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ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELLICOTT CITY.

OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. HEUISLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Oct. 7, '76-tf.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE. Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties. Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every Dec. 12, '74-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office-Nearly opposite the Court House, ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1y.

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And queenfter breast; Yet all thy radiant beauty stands confest In living and thrilling harmony of grace.

Thy pallor scems The moonlit glory of dim, dying dreams.

Oh! my chaste love, thy snow-cold lips are mute, One word of thine, More sweet to me than life—one word divine—

Like magic melody of lyre or lute, Would wake the soul To Lope of love's imperishable goal.

Sunlight or gloom? Thy curved, coiled body is a rayless tomb, Superb in soulless immobility.

Why weep or moan!

For thee, alas!-a death-born dream of stone!

Young Russia.

Certain social theorists have of late years, proclaimed themselves to the puzzled public under the name and signification of "Young." Young France, Young Germany, and Young England have had their day, and having now grown older, and by consequence wiser, are comparatively mute. In accordance with what seems a natural law, it is only when a fashion is being forgotten where it originated -- in the west -- that it reaches Russia, which rigidly keeps a century or so behind the rest of the Continent. It is only recently, therefore, that we hear of men, and the governor's house."

Young Russia."

The main principles of all these national youths are alike. They are pleasingly picturesque - sumperingly amiable; with a pretty and piquant dash of paradox. What they propose is not new birth, or dashing out into new systems, and taking advantage of new ideas; but reverting to old systems, and furbishing them up so as to look as good as new. Re-juvenescence is their aim; the middle ages their motto. Young England, to wit, desires to replace things as they were in the days of the pack-horse, the thumbscrew, the monastery, the ducking-stool, the knight errant, trial by battle, and the donjon-keep. To these he wishes to apply all possible modern improvements, to adapt them to present ideas, and to present events. Though he would have no objection to his mailed knight traveling per first-class railway, he would abolish luggage-trains to encourage intestine trade and the breed of that noble animal the mack-horse. He has, indeed, done something in the monastic line; but his efforts for the dissemination of superstition, and his denunciations of a certain sort of witchcraft, have signally failed. In truth, the task he has set himself - that of re-constructing society out of old materials-though highly archaelogical, historical, and poetic, has the fatal disadvantage of being simply impossible. It is telling the people of the nineteenth century to carry their minds, habits, and sentiments back, so as to become people of the thirteenth century; it is trying to At this period she surrounds herself with make new muslin out of mummy cloth, or

"Young Russia" is an equal absurdity, but from a precisely opposite cause; for, indeed, this sort of youth out of age is a series of paradoxes. The Russian of the present day is the Russian of past ages. He exists by rule—the rule of despotism which is as old as the Medes and Persians; and which forces him into an iron mould that shapes his appearance, his mind, and his actions to one pattern, from one generation to another. Hence every thing that lives and breathes in Russia being antique, there is no appreciable antiquity. The new school, therefore - even if amateur politics were allowable in Russia, which they are not, as a large population of exiles in Siberia can testify-has no materials to work upon. Stagnation is the political law, and "Young Russia" dies in its babyhood for want of sustenance. What goes by the name of civilization, is no advance in wealth; like habits, with great crosses banging morals, or social happiness. It is merely a tinsel coating over the rottenness and and rust with which Russian life is "sicklied o'er." It has nothing to do with a single soul below the rank of a noble; and with him it means Champagne, bad pictures, Parisian tailors, operas, gaming, and other expenses and elegancies imported from the West. Hundreds of provincial noblemen are ruined every year in St. Petersburg, in undergoing this process of civilization. What then is gamble from evening to morning, nav, "Young Russia" to do? Ask one of its youngest apostles, Ivan Vassilievitsch.

razors out of rusty nails.

This young gentleman - for an introduction to whom we are indebted to Count Sollogub -was, not long ago, pa-MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY rading the Iverskoy boulevard-one of the thirteen which half encircle Moscow -when he met a neighbor from the province of Kazan. Ivan had lately respecimen of the new school, inside and out. Within, he had imbibed all the of Germany, France, and England. Withand executed by Parisian artists; his hair

in which he offered a seat, was the height here till to-morrow."

No wise God sculptured thy cold, queenly face | wished to see as much of Russian life on and his good-natured fat companion, Vas. | strengthen such a Union; and you will than a mysterious impulse urges you to | Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If of good fortune. The more so, as Ivan leaves were as yet unsulfied with ink. is a tavern, and here is a description of it. | hands.' From the information he intended to collect, he intended to commence helping to

der of the new Russiates. ly affair called a Tarantas. After a re- a tallow candle in his hand. To the fully remarks in another place: Ah! what are love, and life, and death to thee, furnish Ivan a single impression for his time immemorial to imitate a grove. capital of a province or "government." and a great number of pewter spoons,

know them all!"

"Is it possible?" the country gentlemen buy silks for their wives, and Champagne for themselves; hen there are the Courts of Justice, the sipped again the fragrant beverage. assembly-rooms, an apothecary's shop, a river, a square, a baziar, two or three street lamps, sentry boxes for the watch-"The society, however, in the govern-

ment towns must be different?" "On the contrary. The society is still nore uniform than the buildings."

"You astonish me: how is that?" "Listen. There is, of course, in every government town a governor. These do not always resemble each other; but as soon as any one of them appears, police and secretaries immediately become ac. the dark-haired. tive, merchants and tradesmen bow, and the gentry draw themselves up, with, however, some little awe. Wherever the governor goes, he is sure to find Chamthe province, and every body drinks a bumper to the health of the father of the province.' Governors generally are wellbred, and sometimes very proud. They like to give dinner parties and benevolentwith rich brandy-contractors and land-

"That's a common thing, remarked

Ivan Vassilievftsch. "Do not interrupt me. Busides the governor, there is in nearly every government town the governor's lady. She is rather a peculiar personage; generally brought up in one of the two capitals, and spoiled with the cringing attentions of her company. On her husband's first entry into office, she is polite and affable; later, she begins to feel weary of the ordinary provincial intrigues and gossips; she gets accustomed to the slavish attentions she receives, and lays claim to them. a parasitical suite; she quarrels with the lady of the vice-governor; she brage of St. Petersburg; speaks with disdain of her provincial circle, and finally draws upon herself the utmost universal ill-feeling, which is kept up till the day of her departure, when all goes into oblivion, every thing is pardoned, and every body

bids her farewell with tears." "Two persons do not form the whole society of a town," interrupted again-Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"Patience, brother, patience! Certainly there are other persons besides the two I have just spoken of; there is the vice-governor and his lady; several presidents, with their respective ladies: and an innumerable crowd of functionaries serving under their leadership. The ladies are ever quarreling in words, while their husbands do the same thing upon foolscap. The presidents, for the most part, are men of advanced age and business. from their necks, and are, during the day time, to be seen out of their courts only on holidays. The government attorney is generally a single man, and an enivable match. The superior officer of the gens d'armes is a 'good fellow.' The nobility-marshal a great sportsman. Besides the government and the local officers, there live in a government town stingy landowners, or those who have squandered away their property; they from morning to evening too, without getting the least bit tired of their ex-

"Now, about their mode of living?" asked Ivan Vassilievitsch. "The mode of living is a very dull one. As exchange of ceremonious visits. Intrigues, cards-cards, intrigues. Now and then, perchance, you may meet with is very rare; you much oftener find a lupublic amusements in a government rooms; however, from an absurb primness. was cut in the style of the middle ages; these balls are little frequented, because and his chin showed the remnants of a no one wants to be the first in the room. Vandyke beard. He also resembled the The bon genre' remains at home and plays

his impressions in a journal, whose white | where the Tarantas breaks down. There

"The tayern was like any other tayern a large wooden but, with the usual The vehicle in which this great mission and shaky, and at the top of it, like a silievitsch's speech. was to be performed, was an humble fami- moving candelabrum, stood a waiter with ries of adventures -- but which did not right was the tap-room, painted from note book -- they arrive at Vladimir, the Tumblers, tea-pots, decenters, three silver Here the younger traveller meets with a adorned the shelves of a cupboard; a tion of visiting all the other Government | napkins over their shoulders, busied themtowns for "Young Russia" purposes. His selves at the bar. Through an open door friend's reply is dispiriting to the last you saw in the next room a billiard-table, and a hen gravely promenading upon it.

"There is no difference between our "Our travelers were conducted into the government towns. See one, and you'll principal room of this elegant establishment, where they found, seated round a boiling tea-urn, three merchants-one "It is so, I assure you. Every one that gray-haired, one red-haired, and one dark-High street; one principal shop, where haired. Each of these was armed with a steaming tumbler; each of them sipped, smacked his lips, stroked his beard, and

"The red-haired man was saying: "I made, last summer, a splendid bargain. I had bought from a company of Samara-Tartars, some five hundred bags with such nasty stuff? And what is yet of prime quality, which I purchased from a nobleman who was in want of money, but such dreadful stuff it was, that if it had not been for the very low price, I would never have thought of looking at it. What did I do? I mixed these two cargoes, and sold the whole lot to a brandycontractor at Ribna, for prime quality.' "'It was a clever speculation,' remarked

" 'A commercial trick!' added the gray-

"While this conversation was proceeding, Vassily Ivanovitsch and Ivan Vassipagne, the wine so much patronized in lievitsch had taken seats at a separate little table; they had ordered their tea. and were listening to what the three merchants were saying .

"A poor-looking fellow came in, and took from his breast-pocket and incredily condescend to play a game of whist bly dirty sheet of paper, in which were wrapped up bank-notes and some gold, and handed it over to the gray-haired merchant, who, having counted them over, said,

" 'Five thousand two hundred and seventeen roubles. Is it right?

"'Quite right, sir.' "It shall be delivered according to your wish.' 'Ivan asked why the sender had no

taken a receipt? "The red and dark-haired merchants burst out laughing; the gray-haired got

"'A receipt!' he cried out, furiously, 'a receipt! I would have broken his jaw with his own money, had he dared to ask me for a receipt. I have been a merchant now more than fifty years, and I have never yet been insulted by being asked to give a receipt.'

"'You see, sir,' said the red-haired merchant, it is only with noblemen that such things as receipts and bills of exchange exist. We commercial people do not make use of them. Our simple word suffices. We have no time to spare for writing. For instance, sir: here is Sidor Avdeivitsch, who has millions of roubles in his trade, and his whole writing consists of a few scraps of paper, for memory's sake, sir.'

"'I don't understand that,' interrupted lvan Vassilievitsch.

"'How could you, sir? It is mere commercial business, without plan or facade. We ourselves learn it from our childhood first as errand boye, then as clerks, till we become partners in the business. I confess it is hard work.

Russia discourse."

Russia a great number of persons buying the Haymarket, and on my way to Bowand selling, but yet, I must say, we have street. no systematic commerce. For commerce, science, and learning, are indispensable, a conflux of civilized men, clever mathematical calculations—but not, as seems to be the case with you, dependence upon you convert the consumer into a victim, against whom every kind of cheat is pardonable, and then you lay by a farthing, refusing yourselves not only most necessary comforts. You brag of spend their time among gipsies, turned from abroad. He was a perfect a kind, hospitable family, but such a case and their money in feasting. You boast of your ignorance, because you do not dicrous affectation to imitate the manners know what civilization is. Civilization, ideas of the juvenile or verdant schools of an imaginary high life. There are no according to your notions, consists in shorter laps of a coat, foreign furniture out, he displayed a London macintosh; town. During winter a series of balls are bronzes, and champagne-in a word, in sice? How nearly are they allied to in- santly kept up by these morbid impulses his coat and trowsers had been designed announced to take place at the Assembly outward trifles and silly customs. Trust sanity? May there not be a species of selves! Be it your vocation to lay open to diffuse life and vigor into all its voins : new school in another respect; he had whist. In general, I have remarked, that to take the whole management of its maspent all his money, yet he was separated on arriving in a government town, it terial interests into your hands. Unite from home by the distance of a long-a seems as if you were too early or too late your endeavors in this beautiful deeds for some extraordinary event. You are and you may be certain of success! Why nors and crimes? To guide me in my suffers most: in this case man is the bat- obligation; and that in discussing her lit-To meet with a neighbor - which he ever welcomed: 'What a pity you were should Russia be worse than England? speculations, I run over a few cases that the ground; and he must and will suffer erary protonsions, the plea which has been did-who traveled in his own carriage, not here yesterday? or, 'You should stay Comprehend only your calling; let the I can call to mind at once. beam of civilization fall upon you, and There is a general fact, that no sooner body, do not co-operate amicably-so Dublin University Magazine.

worth noting in my 'Impressions.' The land, land; so much land, indeed, that my eyes get tired of looking at it; a dreadful drunken stage inspectors; beetles creep material things, exists in the case of unexpected! To-morrow what has been for my 'Impressions.' "

Morbid Impulses.

moodily on the unhappy destiny of early and power of morbid impulses : such risers; and finally, after many turns and things, for instance, as a law of sympathy engagements and duties, I fell asleep once a musical tune pervading all thinge. more. In an instant I was seated in the But the action of morbid impulses and pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, gazing upon desires is far from being confined to things the curtain, and, in common with a large material. Witness the occurrence of my and brilliant audience, auxiously await- dream, which, though a dream, was true ing its rising, and the appearance of in spirit. More speeches, writings, and Duprez. The curtain does rise; the actions of humanity have their result in orchestra are active; Duprez has bowed morbid impulse than we have an idea of. her thanks to an applauding concourse; Their territory stretches from the broadand the opera is half concluded: when, est farce to the deepest tragedy. I reinst as the theatre is hushed into deathlike silence for the great aria which is to Cantaloupe's, and being seized with an test Duprez's capacity and power, a mad impulse seizes hold of me. I have an intense desire to yell. I feel as if my life and my eternal happiness depend upon scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by my emulating a wild Indian, or a London 'coster' boy. I look round on the audience; I see their solemn faces; I note the swelling bosom of the cantatrice, the rapt anxiety of the leader, and the dead silence of the whole assembly, and I speculate on the surprise and confusion a loud war- when she was canvassing the claims of a whoop yell would create; and though I few parrenu families in her usual tranchant foresee an ignominious expulsion, perhaps and haughty manner, an impulse urged broken limbs and disgraceful exposure in me to cry, at the top of my voice: the public prints, I can not resist the "Madam, your father was a little porkstrange impulse; and throwing myself butcher -- you know he was!" back in my stall, I raise a wild cry, such as a circus clown gives when he vaults I held my hands over my mouth to preinto the arena, and ties himself up into a vent my shouting out these words. knot by way of introduction. I had not more I struggled against it, the more under-calculated the confusion, but I had powerful was the impulse; and I only under-calculated the indignation. In an escaped it by rushing headlong from the instant all eyes are upon me - from the room and from the house. When I gained little piccolo-player in the corner of the my own chambers, I was so thankful that orchestra, to the diamonded duchess in I had avoided this gross impertinence that the private box; cries of "Shame! turn I could not sleep. Upon this text Ivan preaches a "Young him out!" salute me on all sides; my neighbors seize me by the collar, and call

"Please, sir, it's nine o'clock now; and

wait, sir; and he'll come again at two." I sit up in bed, rub my eyes, and awake to consciousness of two facts-namely. mere chance. You earn millions, because that I have not kept a very particular engagement, and that I have had a strange dream. I soon forgot the former, but the latter remains with me for a long time very vividly. It was a dream, I knew; all the enjoyments of life, but even the but still it was so true to what might have occurred, that I half fancy I shall recogyour threadbare clothes; but surely this nize myself among the police intelligence extreme parsimony is a thousand times in my daily paper; and when I have read more blamable than the opposite prodi- the Times throughout, and find it was ingality of those of your comrades who deed a dream, the subject still haunts me. and I sit for a long time musing upon those singular morbid desires and im-

me, not such is civilization. Unite your- spiritual intoxication created by immaterial alcohol, producing, through the body be unguarded for an instant, and the all the hidden riches of our great country; medium of the mind, the same bodily absurdities as your fluid alcohol produces and if the body be not very alert, over it through the directer agency of the body goes into the sea, into the house-tops, or itself? How far can they be urged as ex- into the streets and jails. In most wars from it. We only say that, having reaptenuating or even defending misdemea. the country where the fighting takes place ed the benefit, it is unjust to deny the

In process of time Ivan Vassilievitsch your love for your fatherland will have you mounted to a great eminence, long as they fight together, and are foes. day life of the Russian peasant? But have steamer, and looked upon the waters as capabilities of its noble occupant. I not been now for five days chiefly among they chafed under the perpetual scourgthis class? I prick up my cars and listen; ing of the paddles; and I have been com-I open wide my eyes and look, and do pelled to bind myself to the vessel by a what I may, I find not the least trifle rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that have come upon me. Are country is dead; there is nothing but land, not Ulysses and the Sicens merely a poetic

statement of this common feeling? But one of the most singular instances road, wagons of goods, swearing carriers, of morbid impulses in connection with ing on every wall; soups with the smell young man who not very long ago visited of tallow candles! How is it possible for a large iron manufactory. He stood opany respectable person to occupy himself posite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. more provoking, is the doleful uniformity At first it was beating immense lumps of which tires you so much, and affords you crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but no rest whatever. Nothing new, nothing the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. to-day; to-day what has been yesterday. Still the young man gazed intently on its Here, a post-stage, there a post-stage, and | motion; then he followed its strokes with further the same post-stage again; here, a a corresponding motion of his head; then village elder asking for drink-money, and his left arm moved to the same tune; and again to infinity village elders all asking | finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon | for drink-money. What can I write? I the anvil, and in a second it was smitten begin to agree with Vassily Ivanovitsch; to a jelly. The only explanation he could he is right in saying that we do not travel, afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; and that there is no traveling in Russia. that he knew he should be disabled; that We simply are going to Mordassy, Alas! he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason-a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good "Please, sir, it's seven o'clock, and here's right hand. This incident suggests many your hot wa'ar." I half awoke, reflected things, besides proving the peculiar nature

member spending an evening at Mrs. impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs. Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who, having married the a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This social condition presents impediments of a lady's pride of place, and contempt for all formidable character toward the cultivavet seen or heard of; and, one evening,

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain

This strange thralldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet "'Allow me a few words,' he said with | for the police; and in five minutes, ashamed | in crimes of the deepest dye. When Lord ervor. 'It appears to me that we have in | bruised and wretched, I am ejected into | Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little Mr. Briggs has been, sir; and he couldn't time, to turn away muttering, "I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder! There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? lect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest Can a theory be made out? I sit and reflect. times of her gloomy history, gave birth

constitution-mind and matter, spirit and was less the liberty of Athens than the body-which in their conflicts produce tyranny of Philip, which made Demosnearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The | thenes an orator; and of the times which body is the chief assailant, and generally | produced our great dramatists it is scarcegains the victory. Look how our writers ly necessary to speak. The proofs, in are influenced by bile, by spleen, by in- short, are numberless. Be this, however, pulses which all men more or less expedigestion; how families are ruined by a as it may, the character of American litbodily ailment sapping the mental energy | crature which has fallen under our notice What are they? Do they belong strictly of their heads. But the spirit takes its to the domain of physics or of metaphy- revenue in a guerilla war, which is inces--- an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too-confident body. Let the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; so long as mind and matter, spirit and put forward in her behalf is utenable .-

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the road as possible, and to note down sily Ivanovitsch, reach a borough town, see that not only the whole of Russia, but cast yourself over into space, and perish. the body does not aggress, the spirit will even the whole world will be in your Nearly all people feel this; nearly all con- not seek revenge. If you keep the body quer it in this particular; but some do from irritating, and perturbing, and stul-"At this eloquent conclusion, the red not: and there may be a great doubt as tifying the mind through its bile, its and dark-haired merchants opened wide to whether all who have perished from the spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind re-construct Russian society after the or- out buildings. At the entrance stood an their eyes. They, of course, did not tops of the monuments have been truly will most certainly never injure, stultify, empty cart. The staircase was crooked understand a single word of Ivan Vas- suicides. Then, again, with water; when or kill the body by its mischievous you see the clear river sleeping beneath - guerilla tactics, by its little, active, imp-"Alas, for Young Russia!" Ivan dole- when you see the green waves dancing like agents - morbid impulses. We thus · round the prow - when you hear and see find that there is a deep truth in utilitar-"I thought to study life in the proving the roaring tury of a cataract-do you janism, after all-the rose-color romancces: there is no life in the provinces; every not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, ings of chameleon writers. To make a one there is said to be of the same cut. and be absorbed in oblivion? What is man a clear judging member of society, Life in the capitals is not a Russian life, that impulse but a perpetual calenture? - doing wise actions in the present moment, but a weak imitation of the petty perfector may not the theory of calentures be all and saving wise and beautiful things for friend, to whom he confides his inten- couple of lads in chintz shirts, with dirty tions and gross vices of modern civiliza- false, and the results they are reported to all time, a great indispensable is -to see tion. Where am I then to find Russia? cause be in reality the results of morbid that the house that his spirit has received In the lower classes, perhaps, in the every- impulses? I have sat on the deck of a to dwell in be worthy the wants and

American Literature.

We believe it was M. PAbbe Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson:

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "as long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defence is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; The language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the president had the worst of the argu-

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it cannot be denied that her beneath her, exceeds any thing I have ever tion of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and frateruity are not quite so favorable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards, and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shown in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rosseau; amid the oppression of his country grew and flourished the gigantic intel-There are two contending parties in our to the imperishable genius of Swift; it must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavor to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the learning and labors of others.

We do not blame her for this; far