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A LETTER,

To the HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, of Massachusetts,
On the subject of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

SIR: If I address you in this manner, without the honor of your acquaintance, and through the pages of a magazine, it is neither to denounce, insult, or vituperate you; but simply for the purpose of offering a few remarks on the subject of the late bill for the recapture of fugitive slaves, which you have declared, and many citizens of your State rallying round you have declared, null and of no effect as to its operation within the limits of Massachusetts.

Many citizens rallying round you, I say—for, sir, you are not a common demagogue pandering to the depraved tastes, and leading astray for vilely-selfish considerations the steps of an ignorant, but honest community—to batten at last on the follies you have caused, and erect yourself like a destroying angel on the ruin you have made. You are not the wordy counsellor, with self for your pole-star, and a fox for your emblem, thrusting forward your advice on all occasions, ambitious only to lead, careless whither your course and that of the ignorant herd may tend. There are many such characters in the northern cities: all around you they may be seen, famous from the evil they have done, celebrated from the agitation they have aroused—the true ulceration and diseased matter which great cities, “the sores of the body politic,” have ever tended, and must ever tend to produce. Among these men of a corrupt ambition and impure life I do not class you. For I cannot. You are not of them, and I hope they may never boast you their proselyte—you who have witnessed all their actions and the actions of the generation who went before them.

When England with her orders in council and Napoleon with his decrees, dated from half the capitals of Europe, were grinding our commerce like wheat between two millstones; when the Embargo law in 1807 and the Non-intercourse act in 1808, were ruining the merchant navy of America; when lastly, war arose and the “blue lights” were burned, and the Hartford Convention met with its doors closed to plot what the southern men of that day called treason;—then it is said you were a federalist, some said a *blue light federalist*, others added a *Hartford Convention Federal-*

ist. In all the movements which Massachusetts then made, agitated as she was to her heart's core, and boiling like a volcano with rage at the destruction of her millions worth of shipping—in all the commotions, the threats, the imprecations of that afflicted commonwealth, it is said you bore your part. So be it. Whether you then were a blue light federalist, a Hartford Convention federalist, or whether a federalist or a democrat, it concerns not my purpose to consider. Of the events of that by-gone day it is needless to inquire—of the men who figured in them to say one word. It were better to

“let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels;”

for there is little to be gained, if there is much to be learned, by summoning those actors from the Jehosaphat where with a few exceptions, they lie in that oblivion they deserved and have attained. Times have changed, and with the change has come a different race of men, and subjects of mightier interest. Greater agitations than ever kindled the past are around us, and we have no “inhuman dearth of noble natures” to meet them.

But an actor of the older day again appears upon the stage; buried like Prospero's wand for so many years beneath the sea of Time, he comes forth a Mentor to the new generation, and “guide, philosopher and friend,” mixes himself with life once more, ambitious to point his fellow-citizens to the “narrow path,” or rather to the broad and pleasant road, which their wishes and their interests equally prompt them to take. This you have done sir. This actor of an older day you are. Holding no fellowship with the demagogues of abolition, who dare to say they represent, with their miserable cant and petty larceny principles, the whole northern people, you have addressed your fellow citizens from your philosophic retirement, and your voice has been attentively listened to.

“The university of this feeling,” you say, “within this State on this law, (F. S. Bill.) is attributed most falsely to the labors of a class of men, at this day known by the name of abolitionists.” I was pleased to meet with this sentence, for it showed me that your communication was not that tirade and rhapsody of cant, called an Abolition Letter. Had it been such, it would not have merited, as it never would have

guiding star of every ship, it requires but a rude hand to extinguish it, and destroy the hopes of every struggling storm-beaten nation, and that hand seems about to be applied. The late slave cases in Boston, and the means made use of to intimidate Knight and Hughes have caused a thrill of indignation throughout the South, and every day a more threatening eye is cast on the northern ships that lie with their rich cargoes, in careless tranquillity at our ports. In vain has New York held her mighty "Union Meeting," and in vain have many patriotic men, raised the voice of a feeble minority against this most unrighteous breach of the law of nations. Every day the telegraph adds corroboration to corroboration, fact to fact, on this momentous subject. I confess, sir, that Disunion and War seem to me imminent. That will be a fatal day for freedom when this Union is overthrown and burst asunder. But that the North is defying that result—practically despising all the consequences of its acts, is not less certain than that the sun is in heaven.

A VIRGINIAN.

Richmond, 1850.

CONFESSIONS OF ZEPHYRUS.

A PHANTASY OF THE ANTIQUE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

All the day I had been sleeping
In our dim, Æolian isle,
With my Chloris twining blossoms
Round my dreaming brow the while :
But at length her rosy kisses
Waked me from my balmy rest,
And I saw her mid the shadows,
Pointing to the burnished west
Where, in lustre scarce apparent,
Through the trembling waves of light,
Hesperus had lit his Pharos
On the dusky edge of night.

From my fragrant couch I started,
Dallying not in fond delay,
And afar across the waters,
Hasted on my busy way :
For I had a thousand errands
Ere the morning to fulfil,—
Errands full of kind refreshment
To the forest, vale and hill,—
To the countless panting bosoms
That should sigh to hear me pass,—
To the fainting leaves and flowers,
And the parched and drooping grass.

O'er Ausonian groves and fountains,
First my breezy wings I spread,
Where in joy to hail my coming,
Every blossom raised its head,—

Every tree-top bowed to greet me,
While the myriad leaves I fanned,
Showered, as I hurried past them,
Grateful kisses on my hand :
Underneath the shimmering moonlight,
I had found them still and mute,
But I left them murmuring music
Sweeter than the Dorian flute.

By a river's sedgy margin,
Rocked upon its heaving breast
With a lullaby of ripples,
Nodding lilies sank to rest :
Of their innermost emotion,
I had secret, stolen gleams,
As I bent my ear to listen,
While the odors told their dreams,—
Dreams whose unaware confessions,
Full of tender griefs and fears,
Left upon their snowy bosoms,
Even in sleep, the trace of tears.

Through a garden's echoing alleys,
Poured a nightingale his woes,
In a cadence full of sadness,
To a proud, inconstant rose.
While she sported with his sorrows
Craftily I stole above,
And by treacherous endearments,
Sought and won her worthless love ;
Then around the pale aecia,
Fond, caressing arms I wound,
Till the rose with anger trembling,
Strewed her leaves upon the ground.

On I flew on tireless pinion
O'er the blue, Ionian sea,
Breathing perfumes round the mermaids
As they sang their songs to me,—
Filling with a fuller measure
Amphitrite's sounding shell,—
Whispering to the island Dryads
Wandering in the moonlit dell,—
Ruffling many a fountain's surface,
Till the star upon its breast,
Trembled long with agitation,
Ere it wavered into rest.

Hand in hand, with coy, shy Echo,
Through Arcadian groves I ran,
Joining in an answering chorus
To the piping reed of Pan,—
Following where the Fauns and Satyrs
Circled in the mystic dance,—
Meeting in the shadowy forest,
Proud Diana's scornful glance,—
Shedding all the soothing softness
Of my most subduing song
O'er a group of fair Bacchantes,
Flushed by orgies wild and long.

Happy bands of youthful lovers
In the citron shades I met,
And I toyed among the children
Lingering in the gardens yet :
Near a bower of clustering myrtles,
Long I paused in fond delight,
Where a maiden lay serenely
Sleeping in the silvery light ;
Round her were the scattered blossoms
She had culled,—a flowery pall,
But in her diviner beauty,
She was loveliest of them all.

From her white, transparent temples,
 Back I smoothed the silken hair
 Which in careless grace had fallen,
 Floating round her bosom fair,—
 Gazed upon the clear, calm forehead
 And the mouth's bewitching line,
 And enraptured with its radiance,
 Preased the glowing cheek to mine,—
 Watched the opal-tinted eye-lids
 Fringed with lashes dark and long,
 Till my lips were fain to kiss them,—
 Tell me Chloris—was it wrong ?

To the chamber of the weary
 Came I too with cooling wings,
 And the suffering felt the sweetness
 That my freshening presence brings.
 Thus I roved through night careering
 Onward where Aurora waits
 On the morning's pearly border,
 To unbar the golden gates ;
 Then at her maternal mandate,
 Homeward to my island shore,—
 To my bed of thyme and mosses,—
 Weary I returned once more.

THE AMOURS OF DEAN SWIFT.*

Few journals contain better literary articles than the London Times. It is but seldom than any extended paper of a purely literary nature is published in its columns, but when it does venture to speak out on such matters, it is not difficult to recognise in the article the pen of one who thoroughly understands his subject and knows how to express his thoughts. The following very striking inquiry into the character of Dean Swift, which we find in a recent number of the Times, displays in a marked degree the peculiar rhetoric of Macaulay, more especially in the antithetical sentences with which it opens. But when we recollect that he has branded Swift in his Essays as "the perjured lover and the ribald priest," we can hardly suppose that it comes from that source. At all events, the reader will thank us for rescuing the article from the oblivion of the newspapers and presenting it in a form for preservation in the library.—*Ed. Mess.*

Greater men than Dean Swift may have lived. A more remarkable man never left his impress upon the age immortalized by his genius. To say that English history supplies no narrative more singular and original than the career of Jonathan Swift is to assert little. We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small. Before the eyes of his contemporaries Swift stood a living enigma. To posterity he must continue for ever a distressing puzzle. One hypothesis—and one alone—gath-

ered from a close and candid perusal of all that has been transmitted to us upon this interesting subject, helps us to account for a whole life of anomaly, but not to clear up the mystery in which it is shrouded. From the beginning to the end of his days Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.

Intellectually and morally, physically and religiously, Dean Swift was a mass of contradictions. His career yields ample materials both for the biographer, who would pronounce a panegyric over his tomb, and for the censor whose business it is to improve one generation at the expense of another. Look at Swift with the light of intelligence shining on his brow, and you note qualities that might become an angel. Survey him under the dark cloud, and every feature is distorted into that of a fiend. If we tell the reader what he was, in the same breath we shall communicate all that he was not. His virtues were exaggerated into vices, and his vices were not without the savour of virtue. The originality of his writings is of a piece with the singularity of his character. He copied no man who preceded him. He has not been successfully imitated by any who have followed him. The compositions of Swift reveal the brilliancy of sharpened wit, yet it is recorded of the man that he was never known to laugh. His friendships were strong and his antipathies vehement and unrelenting, yet he illustrated friendship by roundly abusing his familiars and expressed hatred by bantering his foes. He was economical and saving to a fault, yet he made sacrifices to the indigent and poor sternly denied to himself. He could begrudge the food and wine consumed by a guest, yet throughout his life refuse to derive the smallest pecuniary advantage from his published works, and at his death bequeath the whole of his fortune to a charitable institution. From his youth Swift was a sufferer in body, yet his frame was vigorous, capable of great endurance, and maintained its power and vitality from the time of Charles II. until far on in the reign of the second George. No man hated Ireland more than Swift, yet he was Ireland's first and greatest patriot, bravely standing up for the rights of that kingdom when his chivalry might have cost him his head. He was eager for reward, yet he refused payment with disdain. Impatient of advancement, he preferred to the highest honours the State could confer the obscurity and ignominy of the political associates with whom he had affectionately laboured until they fell disgraced. None knew better than he the stinging force of a successful lampoon, yet such missiles were hurled by hundreds at his head without in any way disturbing his bodily tranquillity. Sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the

* *Stella and Vanessa: a Romance from the French.* By Lady Duff Gordon. In two vols. Bentley. 1850.