agery which he afterward employed to so much advantage in his romances of the sea, the finest ever written, is a common and obvious remark; but it has not been, so far as I know, observed that from the discipline of a seaman's life he may have derived much of his readiness and fertility of invention, much of his skill in surrounding the personages of his novels with imaginary perils, and rescuing them by probable expedients. Of all pursuits, the life of a sailor is that which familiarizes men to danger in its most fearful shapes, most cultivates presence of mind, and most effectually calls forth the resources of a prompt and fearless dexterity by which imminent evil is avoided.

In 1811, Cooper, having resigned his post as midshipman, began the year by marrying Miss Delancey, sister of the present Bishop of the Diocese of Western New-York, and entered upon a domestic life happily passed to its close. He went to live at Mamaroneck, in the County of Westchester, and while here he wrote and published the first of his novels, entitled *Precaution*. Concerning the occasion of writing this work, it is related, that once as he was reading an English novel to Mrs. Cooper, who has, within a short time past, been laid in the grave beside her illustrious husband, and of whom we may now say, that her goodness was no less eminent than his genius, he suddenly laid down the book, and said, "I believe I could write a better myself." Almost immediately he composed a chapter of a projected work of fiction, and read it to the same friendly judge, who encouraged him to finish it, and when it was completed, suggested its publication. Of this he had at the time no intention, but he was at length induced to submit the manuscript to the examination of the late Chas. Wilkes, of this City, in whose literary opinions he had great confidence. Mr. Wilkes advised that it should be published, and to these circumstances we owe it that Cooper became an author.

I confess I have merely dipped into this work. The experiment was made with the first edition, deformed by a strange punctuation—a profusion of commas, and other pauses, which puzzled and repelled me. Its author, many years afterward, revised and republished it, correcting this fault, and some faults of style also, so that, to a casual inspection, it appeared almost another work. It was a professed delineation of English manners, though the author had then seen nothing of English society. It had, however, the honor of being adopted by the country whose manners it described, and being early republished in Great Britain, passed from the first for an English novel. I am not unwilling to believe what is said of it, that it contained a promise of the powers which its author afterward put forth.

Thirty years ago, in the year 1821, and in the thirty-second of his life, Cooper published the first of the works by which he will be known to posterity, the *Spy*. It took the reading world by a kind of surprise; its merit was acknowledged by a rapid sale; the public read with eagerness and the critics wondered. Many withheld their commendations on account of defects in the plot or blemishes in the composition, arising from want of practice, and some waited till they could hear the judgment of European readers. Yet there were not wanting critics in this country, of whose good opinion any author in any part of the world might be proud, who spoke of it in the terms it deserved. "Are you not delighted," wrote a literary *friend* to me, who has since *risen* to high distinction as a writer, both in verse and in prose,—"are you not delighted with the *Spy* as a work of infinite spirit and genius?" In that word genius, lay the explanation of the hold which the work had taken on the minds of men. What it had of excellence was peculiar and unborrowed; its pictures of life, whether in repose or activity, were drawn, with broad lights and shadows, immediately from living originals in nature or in his own imagination. To him, whatever he described was true; it was made a reality to him by the strength with which he conceived it. His power in the delineation of character was shown in the principal personage of his story, Harvey Birch, on whom, though he has chosen to employ him in the ignoble office of a spy, and endowed him with the qualities necessary to his profession,—extreme circumspection, fertility in stratagem and the art of concealing his real character,—qualities which, in conjunction with selfishness and greediness, make the scoundrel, he has bestowed the virtues of generosity, magnanimity, an intense love of country, a fidelity not to be corrupted, and a disinterestedness beyond temptation. Out of this combination of qualities he has wrought a character which is a favorite in all nations, and with all classes of mankind.

It is said that if you cast a pebble into the ocean, at the mouth of our harbor, the vibration made in the water passes gradually on, till it strikes the icy barriers of the deep at the South Pole. The spread of Cooper's reputation is not confined within narrower limits. *The Spy* is read in all the written dialects of Europe, and in some of those of Asia. The French, immediately after its first appearance, gave it to the multitudes who read their far-diffused language, and placed it among the first works of its class. It was rendered into Castilian, and passed into the hands of those who dwell under the beams of the Southern Cross. At length it passed the eastern frontier of Europe, and the latest record I have seen of its progress toward absolute universality, is contained in a statement of *The International Magazine*, derived, I presume, from its author, that in 1847 it was published in a Persian translation at Ispahan. Before this time, I doubt not, they are reading it in some of the languages of Hindostan, and, if the Chinese ever translated anything, it would be in the hands of the many millions who inhabit the far Cathay.

I have spoken of the hesitation which American critics felt in admitting the merits of *The Spy*, on account of crudities in the plot or the composition, some of which no doubt really existed. An exception must be made in favor of *The Port Folio*, which, in a notice written by Mrs. Hale, gave the work a cordial, though I cannot call it an enthusiastic, welcome, and Cooper, as I am informed, never forgot this act of timely and ready kindness.

It was, perhaps, favorable to the immediate success of the *Spy*, that Cooper had few American authors to divide with him the public attention. That crowd of clever men and women who now write for the magazines, who send out volumes of essays, sketches and poems, and who supply the press with novels, biographies and historical works, were then, for the most part, either stammering their lessons in the schools or yet unborn. Yet it is worthy of note, that just about the time that the *Spy* made its appearance, the dawn of what we now call our literature, was just breaking. The concluding numbers of Dana's *Idle Man*, a work neglected at first, but now numbering among the best things of the kind in our language, were issued in the same month. The *Sketch Book* was then just completed; the world was admiring it, and its author was meditating his *Bracebridge Hall*. Miss Sedgwick, about the same time, made her first essay in that charming series of novels of domestic life in New-England, which have gained her so high a reputation. Percival, now unhappily silent, had just put to press a volume of poems. I have a copy of an edition of Halleck's *Fanny*, published in the same year; the poem of *Yamoyden*, by Eastburn and Sands, appeared almost simultaneously with it. Livingston was putting the finishing hand to his report on the Penal Code of Louisiana, a work written with such grave, persuasive eloquence, that it belongs as much to our literature as to our jurisprudence. Other cotemporaneous American works there were, now less read. Paul Allen's poem of *Noah* was just laid on the counters of the booksellers. Arden published at the same time, in this City, a translation of Ovid's *Tristia*, in heroic verse, in which the complaints of the effeminate Roman poet were rendered with great fidelity to the original, and sometimes not without beauty. If I may speak of myself, it was in that year that I timidly entrusted to the winds and waves of public opinion a small cargo of my own—a poem entitled *The Ages*, and half a dozen shorter ones, in a thin duodecimo volume, printed at Cambridge.

We had, at the same time, works of elegant literature, fresh from the press of Great Britain, which are still read and admired. Barry Cornwall, then a young suitor for fame, published in the same year his *Marcia Colonna*; Byron, in the full strength and fertility of his genius, gave the readers of English his tragedy of Marino Faliero, and was in the midst of his spirited controversy with Bowles concerning the poetry of Pope. The *Spy* had to sustain a comparison with Scott's *Antiquary*, published simultaneously with it, and with Lockhart's *Valerius*, which seems to me one of the most remarkable works of fiction ever composed.

In 1823, and in his thirty-fourth year, Cooper brought out his novel of the *Pioneers*, the scene of which was laid on the borders of his own beautiful lake. In a recent survey of Mr. Cooper's works, by one of his admirers, it is intimated that the reputation of this work may have been in some degree factitious. I cannot think so, I cannot see how such a work could fail of becoming, sooner or later, a favorite. It was several years after its first appearance that I read the *Pioneers*, and I read it with a delighted astonishment. Here, said I to myself, is the poet of rural life in this country—our Hesiod, our Theocritus, except that he writes without the restraint of numbers, and is a greater poet than they. In the *Pioneers*, as in a moving picture, are made to pass before us the hardy occupations and spirited amusements of a prosperous settlement, in a fertile region, encompassed for leagues around with the primeval wilderness of woods. The seasons in their different aspects, bringing with them their different employments; forests falling before the axe; the cheerful population, with the first mild day of spring, engaged in the sugar-orchards; the chase of the deer through the deep woods, and into the lake; turkey-shootings, during the Christmas holidays, in which the Indian marksman vied for the prize of skill with the white man; swift sleigh-rides under the bright winter sun, and perilous encounters with wild animals in the forests; these, and other scenes of rural life, drawn, as Cooper knew how to draw them, in the bright and healthful coloring of which he was master, are interwoven with a regular narrative of human fortunes, not unskilfully constructed; and how could such a work be otherwise than popular?

In the *Pioneers*, Leatherstocking is first introduced—a philosopher of the woods, ignorant of books, but instructed in all that nature, without the aid of science, could reveal to the man of quick senses and inquiring intellect, whose life has been passed under the open sky, and in companionship with a race whose animal perceptions are the acutest and most cultivated of which there is any example. But Leatherstocking has higher qualities; in him there is a genial blending of the gentlest virtues of the civilized man with the better nature of the aboriginal tribes; all that in them is noble, generous and ideal, is adopted into his own kindly character, and all that is evil is rejected. But why should I attempt to analyze a character so familiar? Leatherstocking is acknowledged, on all hands, to be one of the noblest, as well as most striking and original creations of fiction. In some of his subsequent novels, Cooper—for he had not yet attained to the full maturity of his powers—heightened and ennobled his first conception of the character, but in the *Pioneers* it dazzled the world with the splendor of novelty.

His next work was *The Pilot*, in which he showed how, from the vicissitudes of a life at sea, its perils and escapes, from the beauty and terrors of the great deep, from the working of a vessel on a long voyage, and from the frank, brave and generous, but peculiar character of the seaman, may be drawn materials of romance by which the minds of men may be as deeply moved as by anything in the power of romance to present. In this walk Cooper has had many disciples, but no rival. All who have since written romances of the sea, have been but travelers in a country of which he was the great discoverer, and none of them all seem to have loved a ship as Cooper loved it, or have been able so strongly to interest all classes of readers in its fortunes. Among other personages drawn with great strength in *The Pilot*, is the general favorite, Tom Coffin, the thorough seaman, with all the virtues, and one or two of the infirmities of his profession, superstitious, as seamen are apt to be, yet whose superstitions strike us as but an irregular growth of his devout recognition of the Power who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand; true-hearted, gentle, full of resources, collected in danger, and at last calmly perishing at the post of duty, with the vessel he has long guided, by what I may call a great and magnanimous death. His rougher and coarser companion, Boltrope, is drawn with scarcely less skill, and with a no less vigorous hand.

The *Pioneers* is not Cooper's best tale of the American forest, nor the *Pilot*, perhaps, in all respects, his best tale of the sea; yet, if he had ceased to write here, the measure of his fame would, possibly, have been scarcely less ample than it now is. Neither of them is far below the best of his productions, and in them appear the two most remarkable creations of his imagination—two of the most remarkable characters in all fiction.

It was about this time that my acquaintance with Cooper began, an acquaintance of more than a quarter of a century, in which his deportment toward me was that of unvaried kindness. He then resided a considerable part of the year in this city, and here he had founded a weekly club, to which many of the most distinguished men of the place belonged. Of the members who have since passed away, were Chancellor Kent, the jurist; Wiley, the intelligent and liberal bookseller; Henry D. Sedgwick, always active in schemes of benevolence; Jarvis, the painter, a man of infinite humor, whose jests awoke inextinguishable laughter; De Kay, the naturalist; Sands, the poet; Jacob Harvey, whose genial memory is cherished by many friends. Of those who are yet living was Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph; Durand, then one of the first of engravers, and now no less illustrious as a painter; Henry James Anderson, whose acquirements might awaken the envy of the ripest scholars of the old world; Halleck, the poet and wit; Verplanck, who has given the world the best edition of Shakspere for general readers; Dr. King, now at the head of Columbia College, and his two immediate predecessors in that office. I might enlarge the list with many other names of no less distinction. The army and navy contributed their proportion of members, whose names are on record in our national history. Cooper when in town was always present, and I remember being struck with the inexhaustible vivacity of his conversation and the minuteness of his knowledge, in every thing which depended upon acuteness of observation and exactness of recollection. I remember, too, being somewhat startled, coming fresh as I did from the seclusion of a country life, with a certain emphatic frankness in his manner, which, however, I came at last to like and to admire. The club met in the hotel called Washington Hall, the site of which is now occupied by part of the circuit of Stewart's marble building.

*Lionel Lincoln*, which cannot be ranked among the successful productions of Cooper, was published in 1825, and in the year following appeared the *Last of the Mohicans*, which more than recovered the ground lost by its predecessor. In this work, the construction of the narrative has signal defects, but it is one of the triumphs of the author's genius, that he makes us unconscious of them while we read. It is only when we have had time to awake from the intense interest in which he has held us by the vivid reality of his narrative, and have begun to search for faults in cold blood, that we are able to find them. In the *Last of the Mohicans* we have a bolder portraiture of Leatherstocking than in the *Pioneers*.

This work was published in 1826, and in the same year Cooper sailed with his family for Europe. He left New-York as one of the vessels of war, described in his romances of the sea, goes out of port, amid the thunder of a parting salute from the big guns on the batteries. A dinner was given him just before his departure, attended by most of the distinguished men of the City, at which Peter A. Jay presided, and Dr. King addressed him in terms which some then thought too glowing, but which would now seem sufficiently temperate, expressing the good wishes of his friends, and dwelling on the satisfaction they promised themselves in possessing so illustrious a representative of American literature in the Old World. Cooper was scarcely in France when he remembered his friends of the weekly club, and sent frequent missives to be read at its meetings; but the club missed its founder, went into a decline, and not long afterward quietly expired.

The first of Cooper's novels published after leaving America, was the *Prairie*, which appeared early in 1827, a work, with the admirers of which I wholly agree. I read it with a certain awe, an undefined sense of sublimity, such as one experiences on entering, for the first time, upon those immense grassy deserts, from which the work takes it name. The squatter and his family—that brawny old man and large-limbed sons, living in a sort of primitive and patriarchal barbarism, sluggish on ordinary occasions, but terrible when roused, like the hurricane that sweeps the grand but monotonous wilderness in which they dwell, seem a natural growth of those ancient fields of the west. Leatherstocking, a hunter in the *Pioneers*, a warrior in the *Last of the Mohicans*, and now, in his extreme old age, a trapper on the prairie, declined in strength, but undecayed in intellect, and looking to the near close of his life, and a grave under the long grass, as calmly as the laborer at sunset looks to his evening slumber, is no less in harmony with the silent desert in which he wanders. Equally so are the Indians, still his companions, copies of the American savage somewhat idealized, but not the less a part of the wild nature in which they have their haunts.

Before the year closed, Cooper had given the world another nautical tale, the *Red Rover*, which, with many, is a greater favorite than the *Pilot*, and with reason, perhaps, if we consider principally the incidents, which are conducted and described with a greater mastery over the springs of pity and terror.

It happened to Cooper while he was abroad, as it not unfrequently happens to our countrymen, to hear the United States disadvantageously compared with Europe. He had himself been a close observer of things both here and in the Old World, and was conscious of being able to refute the detractors of his country in regard to many points. He published in 1828, after he had been two years in Europe, a series of letters, entitled *Notions of the Americans, by a Traveling Bachelor*, in which he gave a favorable account of the working of our institutions, and vindicated his country from various flippant and ill-natured misrepresentations of foreigners. It is rather too measured in style, but is written from a mind full of the subject, and from a memory wonderfully stored with particulars. Although twenty-four years have elapsed since its publication, but little of the vindication has become obsolete.

Cooper loved his country and was proud of her history and her institutions, but it puzzles many that he should have appeared, at different times, as her eulogist and her censor. My friends, she is worthy both of praise and of blame, and Cooper was not the man to shrink from bestowing either, at what seemed to him the proper time. He defended her from detractors abroad; he sought to save her from flatterers at home. I will not say that he was in as good humor with his country when he wrote *Home as Found* as when he wrote his *Notions of the Americans*, but this I will say, that whether he commended or censured, he did it in the sincerity of his heart, as a true American, and in the belief that it would do good. His *Notions of the Americans* were more likely to lessen than to increase his popularity in Europe, inasmuch as they were put forth without the slightest regard to European prejudices.

In 1829, he brought out the novel entitled the *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, one of the few of his works which we now rarely hear mentioned. He was engaged in the composition of a third nautical tale, which he afterwards published under the name of the *Water-Witch*, when the memorable revolution of the Three Days of July broke out. He saw a Government ruling by fear and in defiance of public opinion overthrown in a few hours, with little bloodshed; he saw the French nation, far from being intoxicated with their new liberty, peacefully addressing themselves to the discussion of the institutions under which they were to live. A work which Cooper afterward published, his *Residence in Europe*, gives the outline of a plan of government for France, furnished by him at that time to La Fayette, with whom he was then on habits of close and daily intimacy. It was his idea to give permanence to the new order of things by associating two strong parties in its support, the friends of legitimacy and the Republicans. He suggested that Henry V. should be called to the hereditary throne of France, a youth yet to be educated as the head of a free people, that the peerage should be abolished and a legislature of two chambers established, with a constituency of at least a million and a half of electors; the Senate to be chosen by the general vote, as the representatives of the entire nation, and the members of the other house chosen by districts as the representatives of the local interests. To the middle ground of politics so ostentatiously occupied by Louis Philippe at the beginning of his reign, he predicted a brief duration, believing that it would speedily be merged in despotism, or supplanted by the popular rule. His prophecy has been fulfilled more amply than he could have imagined—fulfilled in both its alternatives.

In one of the controversies of that time, Cooper bore a distinguished part. The *Revue Britannique*, a periodical published in Paris, boldly affirmed the Government of the United States to be one of the most expensive in the world, and its people among the most heavily taxed of mankind. This assertion was supported with a certain show of proof, and the writer affected to have established the conclusion that a republic must necessarily be more expensive than a monarchy. The partisans of the Court were delighted with the reasoning of the article and claimed a triumph over our ancient friend, La Fayette, who, during forty years, had not ceased to hold up the Government of the United States as the cheapest in the world. At the suggestion of La Fayette, Cooper replied to this attack upon his country, in a letter which was translated into French, and together with another from General Bertrand, for many years a resident in America, was laid before the people of France.

These two letters provoked a shower of rejoinders, in which, according to Cooper, misstatements were mingled with scurrility. He commenced a series of letters on the question in dispute, which were published in *The National*, a daily sheet, and gave the first evidence of that extraordinary acuteness in controversy, which was no less characteristic of his mind than the vigor of his imagination. The enemies of La Fayette pressed into their service Mr. Leavitt Harris, of New-Jersey, afterward our *Chargé d'Affaires* at the Court of France; but Cooper replied to Mr. Harris, in *The National* of May 2, 1832, closing a discussion in which he had effectually silenced those who objected to our institutions on the score of economy. Of these letters, which would form an important chapter in political science, no entire copy, I have been told, is to be found in this country.

One of the consequences of earnest controversy is almost invariably personal ill-will. Cooper was told by one who held an official station under the French Government, that the part he had taken in this dispute concerning taxation, would neither be forgotten nor forgiven. The dislike he had incurred in that quarter was strengthened by his novel of the Bravo, published in the year 1831, while he was in the midst of his quarrel with the aristocratic party. In that work, of which he has himself justly said, that it was thoroughly American in all that belonged to it, his object was to show how institutions, professedly created to prevent violence and wrong, become, when perverted from their natural destination, the instruments of injustice, and how, in every system which makes power the exclusive property of the strong, the weak are sure to be oppressed.—The work is written with all the vigor and spirit of his best novels; the magnificent city of Venice, in which the scene of the story is laid, stands continually before the imagination, and from time to time the gorgeous ceremonies of the Venetian Republic pass under our eyes, such as the marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic, and the contest of the gondolas for the prize of speed. The Bravo himself and several of the other characters are strongly conceived and distinguished, but the most remarkable of them all is the spirited and generous-hearted daughter of the jailor.

It has been said by some critics, who judge of Cooper by his failures, that he had no skill in drawing female characters. By the same process, it might, I suppose, be shown that Raphael was but an ordinary painter. It must be admitted that when Cooper drew a lady of high breeding, he was apt to pay too much attention to the formal part of her character, and to make her a mere bundle of cold proprieties. But when he placed his heroines in some situation in life which leaves him nothing to do but to make them natural and true, I know of nothing finer, nothing more attractive or more individual than the portraitures he has given us.

*Figaro*, the wittiest of the French periodicals, and at that time on the liberal side, commended the *Bravo*; the journals on the side of the Government censured it. *Figaro* afterward passed into the hands of the aristocratic party, and Cooper became the object of its attacks. He was not, however, a man to be driven from any purpose which he had formed, either by flattery or abuse, and both were tried with equal ill success. In 1832 he published his *Heidenmauer*, and in 1833 his *Headsman of Berne*, both with a political design similar to that of the *Bravo*, though neither of them takes the same high rank among his works.

In 1833, after a residence of seven years in different parts of Europe, but mostly in France, Cooper returned to his native country. The welcome which he met on his return was somewhat chilled by the effect of the attacks made upon him in France, and remembering with what zeal, and at what sacrifice of the universal acceptance which his works would otherwise have met, he had maintained the cause of his country against the wits and orators of the Court party in France, we cannot wonder that he should have felt this coldness as undeserved. He published shortly after his arrival in this country, *A Letter to his Countrymen*, in which he complained of the censures cast upon him in the American newspapers, gave a history of the part he had taken in exposing the misstatements of the *Revue Britannique*, and warned his countrymen against the too common error of resorting, with a blind deference, to foreign authorities, often swayed by national or political prejudices, for our opinions of American authors. Going beyond this topic, he examined and reprehended the habit of applying to the interpretation of our own Constitution maxims derived from the practice of other Governments, particularly that of Great Britain. The importance of construing that instrument by its own principles, he illustrated by considering several points in dispute between the parties of the day, on which he gave very decided opinions.

The principal effect of this pamphlet, as it seemed to me, was to awaken in certain quarters a kind of resentment that a successful writer of fiction should presume to give lessons in politics. I meddle not here with the conclusions to which he arrived, though I must be allowed to say that they were stated and argued with great ability. In 1835 Cooper published *The Monnikins*, a satirical work partly with a political aim, and in the same year appeared his *American Democrat*, a view of the civil and social relations of the United States, discussing more gravely various topics touched upon in the former work, and pointing out in what respects he deemed the American people in their practice to have fallen short of the excellence of their institutions.

He found time, however, for a more genial task, that of giving to the world his observations on foreign countries. In 1836, appeared his *Sketches of Switzerland*, a series of letters in four volumes, the second part published about two months after the first, a delightful work, written in a more fluent and flexible style than his *Notions of the Americans*. The first part of *Gleanings in Europe*, giving an account of his residence in France, followed in the same year, and the second part of the same work, containing his observations on England, was published in April, 1837. In these works, forming a series of eight volumes, he relates and describes with much the same distinctness as in his novels, and his remarks on the manners and institutions of the different countries, often sagacious and always peculiarly his own, derive, from their frequent reference to contemporary events, an historical interest.

In 1838 appeared *Homeward Bound*, and *Home as Found*, two satirical novels, in which Cooper held up to ridicule a certain class of conductors of the newspaper press in America. These works had not the good fortune to become popular. Cooper did not, and perhaps, because he was too deeply in earnest, would not infuse into his satirical works that gayety without which satire becomes wearisome. I believe, however, that if they had been written by anybody else, they would have met with more favor, but the world knew that Cooper was able to give them something better, and would not be satisfied with anything short of his best. Some childishly imagined that because in the two works I have just mentioned, a newspaper editor is introduced, in whose character almost every possible vice of his profession is made to find a place, Cooper intended an indiscriminate attack upon the whole body of writers for the newspaper press, forgetting that such a portraiture was a satire only on those to whom it bore a likeness. We have become less sensitive and more reasonable of late, and the monthly periodicals make sport for their readers of the follies and ignorance of the newspaper editors without awakening the slightest resentment; but Cooper led the way in this sort of discipline, and I remember some instances of towering indignation at his audacity expressed in the journals of that time.

The next year Cooper made his appearance before the public in a new department of writing; his Naval History of the United States was brought out in two octavo volumes at Philadelphia, by Carey & Lea. In writing his stories of the sea, his attention had been much turned to this subject, and his mind filled with striking incidents from expeditions and battles in which our naval commanders had been engaged. This made his task the lighter, but he gathered his materials with great industry, and with a conscientious attention to exactness, for he was not a man to take a fact for granted, or allow imagination to usurp the place of inquiry. He digested our naval annals into a narrative, written with spirit, it is true, but with that air of sincere dealing which the reader willingly takes as a pledge of its authenticity.

An abridgment of the work was afterward prepared and published by the author. *The Edinburgh Review*, in an article professing to examine the statements both of Cooper's work and of the History of the English Navy, written by Mr. James, a veterinary surgeon, made a violent attack upon the American historian. Unfortunately it took James's narrative as its sole guide, and followed it implicitly. Cooper replied in *The Democratic Review* for January, 1840, and by a masterly analysis of his statements, convicting James of self-contradiction in almost every particular in which he differed from himself, refuted both James and the Reviewer. It was a refutation which admitted of no rejoinder.

Scarce anything in Cooper's life was so remarkable, or so strikingly illustrated his character as his contest with the newspaper press. He engaged in it after provocations, many and long endured, and prosecuted it through years with great energy, perseverance and practical dexterity, till he was left master of the field. In what I am about to say of it, I hope I shall not give offense to any one, as I shall speak without the slightest malevolence toward those with whom he waged this controversy. Over some of them, as over their renowned adversary, the grave has now closed. Yet where shall the truth be spoken, if not beside the grave?

I have already alluded to the principal causes which provoked the newspaper attacks upon Cooper. If he had never meddled with questions of government on either side of the Atlantic, and never satirized the newspaper press, I have little doubt that he would have been spared these attacks. I cannot, however, ascribe them all, or even the greater part of them to personal malignity. One journal followed the example of another with little reflection, I think, in most cases, till it became a sort of fashion not merely to decry his works, but to arraign his motives.

It is related that, in 1832, while he was at Paris, an article was shown him in an American newspaper, purporting to be a criticism on one of his works, but reflecting with much asperity on his personal character. "I care nothing," he is reported to have said, "for the criticism, but I am not indifferent to the slander. If these attacks on my character should be kept up five years after my return to America, I shall resort to the New-York Courts for protection." He gave the newspaper press of this State the full period of forbearance on which he had fixed, but finding that forbearance seemed to encourage assault, he sought redress in the courts of law.

When these litigations were first begun, I recollect it seemed to me that Cooper had taken a step which would give him a great deal of trouble, and effect but little good. I said to myself—

"Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed!"

As he proceeded, however, I saw that he had understood the matter better than I. He put a hook into the nose of this huge monster, wallowing in his inky pool and bespattering the passers by; he dragged him to the land and made him tractable. One suit followed another; one editor was sued, I think, half-a-dozen times; some of them found themselves under a second indictment before the first was tried. In vindicating himself to his readers, against the charge of publishing one libel, the angry journalist often floundered into another. The occasions of these prosecutions seem to have been always carefully considered, for Cooper was uniformly successful in obtaining verdicts. In a letter of his, written in February, 1843, about five years, I think, from the commencement of the first prosecutions, he says: "I have beaten every man I have sued, who has not retracted his libels."

In one of these suits, commenced against the late William L. Stone, of *The Commercial Advertiser*, and referred to the arbitration of three distinguished lawyers, he argued, himself, the question of the authenticity of his account of the Battle of Lake Erie, which was the matter in dispute. I listened to his opening; it was clear, skillful, and persuasive, but his closing argument was said to be splendidly eloquent. "I have heard nothing like it," said a barrister to me, "since the days of Emmet."

Cooper behaved liberally toward his antagonists, so far as pecuniary damages were concerned, though some of them wholly escaped their payment by bankruptcy. After, I believe, about six years of litigation, the newspaper press gradually subsided into a pacific disposition toward its adversary, and the contest closed with the account of pecuniary profit and loss, so far as he was concerned, nearly balanced. The occasion of these suits was far from honorable to those who provoked them, but the result was, I had almost said, creditable to all parties; to him, as the courageous prosecutor, to the administration of justice in this country, and to the docility of the newspaper press, which he had disciplined into good manners.

It was while he was in the midst of these litigations that he published, in 1840, the "Pathfinder." People had begun to think of him as a controversialist, acute, keen and persevering, occupied with his personal wrongs and schemes of attack and defense. They were startled from this estimate of his character by the moral beauty of that glorious work—I must so call it; by the vividness and force of its delineations, by the unspoiled love of nature, apparent in every page, and by the fresh and warm emotions which everywhere gave life to the narrative and the dialogue. Cooper was now in his fifty first year, but nothing which he had produced in the earlier part of his literary life was written with so much of what might seem the generous fervor of youth, or showed the faculty of invention in higher vigor. I recollect that near the time of its appearance I was informed of an observation made upon it by one highly distinguished in the literature of our country and of the age, between whom and the author an unhappy coolness had for some years existed. As he finished the reading of the Pathfinder, he exclaimed, "They may say what they will of Cooper; the man who wrote this book is not only a great man, but a good man."

The readers of the *Pathfinder* were quickly reconciled to the fourth appearance of Leatherstocking, when they saw him made to act a different part from any which the author had hitherto assigned him—when they saw him shown as a lover, and placed in the midst of associations which invested his character with a higher and more affecting heroism. In this work are two female characters, portrayed in a masterly manner, the corporal's daughter, Mabel Dunham, generous, resolute, yet womanly, and the young Indian woman, called by her tribe, the Dew of June, a personification of female truth, affection and sympathy, with a strong aboriginal cast, yet a product of nature as bright and pure as that from which she is named.

*Mercedes of Castile*, published near the close of the same year, has none of the stronger characteristics of Cooper's genius, but in the *Deerslayer*, which appeared in 1841, another of his Leatherstocking tales, he gave us a work rivaling the Pathfinder. Leatherstocking is brought before us in his early youth, in the first exercise of that keen sagacity which is blended so harmoniously with a simple and ingenuous goodness. The two daughters of the retired freebooter dwelling on the Otsego lake, inspire scarcely less interest than the principal personage; Judith in the pride of her beauty and intellect, her good impulses contending with a fatal love of admiration, holding us fascinated with a constant interest in her fate, which, with consummate skill, we are permitted rather to conjecture than to know; and Hetty, scarcely less beautiful in person, weak-minded, but wise in the midst of that weakness, beyond the wisdom of the loftiest intellect, through the power of conscience and religion. The character of Hetty would have been a hazardous experiment in feebler hands, but in his it was admirably successful.

The *Two Admirals* and *Wing-and-Wing* were given to the public in 1842, both of them taking a high rank among Cooper's sea-tales. The first of these is a sort of naval epic in prose; the flight and chase of armed vessels hold us in breathless suspense, and the sea-fights are described with a terrible power. In the later sea-tales of Cooper, it seems to me that the mastery with which he makes his grand processions of events pass before the mind's eye is even greater than in his earlier. The next year he published the *Wyandotte, or Hutted Knoll*, one of his beautiful romances of the woods, and in 1844 two more of his sea stories, *Afloat and Ashore* and *Miles Wallingford* its sequel. The long series of his nautical tales was closed by *Jack Tier, or The Florida Reef*, published in 1848, when Cooper was in his sixtieth year, and it is as full of spirit, energy, invention, life like presentation of objects and events—

The vision and the faculty divine—

as anything he had written.

Let me here say that Cooper, though not a manufacturer of verse, was, in the highest sense of the word, a poet; his imagination wrought nobly and grandly, and imposed its creations on the mind of the reader for realities. With him there was no withering or decline, or disuse of the poetic faculty; as he stepped downward from the zenith of life, no shadow or chill came over it; it was like the year of some genial climates, a perpetual season of verdure, bloom and fruitfulness. As these works came out, I was rejoiced to see that he was unspoiled by the controversies in which he had allowed himself to become engaged, that they had not given to these better expressions of his genius, any tinge of misanthropy, or appearance of contracting and closing sympathies, any trace of an interest in his fellow-beings less large and free than in his earlier works.

Before the appearance of his *Jack Tier*, Cooper published in 1845, and the following year, a series of novels relating to the Anti-Rent question, in which he too great interest. He thought that the disposition, manifested in certain quarters, to make concession to what he deemed a denial of the rights of property, was a first step in a most dangerous path. To discourage this disposition, he wrote *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, and *The Redskins*. They are didactic in their design and want the freedom of invention which belongs to Cooper's best novels, but if they had been written by anybody but Cooper—by a member of Congress, for example, or an eminent politician of any class—they would have made his reputation. It was said, I am told, by a distinguished jurist of our State, that they entitled the author to as high a place in law as his other works had won for him in literature.

I had thought, in meditating the plan of this discourse, to mention all the works of Mr. Cooper, but the length to which I have found it extending has induced me to pass over several written in the last ten years of his life, and to confine myself to those which best illustrate his literary character. The last of his novels was *The Ways of the Hour*, a work in which the objections he entertained to the trial by jury in civil causes were stated in the form of a narrative.

It is a voluminous catalogue—that of Cooper's published works—but it comprises not all he wrote. He committed to the fire, without remorse, many of the fruits of his literary industry. It was understood, some years since, that he had a work ready for the press on the Middle States of the Union, principally illustrative of their social history; but it has not been found among his manuscripts, and the presumption is that he must have destroyed it. Great as was the number of his works, and great as was the favor with which they were received, the pecuniary rewards of his success were far less than has been generally supposed—scarcely, as I am informed, a tenth part of what the common rumor made them. His fame was infinitely the largest acknowledgment which this most successful of American authors received for his labors.

*The Ways of the Hour* appeared in 1850. At this time his personal appearance was remarkable. He seemed in perfect health and in the highest energy and activity of his faculties. I have scarcely seen any man at that period of life on whom his years sat more lightly. His conversation had lost none of its liveliness, though it seemed somewhat more gentle and forbearing in tone, and his spirits none of their elasticity. He was contemplating, I have since been told, another Leatherstocking tale, deeming that he had not yet exhausted the character, and those who consider what new resources it yielded him in the *Pathfinder* and the *Deerslayer*, will readily conclude that he was not mistaken.

The disease, however, by which he was removed, was even then impending over him, and not long afterward his friends here were grieved to learn that his health was declining. He came to New-York so changed that they looked at him with sorrow, and after a stay of some weeks, partly for the benefit of medical advice, returned to Cooperstown, to leave it no more. His complaint gradually gained strength, subdued a constitution originally robust, and finally passed into a confirmed dropsy. In August, 1851, he was visited by his excellent and learned friend, Dr. Francis, a member of the weekly club which he had founded in the early part of his literary career. He found him bearing the sufferings of his disease with manly firmness, gave him such medical counsels as the malady appeared to require, prepared him delicately for its fatal termination, and returned to New-York with the most melancholy anticipations. In a few days afterward Cooper expired, amid the deep affliction of his family, on the 14th of September, the day before that on which he should have completed his sixty-second year. He died, apparently without pain, in peace and religious hope. The relations of man to his Maker, and to that state of being for which the present is but a preparation, had occupied much of his thoughts during his whole life time, and he crossed, with a serene composure, the mysterious boundary which divides this life from the next.

The departure of such a man, in the full strength of his faculties—on whom the country had for thirty years looked as one of the permanent ornaments of its literature, and whose name had been so often associated with praise, with renown, with controversy, with blame, but never with death—diffused a universal awe. It was as if an earthquake had shaken the ground on which we stood, and showed the grave opening by our path. In the general grief for his loss, his virtues only were remembered, and his failings forgotten.

Of his failings, I have said little; such as he had were obvious to all the world; they lay on the surface of his character; those who knew him least, made the most account of them. With a character so made up of positive qualities—a character so independent and uncompromising, and with a sensitiveness far more acute than he was willing to acknowledge, it is not surprising that occasions frequently arose to bring him, sometimes into friendly collision, and sometimes into graver disagreements and misunderstandings with his fellow men. For his infirmities, his friends found an ample counterpoise in the generous sincerity of his nature. He never thought of disguising his opinions, and he abhorred all disguise in others; he did not even deign to use that show of regard toward those of whom he did not think well, which the world tolerates and almost demands. A manly expression of opinion, however different from his own, commanded his respect. Of his own works, he spoke with the same freedom as of the works of others; and never hesitated to express his judgment of a book for the reason that it was written by himself; yet he could bear with gentleness any dissent from the estimate he placed on his own writings. His character was like the bark of the cinnamon, a rough and astringent rind without, and an intense sweetness within. Those who penetrated below the surface found a genial temper, warm affections, and a heart with ample place for his friends, their pursuits, their good name, their welfare. They found him a philanthropist, though not precisely after the fashion of the day; a religious man, most devout where devotion is most apt to be a feeling rather than a custom, in the household circle; hospitable, and to the extent of his means, liberal handed in acts of charity. They found, also, that though in general he would as soon have thought of giving up an old friend as of giving up an opinion, he was not proof against testimony, and could part with a mistaken opinion as one parts with an old friend who has been proved faithless and unworthy. In short, Cooper was one of those who to be loved, must be intimately known.

Of his literary character I have spoken largely in the narrative of his life, but there are yet one or two remarks which must be made to do it justice. In that way of writing in which he excelled, it seems to me that he united, in a preeminent degree, those qualities which enabled him to interest the largest number of readers. He wrote not for the fastidious, the over-refined, the morbidly delicate; for these find in his genius something too robust for their liking—something with which their sensibilities are too rudely shaken; but he wrote for mankind at large—for men and women in the ordinary healthful state of feeling—and in their admiration he found his reward. It is for this class that public libraries are obliged to provide themselves with an extraordinary number of copies of his works; the number in the Mercantile Library in this City, I am told, is forty. Hence it is that he has earned a fame, wider, I think, than any author of modern times—wider, certainly, than any author, of any age, ever enjoyed in his lifetime. All his excellencies are translatable—they pass readily into languages the least allied in their genius to that in which he wrote, and in them he touches the heart and kindles the imagination with the same power as in the original English.

Cooper was not wholly without humor; it is sometimes found lurking in the dialogue of Harvey Birch, and of Leatherstocking; but it forms no considerable element in his works; and if it did, it would have stood in the way of his universal popularity, since, of all qualities, it is the most difficult to transfuse into a foreign language. Nor did the effect he produced upon the reader depend on any grace of style which would escape a translator of ordinary skill. With his style, it is true, he took great pains, and in his earlier works, I am told, sometimes altered the proof sent from the printer, so largely, that they might be said to be written over. Yet he attained no special felicity, variety, or compass of expression. His style, however, answered his purpose; it has defects, but it is manly and clear, and stamps on the mind of the reader the impression he desired to convey. I am not sure that some of the very defects of Cooper's novels do not add, by a certain force of contrast, to their power over the mind. He is long in getting at the interest of his narrative. The progress of the plot, at first, is like that of one of his own vessels of war, slowly, heavily, and even awkwardly working out of a harbor. We are impatient and weary, but when the vessel is once in the open sea, and feels the free breath of heaven in her full sheets, our delight and admiration is all the greater at the grace, the majesty and power, with which she divides and bears down the waves and pursues her course, at will, over the great waste of waters.

Such are the works, so widely read and so universally admired, in all the zones of the globe, and by men of every kindred and every tongue; works which have made of those who dwell in remote latitudes, wanderers in our forests and observers of our manners, and have inspired them with an interest in our history. A gentleman who had returned from Europe just before the death of Cooper, was asked what he found the people of the Continent doing? "They are all reading Cooper," he answered. "In the little kingdom of Holland, with its three millions of inhabitants, I looked into four different translations of Cooper in the language of the country." A traveler, who has seen much of the middle classes of Italy, lately said to me, "I found that all they knew of America, and that was not little, they had learned from Cooper's novels; from him they had learned the story of American liberty, and through him they had been introduced to our Washington: they had read his works till the shores of the Hudson and the valleys of Westchester, and the banks of the Otsego lake, had become to them familiar ground."

Over all the countries into whose speech this great man's works have been rendered by the labors of their scholars, the sorrow of that loss which we deplore is diffusing itself. Here we lament the ornament of our country, there they mourn the death of him who delighted the human race. Even now, while I speak, the pulse of grief which is passing through the nations has haply just reached some remote neighborhood; the news of his death has been brought to some dwelling on the slopes of the Andes, or amidst the snowy wastes of the north, and the dark eyed damsel of Chile, or the fair-haired maid of Norway is sad to think that he, whose stories of heroism and true love have so often kept her for hours from her pillow, lives no more.

He is gone, but the creations of his genius, fixed in living words, survive the frail material organs by which the words were first traced. They partake of a middle nature, between the ethereal and deathless mind and the decaying body, of which they are the common offspring, and are, therefore, destined to a duration, if not eternal, yet indefinite. The examples he has given in his glorious fictions, of heroism, honor and truth, of large sympathies between man and man, of all that is good, great and excellent, embodied in personages marked with so strong an individuality that we place them among our friends and favorites; his frank and generous men, his gentle and noble women shall live through centuries to come, and only perish with our language. I have said with our language; but who shall say when it may be the fate of the English language to be numbered with the extinct forms of human speech? Who shall declare which of the present tongues of the civilized world will survive its fellows? It may be that some one of them, more fortunate than the rest, will long outlast them, in some undisturbed quarter of the globe and in the midst of a new civilization. The creations of Cooper's genius, even now transferred to that language, may remain to be the delight of the nations through another great cycle of centuries, beginning after the English language and its attendant form of civilization shall have passed away.

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The following are among the Letters from distinguished men, declining the invitation to be present at the commemorative exercises of this occasion:

FROM THE HON. LEWIS CASS.

WASHINGTON CITY.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter inviting me, in the name of the Committee, to be present at the meeting proposed to be held for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for a suitable demonstration of respect for the memory of James Fenimore Cooper.

I cannot be with you on that occasion, but it will not be for the want of respect for his memory as a man and as an author. It would be idle for me to speak of his literary merits and his fame. His country and the world acknowledge and appreciate his claims, and the productions of his genius will go down to posterity among the noblest efforts of the age. I shall necessarily be detained here, but I trust that the result of your meeting will be a demonstration worthy of the country, and of him who, though now lost to us, will ever live in the history of human genius.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
LEWIS CASS.

Rev. Dr. GRISWOLD.

FROM HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, ESQ.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

MY DEAR SIR: If anything could draw me away from my friends at this cold season, it would be your friendly letter and the occasion which produced it.

It would give me very sincere pleasure to be present on the 25th, to hear Mr. Bryant's Discourse, and join you in paying honor to Cooper's memory. The country owes him a great debt of gratitude, and all who are of the guild of authorship should show the most alacrity in paying it. I was in no country of Europe where the name of Cooper was not familiarly known. In some of them he stands as almost the sole representative of our literature; and knowing this, I should take great delight in listening to his Eulogy from the lips of Bryant. But, alas! my College engagements are so imperative, that I cannot get away at this season, even for a couple of days. Pray express my regrets to your Committee, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Rev Dr. GRISWOLD.

FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, ESQ.

WEST NEWTON.

DEAR SIR: I greatly regret that circumstances render it impossible for me to be present on the occasion of Mr. Bryant's discourse in honor of James Fenimore Cooper. No man has a better right to be present than myself, if many years of most sincere and unwavering admiration of Mr. Cooper's writings can establish a claim. It is gratifying to observe the earnestness with which the literary men of our country unite in paying honor to the deceased; and it may not be too much to hope that, in the eyes of the public at large, American literature may henceforth acquire a weight and value which have not heretofore been conceded to it. Time and death have begun to hallow it. Very respectfully yours,

NATH'L. HAWTHORNE.

Rev RUFUS W. GRISWOLD Sec'y, &c.

FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CONCORD, Mass.

DEAR SIR: I am very unwilling to lose the occasion you offer me, both of hearing the celebration of Mr. Cooper's genius, and of meeting with so many excellent persons who wish to honor his memory. But my engagements, though not important, are not easily set aside. * * * * * * * *

I never had the good fortune to see Mr. Cooper; but I have, in common with almost all who speak English, an old debt to him of happy days, on the first appearance of the Pioneers. And, when I remember the unanimity with which that national novel was greeted, I perceive that the whole population is interested in your design, and that the difficulty of the Committee will be, not how to draw, but how to exclude.

I am glad the suggestion of erecting a statue has prevailed, and I shall be obliged to you to give me an opportunity of adding my contribution, when it is time.

Respectfully, your obedient servant, R. W. EMERSON.

R. W. GRISWOLD, &c.

FROM RICHARD H. DANA.

BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN: The invitation to be present at the meeting appointed for the evening of the 25th, reached me a few days since.

I deeply regret that it will not be in my power to make one in the number of those who will come together to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the late James Fenimore Cooper. While something more than courtesy long shown to me by Mr. Cooper, has made his loss like a private grief to me, I am aware that there will be many present whose feelings must be the same with mine; and it would be grateful to me if, like them, I could bring my treasured sorrow to place with theirs, an offering to the one common object of our regret and love.

As we grow old, our excited admiration of genius (while, perhaps, no less justly apprehensive than at first,) is no more own, and our thoughts turn oftener toward the moral nature of the man. Many of us can remember how we were stirred on the first appearance of the "Spy," and how we connected the man with his work—for then our writers were few, and what they wrote brought them with the interest and life of individuality before our minds. We have all since that time threaded the forests with Cooper, and sailed with him over the seas. But do we not (at least at such a time as this) love more to dwell upon his open, manly, energetic nature, and upon that self-reliance and civil courage (much too rare among us) which would, with equal freedom, speak out in the face of the people, whether they were friendly or adverse?

Still it is the humble, childlike trust, shining out in the closing day of this man of so firm a spirit, which most wins us as it sheds its religious light through the gathering shadows of death, and bids us watch for a new dawn.

And is there not something hopeful in the reflection, that the first assembling of our literary men should be for a purpose so sacred as that of honoring one of their dead? For common sorrow makes the closest brotherhood, and death bids the living live in love, if they would pass in peace.

With true sympathy and regard, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, RICH'D H. DANA.

To FITZ-GREENE HALLECK and RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Secretaries.

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: It is not in my power to be present at the proposed demonstration in memory of the late Mr. Cooper. But I am glad of the opportunity, afforded by the invitation with which I have been honored, to express my regard for his name and my joy that he lived and wrote.

As an author of clear and manly prose, as a portrayer to the life of scenes on land and sea, as a master of the keys to human feelings and as a beneficent contributor to the general fund of happiness, he is remembered with delight.

As a patriot who loved his country, who illustrated its history, who advanced its character abroad, and by his genius, won for it the unwilling regard of foreign nations, he deserves a place in the hearts of the American people.

I have seen his works in cities of France, Italy and Germany. In all these countries he was read and admired. Thus by his pen American intervention was successfully, inoffensively and triumphantly carried into the heart of the European Continent.

In honoring him we exalt literature and the thrice-blessed arts of peace. Our country will learn anew from your demonstration that there are glories other than those of state or of war.

I have the honor to be, dear sir,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES SUMNER.

Rev. RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Secretary.

## RHODE ISLAND.

### The Legislature—Political Prospects.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1852.

On Friday of last week our Legislature ended its second week's session, having accomplished an unusually small amount of business for the time. A few important bills engrossed most of the legislative time of the two Houses, and the remainder was devoted to political pipe-laying and preparations for the Spring Election. The "Maine Law" was a troublesome affair for the politicians. It first came up in the House, where not more than six Total Abstinence men could be found among the whole number. One of these, Mr. Thomas Davis, (the husband of Mrs. P. S. W. Davis) who has long been known as an advocate of Temperance and a rigid cold-water man, for inside and out, took a very strange position on the subject. Probably no member of the Democratic party in the House had so much influence against the bill as Mr. D.; not that his arguments were strong, for they were weak, and of far less real force than those of Mr. Currey (Whig) of this city, who made by far the most reasonable speech against it. Mr. Speaker Bosworth (Whig) also used his influence and made a powerful speech against it. This was on the first trial for its passage, at which time the bill was lost by six majority.

Mr. Porter, (Opp. Senator,) a Son of Temperance and an eloquent lecturer on Temperance, was at the head of the Judiciary Committee in the Senate, and although he was anxious for the passage of the Maine Law without any conditions, thought the next best thing would be to pass it with a proviso submitting it to the people; and he accordingly introduced the bill with such a clause attached. This met with powerful opposition, and Senator Greene (Whig) of this city (late a U. S. Senator) made a very powerful argument against the constitutionality of such a course. It was one of the best arguments I ever listened to. It afforded a capital excuse for not opposing the bill itself. The person who *occupies* the office of Lieutenant-Governor also opposed it. Notwithstanding this, and that Mr. Porter was the only speaker in its favor, the bill passed the Senate, where there were probably not four real cold-water men. This threw the responsibility on the Whig House, and after another lengthy debate, they struck out the clause submitting it to the People, and *passed the Maine Law* without conditions! The Senate now had to "face the music." A majority of the Judiciary Committee recommended a non-concurrence. Mr. PORTER presented a Minority Report, recommending a concurrence. On this proposition, Lt. Gov. Lawrence delivered himself of one of the most remarkable and unique speeches on record, which *The Journal* of this city had the cruelty to publish in full, although the Opposition papers were more humane or discreet. I hope its length has not deterred you from reading it, as it appeared in *The Journal*. It is instructive, and, I have no doubt the People will profit by it in April. Gen. GREENE also made another constitutional argument against the main provisions of the bill; but they were weak when compared to his argument against submitting the law to the People. After a very lengthy debate, the Senate refused to concur with the House in their amendments, and the bill went back to the House. After another debate here, they voted to *insist* on their amendments, and back it went to the Senate, and they voted to *adhere* to their vote of non-concur with the House, and again sent it back. The House then voted to *adhere* to their amendments, and returned it to the Senate, where, of course, it died a natural death, or rather, I might say, from injuries received from being kicked about by political demagogues and moral cowards, until all the vitality had left it. There can be no just way of making party capital out of the way this law was treated. The disgrace of killing it belongs to no party but the Rum party, composed of both sides in politics. But the whole matter is now referred to the People in a way that will insure its success and enforcement. Mr C. Webster, who has edited *The Daily Post* ever since its commencement, and who is a man of ability and much influence in the State, has resigned his place as Editor, and taken the field as an advocate of the Maine Law. So you see the People are not to be disheartened by the cowardice or knavery of politicians. They will have men in the next Legislature who will dare to act.

The bill to abolish Imprisonment for Debt, which had passed the Senate at a previous session, was defeated in the House without a call of the Ayes and Noes, so completely is Hunkerism triumph-