

which nature had taught him until he felt that he had approached sufficiently near, when, dashing off at the top of his speed, he found himself in the midst of the herd before they were aware of his presence. Here again the instinct and high blood of the animal presented itself, disdaining to touch the deer, he suffered them to pass him in troops, remaining quite still till he discovered the buck of the herd, which he almost invariably selected for his victim. Sometimes, however, he would look most awfully disgusted, lashing the ground with his tail, and scarcely allowing the keeper to approach.

We generally take him out once or twice a week, and on the march he afforded us much sport. On several occasions, when we had a heavy day's work before us, I sent him half way in advance; and when we piled arms for the men to rest, I gave our men leave to fall out and enjoy the sport, with which they were much delighted.

From Blackwood's Magazine for October. FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. SYSTEM OF SLAVERY.

When Rome made her vast conquests, she brought in, from every part of the World, troops of captives. With these the rich Patricians cultivated their enormous estates; the race of small proprietors and of free husbandmen became extinct; and the nobles committed their extended fields and their vast tracts of pasture to the care of these imported Slaves. Throughout the Empire the land was generally cultivated by Slaves, or by agricultural laborers bound to the soil, and but one degree removed from Slavery; Arts and Manufactures were practised by the slave; the industry of a Country, in which consists the wealth of a Country, was entrusted to the energy of the Slave.

Donbifal there were other causes operating to the destruction of the Roman Empire; but all other causes, without this, are insufficient to explain the fact, that so noble a Province as Gaul—under the sway of the Civilized and Military power—was allowed to be pillaged and conquered piece-by piece by hordes of barbarians; while this one cause seems sufficient of itself to account for such a lamentable result. For note how insidious and complete was the mischief that it wrought. As its first consequence, there was no Free Peasantry to rise on the emergency to repel an invader—no patriot bands could be called together—no militia, no guerilla warfare; all must depend on the paid and disciplined troops of the Emperor. While, indeed, the revenue of the Emperor was sufficient to the demand made upon it, this was not of vital importance. Of good soldiers there was no lack, so they could be paid for. Rome could subsidize its invaders to protect it from invasion. Those large handed Robbers, those men of giant bulk, who came stalking out of fields and forests they had no patience to cultivate, were willing enough to feed and fight (they were equal pleasures) at the Empire's expense. But second consequence of this false and vicious system was even more disastrous than the first. An industry committed to slaves—divorced from the spirit of competition—converted to a disgrace—stationary at the best, with no principle of advancement, no elasticity to recover itself from depressing circumstances—could not supply the Revenue for the support of that immense mercenary force which the weakness of a slave population rendered necessary. The burden of taxation absolutely crushed the people. Year after year that burden was imposed upon resources which were year after year declining under its pressure. The taxation impoverished, till in some places it actually depopulated, the Province.

Slavery was not, of course, peculiar to the Roman Empire; nor is this the only Empire which has sunk under the slow curse it entails. It was the system prevailing throughout the old world; apparently the first and inevitable result of War and Conquest. It was a natural and egregious blunder of human selfishness. A community of men thought it the most rapid and certain method of enriching themselves to conquer other men, take them captive, and make them work for them. But Wealth is, after all the product of Human industry reducing to subjection the powers of nature: it is Nature, not man, that we must conquer—and Nature yields reluctantly and grudgingly to dishonorable toil, and labor that the scourge impels. She loves not to surrender to hands that the fetter has marked. And therefore, in addition to the suffering of the human being, compulsion, and the prison house, and Labor (which, in every sense, is man's best friend) converted to a degradation—besides all this there is a gross blunder made in the attainment of National Wealth. The great proprietor, whether Patrician, or Baron, or Noble, is content enough, and finds that all goes well: but the Community, as a whole, becomes impoverished: its industry, the source of every thing, is relaxed, unhonored, sloth and corruption are fostered, its fictitious strength decays, its civilization must kiss the dust.

Interrogate those gigantic ruins in the East—Thebes, and Egypt, and Palmyra—they will teach the same lesson. Enslaved multitudes raised the temple, the palace, the pyramid, and, melting away at the base of the structures they had reared, left the work to the

inheritance of the desert. The slow sand gained on their labors.

They yield a silent testimony in the history of Rome we have loud evidence of the operation of this pernicious system. Nothing can speak more plainly than the description we have of the distresses of the province of Gaul, owing to the demands of a craving exchequer, and that at a time when no peculiar tyranny is complained of. When the census was to be taken, says Lactantius, a father of the church, in order to fix on each person or family the due amount of contribution, such was the lamentation, such the general distress, one would have thought there was an invading army, or a town taken by assault. But in vain, he adds, did the officers exaggerate the value of every thing, in order to lay on it the greater tax—in vain did they add to the years of infancy and take from those of old age, that they might increase the number of such as were liable to the tribute: the men, indeed, could suffer and could starve, but they could no longer pay. The fields were deserted, or were strewn with the sick and the dying. The tax, in all its exorbitancy, was imposed, but there was nothing left to pay it but the dead!

Nor did the wealthy inhabitants of the Gaulish towns escape the unwonted pressure of this financial distress. The magistrates, the *curiales*, were made responsible, in the first instance, for the tax imposed upon the whole province. They were called upon to pay the entire contribution into the imperial exchequer, and take upon themselves the collection of it. Now the magistrates of the great cities of Gaul occupied a very honorable position,—much power was necessarily thrown into their hands, and the emperors were, in general, solicitous to maintain the honor and efficiency of this body of men. But this one charge of collecting the revenue was so oppressive, and rendered them so odious to their fellow countrymen, that there was the greatest anxiety to escape from office. The highest or senatorial rank, men who generally resided in their villas, were exempted,—the class next in order were those oppressed by these civic honors, and they had recourse to all manner of pretexts and expedients to escape from them. The code is full of decisions pronounced against such pretexts, and compelling men to assume the municipal functions. Some were known to take flight and conceal themselves in the garb of slaves, in order to avoid these intolerable honors. There is a *novel*—that is, a decree of the emperor—which ordains, that if any bailiff of an estate (to use a free translation) should receive such runaway burghers or common council men, and not render him up to the town to which he belonged, such bailiff, if a freeman, should be degraded and sentenced to labor, and if a slave, should be beaten to death. What shall we say of the state of society where there was a law punishing with death any one who should harbor a citizen seeking a refuge among slaves from the honors of the magistracy!

In the mixture of good and evil which accrued to mankind from the overthrow of the Roman empire, we must set down first and pre-eminently among its good results, that it led to the abolition of this system of slavery. It seems that nothing less than a reconstruction of society—a complete beginning again—could get rid of an evil so incorporated into the civilization of olden times.—We sometimes hear this result attributed at once and simply to Christianity. There has been no good done in which that religion has not had its share—is no good result to which it ought not to lead; but assuredly the preaching of Christianity did not itself effect this reformation. The city of Antioch was one of the greatest, and perhaps the most Christian city of the empire. Its opulent inhabitants retained their slaves with as little scruple of conscience, under the preaching of their excellent bishop St. Chrysostom, as when the priest of Apollo led forth the youth of the city, in riotous assembly, to the voluptuous groves of Daphne. He who would note the true era of the downfall of slavery, must in our opinion, keep his eye upon the rising *communes*, on the new municipalities, which over all feudal Europe, struggled into existence and power against their disorderly oppressors. In these communes, or free burghs, society began afresh, and entered on a new track. The citizens, who were here struggling for independence and the benefit of equal laws, were not in the condition to have slaves,—what they contended for was the liberty to work with their own hands, and enjoy the produce of their own labor. When they had triumphed, the industry of the towns was seen to be in the hands of freemen, the labors of the loom and the forge were transferred to workmen, proud of their social position, and resolved to maintain it. The Flemish weaver had his sword hanging at his loom. Thus a new model of society was given. It was soon felt that the industry of the fields also—that the labor of the husbandman—ought to be unmanumitted. Nor was discontent idle among the peasantry. The preaching of Christianity, operating on this state of things, and strongly aided on one occasion by the general belief that the world was coming to an end, completed and sanctioned the happy revolution.

'Keep your tongue still, you villain,' said a woman to her husband, whom she had driven under the bed. 'Never while I have the spirit of a man,' was the spirited reply.

From the Gift, for 1843. THE DEAD.

The dead—the dead—they return no more, With the gentle tone, and the smile of yore,— They come not again from their homes of rest, To light up joy in the lonely breast,— They leave not the starry fields on high, To call the smile to the weary eye. They note us not,—and the tears we shed, Unheeded fall by the buried dead.

They that were wont in joy to throng With the light free foot, and the voice of song, With the glad young heart, like a summer rill, That flashes in brightness round the hill, Making sweet music where'er it flows, By the wither'd leaf or the budding rose.— Like the sound, and sight, from the bright rill's bed, Was the heart and voice of the buried dead.

But they have pass'd like the gleam of light That tinges the west, ere the shades of night Passing in brightness, beauty and bloom, From a dreary world of darkness and gloom,— The shadows gather around their track, But the angel spirits turn not back,— The clouds remain, and the light has fled, But day hath pass'd with the buried dead.

But we that linger by some old haunt That was wont to echo their voices' chant, Or stand by the stream, and in thought retrace On its glassy bosom the vanish'd face.— Or mark on the grass, by the dew drops wet, Their very foot prints effaceless yet,— It seemeth the ground they were wont to tread Was weeping for the buried dead.

The dead—the dead! Oh! we sadly yearn For those who can never more return, Who made, in our lives, those brighter hours, That came but to whisper of sun and flowers; There seem'd for ever a joy to dwell Where'er the light of their glad hearts fell, But sorrow alone is left to shed A requiem sigh for the buried dead.

MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

From the Knickerbocker for October. LITTLE TROUBLES.

It is Dr. Johnson, we believe, who says that little vexations are more trying to the temper, and harder to be borne, than greater troubles. We heard the other evening a querulous looking little manufacturer illustrate the truth of the remark by a ludicrous narrative of small annoyances, that made an aggregate of large misery. 'I went,' said he, 'into my barber's this morning, with my temper soured by letters from the attorneys of five bankrupt creditors at the South west, postage unpaid of course—oh yes, bankrupts don't pay postage to their dapes—oh no. I was vexed too at a painter, who had received half pay in advance to paint me a new sign,—but he must go a sailing on the bay a Sunday, and get drowned—just as like as not on my money: any how he died, and made no sign.' I was in a dreadful hurry, for I had to raise money to take up a note, and was short full one half. There was a young sprig in the barber's chair, who passed me and got into the shop about a yard before me, by acting as if he wanted to speak to a man who was ahead of me—a contemptible trick! Well Sir, there he sat, feeling of his chin after every round of the razor, and asking for more till his beard was close cropped into the middle of next week; reading the whole time the only newspaper that I ever do read, which he continued to do all the while the man was curling his hair and whiskers evidently just to spite me. It was an hour before I got away from the barber's; and then the friend who would have loaned me fifty dollars in my strait, had taken the morning cars for Newark. After attending to some necessary business at the store, I sailed out for a shindy in Wall street. Every body was 'short,' though each one could have done it yesterday, which struck me as rather curious. It was not far from three, and the day was of the nastiest August kind, hot as molten lead, muggy and sticky. I had on a pair of new boots, which my shoemaker, for the first time I really believe in 20 years, had made too small. Heavens! how they bit at the heels, blistered as they were from slipping up and down in them! My stock was continually twisting round, hind side afore. My shirt too, seemed possessed. I couldn't keep it down behind. It kept crawling up, and finally rolled into an inaccessible lump, saturated with perspiration, and rested in the small of my back. This annoyed me almost as much as a flea, the first I had felt this summer, that was nipping me at his leisure, in a secure position which he had taken up between my shoulders. At this interesting juncture, I was seized by the button by perhaps the most perfect specimen of a bore that can be found in New York; not one of your big pod-nagar sort, but a fellow that twists a gimlet into you with his right hand, while he detains you by the button by the left, taking it out now and then, when he thinks it is going rather hard, to blow off the chips, and forthwith inserting it in another place. He was telling me, in a loud voice, of a shabby trick that had lately been served him by a man that had just passed us, and what he had that morning said to him: 'Said I, Sir, you are a d—d liar and scoundrel' etc.,—and I could see, as the passers by turned

round to look at us, they thought he was addressing this complimentary remark to me. I didn't wonder either, that they should think so, for my face must have been a good deal inflamed with impatient endurance. Well, when I could stand it no longer, I broke away, to drop in upon the only friend who I thought would help me out,—and what do you think? He had 'just lent every dollar he had' to the man whom my button holder had been serving up to me in parcels—his 'particular friend!' As I came out of his office, the clock struck three. I went home more annoyed, more grieved, than I remember to have been before in my life. I was now wrought up to the highest pitch. I went straight to my bed room, and after a long search, I found the little black rascal that had covered my back and shoulders thick with oblong welts of blotches; and was glancing at the demoniacal revenge depicted in my countenance as I passed by the looking glass, rolling my prisoner 'as a sweet morsel' under my thumb and finger, when the door bell rang, and the girl came to say that 'a gentleman wanted to see me.' I stepped below, with something of exultation in my manner, and in the hall found the Notary. He handed me a protest and walked out,—and when he had gone I said to him, 'You and your bank may go to the d—d! I'd rather have the pleasure of torturing this little torment to death, than to have the stamped note in my pocket!' After manipulating my victim with due economy of enjoyment, I thought I'd see how he bore it. Now would you believe it?—it was n't the flea, d—e him after all! It was only a little piece of black lint that had worn off from the lower side of my stock.—This was the bitterest disappointment of that unlucky day.

From the Dial for October.

GERMAN WRITERS.

The leading paper this month is one of forty pages on the 'Romantic and Rhine ballads.' In such eloquent passages as the following, the writer vindicates the worth, the beauty, and the utility of these early warblings of the Poets of the Rhine:

'It is good for us in this bustling, ambitious, superficial country, where every body is trying to do something new, where all the Thought is for the Future, and it is supposed the Divine Spirit has but just waked up, and that the blunders committed on the earth during this long slumber, are now at once to be corrected by the combined efforts of men still crude and shallow hearted, or the schemes of some puny intellect: it is good for us to look abroad and learn to know the weakness which waits upon our strength by seeing the benefits of that state, where men believe that God rules the past as well as the future, that love and loyalty have bloomed and will bloom like the rose, the common ornament of each of his years, and that hate and falsehood have been, as they will be, permitted conditions of man's willing choice of Virtue. It is good to hear, sometimes the silver trumpet, sometimes the rude fish horn blown by breath that stifles in the utterance, calling to Repent, for the acceptable year of the Lord is come: but it is also pleasant to see men watering flowers upon a grave, gazing up with reverence to the ivied ruin and placing their gifts on the ancient shrifts, pleasant to see them singing the songs and copying the pictures of genius now past from us, and translated elsewhere,—for He the Lord hath spoken, then as now, hath spoken the word that cannot grow old, and whose life to day alike interprets and recreates its life of that other day.

The following is the writer's criticism of the general character of these ballads:

I have lightly touched upon the characteristics of the Rhine ballads, lightly, for the hand becomes fearful and maladroit, when obliged to choose among materials so rich as to make rejection a pain at every step. They express a nation in the early years of a pious, a valorous, an earnest and affectionate manhood, innocent, but not childishly so, playing antics sometimes in the gayety of health and strength but never light or vain. What culture it possesses is expressed in character. They were full of faith and they always acted upon it. They had clear eyes, but the life blood bees too quick to let them spend their days in locking about them. Their superstition was no incubus, it was their ardor of trust and love, burning away the crusts of fact. Their romance grew from the heart, not the head,—for each man felt himself capable of loyalty and tenderness. The assembled princes boast the value of their different provinces. Everhard, Duke of Wirtemberger, when it comes to his turn says,—My land is not of the richest. But when I meet a Wirtemberger in the pine wood, I lie down and sleep in his lap as I should in my mother's. He paused, and his eye shone clear and friendly, as if he had just waked from sleep in a Wirtemberger's arms. Such a heart beat in the German people!

'Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?'

'O, yes, massa be berry good farmer,—he makes two crops in one year.'

'How is that, Sambo?'

'Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and made money once,—den in de spring, he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice.'

INFORMATION.—'I say, my little son, where does that right hand road go?' 'Taint been no where since we lived here, sir.'