

to the board; the right hand rests upon the table, and if a false move be made, the figure notices it by striking this hand repeatedly upon the table, and shaking his head; after which, he returns the piece to its proper place, and makes his own move. A square black box, or board, is put upon the table, and near to the cushion; upon this board, or box, the figure deposits the pieces which he takes from his adversary. It is said, that Von Kempelen frequently consulted this box with great apparent care, and pretended that in it was contained the essential part of the secret, which he could communicate in a moment. No use is now made of this, excepting for the purpose above noticed. The exhibitor occasionally winds up some part of the machinery, but this is sometimes omitted, and is therefore unnecessary.

When the arm of the figure is in motion, a noise is heard like that of the running down of a clock. To common observers, this gives the idea that the arm is moved by the machinery; but a little attention will render it more probable, that the wheels are moved by the arm. When the interior of the commode is shown, the drawer in the lower part of it is opened a few inches; some articles are taken out of it, and it is then closed. This drawer, we think, is made without a back, which prevents the distance to which it extends, being perceived by the spectator.

We fully accord with the writer of the Boston pamphlet, in his remark, that the impression made on the mind, when the figure is seen for the first time, is, that it is impossible an intelligent agent should be concealed in the box. We were prepossessed with the idea that this was really the case; still, the first actual exhibition had a tendency to weaken the impression, although a subsequent examination has restored, and almost confirmed this first opinion. The difficulties upon any other supposition, appear to be insuperable, and many of those fancies, which present themselves to the minds of those who have only heard or read of the Automaton chess player, are completely dissipated when the exhibition is witnessed.

The objections which have been urged against this explanation, we do not think formidable. An intelligent youth, brought up to play the game of chess as a matter of business, would become an expert player, in the course of a year or two; and it is highly probable that the exhibitor may occasionally direct the moves, by preconcerted signs. It is said that when the thing was shown by the inventor, whoever could beat Kempelen, could beat the androïdes. A greater difficulty, in the estimation of many, is the danger that the concealed individual would cough or sneeze, during the time of exhibition; it will be found, however, that when in health, the inclination for these may be almost always suppressed; a concealed robber suffers, we apprehend, but little uneasiness from a fear of betraying himself in this way: the exhibition of the chess player is terminated in about an hour and a half, and should an absolute necessity exist, for removing it, before the expiration of this time, some token might easily be given, and a satisfactory excuse made to the audience. Numerous other exhibitions have depended upon a concealed accomplice, and in many instances, on one concealed for a longer period of time, than our supposed chess player is imprisoned at a sitting.

Were it indeed impossible, that any part of the table should be occupied by a concealed player, this impossibility might, without difficulty, be rendered perfectly evident to every visitor; but the united opinion of nearly all who have carefully investigated the subject, goes to prove, that such a concealment is more than possible. Now, surely this is an opinion which every one must feel as calculated very materially to lessen the interest of the exhibition; yet it is one which has been long, and well known, to exist. If it can be destroyed, why is it allowed to continue? So far from its being either necessary or useful as a mere ruse, a removal of the suspicion which has existed so long, and so generally, would make the operation of the machine appear altogether inscrutable, and give to the automaton, as it were, a new creation. Why then, we again ask, is it allowed to continue, if it can be removed? That it is allowed, seems to us to amount almost to a demonstration that it is well founded.

The exhibitor sometimes touches the table with his hand, during the progress of the game; at other times several moves are made without this being done; he is in the habit of putting his hands behind him, and moving his fingers in a way somewhat peculiar; he also works his feet upon the floor in an unusual manner. These motions, we think, are intended to attract and divide the attention of the audience, and to excite their speculations; though they certainly may also serve as an envelop for real signals, should such be made.

Magnetism has often been spoken of as an agent which may probably be employed; it is mentioned in some of the books upon the subject; and as a proof that it was not used, it is stated that Von Kempelen allowed a strong magnet to be placed upon the table near to the figure. It is no uncommon thing when difficulties are encountered in producing certain motions, to ascribe them to magnetism. If those who speak thus would attempt to inform us how the effects might be produced by the aid of a magnet, they would generally manifest an entire ignorance upon the subject of magnetism, or find themselves involved in inextricable difficulty. This remark, we think, applies, in full force, to the subject in hand. The writer of the article in the Edinburgh Journal, says, "If the impossibility of a chess player being concealed in the machine had been fully established, we should have had no hesitation in considering magnetism as the moving power." We think, however, that had we attempted to apply a magnet, so as to produce the effects, we should have found some cause for hesi-

tation. But magnetism is sometimes as convenient as an occult quality.

The assertion so often repeated, that the automaton has never been beaten, or that it has been beaten but three times, once in Paris, once in London, and once in Boston, is well known to be incorrect. Expert chess players are not numerous, and the figure may therefore well get the game, in by far the greater number of instances: among those who play publicly, there are, probably, but few who do justice to their own skill; the very nature of their situation almost forbids this.

The androïdes was beaten in a full game, by a lady in this city: and should it even be admitted, that politeness on the part of his Turkship, had something to do with this event, many other instances might be cited. Full games are rarely played, but in one held at three different sittings, and which lasted, altogether, five hours, an eminent player of Philadelphia made a drawn game. The Turk appeared in this case to be very hard pushed, as his pauses were long, one of which amounted to seven minutes and a half. Ends of games are those usually played—these serve fully to test the powers of the antagonists, and have repeatedly been gained by skilful players, opposing the androïdes. These remarks are merely intended to correct a prevailing error, and do not, in our estimation, detract, in the least, from the merit of the performance.

As a work of art, the chess player possesses but little merit; the face is deficient in character and expression; its eyes roll in a manner altogether unnatural, and in making the moves, its hand and fingers exhibit a very faint resemblance to the action of a living being; the motions of the head are like those of the figures of Chinese mandarins. These however, are minor considerations, and we are convinced that Mr. Maelzel, were he to construct a new machine, would in these particulars, manifest much greater skill than has been evinced by Von Kempelen in his chess player.

We are indebted to the present proprietor of the chess player, for some important information respecting its history. Mr. Maelzel, who was well acquainted with Von Kempelen, is undoubtedly a very ingenious, and, apparently, a candid man. The determination to make this machine, says Mr. Maelzel, originated in the surprise excited in the court of the Empress, Maria Theresa, by the performances of an eminent juggler. Von Kempelen had been invited to court to witness this exhibition, and after the performance, declared that he would produce something, which should surpass any thing they had then seen; and in due time he completed his chess player. Von Kempelen ceased to exhibit his machine soon after his tour in England. Mr. Maelzel states that his reason for this was, that being a man of fortune and station, he was unwilling to continue in this business. Another reason, however, was given by the late Mrs. Rivardi, to a gentleman well known in this city: she stated, that she was well acquainted with Von Kempelen, and with his family; that his daughter, a girl of 12 years of age, and an excellent chess player, was his coadjutor; and that her health declining, from the confinement to which she was subjected, it became necessary to stop the exhibition. We leave this relation to stand upon its own merits, only remarking, that the veracity of the gentleman, to whom the declaration was made, is not to be doubted.

Von Kempelen has been dead about twenty years: he has repeatedly offered his machine to Mr. Maelzel; but demanded 20,000 francs for it, which was thought too much, and the bargain was consequently not made. About two years after the death of Kempelen, his son renewed the offer, and proposed to take one half the sum demanded by his father, to which Mr. Maelzel agreed, and the figure was removed from the garret, where it had lain for about twenty years. With the machine, the secret of its use was not given, as it had not been entrusted by Von Kempelen to his son; and the latter being a man of little talents, and having no fondness for mechanics, had not troubled himself upon the subject; but Mr. Maelzel, possessed of the machine, of course found no difficulty in discovering the mode of using it. He, however, thought it capable of considerable improvement, and determined to make several alterations, calculated to render its action, of more difficult explanation. This gentleman allowed about ten years to elapse before he commenced exhibiting the chess player, publicly; he had then made the alterations which he had projected, but had not, however, added to it the speaking apparatus; the figure merely shaking its head twice when it checked the queen, and three times when it gave check to the king, as it had been made to do by Von Kempelen. Mr. Maelzel had already constructed and exhibited some speaking figures, and, whilst in London, some gentlemen suggested that it would be an improvement to make the Turk say check, and this alteration was consequently made in that city. On visiting Paris, the French work check was substituted, and has been continued in this country.

The above account, will, we think, remove much of the difficulty which has been urged, as regards the number of persons to whom the secret, relating to the chess player, must have been entrusted, since the formation of the machine. It has been in the hands of but two persons, and has been off the stage for upwards of half the time which has elapsed since its first exhibition. Von Kempelen was, evidently, not very communicative upon the subject, as his son and heir, had not become his confidant. There are but few persons, however, who might not be trusted, were a considerable pecuniary interest, at stake.

Besides the chess player, Mr. Maelzel exhibits some other figures, which possess unusual merit. By moving the arm,

one of them is made to pronounce the word *Mama*, with great distinctness, and the word *Papa*, is also tolerably well uttered. One of his slack-rope dancers, uses a French exclamation, the sound being elicited by the motion of the limbs. In these there is no confederacy the sounds are mechanically produced, and are highly imitative: the attempts to accomplish such imitations have frequently baffled the skill of the most ingenious mechanicians. We had rather undertake to make the chess player, than one of the speaking figures, although the labour of the latter undertaking, would not be comparable with that of the former, so far as mere quantity of work is concerned. The evolutions of the figures, and the slack-rope, are admirably managed, very much surpassing, in merit, all that we have heretofore seen. The Automaton Trumpeter, a figure the size of life, performs a variety of airs, with the most perfect truth, and brilliant execution. The Editor has examined the mechanism of this figure, having been allowed so to do, by the liberality of the proprietor.

Some persons have imagined that, the notes are produced in pipes contained within the body of this figure; the tones, however, are purely those of a trumpet, and proceed entirely from that instrument; the mechanism being employed solely in furnishing the air, and regulating its emission.

Mr. Maelzel has been for many years distinguished for his great mechanical skill. The Panharmonicon, which was formerly exhibited here, was made by him; he is likewise the inventor of the Metronome, an instrument by which the time in music is accurately measured; it is not unknown here, and is extensively used in Europe. He has also invented an apparatus which is attached to a Piano Forte, by which any piece of music which is played on it, is at the same time correctly written out. His speaking figures are of his own make, and far excel the attempts of Von Kempelen, although the labours of the latter, were eminently successful.

THE FATHER-LAND.

From the German song, *Wo ist der Teutsche Vaterland?*

Where is the German's father-land?—
'Tis not beside the Rhine—
'Tis not where, through its golden sand,
Old Eibe, thy billows shine.
Where freemen meet with heart and hand
There is the German's father-land.

'Tis not, Bavaria, in thy dells,
Though there the stag-hounds spring
And round thy mountains' rocky cells
The eagle sweeps the wing;
Not in thy vales, by zephyrs fann'd
The German finds his father-land.

'Tis not upon the Styrian hill,
Nor in the Styrian mine,
Though gushes there the silver rill—
Though there the emerald shine:
Better than those the wildest strand
For freedom and our father-land!

'Tis not in Prussia's kingly walls,
Nor, Dresden, in thy bowers;
A slave's a slave in pictured halls,
And chain'd, though chain'd with flow'rs.
'Tis where no sabre gives command,
The German seeks his father-land.

'Tis not, thou glorious king of streams,
Dark Danube, by thy wave—
Thou nurse of Freedom's waking dreams—
Thou death-bed of the slave;
In vain the slaughter'd Turkish band
Thou bathest not our father-land.

'Tis not within thy vales, wild Hartz
Nor in thy hills, Tyrol,—
The freeman from the soil departs,
No more the land of soul;
Far, far from thee he takes his stand
And weeps old Freedom's father-land.

The following epitaph, evidently intended for himself, was written by Sir William Jones, a short time only before his decease. It displays some striking features of his character; resignation to the will of his Creator, love and good will to mankind, and is modestly silent upon his intellectual attainments. "Here was deposited, the mortal part of a man who feared God but not death; and maintained independence but sought not riches; who thought none below him, but the base and unjust, none above him but the wise and virtuous, who loved his parents, kindred, friends, country, with an ardour, which was the chief source of all his pleasures and all his pains, and who having devoted his life to their service, and to the improvement of his mind, resigned it calmly, giving glory to its Creator, wishing peace on earth, and with good will to all creatures, on the (twenty-seventh) day of (April) in the year of blessed Redeemer, one thousand seven hundred (and ninety four).—*Life of Sir W. Jones, by Lord Teignmouth.*

The Indian Council at Broken Arrow has closed without coming to any positive result with regard to the remainder of their land in Georgia. They expressed a willingness to sell, if the agent would examine and fix a value on it. Thus the matter rests for the present.