in his aim. The genius of architecture never produced another such edifice, nor, it is to be hoped, ever will again. It is imposing certainly; and I question whether three and a half millions could be expended in piling stones and mortar together, in the shape of a building, of which so much at least could not be said with truth. However, I will frankly confess my deficiencies in the science of architecture; I can only tell you what pleases, or displeases, as the case may be, my poor untutored taste. If, after this acknowledgment, you still desire my opinion on the architectural merits of Boston, without stopping to describe or even specify particular edifices, I can say emphatically that the general effect upon my mind is striking and agreeable. What pleases most and makes the deepest impression is the air of massive grandeur and enduring solidity of many of the public buildings, especially the granite churches, of the long piles of warehouses, and of numerous rows of private residences.

There are several single dwelling-houses in this city, which if I am rightly informed, cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and many which did not fall short of fifty thousand dollars. It is impossible to behold the numerous wharves, advancing boldly into the sea, with the vast structures which they support, without a sentiment of admiration and involun-

tary respect. Of several of these, if not of all, the foundations were laid beneath the waves; and they stand upon sites snatched from the dominion of the ocean. It is one of the most curious and interesting sights in Boston to see the manner—the great care and mighty toil—with which some of these foundations are laid. A specimen may be seen in the new custom house now erecting here. In the first place, innumerable piles are driven into the muddy soil, as far as they can be forced, by letting fall from a considerable height iron weights of two or three thousand pounds. These are then sawed off so as to present an even surface, and covered with solid masonry to the point where the walls are to commence. After this, of course, the structure goes on like any other. Where this is the process, the foundation is generally the most expensive part of the building.

There is a very pretty class of streets, peculiar to Boston as far as I know, called "Places." These are short streets, running out of the principal thoroughfares, and having no egress at the extreme end. They are therefore not *thoroughfares* at all. No carriages ever enter them, except when going to one of their houses.

Another pleasant feature of Boston is the many green and shady front yards which relieve and refresh the eye, as you wander through its winding streets. More or less of these are met with in every part of the city; but Summer street, on both sides,

is lined with them from one end to the other. This, to my taste, is decidedly the handsomest street in Boston. Town and country seem here married to each other, and there is no jar between the husband and the wife. It is a harmonious union, and the source of many pleasures.

The shops here, though many of them pretty, will not bear comparison with those of Philadelphia. Chestnut street, for all that Boston can offer in the competition, still stands in this respect unrivaled in its glory. And in regard to that particular wherein you are so honorably jealous of Philadelphia reputation,—ice-creams and the places where they are eaten,—you may boast as loudly as you will. Give the trumpet a sturdy blast, and I will echo it with such power of lungs as I possess.

In this cursory notice of some of the more striking features of Boston, it would be unpardonable to omit the "Common," as the public pleasure ground is here denominated. This is more than four times as large as any other similar place in the United States, embracing a little over fifty acres. It is enclosed by a fine iron railing, made in the most durable manner, and at an immense expense. Within and nearly contiguous to this enclosure, there is a broad graveled avenue, called the *Mall*. On one side of the Common this is shaded by three rows of lofty elms. The whole Common is thickly planted with trees of various kinds, most of them, however, still young, and

of course not yielding much shade. As nature in this region seems every where to have delighted in the line of beauty, the surface is broken into various knolls, and a small artificial lake near the centre serves to diversify the scene. The great wants of this promenade are fountains and shrubbery. Among the other trees here, there is one which attracts attention on two or three accounts. It is the Jingko tree of China. It formerly stood on the hill owned by Gardiner Greene, Esq., but was removed to its present place, when that hill was dug down three years ago. For two years it was considered very doubtful whether it would live, and many were the misgivings and speculations which this uncertainty occasioned. These circumstances are pleasantly alluded to in the following verses, addressed to the Jingko Tree, and published in the Boston Daily Advertiser on the sixth of May, 1837, about a week before the general suspension of specie payments. It is necessary to understand this to see the propriety and feel the force of some of the allusions. The verses are said to be from the pen of Governor Everett. You can judge for yourself whether they are worthy of such authorship.

THE JINGKO TREE.

Thou queer, outlandish, fan-leaved tree,
Whose grandfather came o'er the sea,
A pilgrim of the ocean,

Didst thou expect to gather gear,
By selling out thy chopsticks here?
What a mistaken notion!

Hard times, methinks, have been thy fate,
Such as have played the deuce of late,
With men's estates and purses,
Since on thy native mount secure,
Thou deem'dst thy *title* safe and sure,
Nor dream'dst of such reverses.

They dealt thee many a sturdy thump,
They digged the earth beneath thy stump,
And left thee high and dry.
The spot, which once thy roots did bore,
Is now the garret of a store,
And earth is changed to sky.

They dragged thee sweeping through the street,
They set thee up upon thy feet,
And bade thee sink or swim.
For many a month 't was quite a doubt,
If thou could'st possibly hold out,
Thou look'dst so very slim.

And every morn a motley crew
Of idling loungers came to view
Thy withered limbs on high;
And many a knowing look was there,
While some, that thou would'st live, did swear,
And some that thou would'st die.

Some shook their heads, and hinted fear,
It cost so much to move thee here,
That taxes would be cruel;

And some exclaimed, what pity 't was,
In these hard times t' incur the loss
Of half a cord of fuel.

But thou, most grave and sapient tree,
Their idle talk was nought to thee,
Yet could not be prevented:
So thou did'st wave thy breezy head,
And nod assent to all they said,
And send them home contented.

Meanwhile thou didst resort to toil,
Send forth small roots in quest of soil,
And husband well thy gains.
Two years thou mad'st but little show,
But let thy useless *trimmings* go,
And liv'dst within thy means.

Dear Jingko, in these days of dread,
Methinks a lesson may be read,
In thy lorn situation,
Thy story might perhaps impart
To many a vexed and drooping heart,
Some hints of consolation.

Tell them that thou too hast been distressed,
And found thyself at times quite pressed
For want of friendly propping;
When none who witnessed thy mishap
Would lend thee half a gill of sap
To save thee even from stopping.

Tell them how low thy *credit* sank,
And how they ran upon thy *bank*,
And cleared thy *vaults* profound;

How thy *supplies* were all cut off,
And sure thy *stock* was low enough
When flat upon the ground.

But thou, brave tree, didst not despair,
But heldest up thy head in air,
And wast not seen to flinch.
Thou let'st them know for very *spunk*
Thou still hadst something in thy *trunk*
To serve thee at a pinch.

So when thou hadst *set up* again,
Although thy garb was rather plain,
Thy garments old and dusted,
Yet men who saw thy frugal ways,
Remembering such in earlier days,
Believed thou might'st be *trusted*.

The birds, thy customers of yore,
To thy new stand came back once more
As an established place.
It made thy heavy *heart* feel light
When they discharged their *bills* at sight,
And paid their *notes* with grace.

And so thou hast survived thy fall,
And fairly disappointed all
Who thought to see thee down;
And better days are stored for thee—
Long shalt thou live, triumphant tree!
And spread thy foliage broad and free,
A *credit* to the town.

Near the southern end of the Common there is an old burying ground, in which may be seen a family

monument, having, for its motto, this truly elegant and poetical thought,—"*Mortui sunt vivere, vivuntque nihil amplius mori :*" THEY DIED TO LIVE ; THEY LIVE TO DIE NO MORE. What secret power haunts that marble, that sends such pleasure through the soul? 'Tis an emanation of Mind, that noblest creation of the Deity, and likest to Himself!

We boast, and justly, of our Philadelphia market-house, or rather of our street of market-houses ; but Boston goes far ahead of us in this matter. I question much whether there is any building of the kind in the United States at all comparable to Faneuil Hall Market. It is built entirely of Quincy granite, nearly five hundred and fifty feet in length, by fifty in width, with a central part seventy-five feet long, and projecting a little beyond the long wall on either side. There is a portico at each end of the building, supported by four granite columns of the Doric order. "The interior is divided into a hundred and twenty-eight stalls, occupied as follows, viz. : fourteen for mutton, lamb, veal, and poultry ; two for poultry and venison ; nineteen for pork, lamb, butter and poultry ; forty-five for beef ; four for butter and cheese ; nineteen for vegetables ; and twenty for fish."* The Bostonians must be huge eaters of cheese, if an inference from the quantities of that article in market may be trusted. I was particularly struck and delighted with the cleanliness of the stalls, and more

* Bowen.

especially of the meat benches. In fact, the whole city deserves to be noticed and praised on this account. Of a Saturday night, when the Market-House is lighted with gas, it presents an animated and cheerful appearance. It is crowded almost to suffocation by mechanics and other manual laborers, who, with a portion of their week's earnings in hand, are buying, for their wives and children, a few Sunday luxuries. It is not pleasant to breathe the inside air at such a time, but it is pleasant to see the joyous faces and hear the cheerful tones of these worthy people, exulting in the prospect of rest and fire-side enjoyments.

The show of fruits, flowers, and vegetables in this market is exceedingly beautiful, and not without a picturesque effect. In short, the Bostonians may well be content, yea, proud of their market, both in reference to the convenience and beauty of its arrangements, and the excellence of its consumable supplies.

Having noticed Faneuil Hall Market, it would be unpardonable to pass over Faneuil Hall itself, whose ample proportions rise to view hard by. An American citizen, writing from Boston, and pretending to give any thing like a full account of the place, might almost be set down as wanting in love of country, if he were to omit all mention of this noble, this glorious old edifice. It is the Cradle of American Liberty, and who, having seen, would not proclaim that he

had seen, this *Cunia*, where the infancy of so fair a daughter has been rocked? This Hall is, and will ever remain, a link to bind the thoughts and sympathies of the existing generation to the glories of our early history. No other place perhaps in the world is so intimately blended with the history of civil liberty; certainly there is no other in America, around which the grateful remembrances of patriotism cluster, as they do here. True, the military battles of the Revolution were not fought within these walls; but here rang out those thunder-peals of indignant resistance to tyranny and of self-devoting patriotism, which roused the spirit and nerved the arm of the soldier, and made him resolve to conquer or to die. The spirit of prophecy, also, as well as a deep hatred of oppression and love of liberty, haunted this immortal forum; and here were foretold, even when the heavens were overcast with clouds and wore a portentous aspect, the triumph in which the struggle would end, and the future greatness and glory of our country.

This hasty sketch will necessarily be very incomplete, but its incompleteness will be somewhat diminished by even a brief notice of an establishment which I visited this morning, the piano forte manufactory of Chickering and Mackay. This is as really a part of the glory of Boston, as the fame of Daniel Webster; and is well worthy the attention of all strangers. The business of manufacturing piano

fortes is carried on here on a vast scale. They turn out on an average ten pianos a week! This simple fact might well enough stand in the place of all particulars. It speaks for itself, and for the whole establishment. The proprietors have an immense building in Washington street, merely as a finishing-off place and warehouse. All the frames are made, and the rougher work done elsewhere. Their house in the city is very large on the ground, and has five lofts, besides the attic (which is used for seasoning), all well filled both with instruments and workmen. They have now on hand in the ware-rooms below over forty pianos; in the varnishing loft, I think, a still greater number; and in the loft where every instrument receives its last mechanical touches, yet more. Here then are about one hundred and fifty instruments, most of them entirely done, and all of them nearly so, besides the multitudes in a less advanced stage, on hand at the same time. And what neatness and cleanliness, what perfect order and quiet, what an air of finish and completeness, reign throughout this vast establishment! The very soul of harmony is there!

LETTER XXIII.

AN EXCURSION TO QUINCY AND COHASSET—HIGH ENJOYMENT—NATURAL SCENERY—GRANITE QUARRIES—EX-PRESIDENT ADAMS—QUINCY—HINGHAM—COHASSET—NATURAL BEAUTIES—ARTIFICIAL DEFORMITIES—MR. CAPEN'S COUNTRY SEAT—SITE OF THE "NEW ENGLAND ACADEMY," AN INSTITUTION PROJECTED BY MR. CAPEN—GLORIOUS VIEW—SOUND PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION—CURIOUS DIALOGUE—CONCLUSION—FAREWELL TO BOSTON.

Boston, August 21, 1838.

My dear Chandler,—I have just returned from an excursion commenced yesterday and ended this morning, which has yielded me as much pleasure as any other I have made since I crossed the Neck. The spring of my pleasure was not alone in the varied beauties of the external world, though of these there was no lack; but also in high intellectual communion. Mr. Capen, of the house of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, took me, through the villages of Quincy and Hingham, to Cohasset, where he has a country seat, and where an institution, projected by him and chartered by the Massachusetts Legislature at their

last session, is about to be founded. Cohasset is eighteen miles from Boston; and the route from the latter to the former place lies through a country, presenting almost every variety of scenery, from the sweet and quiet charms of the graceful lawn, the winding stream, the breezy grove, the ornamental garden, and the noble mansion in its bower of trees, to sterile hills, stupendous rocks, and the boundless and sublime expanse of ocean.

Before reaching the village of Quincy, we made a slight detour to view the granite quarries. There are a good many of these; how many I'm sure I cannot tell you, for the people on the spot varied in their statements from six to sixteen! Such is the conflicting nature of human testimony, such the superincumbent mass of contradictions and obscurities, through which you must dig to discover the pure ore of truth! These quarries, in their enormous rocks, their deep excavations, and their wild and jagged outlines, offer to the contemplation of the beholder scenes grand and imposing. But where the prevailing feature of nature is sublimity, art rarely adds to her power over the human soul. These quarries do not form an exception to the principle.

Quincy is a pleasant enough village, though its chief glory, besides the quarries, is in having furnished two Presidents of the United States. We paid our respects to the ex-President, "the indomitable champion of the rights of man and the rights

of woman." John Quincy Adams is, in many respects, undoubtedly, the most extraordinary man now living; but age is creeping upon him, and those gigantic powers which have worn out a frame by no means slightly made, and which have dealt many a stunning blow upon the head of an unsheltered adversary, must ere long find a freer range, and put forth their energies upon a nobler and less turbulent theatre.

Hingham is quite a large and agreeable village. It has some pretty residences. An arm of the sea passes through it, which is adorned with several little island knolls, covered with a thick growth of trees; a very pleasant feature in the landscape.

As for Cohasset, nature has done every thing for it. She has placed it upon the sea-coast; she has given it a pure climate; she has adorned it with the wildest rock scenery; she has beautifully varied the outline of its soil; she has surrounded it with pleasant hills; she has given it, in short, abundant capabilities: "and further this deponent saith not." Art has not seconded nature. The two churches look like yellow barns, disfigured by steeples; and the tasteless yellow houses, which make up most of the place, unsheltered many of them by a single tree, have a very mean appearance. I must, indeed, except some few residences; Mr. Capen's, for example, which is now undergoing some alterations and improvements, and which, when these are finished,

will be a place for a poet. I am sure the Muses, if he ever woos those graceful divinities, will be propitious to his prayers ascending from a spot so sweet, so peaceful, so romantic.

Soon after our arrival at Cohasset, we sallied forth to visit the spot which Mr. Capen has selected for the site of the contemplated school, which is to be called "The New England Academy." It is a beautifully swelling hill, about an eighth of a mile back from the village, and appears to be the highest point of land any where in the neighborhood. It is but a gentle ascent, but the view from its top would reward the labor of climbing up a mountain. As you stand facing the ocean, that mighty reservoir, carved by the hand of the Almighty, and whose waters acknowledge no sway but His, stretches out, both on your right hand and on your left, in its own peculiar and illimitable sublimity. Turning your eye inland, it takes in a vast range of hill and valley, of rocky bluff and verdant plain, of forest and farm-house and stream and village. Nor is the nearer prospect less pleasing, or varied, or romantic. It will be half an education to place children in the midst of such scenes of beauty and grandeur. The moral influences of external scenery, the purifying, refining, and elevating power of beauty in all its manifestations, are too much overlooked in the education of the young. I feel nothing short of positive pain, in riding through the country, whenever I come

to a schoolhouse. This class of edifices hitherto have been for the most part mere wooden boxes to keep out the sun and rain, and if a tree happened to stand in the vicinity, ten to one but it was cut down as a deformity. I once knew a worthy clergyman, who had some fine old trees that shaded the front part of his house cut down, because, as he said, "they spoilt the *aspect!*" This has been too much the taste of the builders of schoolhouses. But let us take courage, and breathe more freely; better days and a purer taste are coming.

I have not, as you can plainly see, space to go into a detailed statement of Mr. Capen's views and plans in reference to the proposed school. All that I can say is, that Mr. C. appears to me to have studied deeply, and to good purpose, the principles of education, and to have embodied them substantially in his plan. If these principles are faithfully carried out by experienced and efficient teachers, I cannot but suppose that the New England Academy will become an honor to Massachusetts, to New England, and to the whole country; and will be truly a MODEL SCHOOL. By this expression of opinion, I do not commit myself to all the details of the plan. These, I think might, in some particulars, be advantageously modified. I speak only of the PRINCIPLES, and these seem to me to be bottomed upon a just apprehension and appreciation of the true nature and ends of EDUCATION.

The following interesting dialogue on the natural history of the clam, which I overheard in the parlor of the Cohasset Hotel, would have made Blumenbach and Cuvier open their eyes, and their ears too. It certainly presents a new view of the wonders of nature, and may be considered as settling, beyond all future controversy, the vexed question of "equivocal generation." But to the dialogue, which was perfectly serious on both sides :—

LADY.—"Aint that very curious, that clams live under the sand ?"

GENTLEMAN.—"O no, not at all, ma'am."

LADY.—"Do they always live there ?"

GENTLEMAN.—"Yes, ma'am, they do."

LADY.—"Well, that's very queer. Are they *produced* by the sand ?"

GENTLEMAN.—"Certainly they are."

CONCLUSION.

"Here endeth" the present series of letters. It is just one month to-day since the date of my first communication from this city. When I crossed the Neck, I expected to recross it again in ten days at the farthest. Boston has laid a grasp upon me that has made me triple my intended stay. Rarely have I passed as pleasant a month ; a pleasanter, never. I

came here a stranger; I have been treated as a friend. In such a place, and among such a people, it would be pleasant still to linger. But Duty calls me back, and when she speaks, I hope it will ever be my pleasure to obey. Soon, if Providence favor, I shall again feel the warm grasp of your hand, and commune with you "face to face." But my thoughts and my sympathies will not seldom revisit these scenes, and draw their nourishment from the friendships I have here formed.

Farewell to thee, Boston! Very pleasant hast thou been to a stranger, during his short sojourn within thy watery cincture. I take leave of thee in the hope of revisiting thy labyrinthine streets, thy charming suburban villages, thy pure and cooling airs, thy island-gemmed waters, thy noble beaches, thy thrice hospitable citizens. Thou hast been to thy country a star of guidance and of hope in her hour of disaster and gloom. In the blackest of the night, and amid the fiercest war of the elements, the light of thy principles has been seen glimmering afar, like the mariner's pale lamp in darkness and storm. Thy choicest blood has been freely shed, thy richest treasures profusely lavished, thy garnered blessings renounced without a sigh, in defence of the great, the sublime, the heaven-born and heaven-protected cause of human rights and constitutional freedom. Liberty, learning, and patriotism are thy daughters; and when thou art asked to display thy

noblest adornments, imitate that high-souled Roman matron, the mother of the Gracchi. Point to the proud achievements of these thine offspring, and exclaim with her, "THESE ARE MY JEWELS." I offer thee at parting—though poor the gift in all save its sincerity—the grateful tribute of a stranger's admiration, the devout breathings of a stranger's heart!

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