



WAKE, TOPER! WAKE!! Wake, toper, wake! thy brow is bare, And thou art lowly laid, A claret stream has stain'd thy hair, From wounds upon thy head;

MONS AND MAIMONS, A LEGEND BY BULWER.

I am English by birth, and my early years were passed in England. I had neither brothers nor sisters; my mother died when I was in the cradle; and I found my sole companion, tutor, and playmate in my father. He was a younger brother of a noble and ancient house; what induced him to forsake his country and his friends, to abjure all society, and to live on a rock, is a story in itself, which has nothing to do with mine.

but little inclined to its ordinary functions in future. I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came into the enormous woods of Africa, where human step never trod, nor human voice ever startled the thrilling and intense solemnity that broods over the great solitudes, as it brooded over chaos before the world was! There the primal nature springs and perishes, undisturbed and unvaried by the convulsions of the surrounding world; the leaf becomes the tree, lives through its uncounted ages, falls and moulders, and rots and vanishes, unwitnessed in its mighty and mute changes, save by the wandering lion, or the wild ostrich, or that huge serpent—a hundred times more vast than the puny boa that the cold limners of Europe have painted, and whose bones the vain student has preserved as a miracle and marvel. There, too, as beneath the heavy and dense shade I couched in the scorching noon, I heard the trampling as of an army, and the crush and fall of the strong trees, and beheld through the matted boughs the behemoth pass on its terrible way, with its eyes burning as a sun, and its white teeth glittering in the rapid jaw, as pillars of spartan in a cavern; the monster to whom only those waters are a home, and who never, since the waters rolled from the Deudal earth, has been given to human gaze and wonder but my own? Seasons glided on, but I counted them not, they were not doled to me by the tokens of man, nor made sick to me by the changes of his life, and the evidence of his sordid labor. Seasons glided on, and my youth ripened into manhood, and manhood grew gray with the first frost of age; and then a vision and a reborn spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, "I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!"

small island—it had no trace of man—my heart swelled as I gazed around and cried aloud in my exultation. "I shall be alone again!" I descended the hill: I had not yet reached its foot, when I saw the figure of a man approaching towards me. I looked at him, and my heart misgave me. He drew nearer, and I saw that my despicable persecutor had escaped the waters, and now stood before me. He came up with a hideous grin and his twinkling eye; and he flung his arms around me,—I would sooner have felt the shaly folds of the serpent,—and said, with his grating and harsh voice, "Ha! ha! my friend we shall be together still!" I looked at him, but I said not a word. There was a great cave by the shore, and I walked down and entered it, and the man followed me. "We shall live so happily here, said he, "we will never separate!" And my lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. It was now noon, and hunger came upon me; I went forth and killed a deer, and I brought it home and broiled part of it on a fire of fragrant wood; and the man ate, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the bones had choked him; and he said, when we had done, "We shall have rare cheer here!"—But I still held my peace. At last he stretched himself in a corner of the cave and slept. I looked at him, and saw that the slumber was heavy, and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and took my way to the opposite part of the island: it was my turn to laugh then! I found out another cavern; and I wrought a table of wood, and looked out from the mouth of the cavern and saw the wide sea before me, and said, "Now I shall be alone!"

death-pang had grasped the sand, stretched themselves out to me. So I stamped on the breast again, and I dug a hole in the shore, and I buried the body. "And now," said I, "I am alone at last!" And then the sense of loneliness, the vague, vast, comfortless, objectless sense of desolation passed into me. And I shook—shook every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark; and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have staid in that spot a moment more if I had been made young again for it. I turned away and fled—fled round the whole island; & gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some illimitable desert that I might flee on forever. At sunset I returned to my cave—I sat myself down on one corner of the bed, and covered my face with my hands—I thought I heard a noise; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried. There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his wan eyes and laughed. I rushed from the cave—and I entered a wood—I threw myself down—there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man! And my courage rose, and I spoke, but he answered not. I attempted to seize him, he glided from my grasp and was still opposite, six feet from me as before. I flung myself on the ground and pressed my head to the soil, and would not look up till night came on, and darkness was over the earth. I then rose and returned to the cave: I laid down on the bed, and the man laid down on me; and I frowned, and I tried to seize him as before, but I could not, and I closed my eyes, and the man lay by me! Day passed on day, and it was the same thing. At board, at bed, at home and abroad, in my uprising and down sitting, by day and at night, there by my bed-side, and six feet from me, no more, was that ghastly thing. And I said, as I looked upon the beautiful land and still seas, and then turned to that fearful comrade, "I shall never be alone again!" And the man laughed.

when their hollowness and natural incapacity is visible in their whole texture, they sue for it in vain. When I ask confidence that I can lift the feather which I hold in my hand, I command it also, for I show at the moment that I am able to perform; but were I to assert an ability to uproot a mountain, my dearest friend would sneer at my effort to practice on his credulity. Confidence, like love, and hope, and joy, must be the spontaneous growth of the bosom it inhabits; it cannot be enforced. But I would ask the Senator from Virginia whether his Whig friends, who yield their support to his substitute, have confidence in it? He knows well they have not. They use it but as a half-way house in their journey onwards to a National Bank, whither they will certainly arrive, if time is allowed them to recruit their strength at this hospitable stage. If it is doubted what opinions the Whigs entertain in relation to this measure, I will read an extract from a Whig paper in my own State: "We inquire next, are the local banks safe depositories of the public money? It is not pretended by any-body, but that the removal of the deposits, and placing them in the pet banks, which afterwards refused to give them up, was what principally contributed to the fatal overthrow of our once happy and prosperous financial system. It is easy to foresee, that while the General Government remains dependent on some scores of banking corporations, subject only to the legislation of the respective States that created them, there can be no public security against their selfish frauds and faithless impositions, tempted as they are by that avarice which is at this moment, in one shape or another, sucking up the very life's blood of this Republic." I proceed now, in the second place on this branch of the subject, to treat the question of ultimate safety. I made, at the extra session, a hasty concession, which farther reflection compels me to retract, to wit: that although the revenue would be more readily commanded by the Government in the hands of its own agents, yet each particular portion of it would be safer in the banks. My retract is founded not only upon a consideration of the subject, but upon the light which experience has already furnished in favor of individual agency. A tabular statement, for which I am indebted to my friend from Connecticut, [Mr. Niles], seems to me sufficient to counterbalance all the theoretic conjectures which have been made in opposition to it:

Losses by the Government by depositing in banks, principal and interest---1814-1817 \$1,892,642 Depreciation of bills received and paid out from 1814 to 1817 6,000,000 Bills of broken banks now on hand, interest thereon not computed 178,470 Bank of the United States withholding dividend and interest 233,122 Due 1st. of May, Treasury and public officers \$31,212,053 Reported for suit by Secretary, under act of October, 1816 4,331,790 Average discount 6 per cent. on eighteen and a half millions of paper paid out by the banks of deposit on hand in May last 1,100,000 Average discount on ten millions yet to be paid, say four per cent. 400,000 Loss by individuals from 1814 to 1817, supposed equal to Government 6,000,000 Total \$14,514,534 Thus it appears that no less than about fifteen millions of dollars have been lost by the banks, while the whole amount reported, from the foundation of the Government, to have been lost by individual agents is about three millions of dollars. And it seems that this account is subject to a deduction of about 66 2/3 per cent, leaving an actual balance of about one million of dollars. Recently banks have failed in the Eastern States by which gentlemen on the other side intimate that heavy losses have been sustained by the creditors, and will be sustained by the Government. Whether this is so or not, dangers are certainly thickening around the banks, and if the Government loses nothing by them, it will be because it will have little or nothing in their custody. "Mr. President, in the course of this debate, I am drawn into a very frank expression of my opinions of the tendency of the banking system. Convictions produced by deep reflection, and enforced by the highest sense of duty. But I should do injustice to my feelings did I fail to declare that, so far as I am acquainted with banking operations in my own State, they have been conducted with much integrity, and the evils, if any, are the evils of the system, and not of its administrators. This great propriety with which banking operations have been conducted, there, has rendered so too insensible to the evils of the system, and I doubt not that many honorable men will look upon these annual

SPEECH OF MR. STRANGE OF N. C. IN THE SENATE OF THE U. STATES. (Continued.)

The man who pays cash as he goes, cares not whether people have confidence in his ability or not; but the man who wishes credit requires confidence. This, in the case of the individual, is all fair, because he frankly acknowledges, "I am not able to pay you now, but I expect to be able to pay you at such a time;" and your belief that he will industriously exert himself to fulfil his engagement, that he is honest, and that Providence will smile upon his exertions, are the grounds upon which your confidence is awarded. But the unreasonable demand of the banks is, that you should have confidence, not only without any thing whereon to rest it, but in the face of your experience that it is misplaced. Let them show their ability, and they will command confidence; but