

and his principles, may
 imagine himself placed alone
 of the dead. At the same
 character any description
 ted here the want of some
 e, when I found myself
 ve Scotch lament. Of all
 on Mount Vernon, none
 simplicity and sweetness,
 as the lines of Brainerd.
 re congenial to my mind
 depository of the ashes of
 endil monuments of Italy
 e is no attempt made to
 at perfect freedom to form
 o disrespect to the greatest
 virtuous fancy may tran-
 of any human hands. I
 n of monuments to Wash-
 ay come when every city,
 may possess one of some
 aste: but I feel that any
 be only an impediment to
 will create the noblest con-

the memory of Washington
 what has been and now is
 world. His great example
 e for the human race than
 is likely to produce still
 ould be observed by our
 y; and our schools should
 o hear his virtues recounted

Washington in the steamboat.
 board, of different classes
 conversation on slavery.
 ded as a prohibited one, and
 conversation in all societies,
 ic throughout the state, as

is well known, since the legislature have taken it up as a
 serious business of deliberation. Virginia has long suffered
 under this incubus; and from a mere love of that inaction
 which its oppressive weight has produced, has allowed it,
 like a vampire, to overshadow her eyes, and to suck her
 blood. Nothing but a severe shock can ever effectually
 arouse men from such a lethargy. "A little more sleep, a
 little more slumber," is a tune marked "*Ducapo ad libitum*,"
 and is generally sung over and over for life. Nothing can
 interrupt it but a louder note on some different key. The
 cracking of the foundation of one's house, however, a rat-
 tling among the clapboards and shingles, and an insuppres-
 sible scream of hunger from within, are serious sounds; and
 it is no wonder that men begin to look about and talk when
 things get to such a pass. The further they examine, the
 more they perceive that time and the elements are poor
 masons, carpenters, and providers; and that Hercules never
 works for a man who keeps his hands in his pockets.

My Virginia fellow-passengers seemed to me like boys
 about to sign their indentures to a new trade, or seamen in-
 specting a ship which they are invited to man for a long
 voyage. They had many objections to make against the
 plan, principles, and arrangements proposed, but the reasons
 of their reluctance all seemed to be comprehended in one
 word,—it looked too much like hard work. Things were
 in a strange state in Virginia two years ago, when nobody
 felt able to speak of the most obvious facts, though they
 were the causes of general suffering and of private discon-
 tent. Now they have got upon the opposite extreme, and
 there is danger only of talking too much. They have as
 yet no distinct, feasible plan proposed; and the question
 appears to turn on a general hinge: a change or no change?
 A change they wish; but then, the first thought is, who
 shall do the work? The apprehension of being obliged to
 labour seemed to keep my fellow-passengers at arm's length
 from the point. It drove them back to the *statu quo*, but
 as this affords no resting-place, they came jumping back
 again, as on a recoiling spring, to the necessity of a change.

My friends, the hardship of work is not so great as you