

Poetry.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,

JUNKETTING.

Carthian Regulation for High Livers without
mensa.*

Diphilus, of Sinope, in Pontus, says, that
There was a notable law at Corinth,
Where, if a fellow outran reason,

* It is a pity that this salutary regulation of
Carth were not imitated in this country; we should
not then see, as is now the case, paupered pride and
ignorance, rioting upon the substance of honest in-

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

We have long been of opinion that
our native country opens to the adven-
turous novel-writer a wide, untrodden
field, replete with new matter admir-
ably adapted to the purposes of fiction.

to the wants of the author. On the
contrary, they are so many impedi-
ments in his way, forcing character out
of its natural development into con-
strained and formal fashions, if such
principles were left to their own ten-
dency, they would make all men so
many flat-headed Indians; and when
the causes of these unnatural distinc-
tions in human character had ceased
to exist, we should look round in vain
for the model of the dull and uniform
monsters they had created.

But where are your materials for
the higher order of fictitious com-
position? What have you of the heroic
and the magnificent? Here are no
'gorgeous palaces and cloud capped
towers; no monuments of Gothic
pride, mouldering in solitary grandeur;

cataracts, your stupendous mountains,
and your measureless forests. Here
indeed you find nature in her wildest
and most magnificent attire. But these
boundless solitudes are not the haunts
of fierce banditti; you have never peo-
pled these woods and waters with im-
aginary beings; they are connected
with no legendary tales of hoary anti-
quity;—but you cast your eye through
the vista of two short centuries, and
you see them as they now are, and you
see nothing beyond. Where then are
the romantic associations, which are to
plunge your reader, in spite of reason
and common sense, into the depths of
imaginary woe and wonder.

If we are asked with reference to
the good old fashioned romance, and
are to construct a second castle of
Otranto, to amaze our reader with
mysteries, like those of the far famed
Udolpho, or harrow up his young blood
with another Fatal Revenge, we an-
swer, that in our humble judgment, it
matters little in regard to these mere
creations of the brain, in what earthly
region the visionary agents are sup-
posed to reside; the moon, for aught we
know, it has been elsewhere said, may
be as eligible a theatre of action, as
any on this earth. Not that we would
speak disparagingly of the wildest
creations of romance, or have it thought
that we are less affected than others,
by those masterly efforts of a bold im-
agination, left to luxuriate in its own
ideal world. But we are not ambitious
that scenes so purely imaginary, should
be located on this side of the Atlantic,
when they cannot from their very na-
ture, partake anything of the charac-
ter of the soil and climate which give
them birth; although we are by no
means sure that a first rate horror, of
the most imaginative kind, might not
be invented without the aid of Gothic
architecture, or Italian scenery.—While
for these reasons, which do not pecu-
liarly affect ourselves, we have no par-
ticular longing after this species of
American castle building, we do hope
to see the day, when that more com-
modious structure, the modern histori-
cal romance, shall be erected in all its
native elegance and strength on Amer-
ican soil, and of materials exclusively
our own. The truth is, there never
was a nation whose history, studied
with that view, affords better or more
abundant matter of romantic interest
than ours. When you ask us how we
are to get over the newness and quiet-
ude of every thing among us, your
question points only at the present
time—a thing in itself utterly destruc-
tive of romance in all quarters of the
globe. What should we think of a
historical romance, for instance, in
which the duke of Wellington should
win the battle of Waterloo, and the
marquis of Londonderry be made the
secretary of state for foreign affairs?
And yet if their lordships should meet
with any different fortune or fate, how-
ever excellent the plot, however spir-
ited and well sustained the characters,
who would not throw down a book with
a quodcumque ostendit mihi sic, incred-
ulus odi? Since then the praterper-
fect is our only romantic tense, we re-
ply, a little paradoxically perhaps, go
back to the days when things were
newer—but not so quiet as they are
now. It is no new principle in the
laws of imagination, that remoteness
in point of time attaches romantic as-
sociations to objects which have them
not in themselves—and these, so soon
as they are created, become heightened
by contrast. A ruin is a romantic ob-
ject, only because it carries you per-
force into remote antiquity, and sug-
gests on its very front the moated cas-
tle with all its battlements and towers
standing in proud proportion, a stately
pile that seemed to bid defiance to the
ravages of time and storm. You look
at an elegant modern edifice, with a
stack of chimneys for its minarets, and
a smiling cornfield for its court yard,
and it suggests nothing of itself, but
the unromantic notion of peace and
comfort, which are reigning within.
Go back then to the day when its walls
were slumbering in their native quar-
ry, and its timbers flourishing in the
living oak; when the cultivated farm
was a howling wilderness, the abode
of savages and outlaws, and nothing
was to be seen in its borders but rapine
and bloodshed. Imagine some stern
enthusiast, voluntarily flying the bland-
ishments of more luxurious abodes—
or some accomplished courtier, driven
from the scene of his ambition and
intrigues—or some gallant soldier
weary of the gay capital, and pant-
ing anew for adventure and renown,
fearlessly marching with his chosen
band into these dreary and dangerous

solitudes; follow him through the per-
ils and difficulties he surmounts, and
witness the long struggle of civiliza-
tion, encroaching on the dominion of
barbarism; and you will then find that
romantic associations may become at-
tached even to this familiar spot. Nei-
ther need we revert to any very re-
mote period of antiquity to rid us of
this familiarity, which forever plays
about present things with a mischiev-
ous tendency to convert the romantic
into the ludicrous. It is astonishing
what changes are effected in manners,
customs, names, and outward appear-
ances, in the course of a single human
generation; and when we look at the
days of the fathers of the oldest now
living, how little do we see that we re-
cognize, how much that we wonder at!
Not the least pleasing, perhaps, of the
many admirable productions of the
great master of romance in modern
times, refer to a period hardly so re-
mote as that of which we speak; and
yet no one, not even they who live on
the very spot, which is represented as
the theatre of great and romantic ac-
tion, complains of the familiarity of
those scenes.

There seem to be three great epochs
in American history, which are pecu-
liarily well fitted for historical romance;
—the times just succeeding the first
settlement—the era of the Indian wars,
which lie scattered along a considera-
ble period—and the revolution. Each
of these events, all pregnant with in-
terest in themselves, will furnish the
fictitious historian with every variety of
character and incident, which the dull-
est imagination could desire or the
most inventive deserve. What is there
for instance in the rebellions and wars
of the Scotch covenanters, to compare
with the fortunes of those sterner pu-
ritans, who did not rise in arms against
their prince; but who, with a boldness
of adventure, under which the spirit
of chivalry itself would have quailed,
leaving behind them all that is most
dear to men on earth, the companions
of their youth, the graves of their fa-
thers, the home of their hearts, cross-
ed a trackless ocean; not for the visit
of a day, not cherishing a latent hope
of future return, when they should
have amassed wealth, or acquired fame,
to raise them in the estimation of their
countrymen; but with the humble hope
and firm resolve to expend their lives
and their children's lives in the wilder-
ness, for the sake of worshipping their
God after the fashion of their own
hearts. The situation and character
of these men, who, 'had they been as
free from all sins as gluttony and
drunkenness,' (so says one of their
quaint historians) 'might have been
canonized for saints,' are in the high-
est degree picturesque; and moreover
afford a singular contrast to those of
Raleigh's successors in the south, head-
ed by that man of adventure, who had
challenged a whole Ottoman army in
his youth, carrying off the heads of
three Turkish champions at his saddle-
bow, and who was now solacing his
riper years, amidst the cares of a col-
onial government, in the arms of the
renowned Pocahontas. The gloomy
but sustaining spirit of fanaticism in
these, who had fled to the wilderness
for conscience' sake; the disappointed
avarice of those who had come to it
for silver and gold; the stern ecclesi-
astical oligarchy first established in
the east; the worldly time-serving despo-
tism of Smith and the succeeding gov-
ernors in the south; the one punish-
ing with banishment and death 'that
damnable heresie of affirming justifi-
cation by works;' the other promulgat-
ing in the new world the laws of the
old 'to prevent sectarie infection' from
creeping into the pale of mother church;
the former denouncing temporal pun-
ishment and eternal wrath, against 'all
idlers, common coasters, unprofitable
fowlers, and tobacco takers;' the latter
formally enacting and literally execut-
ing that salutary law, that 'he who
will not work shall not eat;' the Vir-
ginia colony importing into the coun-
try a cargo of negroes, to entail the
curse of slavery on their remotest pos-
terity, in the same year that our first
fathers were founding the liberties of
America on the Plymouth rock, and
Winthrop, with his company of sturdy
Independents, extending along the
shores of Massachusetts the work
which had been so happily begun, while
'refiners, goldsmiths, and jewellers,'
'poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving
men, libertines, and such like, ten times
more fit to spoil a commonwealth, than
either to begin or maintain one,' as the
old writers inform us, were still flock-
ing over to the shores of Virginia.
Such contrasts judiciously exhibited,

as, notwithstanding the distance of the
two colonies, they well might be, with
no very unparadonable poetical license,
especially by the link of the New-
Netherlands, while they supply at once
an infinite variety of individual char-
acter to the author's hands, could not
fail to confer on a work of fiction the
additional value of developing the
political history of the times, and the first
beginnings, perhaps, of those conflict-
ing sectional interests, which some-
times perplex us at the present day.
Or if more rigid rules of composition
require us to confine our views to the
colony of Massachusetts Bay, for in-
stance, what character would be more
obsequious to the imagination than that
of the moody and mysterious Blaxton?
who was found by the colonists, the
solitary lord of the little isthmus of
Shawmut,* which he claimed and
was allowed to hold against them,
by the acknowledged right of estab-
lished possession; of whom history
only tells us that he had been a clergy-
man of the church of England, that
he dissented equally from her canons,
and those of his non-conforming breth-
ren; but how or when he emigrated to
America, and built his humble hut on
a spot destined to become the seat of
a populous and flourishing city, it tells
us not. What shall we say to Sir
Christopher, the knight of Jerusalem,
a lineal descendant of the famous bish-
op of Winchester, who with the strange
lady was revelling through the land,
until he was stopped by the scandal-
ized 'seekers of the Lord,' and ar-
raigned on a charge of suspicion of
bigamy, et alia enormia contra pacem,
before such a judicial assembly as the
politic Winthrop, the scholastic Cotton,
the fiery and intolerant Dudley, with
Underhill perhaps for a witness, and
Miles Standish for captain of the
guard? What would the author of
Waverley make of such materials? But
we forbear to enlarge further on this
prolific theme.

The Indian wars, of which the first
occurred soon after the time of which
we have just spoken, and the last of
any note in New-England, in the years
1722-25, are fruitful of incidents, which
might, to great advantage, be inter-
woven with the materials before noticed,
and it scarcely needs to be asserted
that the Indians themselves are a high-
ly poetical people. Gradually reced-
ing before the tread of civilization,
and taking from it only the principle
of destruction, they seem to be fast
wasting to utter dissolution; and we
shall one day look upon their history,
with such emotions of curiosity and
wonder, as those with which we now
survey the immense mounds and heaps
of ruin in the interior of our continent,
so extensive that they have hardly yet
been measured, so ancient that they
lie buried in their own dust and cover-
ed with the growth of a thousand years,
forcing upon the imagination the ap-
palling thought of some great and flour-
ishing, perhaps civilized people, who
have been so utterly swept from the
face of the earth, that they have not
left even a traditionary name behind
them.

At the present day, enough is
known of our aborigines to afford the
ground-work of invention, enough to
concealed to leave full play for the
warmest imagination; and we see
why those superstitions of theirs, which
have filled inanimate nature with a new
order of spiritual beings, may not be
successfully employed to supersede
the worn out fables of Runic mythol-
ogy, and light up a new train of glow-
ing visions, at the touch of some future
wizard of the West. At any rate we
are confident that the savage warrior,
who was not less beautiful and bold in
his figurative diction, than in his atti-
tude of death, the same who 'suffered
not the grass to grow upon the war-
path,' and hastened 'to extinguish the
fire of his enemy with blood,' tracking
his foe through the pathless forest,
with instinctive sagacity, by the fallen
leaf, the crushed moss, or the bent
blade, patiently enduring cold, hunger,
and watchfulness, while he crouched
in the night-grass like the tiger expect-
ing his prey, and finally springing on
the unsuspecting victim with that war-
whoop, which struck terror to the heart
of the boldest planter of New-England
in her early day, is no mean instrument
of the sublime and terrible of human
agency. And if we may credit the
flattering pictures of their best histo-
rian, the indefatigable Heckewelder,
not a little of softer interest might be
extracted from their domestic life.

* The Indian name of the peninsula on which
Boston now stands.