The Primitive Republican.

F. G. BALDWIN, "Error may be safely tolerated, when Truth is left free to combat it."—JEFFERSON. Editor & Proprietor.

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For the Primitive Republican.

THREADS;

FROM THE LIFE-WOOF OF HAL HANKINS, ESQ.

CHAP. XII.

IMOGEN INGERSOLL; OR, THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.—Concluded.

PART II.

An-after-dinner talk, on the Balcony.

Dinner was over, and the guests were sauntering, some in the garden—others along the terrace, looking out upon the water; while a few were looking over Kate's collection of paintings, small statuary, &c.

I stood with Imogen in the recess of a window, in one of the balconies, stretching away in front of which, was a rich woodland, whose lawnlike appearance, was ornamented by a stream, which like a silver thread, lay amid the green grass, and wild flowers. We were alone, and I was young then—*very*, which must be my shield against the attack that will be made upon the scene that then and there, 'came off," by some nondescript objector, who may condescend to a perusal of this sentimental paper.

We stood alone in that balcony, looking dreamily on that woodland scene, and thinking of—we hardly knew what.

'Imogen," said I, for I felt as if we had been twin-born. The little while we had been together, had seemingly reproduced a part of my being, which had been absent for years. It had returned in the words and looks, of the beautiful, and pure-looking being, before me. I could not call her *Miss* Ingersoll, although I well knew that etiquette demanded it, and feared also, that not to do so, would bring upon me, her disapprobation. To breathe her name in so formal a manner, though, seemed to me, a profanation of my feelings. To me, she was *Imogen—the* Imogen, I had certainly known in dreams, if not in reality. And yet, I will stand to it, that I was without, any conviction of having a warmer affection for her, than friendship would warrant. I thought that it was a sympathy of similarity—an affinity, that bound us together. It was not a passion; but a sentiment—an undefineable connective principle—a kind of oneness. It seemed, as if we were one soul, lodged in two bodies. That was my feeling *then*. What my impressions are *now*, looking back as I do upon the event, through a period of — years, 'more or less," I do not pretend to say. Enough is it, even for that class of nondescript objectors, already alluded to, that my 'notions," are very considerably changed, since the evening I stood on that balcony, looking into those eyes of tender lovingness, and listening to the tones of Imogen Ingersoll's voice.

We had been conversing for half an hour, when the sound of music, stole upon us, from the parlor, whither the company had gone, from the garden, and terrace, and cabinet.

'Imogen," said I, 'we have known each other, but a few hours; yet it seems, as if we had been associated always. Forgive my familiarity. It is not a want of respect, that induces me to address you as Imogen—that causes me to drop that formal prefix, *Miss.* No! no! It is, rather, in consequence of my feeling, as if we had been reared together—as if the same knee, had supported us in our infancy, and the same woods sheltered us in, and echoed with the glad shouts of our childhood."

'I am not prudish, Mr. Hankins."

'Call me Hal, Imogen, and then there will be no doubt on my mind."

'Well then, I will call you Hal; for I see you are a spoiled boy, as Kate told me, and I must humor you, I reckon." Her pale cheek, deepened, as she playfully continued, 'you should take me on trust, if you would compliment me. A lady never feels so elevated in the esteem of the other sex, as when they receive her simple declaration, without putting her to the embarrassment of giving proof of it. To illustrate my meaning—it ought to satisfy you, that I am no prude, to know that I am willing for you, a stranger, to call me Imogen, without requiring me to address you as Hal."

'Well, be it Imogen, as you will. I shall be content—only, it would be touching a chord, in unison with the one, whose music I hear breathed from my own spirit-harp, if you would drop all formality, and address me as familiarly, as if I were a brother."

'Are you a poet Hal?" said she, as she threw, a half-withered Cape Jasmine, for the possession of which, I would have given much, over the balcony.

Women are so incomprehensible. At least I thought so then. I hardly know how to take the unexpected enquiry. The tone in which, it had been made, was, to say the least, equivocal; yet the face, wore its unbroken saintliness, and seemed to indicate her perfect sincerity. I was puzzled.

'Why do you ask Imogen?" I ventured to enquire, in a tone of voice, in harmony with my feelings.

'Oh nothing! I assure you, my friend, it was nothing special, that prompted the question," she hurriedly exclaimed, evidently discerning my embarrassment, and suspecting my feelings.

'To be candid," she continued, 'you have a little romance in your disposition—it may be, poetry—at least, I suspect as much; and it is said, that those who are on terms of intimacy, with the muses, take the license, of saying with the lip, more than the heart will endorse. My question, in plain english my friend, was only another one, for, *are you sincere?*"

I felt relieved. It was pleasant to know, that she was not disrespectful—that she was not flippant; for, for that particular class, I entertained, and do still entertain, a hearty abhorence. I replied,

'With *you*, Imogen, I will be sincere."

'I believe you," she rejoined, adding, 'forgive me friend, that I should have questioned it. I have not found all your sex sincere, and that perhaps, introduced into my mind, the shadow of a doubt; but it is gone, and enough is it, that I *trust you*. Do not, I implore you, give me reason, in our future intercourse, to suspect your candor! I do so much desire to find one transparent nature—one disposition, that is *sine cera.*"

Her voice had sunk into that low, truthful, and heart-prompted cadence, that carries conviction with it. As she concluded, her head drooped—her long eyelashes were moistened by tears; and her whole appearance, was, as if, some lakelet of sorrow, had been stirred by the back-going bark of memory. I longed to take the place of a brother, by her side, and to reciprocate with true fraternal fondness, the innocent confidingness of her sisterly heart. Was I, in love? Who can tell? I think, that I was not. We were silent for a time. * * *

'Imogen! Imogen! Where *is* Imogen?" shouted the merry hearted Kate, as she flew along the corridor. 'Ah truants, here you are!" she exclaimed, as she bounded on the balcony. 'We want some music from you—come, quick now. Do you hear?" saying which, she vanished from our sight. We returned to the parlor.

PART III.

The Parting.

The hour of parting came at last: it was at twilight—the one, of all others, the most touching. Ah who does not remember some twin-evening, to that in question—standing out, like a cloud-island, in the sky of his life! The breath of evening—cool, balmy evening, came up, from the meadow grounds—so fresh, and invigorating! And then, the giant hills, so quiet-looking and solemn, as they stood under the descending robe of night—all looked, as if pleased, that friendship, had laid its chain of beautiful linkage around two more of the world's wanderers. Beneath the green leaves, that depended in rich festoons, from the porch fronting the mansion, we stood alone.

'Imogen," said I, 'this has been a day of unmingled happiness to me. I shall regard it, as the natal one of my real life. From this, I shall begin to live; for in you, I think I have found my other self.

'You have not been alone in your happiness, my friend; and, what should be an additional satisfaction to you, is, that you have contributed to the enjoyment of others—*one* other at least."

'If I rightly apprehend your remark, Imogen, it does add much to my satisfaction; for, to know that you are happier because of my poor life, 'though it be, but for one day, reconciles me to the unwise expenditure of much of my past being."

Reader, I had been wild. A better feeling was entering my heart; a good desire—a noble yearning. Who has not felt the same in some better moment of existence, when good angels floated by the soul, and stirred, with their soft pinions, its stagnant waters? Ah well for us, if those gentle wooings, so silent, yet so impressive, were oftener heeded by us!

'I know the world think me profligate," I continued. 'They have reasons perhaps to do so; for to be candid my friend, I am somewhat erratic—too much so, for my peace and wellbeing. You have awakened within me, a new consciousness, and with it, new purposes. If you will aid me, as a sister would aid a brother, I may yet accomplish those purposes."

'May I be your sister, Hal? to love you as a sister, and to have for you, the deep and loving solicitude of a sister?"

'Not only my sister, Imogen, but my good angel too."

'You will find me but a poor angel Hal. I am, a frail, erring mortal like all others; but as such, you may claim, whatever of sisterly service, I can render you."

'With such a sister, I shall be blessed indeed!"

'And now brother—you see I am inducting myself already—now brother, we must bid each other adieu. The night dew is descending; and my old friend, the Judge, is very tender of his *protege.*"

'We meet at —— Springs, remember."

'Yes."

'When?"

'In midsummer."

'Well."

'And now, good-by!"

And thus, as brother and sister, we parted.

PART IV.

The Denouement.

It was at midsummer, that I took lodgings at one of the pleasantest of southern watering places. Some four hundred persons, had preceeded me. I soon learned from the polite steward, that the walls of No. 18, had the honor of surrounding a Miss Ingersoll.

During the interim, between our parting, and that present time, many and vague, had been my thoughts of Imogen. That I loved her *a la maniacal*, seemed impossible; and yet, that I did not, seemed equally so. I had many symptoms of the former condition, yet was destitute of some others. It had perplexed me. I felt, as if, there could be no richer joy, this side the place, where good spirits do congregate, in their disembodied state, than dwelling forever in her presence; yet there was something wanting. My affection, was a flame, without fire. Was it Platonism?

We met that night in the saloon, and in company. It was such a recognition—warm, confiding, and perhaps loving—as one would expect between grown up children, who had been separated for years. We talked, and sang, and danced together. I was happy. A stroll to the beach was proposed, and acquiesced in. A full August moon was pillowing its beams, upon the low-voiced waters, and upon the white sand on the shore, and resting softly on the fair brow of Imogen, as she wandered by my side.

We talked of the past, and then of the present. Our hearts were laid bare, and we looked upon each other's thoughts, and treasures of the soul. She told me, all her sad history, and I found myself more and more interested, as her life-pearls, dropped from her lips. Ah Hal, thy brotherly affection was fast failing thee! Why didst thou look down with such intense passionateness, into those heavens of Imogen's soul, as they were upturned beneath your gaze? What meanest those sighs, so threatening to thy spotless marsailes? Hal, it becomes me to say to thee, that there gloweth *coal* beneath that flame, aye! and red hot too. Thou hast lost the fraternal, methinks. It hath been swallowed up, in that great fermenting vat, which master Cupid, hath been forming in thy heart. Thou wert in love Hal, confess now!

It was even so. I was smit, beyond all reasonable doubt; and honestly determined to disclose it all to Imogen, and ask a similar return.

Having concluded her sad rehearsal of early trials and bitter losses, she added:

'And now my young friend, or rather, brother, let me turn, from these gloomy reminiscences, to a less clouded prospective.—You deserve to know all my plans for the future; and don't deem me bold, when I say to you, that they are very tenderly and intimately associated, with your amiable self."

This was encouraging. The course of true love for once, seemed to be gliding on smoothly. Her *indication*, did not surprise me much; for it was leap year. The reader may imagine then, the tone of voice, with which, after taking her jeweled hand in mine, I *breathed*, rather than *said*:

'Tell me all Imogen—*dear* Imogen; for I have much to say to you, of *my* future, and of *your* connection with it, *ma chera ami*"

Well then, Hal, I am to be married soon."

'To whom?" I enquired, with ill-disguised trepidation.

'To Mr. Percy—the gentleman, to whom I introduced you, in the saloon, to-night."

It was so unexpected, and so heavy. Imogen saw my agitation, and without seeming to suspect the cause, said:

'You are ill, Hal, are you not?"

'I am."

'Let us return. Your looks frighten me;" and she drew me toward the building.

'Hold Imogen! I must speak—just one word. Did you not detect—had you not a knowledge of my feelings—my love—my adoration—my idolatry? Oh Imogen—Imogen!"

'Indeed Hal—*dear* Hal—my *brother* Hal, I did not. If I had known——but I must not say all I would say."

'Give me one word Imogen—just one word, of what you were going to say. It may relieve me of an agony, almost insupportable."

'Oh Hal, I ought not! It is too late now. My engagement with Mr. Percy is sacred—my father desires it, and——but I must not talk longer with you."

'Imogen, give me hope, that your marriage with *him*, may not be consummated——that you will listen to me—that you will be mine!"

'I cannot—I cannot. Oh my friend it is too late. Had we but met here twelve months ago, *it might have happened!*"

We had reached the door of the saloon, when we parted.

She became Mrs. Percy, a few weeks after. The flowers of the next Spring, bloomed upon her grave. Imogen Ingersoll, has been, and will ever be to me, a star in the heaven of memory, clouded, yet seen.

Columbus, Miss., 1851.

☞The Editor of the New York Mirror accompanied the President and party in the late excursion to Western New York. When in Utica, Mr. Fillmore, visited the Lunatic Asylum, and the interesting ceremonies of the occasion are thus described by the Mirror:

On entering the Chapel where some two hundred of these unfortunates were quietly seated, the overseer introduced the President of the United States, when all rose, respectfully bowed, and resumed their seats. Each member of the party was then introduced by name, when the same ceremony was profoundly repeated. Dr. Maltby, a wise Lunatic, then arose and welcomed the President in a strain of graceful and touching eloquence that drew tears to every eye. He is a tall, thin, pale man, with penetrating eyes, a fine voice, and gestures belonging to the polite oratory of 'gentlemen of the old school." The President's reply was also very happy, and affecting. So orderly and so well behaved a company surely has not greeted him in all his travels. In one of the female Wards,

the whole party was individually introduced to an elegantly dressed, and most accomplished lady, the daughter of one of the most distinguished lawyers New York has ever produced. She had the right word ready for every one who addressed her, and presented the President with a sweet little boquet of her own arranging, in the most tasteful and graceful manner. We saw the same 'act of presentation" performed a hundred times, but in no instance with such exquisite simplicity & grace, as marked the offering of this accomplished lady. She is about forty years of age, and in mentioning the names of some of the distinguished men she had entertained at her father's house, added—'but for the last seven years I have been——very much out of the world."

There was a young girl in the Asylum, who also attracted much attention by her beauty of person and elegance of dress.—She did not appear to be over seventeen years of age, and there was not the slightest indication of lunacy, or even of 'irregularity" about her.

She stood in the door of her room, which was adorned with flowers gracefully acknowledging the bows of the visitors, though no one presumed to speak to her. She wore a beautiful wreath of peach and cherry blossoms in her dark hair; the only ornaments appropriate to her rare and touching beauty. Thinking of the 'fair Ophelia" and the heart-broken 'Bride of Lammermoor," and all the delicate femine harp-strings that were ever broken by sorrow or sin, we left the beautiful lunatic, and for hours, afterwards, every sound seemed a moan, every breeze a sigh, and even the 'drops of the morning" which glistened in the flowers, looked more like tears of sadness than gems of joy.

The vote on the Compromise Measures.

The following synopsis of the vote on the Compromise we find compiled to our hand by the able editor of the Natchez Courier. We think our readers will find it valuable for reference during the present canvass, and therefore we copy it from the Courier;

Mobile Advertiser.

We have been repeatedly asked to publish a synopsis of the votes upon the various adjustment bills, so that it might be plainly seen what portion of the old parties voted for and against each, and from what section of the Union they received support and opposition. Thinking that such a statement may do some good in the course of the canvass, by at least furnishing the ground-work for information and for dispelling prejudice, we have compiled the following: Inasmuch as the fugitive slave bill was confessedly a Southern measure, and allowed to pass by the Northern members with just as stringent provisions as the South could affix to it, we have not made a summary of the votes upon it. It passed in the Senate without opposition, having been ordered to a third reading by 27 yeas to 12 noes. In the House it passed by 109 to 76. It would have unquestionably received a larger support from the North had it been necessary to its passage. Many members from that section, confident of its success preferred to dodge a direct vote, while many others paired off. The four other bills are those against which ultraism at the South contends so strongly, and propose such remedies. Let us see how and by whom they ware passed.

I.—*The Texas Boundary and New Mexico Territorial Bill.*

This measure originally passed the Senate in the shape of two distinct bills, the one embracing the boundary question, the other relating to Territorial Government.

1.—The Texas boundary bill passed the Senate August 9, 1850, by a vote of 30 to 20. Ayes—Northern Whigs 7; Northern Democrats 11; Southern Whigs 7; Southern Democrats 5 Noes—Northern Whigs 3; Northern Democrats 2; Abolitionist 3; Southern Whigs 2; Southern Democrats 10. Classified according to parties, the vote stood—Whigs 14 for, 5 against it; Democrats 16 for, 12 against; Abolitionist 3, and all against it. According to sections the vote stood—North 18 for, 8 against; South 12 for, 12 against. Senator Foote voted for the bill; Senator Davis against it.

2—The New Mexico bill passed the Senate August 15, 1850, by a vote of 27 to 10. Ayes—Northern Whig 1; Northern Democrats 10; Southern Whigs 7; Southern Democrats 9. Noes—Northern Whigs 6; Northern Democrats 3; Abolitionist 1, (and not a Southern vote!) Classified according to parties, the vote stood—Whig 8 for, 6 against; Democrats 19 for, 3 against; Abolitionist 1, and against it. According to sections, the vote stood—North 11, 10 against it; South 16, unanimously for it.—Senator Davis did not vote. Senator Foote was in favor of it, but paired off with one of its Northern opponents.

These two measures were joined together by the House. An amendment was further added, providing that "no citizen of the United States should be deprived of his life, liberty or *property* in said territory, except by judgment of his peers, or the laws of the land."

This junction and amendment was concurred in by the Senate Sept. 9, 1850, by a vote 31 to 10. Ayes—Northern Whig 1; Northern Democrats 11; Southern Whigs 12; Southern Democrats 7. Noes—Northern Whigs 5; Northern Democrats 2; Abolitionists 2; Southern Whigs 0; Southern Democrat 1. Classified according to party, the vote stood—Whigs 13 for, 5 against; Democrats 18 for, 2 against; Abolitionists 2 against. According to sections, the vote stood—North 12 for, 9 against; South 19 for, 1 against. Amendments were offered by Abolitionists to strike out the word "citizen," and substitute "person," but they all failed. Senator Foote voted for concurrence. Senator Davis did not vote.

In the House the vote was taken upon the passage of the bill Sept. 6, 1850. It passed 108 to 27. Ayes Northern Whigs 24; Northern Democrats 33; Southern Whigs 25; Southern Democrats 26, Abolitionists none. Noes Northern Whigs 40; Northern Democrats 13; Abolitionists 14; Southern Whigs 4; Southern Democrats 29. According to parties, the vote stood—Whigs 49 for, 41 against; Democrats 59 for, 42 against; Abolitionist 14, unanimously against it.—According to sections the vote stood—North 67 for, 67 against; South 41 for, 0 against. The entire Mississippi delegation voted in the negative.

It will thus be seen, that on every one of these votes in both Houses, a majority of each of the two great parties voted in the affirmative, while the whole abolition vote was invariably given in the negative. It will be seen that Southern Senators were unanimously for the New Mexico bill, and equally divided upon the Texas bill while on the question of accepting them joined together with the amendment spoken of, they stood nineteen to one in favor! In the House, a majority of Northern members voted against the measure, while five-eights of the Southern members voted in its favor!

II.—*The Utah Bill.*

This measure passed the Senate August 1, 1850, without opposition. It had been ordered to a third reading the day before by a vote of 32 to 18. The vote stood: Ayes—Northern Democrats 11; Southern Whigs 8; Southern Democrats 13. Noes—Northern Whigs 10; Northern Democrats 3; Abolitionists 3; Southern Whigs 2. According to parties the vote stood; Whigs 8 for, 12 against; Democrats 24 for, 3 against; Abolitionists 3, unanimously against it. According to sections, the vote stood: North 11 for, 16 against; South 21 for, 2 against.

Mr. Jefferson Davis voted for this bill. Senator Foote did not vote upon it, although in its favor.

This bill passed the House Sept. 9, 1850, by a vote of 97 to 85. Ayes—Northern Whigs 10; Northern Democrats 31; Southern Whigs 24; Southern Democrats 32.—Noes—Northern Whigs 43; Northern Democrats 13; Abolitionists 14; Southern Whigs none; Southern Democrats 15. According to parties the vote stood: Whigs 34 for, 43 against; Democrats 63 for, 28 against; Abolitionists 14, and of course unanimously against. According to sections the vote stood North 41 for, 70 against; South 56 for, 15 against.

It will thus be seen that for this measure a vast majority of southern members voted, four to one in one House, and ten to one in the other; against it in each House, five-eigthths of the northern members voted. It will also be seen that a majority of Whigs voted against it in each House, and a large majority of Democrats for it; in the one body nearly three fourths, and in the other eight ninths.

It will also be remembered that A. G. Brown voted against this bill, against the vast majority of his political friends and the southern members, and in company with five eighths of the northern members and the unanimous squad of Abolitionists; and this he did five minutes after declaring that, "so help him God, he was for resistance!" Poor Mr. Brown!

III—*The California Bill.*

This measure passed the Senate August 13, 1850, by a majority of 34 to 18. The vote stood: Ayes—Northern Whigs 10; Northern Democrats 15; Abolitionists 3; Southern Whigs 3; Southern Democrat 1.—Noes—Southern Whigs 5; Southern Democrats 14. According to parties, the vote stood: North 28 for it; South 6 for, 18 against. Against this bill Senator Foote voted.

This bill passed the House Sept. 7, 1850, by a vote of 150 to 56. The vote stood: Ayes—Northern Whigs 64; Northern Democrats 45, Abolitionists 14; Southern Whigs 17; Southern Democrats 10. Noes—Southern Whigs 10; Southern Democrats 46. According to parties the vote stood: Whigs 81 for, 10 against; Democrats 55 for, 46 against. According to sections the vote stood: North 123 for; South 27 for, 56 against. Of the slaveholding States, Maryland and Delaware voted unanimously for it; Missouri voted 4 to 1 in its favor; Tennessee 7 to 4; Kentucky 7 to 3; while votes were thrown for the bill from Virginia and North Carolina.

IV.—*Suppression of the Slave Trade in the District.*

This bill passed the Senate Sept. 16, 1850, by a vote of 33 to 19. The vote stood: Ayes—Northern Whigs 8; Northern Democrats 16; Abolitionists 3; Southern Whigs 4; Southern Democrat 2. Noes—Southern Whigs 7; Southern Democrats 12. According to parties the vote stood: Whigs 12 for, 7 against; Democrats 18 for, 12 against. According to sections: North 27 for it; South 6 for, 19 against.

This bill passed the House Sept. 17, 1850, by a vote of 124 to 59. The vote stood: Ayes—Northern Whigs 62: Northern Democrats 47; Abolitionists 11; Southern Whigs 2; Southern Democrats 2. Noes Southern Whigs 14; Southern Democrats 45. According to parties the vote stood, Whigs 64 for, 14 against; Democrats 49 for, 45 against. According to sections the vote stood: North 120 for; South 4 for, 59 against.

It will thus be seen that on the last two bills, a majority of both the old parties voted for each, while southern members from each party likewise voted for them.

It may as well be noted that upon the slave trade district bill and amendment was offered to substitute a penal fine for the breach of its provisions, in place of liberating the slave. Senator Foote voted for this amendment, which, however, failed. Senator Davis opposed the amendment, declaring that though he was not equally, yet he was utterly opposed to both amendment and bill.

Who shall wear the Pantaloons?

The Baltimore *Sun* thus chronicles the progress of the pantaloon-movement among the damsels down-east. We venture however to predict that few of the bloom-ing portion of the sex, even in the land of "isms," will resort to Bloomer-ism. Those who cannot attract attention or excite admiration in petticoats may rush into pettiloons in sheer desperation.

Southern Press.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW COSTUME.—The new costume for ladies appears destined to work a revolution in New England, at least. In Boston, when they do get hold of an *ism* or a "notion," they pursue it with a forty transcendentalist, energy. A writer in the Traveller, there, tells of meeting "eleven ladies clad in the new costume," in the course of a short walk in Washington street, and the Journal and the Traveller are clearly out in favor of the novel rig. The Traveller of Friday says:—

"Bloomer-ism is evidently in the ascendant. From every quarter we hear of ladies who have had the courage—some call it the manliness—to assume the new dress. As a general thing, these are isolated cases—it being only here and there, in any community that a lady is willing to run the gauntlet of prejudice and gaping curiosity—an ordeal to which the adoption of any material change in costume is necessarily exposed. Lowell, however, as we are credibly informed, is rapidly becoming a perfect Bloomerdom and already the new dress is the ruling fashion. A gentleman who was in the city of spindles and spinsters, yesterday, informs us, upon his honor as a bachelor that he saw as many as fifty very pretty ladies adorned with the Bloomer costume. And the dress-makers there, as our informant learned, are so overrun with business that orders have necessarily to be given sometime in advance. One hatter had sold, within a few days, as many as two hundred of the Bloomer hats."

Five of the most lovely and pleasing belles of Somerville, Mass., had also publicly appeared in the new costume.

Meantime, the Bloomers are not having it all their own way in the "literary emporium." They are burlesquing the thing at the theatres—Miss Anna Cruise representing the veritable "Mrs. Bloomer," Mrs. Prior taking the part of the renowned, "Mrs. Swisshelm," and Mrs. Vincent, that of the excellent "Mrs. Partington." In New York, Brougham is about to bring out a similar piece.

A French View of the Great Exhibition.

[Translated from the "Pharos," of New York.]

"This exhibition is not only the great industrial event of the age, but it is also a great event in human affairs. From England to China, from the United States to Russia, every people, of every religion, climate and color, here display to each other their discoveries, their inventions and their works. It is an immense fact! They are now beginning to communicate with each other, through the agency of material things; they will arrive next at an intercommunication of mind. That common language which addresses the sight, will prepare them for that language which speaks to the intellect. This is the road which must conduct us to that heaven of dreams; the universality of peace, in the liberty of mankind.

The Chrystal Palace is perhaps the reverse of the Tower of Babel.

At the moment of entering, the first impression is dazling to giddiness. Imagine the "Winter Garden" of Paris, two storys high, and fifty times larger. From the four great avenues, as wide as the Rue de la Paix, converging from the centre, run numerous branches from the enormous trunk—a hundred galleries with two hundred halls and eight staircases. And along all these ways, and over every portion of this city of glass, come and go without confusion embarrassment, or restraint, a multitude of all nations, in which the English predominate, but where oriental costumes amalgamate charmingly with black suits, and where we might easily find interpreters of every idiom in the world.

There we have a mass of human beings, of labor and of wealth accumulated together. Here have been congregated the efforts and the genius of 6,000 years. What does it show? It verifies the material results of the past and the present. Men promenade among their own works; an ever moving crowd circulates among immovable things, which it has created, and which it will recreate as actively again as ever. Life which passes away, admires itself in the life that lasts; and the universal suffrage of the working men of two continents come here to tell and know what o'clock it is in the march of industry.

At each corner of the upper gallery we can embrace at a view the whole interior—first we distinguish the immense crowd—then four lines of the most beautiful stalls, and the most precious works of art—and lastly the statues, the mirrors, the glasses, the rich stuffs, the diamonds and the carpets. The great jet of water in the centre spreads its crystal liquid from the shaft of solid crystal—here and there organs are playing the national airs of every people; the penetrating perfumes of exotic flowers recall the senses to absent countries; and in order that divine nature, which has never varied, or changed since the deluge, should be represented, three immense trees of Hyde Park spread their massive branches with ease under the crystal; and little birds, caught unexpectedly in this snare, like men fancying themselves free because their prison is great, sing gaily amidst the din and hum of many voices.

It is the grandest of spectacles! To England is due the honor of having presented it to the world; and we are not among those who think, that it was France which should have preceeded her in the realization of the idea. We shall say later what we think France ought to do in her turn.

In the meantime, England has the right, and probably had alone the power to hold the first industrial jubilee. Let it be borne in mind that it required a year to construct this marvellous crystal cathedral. Let it not be forgotten that one single foundry furnished the metal, and one single establishment, the glass—and then consider, that twenty thousand persons crowd there every day, paying at least five franks each to enter.

It will be acknowledged that, without boasting, we accord to England all that she deserves of riches and power. Now, in this friendly duel in which every nation is contending with its best arms, and is represented by its best productions where America sends a railway bridge, Spain her mantellas, Portugal tobacco, and Austria a state of Radetzky;—in the battle of peace, which of the two principal soldiers of civilization, at the present moment, France or England seems to have borne away the palm of victory? There is the true question.

We will reply with simplicity, and according to the dictates of our conscience, although combattants, we are still judges.—We have been informed that the French commission, out of delicacy wished to refuse pronouncing judgment, and limit itself to a mere report without conclusions. M. Chas. Dupin insisted, however, that France should give its vote; and we praise him for it. It is necessary to be just, even in one's own favor. Our sincere and profound conviction the result of the first general impression of the exhibition, we will announce.

England has the advantage in all that requires wealth, perseverance, patience, indomitable labor, and material force.

But the superiority of France is so incontestable in every thing that demands genius,