

pouch of an enemy; this being the tenure of his office, Mr. Ramsay has to ring till the minister comes, so he tells away. Now a "bumper of cherry brandy, suffused with water" is handed to him. The British are advancing; and now the Independence men decamp, and the Tories stay behind to place themselves under British protection. And now "amidst the dire gloom," caused by the approaching horrors of war, love illumed a little corner, with his beaming presence.

What was this little corner? What the love? Who the actors? The corner must have been in the kitchen—the *lure*, at least befitted such a corner—and the heroine may not inaptly be supposed to have been detected washing the dishes, by her lover, who perhaps had just been feeding the pigs. In the following beautiful words, the "illuminating love" is introduced to the reader:

"Fear not your father's seeing us—he is busy in the cellar, and has a mind not to leave so much as a supper for his red-coated allies." Was ever love so sparkling with illumination. Love to the daughter is made by low abuse of the father! Then the beauty of the allusion to the cellar! and the introduction of political rancour into a parting love speech! We begin to see the "charm of fine writing!"

"And where, Adrian, will you be?" sobs the kitchen wench heroine. "Where the battle rages, there you will hear of me!" magnanimously responds the pig-feeding hero. Van Horn goes to the wars. The British thrash the independence men off Long Island; and after taking possession, commit all kinds of horrible and atrocious depredations. Of course they did! British officers have always been remarkable for their depredations and plunder, and Yankee officers for their merciful dispositions! And why not? Britons are born to be the slaves and tools (so at least says Brother Jonathan,) of a tyrant. Yankees are the most free and independent and enlightened nation on the universal air! We promised to give all the incidents; there are perhaps four more distinct scenes—but such scenes and such events to weave into the thread of a novel, never were imagined heretofore in the head of any but a Yankee printer! In mercy to the reader, we break our promise, and pause.

The next of these tales which we take up, and on which we shall bestow very few words, is, "Arnold, or the British Spy, a Tale of Treason and Treachery." Every body knows the principal actors, Arnold and André, to be historical characters. The story opens in the true James style. "A single horseman" opens the ball, who "for the last half hour" has had the "needle-like spire," "a prominent object in his eye!" (Would he not have done for the representation

of the noble knight of La Mancha, errant, lancee in rest!) Of course he "gains the brow of a gentle declivity." It would not be copying James close enough had the author omitted this! There is a description of him so very minute that we feel certain he is the hero, or some great secondary character. Whereas we only meet him once again in the book, and he turns out to be a common farmer—the messenger of Arnold! And yet his costume was "partly yeoman—partly military," and consisted, also—we give the author's own words of "a broad flapping hat that he wore." He next "galkers the reins in his big brown fist," and "mutters a sort of subdued growl," and then breaks forth into the following chivalric appeal to his horse:

"Come, Bruin, we have loitered full long.—Stir! stir! a measure of corn and a cup of such await us at the inn—so forward!"

Of the thread of this tale and its principal incidents, we cannot, any more than of the third on our list, give any detailed account. Suffice it to say—and we will asseverate the same thing in any court of justice—they are such as a school-boy of fourteen years would have been ashamed to have imagined, or committed to paper—and really, if "Professor Ingraham" has any thing to do with teaching "the young idea how to shoot," we pity the misguided parents whose sons attend the lectures of "this great romancer"—unless, indeed, in some other walk of literature Professor Ingraham knows more about his subject than he does when writing fiction. There is just one solitary redeeming passage in this book. It is truly American—invariably national—full of evidence of that eloquence which is innate with the Americans. Major André's horse breaks loose, and is discovered (mark us, readers!) taking "that equine luxury, a roll!"

After this, need we give any further extracts, or say one single word more, in order to raise to the summit of literary fame "the distinguished literary artists" who could commit such absurdities to paper!

Such are the *original* emanations from the American cheap literature press. It is not one—or two—or three of these things that press has issued—but hundreds of them. America should be ashamed, and, with a determined effort, should crush such vile and abominable trash, growing like tares among the wheat—with this difference, that the cockle and the smut are abundant, while the wheat is rarely seen! The day of the Coopers and the Irrings is drawing to its close. They rest upon their well won laurels. To those days, which have rescued American literature from an otherwise well-merited oblivion, the days of the Maneurs and Ingrahams are fast succeeding.